

Secret Admiration Finding True Love After Prison

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Chapter 271 Back to Sleep

1/4

Meryl's mind was spinning from the kiss, and she couldn't quite grasp what Chandler was referring to.

Holding his head close, she blurted out, "Honey, you're too strong. Does that count?"

Chandler thought, "Gosh, that's not what I want to ask, but I can't say she's wrong."

His eyes flickered. "Anything else?"

Meryl bit her lip. "And... can you let me off for tonight? Please?"

If Meryl wasn't **wrong**, this was already the fifth time.

She really couldn't take it anymore.

Chandler grasped Meryl's chin with one hand, forcing her to lift her head and meet his gaze. "Tell me, **who** did you meet tonight?"

Meryl froze for a moment, finally understanding why Chandler had been acting so strange this evening.

He knew everything.

Meryl said softly, "Dalton drank too much tonight and got a bit wild. There's no need to worry about it."

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The blush on Meryl's face hadn't yet faded, and she suddenly remembered what Cate had said—that when Chandler got angry, he might actually break Dalton's legs.

Out of kindness, Meryl added, "Please, don't break his legs, okay?"

Chandler's eyes suddenly darkened with resentment. "Mrs. Aniston, are you begging me for my nephew's sake?"

2/4

In a fit of rage, he bit down hard on Meryl's collarbone, causing her to cry out in pain.

It was late into the night when Chandler was finally satisfied. The two of them had been wild, pushing each other to the brink.

Meryl curled up in Chandler's arms, soothing him with soft words until he gradually calmed down.

She wasn't really pleading **on** Dalton's behalf. She just didn't **want** to see Dalton get his legs broken and then have an excuse to cling to them.

The next morning, **a** phone call shattered the peaceful dawn.

Meryl was still nestled **in** Chandler's arms when she heard the ringing. Half-asleep, she reached for her phone.

"Meryl, Dalton wants a divorce. Did you put him up to this?"

The call was from Lydia, her voice trembling with tears. Meryl

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really didn't want to deal with Lydia's hysteria so early in the morning.

She simply hung up the phone and went back to sleep.

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Beside her, Chandler, his eyes closed, groggily asked, "Who was that?"

"It's nothing," Meryl murmured.

The sense of security Chandler gave her was something no one else could match, and as her husband, there wasn't a single flaw she could find in him.

Meryl nestled into his arms, saying, "Shouldn't we get up?"

It was Christmas, and sleeping in at the Aniston Villa seemed a bit improper.

Chandler asked, "Do you want to get up?"

Meryl could barely keep her **eyes** open. She hadn't slept much at all.

As

if he could read her mind, Chandler looked at her with a dotting smile. "Go back to sleep."
"

Meryl blinked. “But...”

Chandler leaned down and kissed the corner of **her** lips. “Even if the sky comes crashing down, I’ll be there **to** hold it up for you. What’s the harm **in** sleeping in a little? I’ll **stay** right here in bed

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with you.”

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On Christmas, the rest of the Aniston family had already greeted and paid their respects to Dylan early in the morning.

But over in the small attic, there wasn’t a single sound.

It wasn’t until nearly noon that Meryl finally dragged herself downstairs.

Cameron was about to say something, but when she caught the warning look on Chandler’s face, she wisely bit her tongue.

One might have thought Charlotte would have something to say, but even she didn’t want to cross Chandler, so she simply looked the other way.

Last night, Lydia, who had received the divorce papers, was sleepless and didn’t rest at all.

This morning, she was woken up by Charlotte **at** six.

As a member of such a distinguished family, she’d been informed that one must rise early on Christmas Day. But she couldn’t understand why Meryl was allowed to sleep until noon.

Chapter 272 Fireworks

After Dalton was taken away by Cate in the middle of the night, he never returned to his room.

Lydia originally thought that once they returned to the Aniston Villa, she would finally see Dalton and have **a** good talk with him.

But after dinner, while Lydia was helping the servants clean up the table, Dalton was nowhere to be found.

She couldn't reach him on the phone, and since appearing at the Aniston Villa that evening, Dalton hadn't said a single word to Lydia.

The members of the Aniston family were all as sharp as ever, making Lydia feel inexplicably uneasy.

She feared that someone might notice that there was something wrong between her and Dalton, so she didn't stay up with the others until Christmas.

At midnight, fireworks lit up the sky outside.

Everyone was celebrating the arrival of the Christmas, but Lydia was pacing nervously in her room.

The fireworks were too dazzling, so she looked out the window.

Chapter 272 Fireworks

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The sky exploded in a dazzling display of light, like giant flowers blooming against the darkness, turning night into day. Countless streams of light intertwined, creating a breathtaking spectacle.

Just then, there was a faint knock on the door, but the noise from the fireworks was so loud that Lydia didn't hear it right away.

When the fireworks ended, she turned around and was startled to see Dalton standing there, his eyes cold as he stared at her. Lydia hesitated for a moment, then quickly put on a smile.

"Dalton, you're finally back. I've been looking for you all night. Where did you go?"

As they said, lovers' quarrels were soon mended.

Lydia had already showered and slipped into a seductive nightgown, eagerly awaiting Dalton's return.

She knew that Dalton would definitely be staying at the Aniston Villa tonight.

To prepare for this moment, she had readied a seductive aroma, certain that once lit, it would ignite a passionate fire between her

and Dalton.

Lydia **was** aware that Dalton held deep reservations about her, and this was her only chance to turn things around.

The moment she saw Dalton appear, her first instinct was **to** light the scented candle.

Chapter 272 Fireworks

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Perhaps due to her nervousness, the lighter flicked a few times but failed to produce a spark.

“If it won’t light, then don’t bother,” Dalton said coldly.

Lydia refused to give up and tried again twice more, finally managing to light it.

In the next instant, she threw herself at Dalton. “Dalton, you’ve been away for days. I was starting to think you didn’t want me anymore.”

Lydia gently nuzzled her head against Dalton’s chest, looking as delicate as a bird seeking shelter.

Her small hands clung tightly to Dalton’s waist, her fingers lingering there almost absentmindedly.

“Please don’t be mad at me, okay?” She lifted her head to gaze up at him, her eyes brimming with unshed tears, a wellspring of emotion that seemed ready to overflow at any moment.

Her pitiful expression could melt anyone’s heart.

As her eyelashes quivered slightly, a hot tear finally escaped, landing on Dalton’s chest and soaking into his shirt, leaving a darkened, wet stain.

The atmosphere was perfectly set.

Scented candles burned quietly nearby, filling the air with a rich,

Chapter 272 Fireworks complex fragrance.

4/4

The mysterious, alluring scent in the air instantly triggered a surge of hormones, making everyone feel an exhilarating rush.

Dalton's eyes suddenly narrowed with a dangerous glint as he noticed Lydia starting to unbutton his shirt. He seemed to understand what was happening.

His gaze shifted to the scented candle Lydia had hastily lit moments earlier. With a wave, the candle was knocked to the floor, causing a sharp noise.

Lydia gasped, "Dalton..."

The scent of nicotine lingered on Dalton, mixed with the heavy aroma of alcohol—he had clearly been drinking.

Dalton grabbed her chin with one hand and sneered, "Lydia! How dare you try to use such a dirty trick on me?"

Write your comment

Chapter 273 Divorce

Dalton seemed to finally see her clearly, his eyes filled with disappointment.

1/4

Lydia shamelessly said, "Dirty? We're married. Isn't this kind of flirting something you'd enjoy, Dalton? Don't you want to **try** it?"

With that, Lydia boldly stood on her tiptoes.

She kissed Dalton's lips, throwing all her passion into the act, trying to melt him with her fervor.

Although the candle had been broken, the room still lingered with its fragrance.

She grabbed his shirt, kissed him, and began unbuttoning it.

With a forceful push, Lydia pinned Dalton onto the bed, pressing her body against his.

But no matter how much Lydia tried to entice him, Dalton remained unresponsive.

Lydia was speechless.

She bit her lip, unwilling to accept the truth, **as** she looked at him. "Dalton, do you really feel nothing for me at all?"

Chapter 273 Divorce

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After being dragged away by Cate, Dalton downed two more bottles of liquor, returning only when he was thoroughly drunk.

Now, Dalton lay sprawled on the bed.

His muscular body was exposed to the air, especially the tautness of his waist and abdomen, radiating a raw masculinity.

Just a glance at him made Lydia feel a surge of desire.

But despite her blatant seduction, Dalton remained indifferent, as if he was completely uninterested.

Lydia was on the verge of tears from frustration.

“Yes, Lydia, I feel nothing for you. Let’s get a divorce,” Dalton coldly said.

Lydia remained silent.

“You won’t be shortchanged on any of the compensation you’re owed.” Dalton sat up and pulled a freshly printed divorce agreement from his coat pocket, tossing it in front of Lydia.

“I’ve already signed it. You should sign it too, Lydia. Let’s part ways peacefully.” He slipped his shirt back on, exuding a composed and restrained demeanor.

Lydia took the agreement, her hands trembling as she opened it.

Dalton had been generous—checks, properties, stocks, everything she could need for a comfortable life. With these,

Chapter 273 Divorce

Lydia would never have to worry about her future.

But with such an outstanding man in front of her, how could Lydia let go?

3/4

“I’m not getting a divorce! Dalton, I won’t sign it!” Lydia yelled.

Dalton sneered, “But we never registered our marriage. We only had a ceremony, and a ceremony holds no legal weight.”

His words struck Lydia like a bolt from the blue.

Lydia froze, a chill running up her spine.

Dalton's cold gaze swept across her face, devoid of any emotion. "If I truly hardened my heart, you would get nothing. Lydia, face the reality—when a man no longer loves you, that's when he's truly ruthless."

Lydia stared at Dalton in disbelief, utterly stunned. She could hardly believe what she was hearing. "Why? Dalton, are you really going to divorce me? Do you have no feelings for me at all? Not love me? How could you possibly not love me?"

Dalton had already made up his mind. During this time, he had deliberately avoided Lydia, wanting to clear his thoughts.

Now, he was more certain than ever.

He said softly, "Our relationship began with a lie you told, and now that the lie **has** been exposed, my feelings for you are gone as well."

Chapter 273 Divorce

4/4

Lydia clenched her fists tightly, feeling her body start to tremble as her mind went blank. "I don't believe it! Dalton, I don't believe you don't love me! Have you forgotten? I was kidnapped by those thugs, and you were the one who saved me, even getting hurt **in** the process! If that isn't love, then what is?"

Write your comment

Chapter 274 She Slept With a Thug

As Lydia mentioned the kidnapping from three years ago, Dalton's expression turned icier cold.

His voice was equally cold. "Lydia, that kidnapping—wasn't it something you orchestrated yourself?"

Lydia hurriedly denied it, "Absolutely not! Dalton, did Meryl say something to you? Don't believe her. Of course she would claim she's innocent! Have you forgotten? You confronted Rocky, and he admitted that he and Meryl slept together!"

The mention of Rocky made Dalton suddenly fall silent.

Seeing Dalton's hesitation, Lydia quickly sidled up to him and wrapped her arms around his waist. "Dalton, I know you still care about me. We've been through so much to finally be together. You're only angry because I deceived you. I swear, I'll never lie to you again. Please, give me another chance."

Dalton

rubbed his temples, looking exhausted. "Lydia, **just** sign the papers. It's for the best, for both of us."

Lydia didn't sign. Instead, she picked up the agreement and tore it into pieces.

Dalton didn't argue with her. He just looked at her coldly.. "Lydia, this is the second time I'm asking for a divorce. By now, you must have moved past the initial shock and started to accept

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1. it. I'll give you a few more days to process this."

2/4

"Dalton, please don't leave me... Have I not been good to you? As your wife, I've done nothing wrong by you and respected our elders, always humbling myself before your mother. What more do I have to do to satisfy you?"

Dalton gently shook his head. "I'm not one to drag things out. Let's leave it at this. In a couple of days, I'll have the lawyer draft

a new agreement."

That very night, Dalton left the Aniston Villa.

Lydia cried in her room for half the night, unable to sleep at all.

The next morning, before dawn had even broken, Charlotte. sent someone to knock on her door, reminding her that in a prestigious family, there was no habit of sleeping in on Christmas week.

Lydia was utterly drained, moving like a soulless shell.

Seeing her like this, Charlotte berated her once more, "Lydia, it's Christmas, and you're walking around with that sour face? What's that for?"

It seemed that Charlotte was still unaware that Dalton was planning to divorce her.

Lydia felt a slight sense of relief, forcing herself to stay composed while dealing with the elders.

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It wasn't until almost noon, around twelve o'clock, that Meryl and Chandler finally showed up.

The two of them looked radiant, clearly having had a restful night, full of energy.

Although everyone had some silent criticism about Meryl's tardiness, not a single person dared to voice it.

Comparing herself to Meryl's carefree demeanor, Lydia felt even more wrong.

After lunch, they prepared to leave.

Before they left, Chandler asked Meryl to wait in the car while he went to the restroom.

Lydia finally saw her chance. She fixed her gaze on Chandler with an intensity, like a predator eyeing its prey.

As soon as Chandler came out of the restroom, Lydia quickly approached him. "Chandler."

Chandler didn't even glance at her, merely responding with a faint "Mm".

He stepped past Lydia, ready to leave, but to his surprise, Lydia spoke up again, "Did you know that Meryl has slept with another man?"

Chandler's steps halted, and his brow instantly furrowed.

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4/4

A smirk tugged at Lydia's lips. She knew that men cared about such things, especially when that woman was their wife.

“You haven’t known Meryl for long, so you probably don’t realize what kind of person she is,” she continued. “Three years ago, she slept with a thug just to frame me.”

Chapter 275 She’s Not Virgin

1/3

Chandler sneered coldly at Lydia’s words, “So, Lydia, are you trying to sow discord? Do you think I’m as brainless as Dalton?”

Lydia seemed to have anticipated Chandler’s reaction. “It doesn’t matter if you don’t believe me. It only goes to show how good Meryl is at deceiving people. Even someone like you been played for a fool. You don’t actually think you were her first, do you?”

you has

Lydia clenched her fists tightly and paused before continuing, “Meryl’s hymen was repaired.”

Chandler’s eyes suddenly narrowed dangerously. His eyes became unreadable.

Lydia wasn’t sure how much he believed, but seeing Chandler’s momentary distraction, she guessed that a seed of doubt had been planted in his mind. “The man who slept with Meryl is named Rocky. They were the ones who conspired to kidnap me back then. If you don’t believe me, you can look into it. See if Meryl didn’t sleep with him.”

Lydia spoke with such conviction, even revealing the man’s name.

To her surprise, Chandler suddenly smiled. He casually twisted the dial of his watch. “So? What’s your point?”

Chapter 275 She’s Not Virgin Lydia was momentarily stunned.

“I have her present and her future. Since I wasn’t part of her past, I have no intention of meddling in it.

2/3

“What does that virginity represent? Faithfulness? In my eyes, as long as she belongs to me now, none of that matters.”

Lydia bit her lip and tried to persuade again, "Meryl got close to you on purpose! She's only using you for the power you hold! She just wants you to suppress Dalton. How could someone like you be content to be her pawn?"

What kind of man was Chandler?

A man like him would never remain indifferent after realizing that Meryl was using him.

Lydia's actions stemmed from the belief that since Dalton no longer wanted to be with her, there was no way she could stand to see Meryl and Chandler happily together either!

She wanted Meryl to end up just like her, despised **by** a man. That way, they'd both be equally miserable and even if it was embarrassing, at least Meryl would share in the disgrace!

"Meryl is cunning. Even if you don't care about her virginity, her intentions are still far from pure. I **can't** bear to see you being manipulated by her."

"Stop..." Chandler raised a hand to interrupt her. "Lydia, did you not understand what I just said?"

Chapter 275 She's Not Virgin

Lydia froze, noticing how Chandler's gaze had turned sharp.

"I'm not like Dalton. I won't be swayed by your words, and besides..." Chandler looked down with a regal disdain in his eyes. "How do you know I'm not willing to be her pawn?"

3/3

Lydia was completely stunned, her entire body frozen in place.

Chandler's gaze on Lydia was casual, almost indifferent.

For a moment, he seemed to recall something, a faint smile playing on his lips. "Someone like you would never understand how happy it is to be used as a pawn by the one you love."

As Chandler spoke, his expression was filled with deep affection, like someone hopelessly in love, with Meryl on his mind and nothing else.

Lydia was in utter disbelief. "Is Chandler completely bewitched by Meryl?"

After finishing his words, Chandler turned and walked away without sparing Lydia another glance.

Lydia bit her lip hard, her face drained of all color.

Write your comment

Chapter 276 Dangerous

“Why?! Why does Meryl get everything without lifting a finger?” Lydia murmured to herself. “Dalton wants to divorce me for

Meryl, and even Chandler is utterly devoted to her! But Meryl is just a bumpkin from the countryside—what’s so great about her anyway?”

Lydia’s heart burned with jealousy. “Meryl doesn’t deserve any of it!”

Watching Chandler’s retreating figure, Lydia hurried after him.

“You say you don’t care about her past, but what if she keeps fooling around after marrying you? Meryl has a lover on the side. Did you know that?”

Chandler stopped in his tracks, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

Lydia was convinced that Dalton wanted a divorce because Meryl had whispered something to him.

She thought Meryl wanted to have it all. “What a shameless act!”

“Heh...” Chandler let out a soft chuckle. “So, who’s the lover?”

Lydia wasn’t that foolish. There was no way she would admit that it was Dalton. That would be like shooting herself in the foot.

Chapter 276 Dangerous

2/4

If Dalton got punished by Chandler, she’d be dragged down with him.

In just a few seconds, a calculating glint flickered in Lydia’s eyes. “Have you heard of Rocky? He’s the thug who kidnapped me. Meryl is still in contact with him! If you don’t believe me, investigate it! I guarantee you’ll uncover something shocking!”

“Rocky?”

A coldness enveloped Chandler, like the chill of an ancient glacier.

Even standing beside him, Lydia could feel the bone-chilling cold.

But as Chandler's expression darkened, Lydia felt a surge of satisfaction.

The thought of Meryl soon facing her downfall brought a smile to Lydia's lips. "That's right! Rocky! He's Meryl's lover!"

Chandler suddenly began advancing toward her, his cold gaze like that of a demon emerging from the depths of darkness, exuding a terrifying sense of ruthlessness and indifference.

Lydia felt a chill run through her entire body.

"Do you have a death wish?" Chandler coldly said. "Do you even know who Meryl is, and yet you dare to spread such rumors about her?"

Chapter 276 Dangerous

3/4

Chandler's overpowering presence forced Lydia to retreat step by step until her back was pressed against the cold wall.

"Since I married her, I've given her my complete trust. Investigate her in secret? That's impossible," he scoffed. "Do you think everyone is like you, hiding in the shadows, spinning malicious lies with your filthy mind? I don't care who Rocky is!"

"Lydia, you just married into the Aniston family, so you might not be aware of my methods yet. You can ask Dalton's mother how I made her husband disappear from the Aniston family in just a few days.

"And someone like you... dealing with you is as easy as crushing a bug. Believe me, if you dare to speak nonsense again, I'll rip out your tongue myself."

A terrifying sense surged toward Lydia, sending a cold sweat down her back.

Though Chandler appeared to be a calm and dignified man, at this moment, he seemed more like a demon straight out of hell.

Especially when Chandler uttered the words "rip out her tongue", Lydia caught a glimpse of a thrill hidden in his eyes.

Lydia only knew that everyone in the Aniston family feared Chandler, but she had no idea what he had done in the year since returning from the police academy to make them so terrified of him.

Yes, **in** those years Chandler spent at the border police academy,

Chapter 276 Dangerous

he must have tangled with plenty of criminals!

Someone like him had countless ways to deal with her!

Write your comment

Chapter 277 Jealous

1/4

At this moment, under the crushing pressure from Chandler, Lydia didn't even dare to breathe too deeply. Her legs trembled from weakness, barely able to hold her up.

She had no doubt that Chandler wasn't joking.

He really would rip out her tongue without hesitation.

Lydia was stunned to realize just how fiercely Chandler

protected Meryl, to the point where he couldn't tolerate even a single negative word about her.

Chandler didn't linger. The moment he walked away, Lydia collapsed onto the floor.

She never imagined that someone's presence could be so terrifying.

She bit her lip hard, wondering if she was really going to accept

this fate.

"Of course not!" Lydia walked to her room, locked the door, and quietly made a phone call. "Hello, is this Rocky?"

At the same time, as Meryl saw Chandler walking out of the Aniston Villa, a flash of confusion crossed her eyes.

Chapter 277 Jealous

"Why did it take you so long?" she asked.

Chandler's expression was grim.

2/4

He slid into the driver's seat and swiftly pulled Meryl onto his lap, positioning her across his legs.

The air around him was thick with a chilling sense.

Before Meryl could grasp what Chandler intended to do, his lips crashed onto hers in a searing, intense kiss, full of raw passion.

Meryl froze, her mind going blank in **an** instant.

"What's gotten into Chandler?" she wondered.

"Mmm! Chandler..." she managed to murmur.

"Shut up! All I want right now is to kiss you!" Chandler hissed.

Although he usually kept his emotions in check, there were exceptions, like right now.

Someone like Lydia wouldn't easily sway him, but deep inside, powerful sense of possessiveness was raging uncontrollably.

It was an inexplicable jealousy, born from who knew where tightly gripped him.

The kiss grew increasingly intense, as if Chandler wanted to consume Meryl completely.

a

Chapter 277 Jealous

Meryl's lips were swollen and red.

The temperature inside the car kept rising, and just as Meryl was about to lose her breath, Chandler finally let her go.

3/4

Pressing his forehead against hers, he gritted his teeth and practically hissed through clenched teeth, "Who is Rocky? Isn't one Dalton enough? Now there's a Rocky too? Mrs. Aniston, seems like you're quite in demand."

Meryl blinked innocently.

Chandler continued, "Mrs. Aniston, are you trying to make me die of jealousy?"

Meryl explained, "Chandler, Rocky is just like a relative to Camille. There's nothing going on between us."

"Five minutes ago, Lydia told me you and Rocky had a thing."

"And you believed her?"

"Of course not!"

"Then **why** are you jealous...?"

"Just hearing your name mentioned with another man makes me uncomfortable." Chandler cupped Meryl's cheeks and kissed her deeply again.

His skilled tongue moved in, filling her entirely.

Chapter 277 Jealous

4/4

Meryl's heartbeat sped up uncontrollably. The intensity of the kiss was overwhelming, making her feel like her heart was about to leap out of her chest.

After the kiss ended, the man, with a mix of dominance and possessiveness, pulled Meryl tightly against his chest.

"You are mine," he murmured.

As Meryl listened to his heartbeat, her heart softened.

Chandler seemed to really enjoy being close to her like this.

"Could it be because... he likes me?" she wondered.

As soon as that thought crossed her mind, Meryl shyly nuzzled her head deeper into his embrace.

For the first time, she felt cherished, truly cherished by

someone.

It was undeniable—there was something almost magical about Chandler. Every time she was near him, Meryl's subconscious would feel a deep sense of security.

But she still wondered who exactly was Chandler.

Write **your** comment

Chapter 278 A Call From Malcolm

1/4

In bed, Chandler was passionate and fiery. At work, he was meticulous and precise. But then, he could turn around and set off romantic fireworks to make a girl smile...

The man who was endlessly gentle in front of her was the same man that everyone in the Aniston family feared, not daring to question him in the slightest.

"Why is that? Why did Chandler instill such fear in the Anistons?" Meryl felt like her understanding of Chandler was only superficial, and deep down, she had a strong intuition.

She believed there was more to him than meets the eye.

Meryl received a call from someone in the Stone family.

"Meryl, come home. It's Christmas, and your mother and I miss you," Malcolm said. "Your brother John is back too. Don't you want to see him?"

Hearing Malcolm mention John was the only thing that kept Meryl from hanging up the phone.

John was three years younger than Meryl and the only member of the Stone family who had ever treated her kindly.

Chapter 278 A Call From Malcolm

2/4

However, just before Meryl's incident three years ago, John had left the country to study abroad.

If the Stone family had deliberately kept things from him, John might not even know what Meryl had gone through over the

years.

Despite this, Meryl had no intention of returning.

If she wanted to see John, they could easily meet at a restaurant outside. There was no need to go back to the Stone Villa.

Meryl knew that Malcolm's real motive wasn't to bring her home. It was to use her as a way to climb the social ladder through Chandler.

"Mr. Stone," Meryl spoke. "I've already severed all ties with the Stone family. John is no longer my brother, and anything related to the Stone family has nothing to do with me. Don't call me again."

"Come on, sweetheart, I have already apologized. Why are you still holding onto that incident? Besides, how long has it been? You need to look forward, not dwell on such trivial things," Malcolm said.

"Come back soon! We all miss you! We're family, bound by the same blood, and no matter what happens, we're still connected."

"It's Christmas. Family should be together. Besides, I have something important to say to you!"

Chapter 278 A Call From Malcolm

Meryl didn't say a word and simply hung up the phone.

There was no point in such a fake, pretentious reunion.

3/4

On the other end of the line, Bianca looked at Malcolm's grim expression and asked, "So, Meryl still refuses to come back?"

Malcolm nodded. "That girl! She's being so stubborn! She used to be closest to John, and now even with John back in the country, she still won't come home. It's just heartless!"

The young man sitting on the couch furrowed his brow upon hearing those words. "Cold and heartless? What did you all do to her to make her so cold? And now you have the nerve to call her cold and heartless?"

John had a head of thick hair, and his strong, straight nose gave his profile a striking sharpness. His eyes, bright as the stars, were now fixed on Malcolm's face, a cold glint in his gaze.

Faced with his son's harsh words, Malcolm didn't dare say a word, fearing that this little tyrant would storm off.

Just then, Lydia walked into the room. "**John**, my dear brother, I know you're back. I got this gift especially **for** you!" she said, handing over a gift box.

John frowned. "What did you say? You think you're my sister?"

Without even glancing back, John stood up and walked away, clearly showing no regard for Lydia.

Chapter 278 A Call From Malcolm

Lydia's face flushed with embarrassment.

4/4

Malcolm tried to smooth things over, saying, "This kid is young and doesn't know any better. Lydia, cut him some slack."

"Young?" Lydia almost wanted to roll her eyes.

John was already 21 years old, hardly a child anymore.

Write your comment

Chapter 279 Kidnap Again

Lydia was so furious she could have spit blood, but she didn't dare show it on her face.

1/4

Malcolm had always favored sons over daughters, and over the years, Lydia had only dared to step on Meryl, never John.

Strangely enough, it seemed like they were born enemies. Even before Meryl was brought back into the family, John had never gotten along with Lydia.

Bianca glanced behind Lydia and curiously asked, "Lydia, it's Christmas. Why didn't Dalton come back with you?"

Lydia's face stiffened at the mention of Dalton.

She quickly made an excuse. "The Anistons have a lot of relatives. Dalton couldn't get a way right now. He said he'd come in a couple of days to visit."

Bianca chuckled at this, "Couldn't get away? We are his wife's parents! And it's your first year of marriage. Has Dalton not been thinking about you at all?"

Lydia felt a wave of irritation. How could she possibly tell them that Dalton **was** in the middle of divorcing her!

Just then, she felt something hard beneath her, pressing uncomfortably.

Chapter 279 Kidnap Again

Lydia glanced down discreetly, and her eyes suddenly lit up.

“Wait, isn’t this John’s phone?” she said to herself.

2/4

A sudden thought crossed her mind, and a gleam of excitement flickered in her eyes.

That afternoon, Meryl received a message from John asking to meet.

Naturally, Meryl didn’t refuse.

The next day, Meryl went out for an appointment, but when she arrived at the restaurant, the person she saw wasn’t John.

“Lydia, did you take John’s phone to send me that message?” In just a few seconds, Meryl realized she’d been tricked by Lydia.

Knowing she had fallen into a trap, Meryl turned to leave without a second thought.

But just as she reached the restaurant’s entrance, Lydia grabbed her wrist and dragged her into the alley behind the restaurant.

“Meryl! You’ve already married Chandler, so why are you still fighting me for Dalton? Dalton wants to divorce me! He actually wants to divorce me!” Lydia yelled.

Faced with Lydia’s frantic **outburst**, Meryl calmly looked **at her**. “Isn’t this just the consequence of your own actions? You should know better **than** anyone that Dalton cannot tolerate deceit,

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especially from someone so close to him.”

3/4

Lydia’s eyes reddened. As she thought of the fear she had been living with these past days, hatred surged within her, and she roared, “So, that day I begged you not to play the cello, why did you insist **on** playing it anyway?”

Meryl felt utterly bewildered. “Your lies were exposed, and now you’re blaming me for it ? Why did you even tell that lie in the first place?”

Lydia sneered, “I don’t want to argue with you. Do you know. why I brought you here today? Do **you** remember Rocky?”

At the mention of Rocky, Meryl froze.

Lydia’s eyes blazed with fury as she grabbed Meryl’s shoulders with a fierce grip.

“Three years ago, I told Dalton that you slept with Rocky to make him obey you. Do you know how Dalton reacted when he heard that?” Lydia narrowed her eyes.

“No man can tolerate his woman betraying him, Meryl. Tell me, if today, three years later, Chandler and Dalton were to see you tainted with their own eyes, do you think they’d both lose their minds?”

“When that time comes, will Chandler abandon you? Do you **want** to experience the despair of three years ago again? No one believed in you. Everyone thought you were ruthless.”

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4/4

Seeing Lydia suddenly become so unhinged, Meryl felt a chill in her heart.

She instinctively stepped back. “What are you going to do?”

It was only then that Meryl realized, at some point, the entrance to the alley had been blocked by a group of menacing men.

Meryl finally understood.

Lydia had called for backup again, but unlike three years ago, when she staged everything herself. This time, Meryl was the one being kidnapped.

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1/4

A few men stood at the end of the alleyway, approaching the two

Women.

“Which one of them is Meryl?” one of them called out..

“How should I know?”

Hearing this, Meryl immediately pointed at Lydia. “It’s her!”

Lydia’s expression darkened, her face filled with disbelief. “Nonsense! I’m not Meryl! Do n’t listen to her. She is!”

As the men approached her step by step, Lydia inwardly cursed, realizing the situation was about to take a turn for the worse.

She thought, “What a bunch of idiots. How could they have mistaken me for her?”

“I’m not Meryl!” Lydia shouted.

Before she could finish her words, she was struck from behind. and knocked out instantly.

Relief washed over Meryl, but her joy was short-lived when she heard. “Bring her too; what if we **got** the wrong person? There’s got to be a right one out of two, right?”

Before Meryl could even consider running, darkness enveloped

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her vision. She was hooded and bundled into a vehicle.

The bumps and jostles of the journey ended when the hood was removed. Meryl found herself in a dilapidated factory, surrounded by the remnants of abandonment.

2/4

It was a place all too familiar to her; three years ago, Dalton had found Lydia here.

Sitting beside Meryl, Lydia was fully awake now. Tied up and bound, she cursed loudly, “What a bunch of idiots! How could you have tied me up, too?”

“Bring Rocky here! He made a mistake!”

“I’m not Meryl! She is!”

Her voice echoed through the factory’s abandoned halls.

Nearby, a few men were playing cards. Annoyed by her noise, one of them slapped her across the face.

“Shut up! If I lose money later, you’ll be the one paying for it!”

Lydia was left confused.

She thought, “Rocky has raised a bunch of good-for-nothings, cating up resources without contributing. They have even mistaken me for Meryl?”

“Bring Rocky here! I want to see him!”

Chapter 280 Both Kidnapped “Rocky, huh?”

3/4

The thug let out a cold laugh. “Who is Rocky? He owes our boss. a fortune and has to grovel before us, not even good enough to be our shoe shine boy.”

These words left Lydia in shock, her eyes wide as she stared at the man in front of her. “You... you’re not Rocky’s men?”

“Of course not!”

The leader, with a visible scar and a cobra tattoo on his exposed arm, exuded an air of menace.

Lydia’s fear grew.

She thought, “What is going on? No wonder they have mistaken me for Meryl; they aren’t Rocky’s men at all!”

“Who exactly are you?”

The man passed a phone over to Lydia.

“Is this your phone? Unlock it and call your man. Tell him to prepare at least 20 million dollars in cash. We want cold, hard cash.”

Lydia understood now; she had been kidnapped.

She had been sold by Rocky, or rather, Rocky owed these people money. Learning of her identity, they were looking to make a substantial score.

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Lydia was truly panicking now because she had never been kidnapped by the real deal.

4/4

To think **that** she had only wanted Meryl to suffer a little, and in the process, she had ended up in the middle of it, too.

Remembering the slap she had received and the unknown dangers that awaited her, Lydia wasted no time grabbing the phone to call Dalton.

Meryl watched the scene unfold with a cold, calculating eye.

Meryl thought to herself, "Looks like Lydia has really messed up this time. Now she's in over her head and can't handle it herself.

These goons aren't even Rocky's people, which makes the situation totally out of control. But at least Lydia's in more of a panic than I am right now."

It was already darkening, even though it was only five o'clock. Winter nights came early, and the shadows seemed to deepen by the minute.

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