

Secret Admirer Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 281 – 290

Chapter 281 Not Answering

The bar was dimly lit, with the soft hum of conversation and clinking glasses in the background. Dalton was lounging in a booth while Billy sat across from him.

Billy took a slow drag from his cigarette, exhaling a thin plume of smoke. “So, Dalton, you’re actually going through with the divorce from Lydia?”

“To be blunt, you should never have married her in the first place. Everyone in Kingsdom knew how Meryl was chasing after you for seven years, and you two had a whole engagement thing going on. Then, out of the blue, you get involved with Lydia.

“Your marriage to Lydia was a joke. She was just a mistress who got promoted, and now the rumors are flying around like crazy.

“But if you divorce now, it’s going to stir up a lot of trouble. The famous young master in Kingsdom might end up as the subject of everyone’s ridicule.”

Dalton’s silence was heavy, the smoke curling from his cigarette as if to shield him from the harsh truth.

He thought, “Billy’s right.

Let them laugh. I really don’t care anymore.

I have enough **on** my plate to **worry** about without concerning

Chapter 281 Not Answering

2/4

myself with other people’s opinions.”

Billy, having just **lit** another cigarette for Dalton, pressed on.

“Dalton, what’s the reason for the divorce with Lydia? You’re not into her anymore?”

Dalton exhaled slowly, his voice barely a whisper. “The person I love is Meryl.”

Billy’s jaw dropped.

He sat there, speechless, processing the revelation.

He thought, "Dalton admitted he loves Meryl?"

But she chased him for seven years before, and he barely noticed her?

Was it **all** just pride? Or is it **a** case of 'you don't know what you've got until it's gone'?"

Billy had sensed Dalton's feelings for Meryl all along, but hearing it outright still shocked him. "So, she's married to your Uncle Chandler now, and now **you** want to get a divorce just for her? Isn't that a bit..."

He thought, "You brought this upon yourself."

Billy trailed off, seeing the cold, hard look on Dalton's face.

He decided not to push **further**.

Chapter 281 Not Answering

"Alright, but what about Lydia? She won't sign the papers, right?"

Dalton shrugged. "I never actually married her."

Billy blinked in surprise.

As night fell, Dalton's phone rang.

It was Lydia calling.

He glanced at it briefly and hit "end call" without hesitation.

The tattooed man, Harold Cruise, saw the call was cut off and scowled.

3/4

"Your husband's not exactly winning any awards here. You call him, and he doesn't even bother picking up?"

Lydia, biting her lip so hard it almost bled, was on the verge of tears.

She had anticipated Dalton ignoring her, but she had hoped, just a bit, for a different outcome.

Harold, loosening **his** belt, said, "Money makes everything easier, but without it..."

Lydia's face turned pale with fear. "I'll call again! Don't touch me!"

Chapter 281 Not Answering

4/4

She shakily dialed Dalton's number once more, but he cut it off again without a second thought.

Desperation led Lydia to dial a third time, but Harold, having lost all patience, snatched the phone from her and threw it aside.

"Enough! I'm not waiting around all night!"

Harold signaled to his men behind him. "I'm up first! You guys wait your turn!"

Lydia's heart sank at the implication of Harold's words.

Terrified, she looked at the men advancing toward her and pointed to the quiet corner where Meryl sat.

"Don't! Don't touch me! She's still a virgin! Go after her instead!"

Harold's interest was instantly piqued. He turned towards Meryl with a predatory grin.

"Wow, still a virgin? Haven't had that experience before. Let's see what that's like!"

→Write **your** comment

Chapter 282 Which One Is Your Wife?

1/4

Harold grabbed Meryl by the chin, his eyes widening with unexpected interest as he took in her features. "Well, well, look at that pretty face. And the skin—so soft and delicate..."

Seeing Harold's increasing fascination with Meryl, Lydia let out a sigh of relief.

She thought, "Although the situation has spiraled out of control, at least the outcome seems consistent."

Harold started to unfasten his belt, and within a few seconds, Meryl's mind raced through a whirlwind of thoughts.

Pleading with someone like Harold would only be degrading, and it might only fuel his desire to dominate.

Keeping her voice icy calm, Meryl said, "You're after money, right? If you touch me, that money might slip through your fingers."

Harold paused, intrigued. "Oh?"

"Think carefully. Do you want a few moments of pleasure or a big payday that could turn your life around?"

The suggestion sparked Harold's curiosity. "How much are we

Chapter 282 Which One Is Your Wife? talking about?"

Meryl's gaze flicked briefly towards Lydia.

Lydia felt an unsettling premonition rise within her.

Meryl's eyes gleamed with determination as she continued, "How much depends on how much her husband values her."

Harold was confused. "What's that supposed to mean?"

2/4

"Just get my phone and dial the number she just called," Meryl instructed.

Harold noticed something unusual in her tone. "What's the deal? If we use your phone, will her husband pick up? What's your connection to him?"

"It's not about my connection. What matters is that her husband is the so-called prince of Kingdom," Meryl said.

At the mention of the Kingdom prince, Harold's eyes lit up with excitement. He quickly dialed the number.

After a single ring, the call was answered almost immediately.

Dalton's voice **was warm**, tinged with surprise.

“Meryl! You’re calling me?”

The phone **was** on speaker, and in the abandoned factory, Lydia heard Dalton’s voice clearly.

Chapter 282 Which One Is Your Wife? A wave of bitter emotion washed over her.

She thought, “Meryl’s playing dirty! She’s deliberately humiliating me!”

Dalton picked up Meryl’s call right away!”

“Meryl? What’s wrong? Why aren’t you speaking?” Dalton’s voice held confusion as he waited for a response.

3/4

Harold said, “Your Highness, which one of these women is your wife?”

Dalton’s lips tightened. Hearing the unfamiliar voice, he asked, “Who are you?”

“I’m your grandfather!” Harold’s tone was mocking.

At those words, Harold’s men burst into laughter.

Realization dawned on Dalton that something was seriously wrong.

He thought, “Is Meryl being held hostage?”

“How much do you want?” Dalton asked urgently, standing up from his seat and heading out.

“Twenty million dollars! Not a penny less!” Harold said, reaching out to touch Meryl’s smooth face.

Chapter 282 Which One Is Your Wife?

She immediately turned her head away and warned sharply, “Don’t touch me!”

Hearing Meryl’s voice, Dalton trembled.

The thought of what those men might do to her made him anxious and restless as he paced frantically.

→→ Write your comment

Chapter 283 Gunshots

1/4

“Twenty million dollars is fine, but you’re not to lay a finger on her!” Dalton said hurriedly

.

Harold chuckled, glancing at Meryl, then at Lydia, his eyes gleaming with mischievous excitement. “However, there are two women here. Which one is your wife, Your Highness?”

He reached out to touch the faces of both women.

Lydia sobbed, saying, “Dalton, please come save me! I’m so scared, wah, it was all Meryl’s fault for running around, leading those kidnappers to us...”

Her voice was breathless, as if she was terribly wronged.

Implicit in her words was that Meryl had dragged her into this situation.

Harold, who detested women’s tears the most, struck Lydia with his hand. “Shut up, will you! Are you performing for an Oscar? I haven’t done anything to you, yet you’re bawling. How did the prince of Kingdom end up marrying someone like you? Can’t you handle things at all?”

Lydia dared not speak again, only whimpering softly.

Dalton clenched his lips, just then realizing that Lydia was also being held hostage.

Chapter 283 Gunshots

He had wanted to divorce her, but seeing her in such a predicament, he couldn’t just stand idly by.

“I want both of them; name your price.”

2/4

Harold laughed upon hearing this. “It seems one is a fair maiden, and the other, a confidante. It pays to know how to be born, alright then, I’ll give you a discount. Fifty million dollars, deliver it to me within two hours!”

Dalton had already boarded his car, ready to withdraw the money from the bank.

Harold warned, "Don't call the police! Or I'll kill them!"

"But you're not to touch her!"

"Of course we won't touch your wife, but the other one..."

Dalton's expression darkened, his voice rising sharply. "Nor can you touch the other! If you dare to harm even a hair on their heads, I'll find you, no matter who you are!"

Dalton's words were not empty threats; each one seemed to be squeezed out from between his teeth.

Harold would not dare to question Dalton's power; with just a wave of his hand, he could command an army.

If Harold had known that the person being kidnapped was Dalton's wife, he would not have taken such a great risk.

Chapter 283 Gunshots

3/4

When Dalton arrived at the designated location, it was already dark.

The car's trunk was stuffed full of banknotes, and when he got out, he demanded they be released.

Harold stood outside the factory, signaling his goons to go check.

As the trunk was opened, the sight of the abundantly stacked notes dazzled the eye.

"Truly formidable; it's only been a short while and 50 million dollars has been gathered!"

Harold had never seen so much money, his eyes gleaming with greed.

Dalton stated coldly, "I've brought the money; release them!"

Harold waved his hand at his henchmen, who received the order and immediately went in to bring the captives out.

At that moment, gunshots rang out from within the factory.

Harold's face darkened. "What's happening?"

“Boss, something’s not right! Our men **are** on the ground, and a woman has been stolen **away!**”

“What?”

Chapter 283 Gunshots

Harold realized the seriousness of the situation, glaring at Dalton. “I warned you not to call the police! Damn it!”

Dalton’s expression was gloomy. “I didn’t call the police!”

Harold asked, “Then what’s with the gunshots?”

4/4

At that moment, Lydia burst out of the factory, tears streaming down her face. When she saw Dalton, she immediately threw herself into his arms.

“It was so terrifying! Dalton, just now, someone started shooting and killed the thugs who were guarding us. They took Meryl away!” Lydia sobbed uncontrollably.

Harold’s face turned cold. “Explain clearly, who were they?”

Lydia said through her tears, “They looked even more terrifying than you guys. As soon as they arrived, they were demanding to know who Meryl was. They almost shot me too, but I managed to hide behind a box.”

Write your comment

Chapter 284 Disappointed

1/4

Dalton’s eyes narrowed menacingly as he shot a cold look at Harold. “I brought the money, but the people are missing. Care to explain?”

In their line of work, there were rules. Once the payment was made, the release should follow.

But now, with the people gone, Harold felt humiliated.

“Damn it! Find out who had the guts to snatch them from me!” Harold cursed, storming back into the factory to check on his injured men.

Seeing Dalton preparing to follow, Lydia clung to him.

desperately. "Dalton, I'm so scared. It's freezing here, and we don't even know who took Meryl. Let's go back and figure things

out from there!"

Dalton's eyes flicked with cold irritation. "Go back?"

"I'm hurt..." Lydia covered her swollen cheek. "My stomach hurts too..."

"Then go on your own."

Dalton didn't spare her another glance.

His eyes were steely with disappointment.

Chapter 284 Disappointed

2/4

He thought, "Meryl is missing, and we don't know who took her, but she wants to **just** leave Meryl behind and go back?"

They were both kidnapped together, but she's letting Meryl be taken by someone else and hiding behind a box.

And now, she's trying to stop me from finding Meryl."

Lydia continued to cling to Dalton, saying, "Maybe Meryl pissed off someone... She's married to Chandler now. Aren't you paying too much attention to her? Let's go back, tell Chandler, and let him handle it. We don't need you!"

Dalton pressed his lips together tightly.

He thought, "This might be my chance to save Meryl.

After all, didn't I rescue her from the bathroom all those years ago? That's when our story truly began."

The thought of it stirred something in him.

This time, he was determined to rescue Meryl, no matter what.

Seeing Dalton's stubbornness, Lydia grew increasingly anxious.

“Dalton, I’m your wife! They have guns! This could end badly! With your position, you can’t go risking yourself like **this**. Let’s go back, call the police, and let them handle it!”

Dalton had lost patience with her.

Chapter 284 Disappointed

If he had any lingering feelings for her, they evaporated as he watched her ignore Meryl’s safety and only focus on getting

away.

Her selfishness was shocking.

If she could be so cold to a sister raised under the same roof, what did that say about her true nature?

3/4

Dalton said with scorn. “Without a marriage license, what makes you think you’re my wife?”

At his words, Lydia’s face went pale, disbelief flashing in her eyes. “Dalton…”

He pushed her away and stepped into the factory.

The two thugs who had been shot lay lifeless on the ground.

The shooter had been precise—one shot, one kill.

Harold looked at the two dead men with a grim expression. “Damn it! Not only did they snatch people from me, but they even killed my men!”

He swore bitterly.

The attackers had been swift and professional, clearly a far cry from the ordinary thugs they **were**.

They had clearly been prepared, avoiding direct conflict and

Chapter **284** Disappointed

taking advantage of the weakest moment to make off with the people without a fight.

4/4

Harold quickly realized that these were not the kind of people he could deal with.

He said, "I can't hand over the people. As you can see, two of my men are dead. I'll refund you 30 million dollars. You'll have to find her yourself."

The cash was still in Dalton's car, untouched.

Write **your** comment

Chapter 285 Special Greeting

Dalton sneered as he heard the words.

"What do you take me for? Am I just a toy for you to play with?"

His eyes glinted with cold rage, his gaze locked onto Harold's face.

The intense aura around him made Harold's breath catch in his throat.

It was clear why Dalton was called the prince of Kingdom—his fury was enough to intimidate even a hardened thug like Harold.

Without another word, Dalton turned and got into his vehicle.

Seeing him drive off, Harold panicked and ordered his goons to block the car.

"Let's get one thing straight. You're here to redeem your wife, right? And she's perfectly fine," Harold said.

Dalton glanced back. "What's your point?"

Harold held up two fingers. "Leave 20 million dollars behind, and I'll let you go."

The cash was still in Dalton's car, untouched.

Chapter **285** Special Greeting

2/4

Dalton smirked. "You think you can get money from me? Do you even have the right?"

He slammed the accelerator, and the engine roared with a piercing sound.

Dalton was driving a rugged off-road vehicle. Its powerful engine and fierce appearance made it look like a steel beast lying in wait in the darkness.

In an instant, the car lunged forward, plowing through the crowd of thugs.

They scrambled out of the way in a chaotic frenzy.

Seated beside Dalton, Lydia was terrified, her heart racing.

She had always **seen** Dalton as dignified and aloof, but this ruthless, unrestrained side of him was new and shocking.

Just moments before, he hadn't even blinked as he barreled through them.

Lydia looked at Dalton with admiration. He was so stunningly fierce.

As they were leaving the factory, the blaring sirens of numerous police cars filled the air.

Lydia realized that Dalton had anticipated this and had set up a backup plan.

Chapter 285 Special Greeting

3/4

As a prominent figure in Kingsdom, Dalton was not someone who could be easily toyed with by a small-time crook.

Dalton got out of the car and spoke to the lead officer.

Whatever he said, the officer's expression turned serious.

Moments later, Dalton got back in the car.

His voice was steady. "Get out. They'll take you to the city."

"Dalton, are you going to find Meryl? Do these cops know where she is?" Lydia asked gently.

Dalton remained silent.

Lydia pleaded, "I'm Meryl's sister! I'm just as worried about her safety as you are. If you're going to save her, take me with you! I didn't really mean what I said earlier; fear make

s people say things they don't mean. I feel incredibly guilty about Meryl. We've been through so much together."

Dalton was too focused on rescuing Meryl to care much about Lydia's words, whether they were genuine or not.

Every second wasted was another moment she was in danger.

The night was dark when Chandler's phone buzzed with a new message.

[258, your woman is in our hands. Want to see her blown to pieces?]

Chapter 285 Special Greeting

Chandler's fingers tightened, his expression darkening.

4/4

[I'll deliver her remains to your doorstep as a special greeting.]

Write your comment

Chapter 286 Bomb

1/4

Dalton drove up to an abandoned, half-finished building in his rugged off-roader.

As he prepared to get out, Lydia grabbed his arm in a panic..

"Is Meryl here? But it's so dark... I'm scared..."

The area was pitch-black, and the wind howled like a furious. beast.

Lydia shivered, instinctively huddling closer to Dalton, hoping for some reassurance.

"Where... where are the cops? Why didn't they follow us?" Lydia's voice trembled.

To avoid alarming the suspects, the police had sent only a few skilled plainclothes officers in Dalton's vehicle instead of a full squad.

Dalton didn't have time for Lydia's fears.

His sole focus was on rescuing Meryl. He pulled his arm from Lydia's **grasp** and said firmly, "Stay in the **car**. Don't move. I'm going in to find her."

At that moment, another car silently pulled up beside theirs.

Chapter 286 Bomb

Dalton looked at the familiar vehicle and was momentarily stunned. "Uncle Chandler?"

2/4

Chandler gave Dalton a brief, emotionless glance before turning his attention to the plainclothes officers in the back of Dalton's car. "I suspect there are explosives here."

The officers' faces went pale. "We'll call in a bomb squad immediately!"

"It's too late for that. Finding Meryl is the priority. Split up and search," Chandler said tersely, disappearing into the darkness. without another word.

The officers quickly understood the gravity of the situation. One of them radioed the main force while the other two headed into the abandoned building.

Dalton was about to follow, but Lydia's fear stopped him. "Dalton, what if there's a bomb? If it goes off, we're all dead! None of us will make it out!"

There were dozens of unfinished buildings in the area, making it nearly impossible to locate someone with so many potential hiding spots.

"Dalton, let the police handle it. We should stay here and wait!" Lydia pleaded, terrified of Dalton getting hurt.

Dalton brushed her hand away. "If you're afraid, stay here. I didn't ask you to come with me!"

Chapter 286 Bomb

3/4

Without waiting for a response, Dalton turned and plunged into the darkness.

Lydia was left alone, feeling frustrated and helpless.

She knew her concern might have annoyed Dalton, but all she wanted was to keep him safe.

She thought, “Why can’t he see my genuine worry?”

The abandoned buildings loomed ominously in the darkness, their blackened, decayed structures adding to the desolation.

Lydia couldn’t help but think, “If only the explosives would go off now.

Then Meryl would be dead, and my position wouldn’t be threatened.”

Meanwhile, the team split up, each taking a different direction.

Lydia was left alone in the car, waiting anxiously.

“Beep beep beep...”

On the cold, hard floor, Meryl lay in a daze. Faintly, she thought she heard a sound near by—maybe an alarm or a ringtone.

Her head throbbed painfully, and as she slowly opened her eyes, she found herself in total darkness.

It was pitch dark all around.

Chapter 286 Bomb

She thought, “What has just happened?”

4/4

In the abandoned warehouse, two gunshots rang out suddenly, and the two thugs guarding Meryl and Lydia fell to the ground.

It was Meryl’s first encounter with death, and she realized how fragile life could be.

Then, through her stunned gaze, a man climbed through the window.

Agile and confident, he perched on the windowsill, one leg bent, a gun pointed toward her and Lydia. “Which one of you is Meryl?”

Write your comment

Chapter 287 Discovered

Lydia quickly shoved Meryl outside.

Moments later, a heavy blow struck Meryl's skull, and she was knocked out cold.

Groggy and disoriented, she vaguely remembered being placed on a motorcycle, which then sped off, bringing her to this place.

Now, her hands and feet were bound by ropes, and no matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't break free.

Suddenly, Meryl felt a cold blade press against her neck, its chilling touch seeping into her skin, making her shiver involuntarily.

A deep, menacing voice said, "Save your strength. You're not going to get out of those ropes."

The man's face **was** half-hidden in shadow, making him look like a specter of the night.

Meryl blinked. "Who are you? Why **have** you tied me up?"

In the surrounding darkness, only the moon provided light, casting a slanted beam across the room.

The moonlight made the man's face hard to discern, but Meryl could see his sinister smile and the wild, **almost** frenzied glint in

Chapter 287 Discovered

his eyes.

"You shouldn't be asking who I am. You should be more concerned about how much longer you have to live."

As he spoke, Meryl followed his gaze and saw a timer ticking ominously in the corner.

"What... Is that a bomb?"

Her spirits plummeted.

2/5

The man grinned wickedly, saying, "Merry Christmas, beautiful. You've got less than ten minutes before this place goes up in flames. I'll be on my way now."

“After all, a death match is best shared with your lover, don’t you think? Hope you enjoy this little gift.”

With that, he withdrew the knife from her neck and walked away without hesitation.

Now, Meryl was left alone in the empty, abandoned building.

Time seemed to stretch endlessly, and every sound was amplified.

The ticking of the timer was a constant, haunting reminder of how little time she had left.

She thought, “No! I can’t give up.

Chapter 287 Discovered

I have to escape.”

3/5

Hearing the man’s footsteps fade, Meryl quickly lay down and used all her strength to roll towards the edge of the building.

She shouted desperately, “Help! Somebody, please help me!”

Meryl was on the edge of a high-rise building, and she screamed until her throat was raw, hoping someone would notice her plight.

The risk of falling was immense, but she had no other choice.

Meryl thought Chandler was nearby.

Otherwise, the man wouldn’t have mentioned “death match“.

and “lover” like that.

She needed Chandler to hear her and come to her rescue.

But just the man returned, having heard the commotion.

His eyes held a **mix** of annoyance and pity **as** he looked at Meryl.

Without a second thought, he stuffed a cloth gag into her mouth.

“Save your breath, darling. It’s better to die quietly, don’t you. think?”

Ensuring she could make no more sounds, he turned and left. again, leaving her alone with the ticking clock.

Chapter 287 Discovered

Inside the car, Lydia was stunned for a few seconds.

4/5

She thought, “Did I just hear Meryl? It sounded like her voice. was coming from nearby.”

Her gaze locked onto a high-rise building. In the darkness, she spotted what looked like a white cloth fluttering out.

The evening breeze made it particularly noticeable.

Lydia recognized it instantly. It was Meryl’s scarf from today.

After a brief hesitation, Lydia got out of the car and moved cautiously toward the building.

It didn’t take long for her to hear the unmistakable sound of a ticking timer.

She thought, “So there really is a bomb!”

A knowing smile crept onto Lydia’s face.

She thought, “I might not even need to lift a finger. As long as Meryl is stuck here without anyone coming to her rescue, she’ll be blown to pieces soon enough.”

With this thought, Lydia took out her radio and said, “Dalton, I just **saw** Chandler rescue Meryl! You need to come back quickly; the place is about to blow! We need to get out of here fast!”

“Who’s there?”

Chapter 287 Discovered

5/5

At that moment, the man who had abducted Meryl was coming. down from the upper floors. Hearing the voice, he tensed and tightened his grip on his gun.

The sharp reprimand almost made Lydia jump out of her skin.

She recognized that voice—it was the same man who had taken Meryl!

Panic surged through Lydia, and she felt every hair on her body stand on end.

She crouched in a corner, doing her best to stay hidden, carefully concealing herself to avoid detection.

To her dismay, the voice on the radio crackled with Dalton's response. "Got it, I'm on my way back now."

Lydia's heart sank.

She had been discovered by the kidnapper!

Write your comment

Chapter 288 Everyone Would Be Doomed

Lydia felt a sudden chill at her temples, and her heart leaped into her throat.

The thought of the same gun that had killed two people in the factory now being aimed at her made her eyes well up with

tears.

1/5

Her voice trembled with fear and a hint of sobbing. "I... I'm just passing through! Please don't kill me, I'm begging you..."

The stress of the situation overwhelmed her, and she broke down, crying aloud.

The man sneered coldly, clearly impatient, and aimed his gun directly at her.

Just then, Lydia's fear caused her legs to give way, and she collapsed onto the floor.

In the darkness, the gun fired, the bullet barely missing her head and lodging into the wall.

"Damn it!"

The man swore in frustration at having missed his shot due to a

Woman.

Chapter 288 Everyone Would Be Doomed

2/5

From downstairs came the scattered sounds of people rushing.

“Over here!”

“Hurry! Get up there and rescue them!”

The gunfire had clearly exposed their position.

Realizing he couldn't stay any longer, the man turned to flee.

But before he could get far, a punch came out of nowhere, landing squarely on his side.

Caught off guard, the man barely had time to react before a powerful force wrenched the gun from his hand.

The opponent had used a precise, calculated strike that disabled his grip, and by the time he tried to fight back, it was too late.

Chandler narrowed his eyes.

He twisted the grip of the gun, reorienting it until the barrel was aimed at the kidnapper's temple.

The entire exchange happened in the blink of an eye; Chandler was now in full control. With a simple squeeze of the trigger, the kidnapper could be finished off!

Seeing her rescuer, Lydia let out a sigh of relief.

“64 caliber pistol, 7.62 rounds—that's a cop's weapon. Did you

Chapter 288 Everyone Would Be Doomed steal it?”

3/5

Chandler's eyes gleamed with cold determination. His voice was laced with menace. “Tell me, where is she?”

The kidnapper gritted his teeth, his face twisted in frustration. “The bomb is about to go off any minute now. Even if you rush over, it's too late!”

Chandler wore a grim smile. “Perfect. I guess I'll have you as a fall guy. Not too shabby.”

Resigned to his fate, the man started to give up. "I've got a lousy life anyway. If I die, so be it. But there's got to be more of you, right?"

At this point, wasting time meant everyone would be doomed.

Lydia spoke up urgently, "Chandler, Meryl is upstairs!"

As if on cue, Chandler saw the backup agents rushing over. Without hesitation, he kicked the kidnapper hard and signaled the agents to take him down.

Just when it seemed the kidnapper was about to be subdued, he suddenly pulled out a sharp knife and lunged toward Chandler's

waist.

Meryl **was** bound hand and foot, with her mouth gagged.

The countdown timer in front of her showed only four minutes remaining, and her heart sank.

Chapter 288 Everyone Would Be Doomed She thought, "Is this how I'm going to die?"

4/5

The cold wind howled through the drafty building, making her limbs numb.

She thought, "I can't just give up!

I don't want to die! I have so much left to do!"

Meryl tried to move towards the stairs, but with all her layers of clothing, it was too difficult, and she quickly ran out of strength.

Despair set in until she heard movement downstairs, reigniting a flicker of hope in her eyes.

"Mmm...!"

She struggled to make noise, watching the countdown slip to just two minutes.

There wasn't enough time—even **if** she tried to escape now, she'd

never make it.

Meryl leaned back against the ground, resignation washing over her. Her eyes began to glisten with unshed tears, and a wry smile appeared on her face.

She thought, "If I die, probably no one will mourn for me."

Meryl closed her eyes in despair, only to be startled by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Chapter 289 Rescued

The footsteps grew louder, and Meryl's eyes flew open in surprise.

She saw Chandler appear at the top of the stairs, rushing toward her with determined strides.

She blinked in disbelief, almost thinking she was imagining it.

His figure was moving so quickly that it was a blur.

Meryl thought, "It's really him!

Chandler! He's come to save me!"

Tears welled up in Meryl's eyes as if she were seeing an angel descend.

Chandler yanked the cloth out of her mouth and shot a quick glance at the bomb nearby.

"Don't be scared, I'm here," Chandler said, his voice calm and reassuring.

Meryl had struggled hopelessly against the tight bindings, but Chandler worked his magic in no time, freeing her hands and

feel.

She suddenly remembered Chandler's ten years of police

Chapter 289 Rescued

2/4

academy training; such skills must have been routine for him.

"We don't have much time. We need to get out of here, fast."

Chandler was brief and to the point.

He gently reassured Meryl, “Can you walk? If not, hold on to my neck. I’ll carry you.”

Without waiting for a response, Chandler bent down and scooped her up into his arms.

Meryl’s body was freezing, but Chandler’s embrace was like a furnace.

The warmth was almost addictive, and she instinctively snuggled closer to him.

Meryl asked, “There’s a bomb, and time’s running out. Aren’t you afraid?”

“I am, but if I hadn’t come, you’d be even more scared.”

Chandler moved with lightning speed, not a hint of hesitation. With the clock ticking down, he dashed down the stairs, holding Meryl effortlessly as if the stairs were flat ground.

Meryl clung tightly to Chandler’s neck, determined not to be a burden.

“Idiot, **if we** don’t make it, you’ll die too.”

Chapter 289 Rescued

“Doesn’t matter. This lousy life of mine—you saved it once before.”

Meryl felt a lump in her throat.

She had saved him ten years ago, just a spur-of-the-moment decision, and she would have helped anyone in that situation.

But Chandler remembered it all the way to now.

With the bomb threat, everyone downstairs had already evacuated. Chandler and Meryl were the last to escape.

3/4

Just as they cleared the crumbling building, a series of popping sounds erupted from several floors up.

Thick smoke billowed out.

Meryl blinked in confusion.

She thought, “Is this the bomb?”

Are you sure it’s not just firecrackers?

The explosion seems... underwhelming.”

Chandler placed Meryl into the car and, hearing the noise, glanced back with a smirk.

He smirked as he looked at the handcuffed kidnappers being subdued by the police.

Chapter 289 Rescued

4/4

“Damn it! I got played!” The kidnappers, now in handcuffs and shoved into a police car, were cursing furiously.

“You filthy crooks! What a scam!”

The so-called “bomb” they’d paid a fortune for turned out to be a dud—barely more than a firecracker.

Chandler bent over to fasten Meryl’s seatbelt. His fingers brushed against hers, and he noticed they were cold. He quickly retrieved a blanket from the backseat and wrapped it around her, ensuring she was warm and secure.

Write your comment

Chapter 290 Vendetta

Chandler’s and Dalton’s cars were parked side by side.

1/4

From Dalton’s perspective, he could clearly see Meryl’s profile in the passenger seat of Chandler’s car.

But Meryl was completely oblivious to him.

Determined to get her attention, Dalton rolled down his window.

A chill breeze swept into the car, making Lydia shiver. “Dalton, it’s getting late. Can we go now? I’m freezing. Could you lose the window, please?”

Dalton ignored her, his gaze fixed on Chandler’s car as it drove away.

The vintage car kicked **up** a cloud **of** dust, making Lydia cough uncontrollably.

Finally, Dalton rolled up the window.

He was about to follow Chandler when Lydia clutched his wrist, her grip tightening.

“Dalton, I feel awful. Please, **take** me to the hospital.”

Earlier, during the confrontation, the kidnappers had fired **at**

Chapter 290 Vendetta

Lydia, causing her to collapse in fear.

2/4

The fall had left her feeling unwell, and she was now concerned. about her condition.

Dalton noticed Lydia was pressing her hand against her abdomen.

Her outfit, which had been **light**—colored, was now stained and dirty.

The sight of blood trickling down her legs and soaking through her beige tights made Dalton’s eyes narrow with concern.

Lydia, noticing the blood herself, broke into a cold sweat, her fear palpable.

Her voice trembled with a mix of pain and terror.

“I haven’t had my period in almost two months... Dalton, I... I might be pregnant.”

If she was **pregnant**, this child might be her only chance at a new beginning.

She thought, “Dalton has been pushing for a divorce, but **if I** were pregnant... would **things** change?”

“Dalton! Please, take me to the hospital! Now!” Lydia’s fear was intense.

After their marriage, they had only been intimate once—**on** that

Chapter 290 Vendetta

occasion in the car, Dalton had been possessive, calling out Meryl’s name.

Lydia thought,
“It was humiliating, but if it meant getting pregnant, it might have been worth it.

But why is there so much blood? Is the baby even safe?”

Her anxiety only grew with each passing moment.

3/4

By the time Meryl got home, it was already past midnight..

She was still reeling from the shock of the night’s events.

As soon as they entered the house, Chandler’s phone rang.

The quiet of the home made the call’s content clear **to** Meryl.

“The kidnappers got away. They had accomplices. Be careful.”

“Got it,” Chandler replied, ending the call.

Meryl was stunned. “How did they escape? We had so many officers on the scene. How did they just slip away?”

Chandler said, his voice tinged with guilt, “It’s not surprising. They had help. No one would just stand by while their partners were caught.

“Their real target **was** me...”

Meryl was taken aback.

Chapter 290 Vendetta

4/4

Chandler continued, “Back when I was in the police academy, I made enemies while completing missions. This is some sort of revenge.”

The pieces suddenly fell into place.

Meryl remembered that day at the bar when someone had attacked Chandler with a knife.

She thought, “Was that connected to this vendetta?”

Turning around, Meryl noticed Chandler looked rather disheveled.

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