

# Secret Admiration Finding True Love After Prison

## Chapter 311 – 320

Chapter 311 A Verdict

Dalton frowned at her words.

Meryl rolled up the window. "If there's nothing else, I'm

leaving." The mention of Lydia had instantly cooled her attitude toward him.

Dalton quickly grabbed the car door handle, suspecting Meryl's behavior might mean she was jealous. He thought, "Could she still care about me?"

Dalton impulsively explained, "The baby... I'm already trying to convince her to get rid of it. Just give me a little more time."

Meryl paused, thinking, "Give him more time?" She hadn't expected Dalton to not want the baby. Lydia had schemed so much, only to have Dalton treat her indifferently. Perhaps **it** was karma catching up with her.

"Your issues with her have nothing to do with me," Meryl said coolly. "Just remember to send me Rocky's location." Then, she pressed **the** gas pedal and drove **off**.

Dalton watched her car disappear before slumping back into his seat. He thought, "Yes, it makes sense now. A woman gets jealous when she cares. Meryl must still have feelings for me. Why else would she agree to add me on WhatsApp? Rocky is just a pretext for us to interact. Once I resolve things with Lydia, everything **will** fall into place."

Chapter 311 A Verdict

Then, Dalton drove straight to the hospital.

Lydia was throwing a fit at a young **nurse** inside the hospital room.

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The trainee nurse missed the vein during the injection, so she had to insert the needle a gain.

Lydia was already in a bad mood. She lashed out and overturned a tray of medical supplies onto the floor.

The poor nurse was shaken and too scared to say much in response.

Just as Lydia was about to yell again, Dalton entered the room, his eyes flickering with irritation.

Lydia quickly switched to a more pleasant expression when she saw him. "Dalton, you have come to see me."

Dalton said nothing at first, turning to the nurse. "You can go now."

The nurse hurried out of the room as if escaping.

Lydia noticed Dalton's stern expression and realized he had likely witnessed her earlier outburst. Her fingers tensed slightly as she tried to justify herself. "Dalton, **my** hand is all bruised from the needle. It really hurt. I **was** only trying to push her to improve so she doesn't end up being bullied by more difficult patients."

Chapter 311 A Verdict

Dalton didn't know if her words held truth, but he didn't care enough to probe further. He said calmly, "I just saw Meryl."

Lydia was stunned. "Dalton, what do you mean by that?"

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Dalton responded calmly, "You get rid of the baby and take the money. Only then will she consider taking me back."

Lydia was speechless.

"Lydia, didn't you always say **you** loved me?" Dalton fixed his gaze on her. "The greatest expression of love is letting **go**. There's no point in dragging this out. If you let go of the baby, it'll be your **way of** allowing Meryl and me to be together."

Lydia remained silent. Dalton's words left her completely dumbfounded. She thought, "Had Meryl really said that? If I got rid of the baby, she would give Dalton another chance? How ruthless of her. This is our personal feud. Why drag an innocent baby into it?"

It took Lydia a while to find her voice again. "Your mom **won't** allow you to do this. Dalton, this baby is yours, too. You can't be so heartless!"

“Don’t use my mom as your excuse. I’ve already arranged everything with the doctor. The surgery is scheduled for tomorrow morning.” Dalton **wasn’t** offering a suggestion. He was handing down a verdict. After he finished speaking, he left without looking back.

#### Chapter 311 A Verdict

Lydia was trembling all over. Knowing Dalton, he was dead serious. If he said the surgery was tomorrow, everything was already set in motion.

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Lydia grabbed her phone and immediately called Charlotte for help.

She hung up no sooner than a middle-aged woman slipped quietly into the room. The moment Lydia saw her, her face went pale.

Write your comment

#### Chapter 312 Heiress

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Lydia said to the woman who had just entered, “What are you doing here? Who told you to come? What if someone sees you? You need to leave. Now!”

Sandra frowned and said, “Lydia, I heard something happened to you. I was so worried. I came quietly, and now it was the dead of night. No one will know I was here.”

The woman standing before Lydia was her biological mother, Sandra Moss. She had been outside the door for a while and had overheard the entire conversation between Lydia and Dalton.

Now that the coast seemed clear, Sandra couldn’t hold back her anger. “Dalton, that spineless man! How dare he shirk responsibility and tell you to get rid of the baby? He’s no better than his mother. They’re both despicable!”

Lydia found it odd when Sandra mentioned Charlotte. “Wait, how do you know Charlotte?”

She thought, “It doesn’t add up. Sandra had never met Charlotte before. How could she know what kind of person Charlotte is?”

Sandra was stunned, her expression stiffening before she quickly brushed it off. “Of course, I don’t know her. How could I?”

Lydia didn't dwell on it. She **was** more worried that someone might catch Sandra visiting her. She urged Sandra again, "You

Chapter 312 Heiress really need to go!"

Just then, Malcolm appeared at the door. He was surprised when he saw Sandra. "What are you doing here? What if someone sees you?"

Sandra stammered, "I... I'll leave right away."

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Malcolm stepped forward and grabbed her hand. "I know you're worried about our daughter, but didn't I already tell you? Lydia is fine, and the baby is stable. If someone sees you sneaking around, it could cause trouble. Come on, I'll take you home."

With that, Malcolm and Sandra left together.

In the elevator, Sandra still couldn't shake her worry. She turned to Malcolm and said, "I just saw Dalton. He's actually trying to make Lydia get rid of the baby! Do you think there's something wrong with their relationship?"

Malcolm shook his head. "The Aniston family won't let Dalton act recklessly. You must have heard wrong. How could Dalton not want his own baby?"

Sandra's eyes were red with tears. "Malcolm, I've been hiding behind you for so many years without a title or status, and I've accepted that. I know I can't compete with Bianca, but you can't let our daughter suffer for no reason!"

Malcolm promised, "Don't worry. Lydia is my precious girl. I would never let her suffer."

Chapter 312 Heiress

"But I heard from Lydia that you gave the mansion to Meryl just to please her. Isn't that a loss for Lydia?" Sandra's eyes reddened even more.

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Malcolm retorted, "I compensated Lydia with money, didn't I? I gave her 30 million dollars as a Christmas gift!"

As they talked, they reached the downstairs. Sandra knew it wasn't wise to push Malcolm too hard, so she didn't say more.

Malcolm gestured for Sandra to get into his car and told the driver, "Take her to Peace Street."

Seeing that Malcolm wasn't getting in the car, Sandra frowned. "Aren't you coming with me?"

With Christmas around the corner and his son John back, Malcolm could no longer use work as an excuse to sneak away to Sandra's place. But remembering his frustration with Bianca, Malcolm steeled himself and said, "Alright, I'll take you home tonight."

Sandra smiled satisfactorily.

Years ago, she had been Malcolm's secretary. Taking advantage of his drunken state, she had slept with him, and since then, they had maintained a murky relationship.

But the good times didn't last. Bianca sensed something was amiss. Being a coward, Malcolm paid Sandra off before things got out of hand.

#### Chapter 313 Mistress

The pregnant woman wore shabby clothes and looked like she came from a poor family background. She had traveled all the way to Kingsdom, hoping that the doctors could save the dead fetus in her womb.

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She said there was a tradition in her hometown that if a woman was found carrying a dead fetus, her husband would beat her to death.

So, Sandra gave Bianca's baby to the peasant woman.

Ten years ago, the **truth** came to light when Bianca discovered that Lydia's blood type didn't match hers or Malcolm's. Realizing that the babies had been swapped, she demanded to find her biological daughter.

It was during this time that Sandra and Malcolm reconnected.

Worried that the Stone family might mistreat Lydia, Sandra took the initiative to find Malcolm and confessed to him of

Lydia's true parentage.

Malcolm asked her where Bianca's daughter was. Initially, Sandra didn't want to reveal it, but she thought that by telling Malcolm, she might earn his favor. Indeed, after her confession, their relationship rekindled.

Even with age, Sandra believed she looked good and was still the

Chapter 313 Mistress

type of woman men liked.

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Moreover, Sandra prided herself on providing emotional value. Wealthy men always faced stress from clients outside and from wives at home. They needed women like her.

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Meryl waited half the night, thinking Dalton had deceived her. Just as she was about to delete his contact, Dalton sent a location pin: [My people found out Rocky lives nearby. It's a complicated area. Do you need me to accompany you tomorrow?]

Meryl glanced at the location, which was a densely packed, rundown area on the city's outskirts. The residents were indeed quite diverse.

"Who are you messaging?" Just then, Chandler entered the room. He wore black pajamas, and with his hair still wet **from** the shower, he looked more approachable.

Meryl did not hide from him. "Dalton."

"Hmm?" Chandler raised an eyebrow and sat down in front of Meryl, leaning **in** to take a look. He saw Dalton's WhatsApp.

"What did you two talk about? Didn't you delete him? Why did **you** add him back?" Chandler's face remained even, but his voice turned noticeably colder.

Meryl remembered the doctor's instructions that Chandler's

Chapter 313 Mistress

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waist injury required daily dressing changes. She immediately went to fetch the first aid kit.

But Chandler grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his lap. She was forced to straddle Chandler's thighs.

The woody scent of his cologne filled her senses, causing her heart to race. The position was undeniably intimate.

A sudden tingling sensation washed over her as Chandler leaned in and nibbled on her neck. "Mrs. Aniston, don't you think owe me an explanation?"

you

Meryl's fingers curled instinctively, wrapping her arms around his head. "I'll delete him immediately, Chandler, just don't

move..."

"Who's moving now?" Chandler's voice was low as he tightened his grip on Meryl's waist, his deep eyes glancing down at where their bodies were pressed together.

It was then that Meryl realized, in her attempt to avoid Chandler's kisses, that she had unintentionally ignited a fire within him. Her heart pounded, and before she knew it, it was too late.

Chandler's lower back injury had healed quickly, almost entirely within a few days, making him even more uninhibited.

He bonked her over and over again, consumed by a feverish passion.

Chapter 313 Mistress

His stubble, not fully shaved, scratched her breasts, making her feel both itchy and pained. Unable to bear his relentless stimulation, Meryl bit him.

Chandler seemed to enjoy her biting, leaning in closer. "Do it again."

**Write** your comment

Chapter 314 Meet Up

The next day, Meryl received a phone call and then headed out. A Lamborghini pulled up in front of her.

John tapped the passenger seat. "Hop in, I'll drive you."

The car was obviously expensive, and Meryl took a moment to admire it. "Nice new car."

John said, "Chandler gifted it to me. Didn't you know?"

Meryl was at a loss for words.

John said, "The hospital's in chaos, did you hear? Dalton doesn't want the baby and forces Lydia to get rid of it. She was wheeled into the operating room this morning. Mom and Dad rushed over as soon as they heard."

Meryl had thought Dalton's reluctance to have the baby was just talking, but she hadn't expected him to do so. It seemed he truly intended to divorce Lydia.

"Dalton's mother hid Lydia away," John continued, shaking his head. "Even if the baby is born, it won't be welcomed by its father, just a pawn in Lydia's power struggle. What's the point?"

This was exactly what Meryl had anticipated. Having married Dalton with great difficulty, Lydia wouldn't let go. The baby was her only chance to turn things around.

Chapter 314 Meet Up

**2/4**

John added, "Mom asked me to pass on a message. She wants you to take her off the blacklist and seems eager to make amends."

Meryl asked, "The money Malcolm transferred to me yesterday, that was you using **his** name, wasn't it?"

John was taken aback. He thought he had done it perfectly. "How did you figure it out?"

"That wasn't Malcolm's tone at all," Meryl replied with a mocking smile.

John quickly said, "But it was indeed his money. Dad's private stash must be nearly emptied by now."

Meryl shook her head. It **was** never about the money for her. She wanted a sincere apology from the Stone family, but clearly, they hadn't truly grasped their mistake.

Soon, the car pulled up outside a villa.

John said, "Meryl, the address you gave me, I sent someone over early this morning to inform Rocky that there's a business deal to discuss. He's been summoned here, and he should be arriving **any** minute now."

Meryl got out of the car. "Alright."

The villa was a place John used as a rehearsal studio back when he played in a band. The Stone **family** owned numerous



## Chapter 314 Meet Up

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properties, and this one had been vacant since John went abroad. John had it cleaned up recently, so it was still in good condition.

They had barely entered when they heard a car engine being turned off outside. Meryl and John exchanged glances. She gestured for John to hide.

As John concealed himself, a man in his early thirties, wearing a floral shirt, appeared at the entrance.

Rocky paused at the sight of Meryl. He was surprised.

Meryl motioned for him to come in. "Rocky, **why** so surprised? Didn't expect it to be me?"

Rocky was Meryl's foster brother, who was ten years older than her. He had fallen into gambling in his teens, accruing a mountain of debt, and later joined a gang, living a life of delinquency.

Rocky stepped inside. He looked composed. "Meryl, what do you need from **me**?"

Meryl sat on the sofa. "You must know I married Chandler, right? I heard you've been spreading rumors that you slept with me. Chandler **wants** to have a word with **you** about that."

Rocky was about to drink the water he had poured for himself when his hand shook at her words, spilling water all over himself.

## Chapter 314 Meet Up

4/4 Rocky knew who Chandler was. He quickly denied it. "When did I ever sleep with you? Meryl, you can't just make things up!"

"If you didn't sleep with me, then why are you spreading such rumors?" Meryl placed her phone face down on the table, her expression turning cold. "Rocky, who put you up to slandering

me?"

Rocky's eyes darted around before landing on Meryl's phone. "Meryl, you wouldn't be recording this, would you?"

As he said this, he snatched her phone and sneered, looking as if he had expected this **all** along.

Write your comment

Chapter 315 Innocence

1/3

Rocky violently smashed the phone to the ground, the sound of shattering filling the room. Unsatisfied, he stomped on it a few more times until it was completely destroyed. He clicked his tongue and glared at Meryl with a menacing glint in his eyes.

“Meryl,” Rocky said, “meeting your own brother and still being so guarded? That’s not very nice.”

Meryl’s demeanor turned icy. “Rocky, I’ll ask you one last time. Who paid you off, and what was the deal? Don’t blame me for being ruthless if you don’t tell me.”

Rocky remained unfazed by her threat. “You think I scare easily? Meryl, you-”

Before he could finish, Meryl grabbed a glass from the table and smashed it against Rocky’s head. The glass shattered on impact, leaving Rocky’s face dark **with** rage.

He lunged at Meryl, grabbing her hair and yelling, “You think you can mess with me? Who do you think you are, daring to lay a hand on me!”

Meryl, overpowered by Rocky’s strength, found herself at a disadvantage.

Rocky sneered, gripping her throat and pinning her to the sofa.

Chapter 315 Innocence

2/3

With the phone broken and unable to record, Rocky felt free to speak openly. “A few days ago, Lydia called me. She wanted me to kidnap you and even suggested I assault you and record it. Her plan was to show the video **to** your husband so he’d be ashamed of you and leave you. Given our sibling bond, I just couldn’t do it. So, my dear sister, how are you going to thank me for that?”

As the feeling of suffocation overwhelmed her, Meryl struggled desperately.

Rocky, having let his guard down, spoke without restraint.

Meryl bit her lip. Rocky couldn't have anticipated that the phone **was** a decoy meant to make him lower his guard and confess everything.

Unbeknownst to Rocky, John was hiding nearby, capturing the entire scene with a camera.

"You're afraid my husband will come after **you**, aren't you?"

Rocky, what did Lydia offer you? Three years ago, you went to such lengths to help her, even framing me and getting me sent to prison..." Meryl's throat burned as **if** it had been slashed with a razor blade.

Rocky leered. "She offered money and her body. Let me tell you, the taste of a pampered heiress **is** something else. Her skin and her legs are so tender."

Meryl **was** in disbelief. "You're lying, **right?**"

Chapter **315** Innocence

**3/3**

She thought, "With Lydia's haughty personality, how could she have been with someone like Rocky? Not to mention, Rocky isn't her type. And Lydia has only ever cared about Dalton."

"I may be unreliable, but I never lie!" Seeing Meryl's disbelief seemed to challenge his manhood. Rocky declared, "I even recorded a video! It's on my phone!"

Meryl had hoped to get evidence from Rocky to prove her innocence from three years ago. But now, Rocky revealed an explosive piece of information.

He claimed to have a video on his phone, and Meryl feigned disbelief. "Don't think I don't know. You've always been a liar. Lydia would sleep with you? You're just bluffing."

Rocky sneered and was about to pull out his phone. As Meryl tried to get up from the sofa, he quickly restrained her again.

Rocky said, "Meryl, I owe some money. Now that you're a wealthy wife, help me out. If you do, I'll send you the video right away! I only need 20 million dollars! Once you have the video, blur my face and spread it around. It'll be enough to ruin Lydia and give you your revenge."

No one knew better than Rocky how innocent Meryl had been back then.

**Write your comment**

## Chapter 316 Crisis

1/4

Rocky knew that Meryl had served three years of wrongful imprisonment because of that incident. He wasn't stupid. With some thought, he understood what Meryl wanted from him this time.

Meryl sneered. She had only known Rocky to be a gambler but hadn't realized he could stoop so low, wanting to profit from both sides.

Three years ago, he had sent her to prison for money, and three years later, he wanted to betray Lydia for the same reason.

"How about it? This deal is a win-win for you. Transfer twenty million dollars to me, and I'll give you the video right away," Rocky said, patting Meryl's cheek.

It **all** sounded perfectly reasonable, but Meryl wasn't swayed at all. She thought, "How could I make a deal with someone like Rocky?"

She hadn't forgotten that Lydia's scheme had succeeded back then because of Rocky's crucial involvement. They were accomplices, and both deserved to be punished.

Rocky mentioned the video to entice her **into** making a deal with him, hoping to conveniently shift all the blame onto Lydia and escape punishment himself. If Meryl agreed, it would be equivalent **to** letting Rocky off the **hook**.

## Chapter 316 Crisis

Meryl hadn't expected **him** to have read so little but think so quickly. She said coldly, "There's no way you're getting any money from me!"

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Seeing her outright refusal, Rocky's face darkened instantly. "Meryl, you really want to do this the hard way, don't you? If you don't give me the money, I can only do this deal **with** Lydia."

As he suddenly began to take off his floral shirt, Meryl's face turned pale. "What are you doing?"

Rocky said, "It's been years since I last saw you, and you've only grown more beautiful. I'm really drawn to you, and I hope we can enjoy this moment together."

He yanked off his shirt in a flash, his eyes narrowing lustfully as he looked at Meryl. “Lydia said that if I film an intimate video of us together and destroy your reputation, she’ll pay me a handsome sum.”

“I watched you grow up. Out of some sense of family, I originally wanted to strike a deal with you, spare you some dignity. But since you’re refusing, I guess Lydia’s going to be the one paying up. Don’t blame me. Once I get the cash, I’ll skip town, and Chandler won’t be able to touch me.”

Rocky leaned over and kissed Meryl eagerly.

When Meryl **was** born, Rocky had already been ten. All these years, he’d thought of her as nothing more than a little sister, and the idea of seeing her **in** any other light had never even

Chapter 316 Crisis crossed his mind.

But ten years had passed since they last met, and the Meryl standing before him now was no longer the shy, innocent girl she once was.

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Especially over the past couple of years, there was a new grace in how she carried herself. A maturity that hadn’t existed before.

The moment Rocky laid eyes on her today, something within him shifted, an unsettling attraction stirring. Now, finally, he had found a convenient excuse.

Rocky gazed at Meryl like a starving wolf eyeing delicious prey. His stare was piercing and unapologetic.

Meryl’s face paled as she instinctively tried to fight back, lifting her knee to strike his penis. But Rocky was ready for it.

He seized her wrists, pinning them above her head with one hand while his other hand gripped her waist. “Come on, sweetheart. It’ll be much more fun if you play along, don’t you think?”

Rocky was a man, after all, and a thug at that. Fights and brawls were second nature to him, and soon enough, Meryl found herself losing the upper hand.

She turned her head toward the door, shouting desperately, “John, what are you doing? Hurry up and help me!”

Just moments ago, John had been hiding in the shadows,

Chapter 316 Crisis

**4/4**

recording everything. But now, when it mattered most, he had disappeared.

Write your comment

Chapter 317 Helpless

Meryl cursed John's unreliability under her breath, only to hear struggling noises coming from nearby. "Mmm... Mmm..."

Meryl froze, realizing that John had been overpowered by a burly man and had a rag stuffed in his mouth. His hands and feet were bound, and his camera lay shattered on the ground. His situation was almost as dire as hers. If not worse.

Hearing Meryl calling out to him, John struggled with all his might to spit out the rag. "Meryl! The footage we recorded... This guy deleted it all!"

Meryl was shocked. Meryl's face turned pale **as** she looked at the imposing figure suddenly appearing **in** the room. She turned to Rocky and asked, "Is he your man?"

Rocky nodded, a smug grin on his face. "Yes, he is. Meryl, let me be honest. I've been here for a while. You really underestimated me. The first time **in** a place like this, how could I not scout the area and come prepared? Did you really think I'd come alone?"

Rocky sneered, "Before you even came in, my man had already climbed over the walls and hid in here. Everything you **saw** was just a show for you. How could you be so naive?"

Rocky yanked at Meryl's waist as he spoke, ripping off her jacket.

Chapter **317** Helpless

**2/3**

"You bastard! What are you doing to Meryl? Let her go! Stop touching her!" John shouted angrily, trying desperately to get to Meryl.

But the burly man, Russell Riley, kicked him in the back of the knees, and John fell hard to the ground, kneeling in pain.

Russell then landed a punch **on** John's nose, causing blood to gush out. "You better be have yourself!"

Seeing John bleeding, Meryl's mind went blank. "Tell him to stop! Our grudge is between us. Don't involve others. Let John **go**, and I'll pay you!"

"Now you want to pay? Isn't it a bit too late? You've piqued my interest, and until this fire is put out, I'm not going to be satisfied." Rocky turned to his companion. "Russell, take that lad next door and keep him out of the way. With you two here, my sister won't be able to relax."

With that, Rocky and Russell exchanged a lecherous grin. Russell grabbed John and started to drag him away.

John resisted, cursing furiously. "Let Meryl go, or I'll kill you! If you try anything, **I'll** kill your whole family! Rocky, you bastard!" But with his hands and feet restrained, John could not fight back. His shouts gradually faded into the distance.

Driven by **his** desires, Rocky wasted no time and ripped off his belt. He eagerly lunged toward Meryl.

Feeling a sudden **chill** on her neck, Meryl watched in horror **as**

Chapter 317 Helpless

**3/3**

Rocky's hands tried to slide into her neckline.

Fear drained the color from Meryl's face. She trembled

instinctively, and her heart sank. She had hoped John might protect her, but now he was helpless.

Just then, the floor-to-ceiling window was kicked open from outside. The glass shattered into pieces with a loud crash.

"Who the hell is interrupting my fun?" Rocky shouted angrily, instinctively reaching to pull up his pants.

Before he could even fasten his button, a vicious punch landed squarely on his temple, causing excruciating pain and damaging his eye.

As Rocky instinctively tried to retaliate, his attacker seized him by the neck and slammed his head forcefully into the table.

**Write** your comment

## Chapter 318 Not Wasted

The table was made of glass. After several hard impacts, blood seeped from the corner of Rocky's mouth, and even one corner of the table had cracked.

All this happened in the blink of an eye. Rocky was almost blacked out from the blows, rendered unable to resist, his head swimming, barely able to stand.

Dalton had quietly followed Meryl and waited outside the room. So, he had clearly heard everything Rocky and Meryl said.

Dalton heard that Meryl and Rocky had not slept together before and that Lydia had bribed Rocky. He also heard Rocky swear that Lydia had lost her virginity to him three years ago.

Strangely, hearing this didn't make Dalton feel bad. Instead, he felt a sense of relief, as if he had finally shed a burden.

Dalton suddenly recalled the day he got drunk and woke up in bed with Lydia. Lydia had claimed it was her first time.

It turned out she had lied. Her first time had been with Rocky long ago.

But for Dalton, that was his first time.

Thinking back now, Dalton only felt disgusted. The mere thought of Lydia made him sick

## Chapter 318 Not Wasted

The living room window was narrow, and Dalton, who had heard everything from outside, couldn't climb in.

The situation inside was dire, and he immediately kicked through the floor-to-ceiling window.

**2/4**

Seeing Meryl being pinned under Rocky, Dalton's eyes turned blood-red.

Driven by his possessiveness, he went berserk, grabbing Rocky and beating him as if venting all his pent-up frustrations onto him.



Dalton, in his rage, hit Rocky over and over, turning his head into a bloody mess, showing no intention of stopping.

Meryl finally snapped out of her shock. The moment she saw Dalton, she was surprised. She thought, "When did he get here?"

Russell, from next door, heard the commotion and came to check. To his shock, he walked into a scene of bloody violence.

Without a word, Russell rushed to save Rocky.

"Dalton, watch out! He has a weapon!" Meryl shouted as she saw Russell was holding a sharp **knife**.

Russell's face was filled with malice. Such desperadoes strike the hardest, and if he stabbed Dalton, the consequences would be dire.

Chapter 318 Not Wasted

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Meryl's timely warning brought Dalton back to his senses. Without hesitation, he swiftly grabbed Rocky and used him as a shield.

Russell, unable to retract his force and not expecting Dalton to react so quickly, ended up stabbing Rocky in the abdomen.

"Ugh..." Rocky coughed up a mouthful of blood, his body swaying and collapsing to the floor like a puppet with its strings

cut.

"Rocky!" Russell shouted.

With blood streaming from his head and a stab wound in his abdomen, Rocky was at death's door.

Russell panicked, dropping the knife and rushing to check on Rocky. He hurriedly explained, "Rocky, I didn't mean to!"

Dalton seized the opportunity to kick Russell square in the chest, hitting him right in the heart and causing him to fall.

The living room was chaotic, and John finally rolled over from the next room. With his hands and feet bound, he tumbled to Meryl's feet. "Meryl! Are you okay?"

Fear was evident in his eyes as he anxiously looked at Meryl. Seeing that she was only slightly disheveled and her clothes were intact, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Meryl immediately started untying John. "I'm fine. What about you? Are you hurt?"

#### Chapter 318 Not Wasted

John shook his head. "My knees hurt a bit, but it's nothing serious."

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Frowning, John glanced at the destroyed camera on the floor. "What do we do now? All the evidence is gone. I filmed everything for nothing!"

John had been hiding in the adjacent room filming when someone had snuck up on him and covered his mouth.

John had watched as Russell destroyed the camera's chip and memory. "All our efforts today are wasted!"

Meryl shook her head. As long as they were safe, that was what mattered. Besides, their efforts hadn't been in vain. At least she now knew the truth about what happened back then, and John understood Lydia's ruthlessness.

Write your comment

#### Chapter 319 Dreaming

After dealing with Rocky and Russell, Dalton grabbed a napkin from the table and wiped the blood off his hands. Turning to Meryl, his eyes full of worry, he asked, "Meryl, are you okay?"

Meryl shook her head lightly, avoiding Dalton's outstretched hand.

Dalton's eyes darkened. This time, he had arrived before Chandler and saved Meryl. But it was clear that Meryl was wary of him, deliberately keeping her distance. He felt hurt.

At this moment, John was full of energy again. He bound Russell and Rocky together using the ropes that had tied him and gave them several hard kicks.

"You scumbags! How dare you touch Meryl? I'll beat you to death! Do you even know who she is? You think you can touch her? You're not worthy!" John cursed them, brandishing the knife in their faces.

Not long after, the police arrived and took the two men away.

It turned out Dalton had called the police while he was outside.

Not wanting to stay **any** longer, Meryl turned to leave.

Dalton suddenly called out to her, "Meryl, weren't you looking for evidence?"

Chapter 319 Dreaming

Meryl turned back at his words.

**2/4**

Dalton said, "I heard everything Rocky said just now. You were framed. I was outside from the moment you started speaking."

Meryl understood now. Dalton had followed her here. She found it ironic that such an illustrious heir resorted to following her.

Meryl stared into Dalton's eyes and asked, "So? You want to be my witness? Lydia is your wife. Do you really want to do that?"

Revealing this would mean reopening the case from three years ago. But Lydia was Dalton's wife, and he would inevitably be implicated. His reputation, prestige, and the court of public opinion would all turn against him. There would be no benefit to Dalton at all.

Dalton's gaze softened. "Meryl, I want you back by my side! All I ask is for you to look at me!"

Dalton's words were shocking and unexpected.

John could hardly believe his ears. He vividly remembered Meryl chasing after Dalton in the past, thinking Meryl was perfect except for her lovesick obsession.

When John got back to the country, he heard that Meryl had gotten married and that the groom wasn't Dalton, and John found it unbelievable. The level of shock was akin to a comet striking Earth.

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**3/4**

Given Meryl's obsession with Dalton, John couldn't believe she would really marry someone else. It wasn't until he saw Meryl with Chandler that John finally believed it.

Meryl never brought up Dalton again, and John assumed she had moved on.

Chandler was great. At their first meeting, he gifted John a

limited edition Lamborghini. It was hard to see the bad side of Chandler when he gave you a gift, especially one with fewer than three in the world.

For the past few days, John had been driving his new car everywhere, basking in the admiration of his friends. Everyone treated him like royalty, knowing his sister's husband was Chandler.

John felt that Chandler's extravagant gift showed how much he valued and loved Meryl.

He was happy for Meryl, but hearing Dalton ask Meryl to come back to him now left him in disbelief. The world had indeed turned upside down.

How could things have flipped between Meryl and Dalton during his five years studying abroad? Dalton was the scion of **the** Kingdom's elite.

John could still vividly recall Dalton's proud demeanor and disdain for Meryl.

But now, Dalton was pleading for her to return? John felt a

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sense of vindication.

**4/4**

However, vindication aside, he was worried Meryl might do something foolish, like rekindle her old feelings for Dalton and impulsively agree.

So, before Meryl could respond, John stepped forward, positioning himself between them. "Dalton, you're dreaming! What right do you have **to** ask Meryl to get back with you?"

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Chapter 320 Silent

John went on, "You're the one who betrayed her first. You married Lydia, so you're the one who's tainted! How can you make such unreasonable demands? Does Chandler know you're trying to steal his wife? Chandler is your uncle. You've got some nerve, going after his wife!"

John's mocking words didn't seem to reach Dalton. His gaze remained fixed on Meryl. He couldn't believe Meryl had no feelings for him after seven years together. How could childhood sweethearts just forget their bond?

Why would Meryl warn him when that knife came towards him if she didn't care? Dalton **was** convinced Meryl still had feelings for him.

"Dalton, I won't go back to you. If you don't testify, I'll find another way." Then, Meryl turned **to** John. "Let's go home."

Dalton stepped forward, grabbing her wrist. "Meryl, how long will you **stay** mad? I've already swallowed my pride. Isn't that enough? Fine, hit me if you must." He then tried to force her hand to slap his face.

Instinctively, Meryl pulled back, but a cold voice came from the doorway. "Dalton, **take** our hand off her."

It was Chandler, his face **icy** as he strode in. His eyes locked onto Dalton, a chilling in them that made breathing hard.

Chapter 320 Silent

2/3

Chandler reached them, immediately pulling Meryl into his embrace. "You have the guts to go after my wife? Dalton, do you have a death wish?" His words were filled with biting cold, and his eyes blazed with a fire ready to consume everything.

Dalton hadn't expected Chandler to show up. Surprise flickered in his eyes as he frowned. "Uncle Chandler, I..."

Before he could finish, Chandler's fist crashed into his face.

Blood instantly trickled from Dalton's lip. He pushed his tongue against his cheek, spitting out a mouthful of blood.

John stood to the side, adding fuel to the fire. "My goodness, that punch was clean and sharp! Awesome!"

Perhaps spurred on by John's comment, Dalton unexpectedly swung a punch back at Chandler.

Not anticipating this, Chandler quickly turned, shielding Meryl in his arms, and his free hand shot out with practiced precision.

Dalton wasn't a novice, but he was no match for Chandler, who had spent over a decade in the police academy. Chandler effortlessly caught Dalton's punch, twisted his arm behind his back with a swift, practiced move, and immobilized him.

With Dalton subdued, John's admiration grew. "I feel like I'm watching an action movie! Chandler, teach me that move! I could brag to my friends for a month!"

Chapter 320 Silent

3/3

Meryl glared at John, thinking, "This guy is clearly just fanning the flames."

Meeting her eyes, John sheepishly licked his lips and fell silent like a child caught misbehaving.

Dalton's eyes reddened. In his earlier rage, he had slammed Rocky against the table, injuring himself in the process.

Now, with Chandler's hold twisting his injured wrist, it felt like his bones were shattering.

Chandler was expressionless and asked, "Do you admit you were wrong?"

Dalton gritted his teeth, remaining silent.

Chandler tightened his grip, his face a mask of frost. "Cat got your tongue? Speak up."

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