

Secret Admiration Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 321 – 330

Chapter 321 Affection

The pain caused Dalton to sweat, but he bit down hard, refusing to utter a single word.

Chandler, with little patience left, knew Dalton was defiant. “Seems I’ve been too lenient with you.”

With a sharp crack, Dalton’s finger was twisted out of place. The searing pain shot through him, making his entire body convulse. Sweat rolled down his cheeks as his breath grew ragged, each exhalation feeling like a blade slicing his skin. But even with the agony pulsing through him, Dalton remained silent.

His jaw clenched so tightly that blood seeped from his gums, yet his eyes burned with unyielding resolve. After a long pause, Dalton finally forced down the pain and spoke through gritted teeth. “Chandler, you’re nothing but an opportunist.”

Meryl was shocked as Dalton dared to address Chandler by name. She glanced at Chandler, noticing how his expression turned even colder.

“You only took advantage when Meryl and I hit a rough patch,” Dalton continued. “If Lydia hadn’t clouded my judgment, you wouldn’t even be in the picture. You rushed to marry Meryl because you’re scared.”

“You’re terrified that our childhood bond, our years of history, is something you could never break. So you preyed on her when she **was** vulnerable, manipulating her when she needed comfort the most. You’re a coward, Chandler! A vile snake who will stoop

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Dalton staggered, barely keeping his balance as the pain threatened **to** overwhelm him. His face twisted in agony, but he refused to show weakness before Chandler. His cold stare was full of hatred and defiance.

For the first time, Dalton openly defied Chandler. The entire Aniston family feared Chandler’s ruthless ways, and Dalton had always been wary of him. But now, with so much pent-up anger, he couldn’t hold back any longer.

Dalton knew full well that he might have just crossed a line and might end up like his father, Morton, to be cast out of the family by Chandler. But fear didn’t grip him.

The tension in the room was thick. Chandler merely chuckled in the face of Dalton's tirade, his eyes brimming with mockery.

"Yes, I took advantage of the situation. But what can you do about it?" Chandler taunted. "You were the one who didn't value what you had, and now you want to blame everything on Lydia? Have you no shame, Dalton? Can you really claim you did nothing wrong?"

"The woman you cast aside like trash is the love of my life, and let me tell you honestly, I've loved Meryl for a long time, and we're perfect together. So **if** you **can't** handle it, just suck it."

As he spoke, Chandler pulled Meryl to him again. He even leaned in and kissed her forehead.

Beneath his tousled hair, his eyes sparkled. Especially when he spoke of Meryl being the love of his life, those eyes seemed to hold the entire cosmos, glimmering with sincerity.

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Meryl felt the warmth on her forehead and looked up, only to be met with Chandler's gentle, earnest expression. A stark contrast to the cold demeanor he showed Dalton.

For a moment, Meryl couldn't tear her gaze away as if she was spellbound by the man before her.

Meanwhile, John, standing to the side, was practically choking on the display of affection. He thought, "Oh, for heaven's sake, is this really fair to a single guy like me?"

Even John felt a pang of jealousy, so he could only imagine how Dalton must have felt. Chandler had even kissed Meryl. An

undeniable, in-your-face show of triumph.

Watching Chandler flaunt his affection for Meryl right before him, Dalton's face drained of all color. He wanted to lunge forward and tear them apart, but the pain from **his** broken finger was too intense.

Chandler's words hit him where it hurt the most, and Dalton couldn't find a single rebuttal. He knew deep down that every word was true, stripping away his last shred of dignity.

The glass of the living room's floor-to-ceiling window suddenly shattered, and the frigid winter wind rushed **in** from outside. The icy air cut through Dalton, chilling him to the bone.

It felt as though an invisible hand was squeezing his throat, the suffocating pressure making it hard for him to breathe.

Write your comment

Gifts

Secret Admirer: Finding True Love After... 1/3

Chapter 322 Answer

Watching them standing there like a perfect couple, Dalton's eyes reddened with tears. For the first time, he felt an overwhelming sense of shame.

Since the villa needed some cleaning up, John stayed behind.

Meryl gently tugged on Chandler's hand. "It's getting late. Let's go home."

Chandler nodded, and they left together, not sparing Dalton a glance.

Dalton watched helplessly as they walked away, disappearing from sight. He wanted to move, to go after them, but it felt like **his** feet were weighed down with lead. He didn't even dare to **try**.

He felt like his heart had been crushed into a million pieces, the pain so intense it left him weak and trembling. He thought, "They are a family now, **an** inseparable husband and wife. And me? I'm nothing. I'm just an ex, a fool. Even after saving **Meryl** from Rocky, I couldn't get her to look at me, not even once."

Dalton couldn't accept it. He couldn't believe it. He thought, "Was the woman who once chased after me really done with me? We had loved each other once, hadn't we?"

Dalton's eyes burned as he watched Chandler and Meryl get into the car, about to drive away. He sprinted forward, throwing himself in front of the vehicle.

Chapter 322 Answer

he stared at Dalton.

2/3

Dalton

walked to the passenger side, enduring the searing pain in his finger as he tried to open the door. But it was locked from the inside.

“Do you really not love me anymore? Meryl, what do I have to do to make you look at me again?” His eyes were bloodshot, and his voice cracked before he could finish, choking back a sob.

Dalton had never humbled himself like this for anyone. Meryl was the first. He knew deep down that if he didn't do something now, they **might** really be over for good.

Seven years of love, of growing up together, could that really be less than what Chandler had built in just a few months? Dalton refused to believe it. He needed to hear Meryl say she didn't love him anymore before he could let go.

“Meryl, if I get rid of Lydia, will you come back to me? Please?” Dalton's voice broke on the last word, almost begging. A tear slipped down his cheek.

Who would have thought that one day, Dalton would be this desperately clinging to someone?

From inside the car, Meryl looked at him with a distant gaze. Their eyes met. Hers cold and detached, his pleading. The icy car door stood as an unyielding barrier between them.

Dalton ignored Chandler's murderous glare from the driver's seat and pressed on. “Meryl, I will give up everything in the Aniston family for you. As long as **you** nod, I'll take you away, far from here.”

Chapter 322 Answer

Sensing this, Chandler quickly grasped her hand.

3/3

When Meryl turned to him, she was surprised to see a flicker of anxiety in his expression. She thought, “Is he afraid I might actually go with Dalton?”

Her lips tightened, and she was amused by the thought that someone like Chandler could feel fear.

Outside, Dalton waited anxiously for her reply.

Inside, Meryl tightened her grip on Chandler's hand, their fingers interlocking.

“What are you waiting for? Why aren't you driving?” Meryl tilted her head, her tone almost innocent. “You promised to cook for me, Chandler. Or are you planning to skip out on that?”

Chandler was taken aback. He then smiled. He affectionately ruffled her hair. "Of course not. Whatever you want, I'll cook it for you."

With that, the car engine roared to life, and Meryl didn't spare Dalton another glance. The answer was clear.

Dalton stumbled back, his face drained of color, and he looked as if his soul had been ripped. He watched helplessly as the car drove away. Defeated, he sank to his knees.

Write your comment

Chapter 323 Ten Years

They hadn't been driving long when Meryl sensed something **was** off with Chandler because he hadn't said anything since they'd set off.

She glanced over at him several times, wanting to ask what was wrong, but she decided against it each time.

Outside, the scenery blurred past the windows. After another ten minutes, Chandler suddenly pulled over at the entrance of a quiet alley. He had been holding back for the entire drive but couldn't keep it in any longer.

Chandler pulled Meryl over from the passenger seat, reclining the chair to make space for them.

Now, with her seated on his lap, Chandler held the back of Meryl's head and pressed her against the steering wheel, kissing her fiercely. It was as though he needed to reaffirm that the woman in his arms was truly his.

Chandler cupped her face, his lips tenderly claiming every inch

of her skin.

The suddenness of the kiss left Meryl startled. She opened **her** mouth, ready to speak, but Chandler took the opportunity to slip his tongue inside, intertwining with hers.

The force and intensity of his kiss made her blush, and in the closed confines **of** the car, the only thing she could smell and taste was Chandler.

Chapter 323 Ten Years

like a feather lightly brushed against it.

Overwhelmed by the intimacy, she tried to turn her head away. She thought, "It's broad daylight, and even though the alley is quiet, we're still parked on the side of the road. What if someone sees us?"

But Chandler wasn't having it. Without hesitation, he pulled her back, wrapping her in his arms and kissing her relentlessly and possessively.

Only when he **was** satisfied did he release her, breathing heavily. He rested his forehead against hers and said, "Meryl, I'm not in a good mood. Make me feel better."

Meryl's heart raced. Chandler said it in a tone like that of a petulant child who had been denied a piece of candy.

Meryl's gaze softened as she looked at him seriously and asked, "Why are you upset? Does it have something to do with what just happened?" She reflected carefully on the events from earlier.

Half an hour ago, when Dalton had pestered her, Meryl was sure she hadn't done **anything** wrong. She had rejected **him** firmly and made sure to give Chandler the respect he deserved as a man.

Chandler had completely outclassed Dalton in that encounter, winning pride and dignity. So why was he still in a bad mood?

Chandler suddenly let go of her and said, "Even though you turned him down decisively, I'm still not happy." He rummaged through his pocket and pulled out a cigarette, placing it between

Chapter 323 Ten Years

with Dalton.

Chandler hadn't been part of her life in those seven years, leaving him feeling insecure.

3/4

With a flick, the lighter sparked to life, and Chandler shielded the flame as he lit his cigarette, taking a deep drag. He rolled down the car window, stretching his arm out as the smoke drifted outside.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he said, "Dalton said I'm a coward, a vile snake who will stoop to any level."

Meryl tilted her head at his words. "He was just lashing out. Do you really believe him? You're the most honorable man I know, Chandler."

“No, I’m not as good as you think.” Chandler extinguished the cigarette and took a moment before turning his head to meet her gaze. His breath carried the lingering scent of nicotine. “Meryl, Dalton wasn’t wrong. I really did use any means necessary to win you over. You have no idea what I’ve done.”

Meryl was stunned.

Chandler continued, “I was the one who approached you. I’ve wanted to marry you for a long time. When you left the Stone Villa that day, feeling hopeless, and called me, I can’t even describe how happy I was.

“So, Dalton was right. I took advantage of the situation because every step was part of my plan. The truth is, I played a significant role in getting Dalton married to Lydia. And the reporters waiting outside the hotel that day? I sent them. Does

Chapter 323 Ten Years

4/4

“Meryl, you have no idea. I’ve been waiting for your call for ten long years.”

Write your comment

Chapter 324 Confession

Chandler added, “But even if you hadn’t called me, I would’ve found another way to get close to you. You’re the one for me.”

His words left Meryl both shocked and surprised.

“I’ve liked you for a long time, ever since you saved me ten years ago. It was love at first sight,” Chandler smiled slightly.

Meryl was so taken aback that she didn’t know what to say. She thought, “How is this even possible? We only met briefly ten years ago, yet Chandler says he fell for me at first sight?”

But looking at him now, with that serious expression, there’s no hint of a lie. He’s being completely honest. I can’t believe he’s so innocent when it comes to relationships.

SO

But thinking about it, it actually makes sense. Chandler’s never been involved **in any** scandals with women. Could it be that he avoided other women because of me? Then, when I lost faith in Dalton, he stepped in at just the right moment?”

Meryl found **this** realization both incredible and heartwarming. She thought, “So, this is what happens when a man truly cares about you. He willingly avoids other women. How could that be considered taking advantage of the situation? It’s exactly what I wanted.”

Chandler’s confession left Meryl feeling unexpectedly delighted. She couldn’t help but reach out and ruffle his messy hair. “Chandler, how can you be so cute?”

Chapter 324 Confession

and hard edges. He didn’t quite understand how such a word could apply to him.

2/4

Meryl smiled wider, gently squeezing his cheeks and pulling his lips into a grin. No woman could resist a man who was this devoted, and Meryl was no exception. She cupped his face and kissed him firmly.

Seeing the affection in Meryl’s eyes, the anxiety Chandler felt began to fade. His mood lifted along with it.

Chandler pulled Meryl closer, letting her rest against his chest. He then tilted his head and pecked on her rosy lips. “Honey, as long as **you’re** happy. I just want you to love **me** a little more.”

Maybe it was the atmosphere or that they had opened up to each other. Chandler stared at Meryl intensely. He playfully brushed the tip of her nose. “Mrs. Aniston, shall we go home?”

Their bodies were pressed so close together that Meryl could feel Chandler’s growing desire. The atmosphere suddenly shifted, becoming intimate and delicate. She blushed awkwardly.

Right after dinner, Chandler wrapped his arms around her from behind. He looked at her with a burning intensity.

Tonight, his passionate kisses trailed over every inch of Meryl’s skin. The light above them seemed to flicker wildly as Chandler rode on her.

Meryl, overwhelmed by Chandler’s deep affection, felt both shy and sweetly content. Knowing now **the** depth of his long-hidden feelings, she responded to him.

Chapter **324** Confession stirred awake.

3/4

Sweat glistened on their bodies as they intertwined, lost **in** each other for hours, while the **sky** outside grew steadily brighter. Their movements became more fervent, driven by raw emotion.

“Do whatever you need to do with Lydia,” Chandler murmured between heavy breaths. “Don’t hold back, even though she’s pregnant. No need for hesitation. If anything happens, I’ll take care of it.”

Meryl’s skin flushed a soft pink, especially in the places

Chandler had marked with his lips, each spot carrying a hint of passionate red. Completely exhausted, she sank into the bed, drifting into a deep sleep.

Chandler took care of cleaning up afterward, his expression soft and tender, as though he were protecting something truly precious.

When Meryl finally woke up, daylight had long filled the room.

Chandler was gone, likely dealing with urgent matters at the Galaxy Holdings Group’s international branch, where there was no holiday break.

She recalled Chandler’s words from the night before and pressed her lips thoughtfully. She would deal with Lydia, but not yet.

Lydia was pregnant and being hidden away by Charlotte. A pregnant woman couldn’t be imprisoned.

But even if Meryl didn’t make a move, Lydia wouldn’t **have** it easy.

Chapter 324 Confession

Dalton. And knowing Dalton as she did, Meryl was certain he wouldn’t let Lydia stay by his side any longer.

4/4

Lydia cared deeply for Dalton, so the pain of being abandoned and pushed into despair by the man she loved would hurt far worse than anything Meryl could inflict.

Write your comment

Chapter 325 Afraid

1/4

Today, Meryl had other matters to attend to. She had been invited to David’s wife’s birthday party, which was happening today. David, Chandler’s business partner, had personally sent her **an** invitation, so Meryl naturally couldn’t decline.

She brewed a cup of coffee and then applied her makeup in front of the mirror, making sure she looked her best.

At this moment, Walter walked in with a dress. “Mr. Aniston had me to deliver this. He said it’s a gift for you, Mrs. Aniston.”

Meryl opened the package to find a dress. It wasn’t overly flashy but exuded a subtle luxury that she immediately appreciated. She went to her room, changed into the dress, and checked herself out in the mirror. The fit was just right.

She suddenly recalled last night when Chandler’s big hands rested on her waist, repeatedly caressing her and whispering in her ear how incredible her figure was. Her cheeks flushed slightly at the memory. His hands had measured her to perfection.

Meryl grabbed her phone, snapped a selfie in the dress, and sent it to Chandler **with** the message: [The dress fits perfectly, thanks, honey.]

Chandler replied quickly: [You can thank me properly tonight.]

Meryl’s fingers trembled slightly upon reading the message. as **if** the phone had burned her. She thought, “How did he say

Chapter 325 Afraid

invitation in hand, she headed out the door.

Meanwhile, Chandler set his phone down. He sat in his

2/4

executive chair and looked up to find Dalton’s scrutinizing gaze.

Chandler lifted his chin slightly, a hint of arrogance in his eyes. “Got a message from my wife. What? Are you interested in what we talked about?”

Dalton furrowed his brow, his already pale face turning even paler. He could clearly see that Chandler’s smile as he read the text was genuine, coming straight from the heart.

Dalton took a deep breath, suppressing the bitterness in his heart. When he noticed Chandler’s gaze lingering on his fingers, it felt like a direct assault on his masculine pride. He quickly hid his hand behind his back.

Yesterday, Chandler had broken Dalton’s **right** hand finger, which was now wrapped in bandages. The pain was something Dalton had to endure alone.

Chandler watched his reaction with a feigned indifference and tossed a document before him. “Take a look. This overseas project has been your responsibility, and now it’s a complete disaster. How do you plan to explain this?”

Dalton bit his lip, picked up the document, and glanced through it. On his way here, he had pieced together the whole story.

He was indeed responsible for the project. A few days before Christmas, Dalton had been distracted and missed a zero in the contract. That single zero meant a tenfold difference. What should have been a 500 million dollar project was sold for **only**

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The company suffered a massive loss, and Chandler was furious. He had summoned Dalton to the office during the holidays.

Realizing his fault, Dalton said, “I’ll cover the company’s losses personally.”

Chandler sneered, “Dalton, this isn’t just about the money.

Do you realize the negative impact this will have on Galaxy Holdings Group? For such a big company to make such a rookie mistake. You haven’t forgotten why your father was driven abroad and couldn’t even return home, have you?”

Dalton pressed his lips tightly. He thought, “How could I forget?”

Morton had overseen the company for just six months, and in that short time, Galaxy Holdings Group had lost nearly ten billion dollars. The entire company became a hollow shell overnight.

Robert was furious and had to bring Chandler back. No one had taken the estranged Chandler seriously, but the least likely candidate, Chandler, had turned things around in just a year.

The contrast between them was stark.

Chandler’s first order of business was to strip Morton of all his positions and publicly announce all the stupid things he had done during his tenure.

Morton lost his reputation and dignity, becoming a subject of ridicule wherever he went.

Unable to accept this, Morton tried to undermine Chandler

Chapter 325 Afraid

Now that Chandler mentioned Morton, Dalton knew exactly what was happening.

Chandler said, “Resign and give the board an explanation.”

Dalton’s lips tightened even further. He felt Chandler was settling a personal score. Leaving Galaxy Holdings Group meant fewer chances to see Meryl. His departure would also completely wipe out his family’s influence in the company.

4/4

Dalton’s eyes turned cold. “I can resign, but Uncle Chandler, are you so eager to get rid of me because you’re afraid? Afraid that Meryl might one day change her mind?”

“Afraid of you?” Chandler scoffed. “Dalton, you think too highly of yourself.”

→Write your comment

Chapter 326 Resign

1/4

“Now that we’ve wrapped up the business talk, let’s get into the personal stuff.”

Chandler twirled a pen between his fingers, his tone ice-cold. “Don’t think your relentless pursuit of Meryl is some kind of romantic gesture. Let’s be blunt, Dalton: right now, you’re no different from a homewrecker.

“The renowned Mr. Dalton Aniston of Kingsdom has stooped so low—chasing after a woman like this? The Aniston family won’t tolerate it, and I certainly won’t.

“I’m giving you two options: either you follow in your father’s footsteps and skip town after the holidays, or you promise me that you’ll never pursue her again when you see her at the Aniston Villa. If you break that promise, you can pack your bags and leave the country.”

Chandler’s indifferent tone sent a chill down Dalton’s spine.

Deep down, Dalton had anticipated that Chandler wouldn’t let the events of yesterday slide, but he hadn’t expected Chandler to be so brutally straightforward.

Either option Chandler laid out effectively severed any hope he had with Meryl.

Of course, someone like Chandler wouldn’t show mercy to a rival.

Chapter **326** Resign

2/4

“Fair? Save it. I’m warning you again: Meryl is my woman now. Do you really think just because you share the Aniston name, I wouldn’t dare to act?”

“Dalton, think long and hard about whether you can handle **my** wrath.”

Chandler’s eyes were cold.

At that moment, he wasn’t speaking as Uncle Chandler; he **was** speaking as Meryl’s husband.

Their gazes locked, and Dalton suddenly felt deflated.

His reckless actions from yesterday had backfired spectacularly. Instead of gaining anything, he had landed himself in a precarious position.

Now, he found himself stuck between a rock and a hard place.

Chandler’s message was crystal clear. If Dalton continued to stir the pot, he would face the music in front of the Aniston family.

As it stood, Dalton had no leg to stand on. If it went public, he would only embarrass himself further.

Just then, **an** international call came through.

Chandler lifted his gaze, casting an icy glare at Dalton. “If you understand, pack your things and get the hell out of Galaxy Holdings Group.”

Stepping out of the office, Dalton made his way to the Marketing Department.

Chapter 326 Resign

3/4

Since everyone was still on holiday, the office was eerily empty, leaving him all alone.

Dalton had joined Galaxy Holdings Group right after graduation; it was practically his second home.

But because of that stupid mistake, he was about to be shown the door. Though he still held shares in the company, he wouldn’t be able to keep his position.

Sitting in the chair, Dalton rubbed his temples, trying to ease the headache forming there.

He had spent so much time at Galaxy Holdings Group, and if it hadn't been for Chandler's sudden rise, he would've been the next CEO.

But now, with Chandler in the picture, his father exiled, and even he faced expulsion from the company, it felt like everything was crumbling around him.

And the woman he cared for? She was slipping away, too.

Dalton couldn't shake the feeling of injustice. He believed he was no less than Chandler.

He thought, "Everything Chandler can give her, I can. Why doesn't Meryl choose me?"

I've acknowledged my mistakes and even humbled myself before her."

The HR department worked quickly. Even though it was still a

Chapter 326 Resign

4/4

holiday, within a few hours, news of Dalton's resignation had reached every employee's inbox.

The buzz around Kingdom was palpable.

Dalton had been kicked out of Galaxy Holdings Group?

In just a year, he and his father had been sidelined by Chandler, and the rumors were flying.

Some said Chandler was ruthless; others speculated that Dalton's blunder was a trap set by Chandler to eliminate any potential threat.

Just as Dalton finished packing his things, his phone buzzed with a call from Charlotte.

"Dalton, what's going on? You resigned?"

→**Write** your comment

Chapter 327 Start Our Own Thing

"Yeah."

1/3

"What's this about you resigning? Is Chandler targeting you? I knew it! He can't stand our family! He's trying to wipe us out, and it's outrageous! Has he lost his mind?"

“Dalton, you can’t just quit! If you leave, our family loses **all** influence at Galaxy Holdings Group! At home, we’ll have no say, and how is your dad supposed to come back from abroad?”

Dalton felt overwhelmed and hung up on her.

Before he could catch his breath, another call came in.

This time, it was his friend Billy. “What the hell happened? You guys are family! What’s with the bad blood? Chandler went all out, kicking you out of the company like that?”

Dalton lit a cigarette, letting out a puff of smoke. “I made a mistake.”

“Honestly, it sounds like he’s got it out for you. With the other branches of the Aniston family being so weak, kicking you out means **the** company is all his now.”

Dalton took a deeper drag on his cigarette, frustration bubbling beneath the surface.

“Let’s be real, Dalton: as men, we can’t afford to be without a career. Plus, we’re all in the same circle; this news **will** spread

Chapter 327 Start Our Own Thing

2/3 “Remember when we used to go out? Everyone treated you like royalty because you were the future CEO of Galaxy Holdings Group. Now? Without that title, who’s gonna give you the time of day?”

Billy rubbed his face in exasperation. “Why don’t we start our own thing? You put in the cash, I’ll do the legwork. Let’s break free! Honestly, **if** you distance yourself from the Aniston family and make a name for yourself, you could have your pick of women.”

Billy had always been the one with the wild ideas, but his traditional parents had stifled his entrepreneurial spirit since childhood.

Yet, that restless ambition in Billy had never dimmed.

Hearing this, Dalton felt a flicker of hope.

He thought, “The reason I hesitate to confront Chandler isn’t just because he’s my uncle; it’s the power he holds.

But what if I could stand toe-to-toe with him?

In the business world, we wouldn’t be uncle and nephew anymore; we’d be equals.

If I truly go all in and pursue Meryl, maybe we could rekindle what we had!

Seven years together! I refuse to believe she's forgotten!

Otherwise, when that knife was aimed at me yesterday, she wouldn't have warned me to 'be careful.'"

Chapter 327 Start Our Own Thing

Meryl's invitation, he let her in without hesitation.

3/3

David's wife, Julia Cole, approaching forty, looked barely a day over thirty.

Dressed in an intricately embroidered dress, she radiated the elegance of a wealthy socialite, well-maintained and carefree.

Upon seeing Meryl, Julia stepped forward with a warm smile. "Ms. Stone!"

Meryl nodded, "Mrs. Cole, please, just call me Meryl."

Julia hadn't expected Chandler's wife to be so down-to-earth.

With someone like Chandler, being his wife put her at the pinnacle of society.

Attending an event like this was a privilege, and she could easily look down on others, but Meryl had no airs about her at all.

Julia felt an instant connection with her.

Thinking about why she had invited Meryl, Julia glanced back at the staff behind her. "Oh? Where's Mr. Herty?"

The servant shook his head, glancing around. "Not sure; he was just here a moment ago."

"Mr. Herty?" Meryl asked, a hint of confusion crossing her face.

Write your comment

Chapter 328 Save

Julia said, "I heard you play the cello the other day, and it just so happens that Mr. Herty is an expert in that field. I thought you two might hit it off."

Nearby, a well-to-do lady chimed in, "Oh, absolutely! Mr. Herty is something else. He only plays for the elite of Kingdom, and even his concerts are kept under wraps."

She gestured upward, her expression one of hushed reverence.

Meryl understood immediately.

This was the realm of the elite.

If one wanted to dig up stories about these people, one would find nothing concrete. They were the true upper crust, while those who flaunted their wealth were merely the well-off.

There was a clear divide between these two circles, but it was always advantageous for the wealthy to rub shoulders with the elite.

Meryl shook her head. "I only know a little; there's no way I could hold a conversation with someone like that."

Julia said, "Now, that's where you're mistaken. I played your performance for him, and he praised your talent, saying you have great potential."

Chapter 328 Save

call.

"Hello?"

2/4

Bianca's voice trembled slightly. "Meryl, it's Mom.

"Can you come home for a bit? I need to talk to you."

Meryl replied firmly, "No, I can't. There's nothing to discuss. I'm hanging up now."

"Wait, where are you? If you don't want to come home, I'll come find you."

"I'm at Mrs. Cole's birthday party."

With that, Meryl ended the call.

The Cole Villa was enormous, and the guest list for the birthday bash was extensive. There were several families with the Cole

surname in Kingsdom.

Meryl doubted Bianca would actually show up.

David was well-liked in their circles, and with his wife's birthday celebration, everyone **was** eager to pay their respects. The Cole Villa was practically a small park in itself.

As Meryl wandered around, she suddenly heard a commotion up ahead.

"Someone's fainted!"

"Oh no, what do we do?"

Chapter 328 Save

"Quick! Call an ambulance!"

Alarmed, Meryl rushed towards the scene.

3/4

A gray-haired man lay on the ground, breathing heavily, beads of sweat dotting his forehead. He looked utterly miserable.

He was sprawled on the floor, and no one dared to approach him, unsure of what to do.

"Everyone, step back! Give him some space," Meryl instructed, her voice calm amidst the chaos.

She crouched down to assess the situation.

The man's palms were clammy, and his hands trembled slightly.

Keeping her composure, Meryl quickly diagnosed, saying, "Have you not eaten anything since this morning?"

As she spoke, she fished a piece of candy out of her pocket and popped it into the man's mouth.

Onlookers were baffled. "What's going on? Why are you feeding this old man candy?"

"Because he's hypoglycemic," Meryl replied matter-of-factly.

Just as her words hung in the air, the man suddenly opened his eyes.

He still looked a bit pale, but he was clearly improving.

“He’s awake!”

Chapter 328 Save

“So it was low blood sugar; that was terrifying!”

“So, we don’t need to call the ambulance?”

4/4

Someone in the crowd recognized the man. “Wait, isn’t that Mr. Herty? The amazing cellist?”

Harvey Herty blinked, and the first thing he saw was a striking young woman—elegant but understated, exuding a quiet sophistication.

As his vision dimmed and the world around him turned hazy from low blood sugar, **all** he could hear was a melodious voice. Harvey was unable to respond.

Now, staring into Meryl’s face, he felt an inexplicable familiarity, as if he had seen her before.

Meryl whispered to Harvey with a soft voice, audible only to the two of them, “Since you have irregular eating habits, keep a candy **in** your pocket at all times, and perhaps you should get your liver checked out.”

Harvey furrowed his brow, thinking, “My liver isn’t doing too well, but how does she know?”

She just gave me a quick check.

Does she know medicine? A simple exam, and she’s pinpointed my issue?

With her precise diagnosis, it seems she’s got some skills **in** medicine.”

Chapter 329 Leverage

Meanwhile, Malcolm helped Sandra out of the car.

With a hint **of** guilt in her eyes, Sandra glanced at him. “I’m so **sorry** for taking up your time. If you have things to do, don’t worry about me. I **can** deliver these flowers to Mrs. Cole myself.”

Since getting involved with Malcolm, Sandra had used his connections to open a flower shop.

She primarily catered to the wealthy, leveraging Malcolm’s network to secure high-profile clients.

She had little interest in casual customers, unlike the rich kids, who never had to worry about money and loved to indulge in romance, spending lavishly on flowers.

Sometimes, during occasions like birthdays, she could rake in hundreds of thousands of dollars for a simple party setup.

Over the years, Sandra had saved enough and built a solid network, ensuring that even **if** Malcolm stopped supporting her, she and Lydia would be well taken care of.

This time, for David's wife's birthday bash, all the floral arrangements were sourced from Sandra's shop.

As the owner, she personally wrapped a bouquet to deliver to the Cola Villa.

Her motives were twofold. She wanted to meet Julia.

Chapter **329** Leverage

Having heard that Malcolm would also be attending the birthday party, Sandra was curious to see if Malcolm had any plans to introduce her to everyone.

2/4

In their world, having a legitimate wife while keeping a mistress was quite common.

No one would dare confront the main partner since everyone was in the same boat.

So, Sandra had conveniently claimed her car had broken down and hitched a ride with Malcolm.

Watching Sandra struggle to carry the large bouquet, Malcolm gently offered, "Need a hand with that?"

She shook her head, a hesitant expression crossing her face. "If we go in together and someone sees us, **it** might raise eyebrows."

As she spoke, she subtly shifted a couple **of** steps away from him, pretending to avoid any association.

Malcolm chose not to press the issue further.

Today, he was attending Julia's birthday party as a business

associate.

Their families had business dealings, and such social niceties were unavoidable.

Turning slightly, he said, "Once you deliver the flowers, just head back to the car. The driver can take you home."

Sandra's gaze darkened.

Chapter 329 Leverage

3/4

It seemed Malcolm had no intention of publicly acknowledging her.

Once inside the Cole Villa, they parted ways. Malcolm was led by a servant through a garden, only to find a crowd gathering in a frenzy.

He stood at the edge of the garden, watching as Harvey got back on his feet.

Seeing his old classmate, Malcolm was taken aback.

He thought, "Harvey has been part of the elite for quite some time now, rarely dealing with us regular businessmen. David must have quite the pull to invite him.

So many people would love to connect with him, and here's **my** chance! Especially since we used to be classmates."

However, it was the **sight** of Meryl standing beside Harvey that truly astonished him.

He thought, "So, Meryl was the **one** who saved Harvey?"

This is a stroke of luck!

With such a significant favor owed, how could I not leverage this connection?

Once I'm in with Harvey, it'll be like having one foot in the elite circle. Celestial Ventures Group's business is bound to flourish."

As the crowd dispersed, Malcolm quickly made his **way over** to them.

Chapter 329 Leverage

4/4

Meryl was momentarily taken aback, thinking, "Malcolm? He's here at Julia's birthday party?"

Noticing the confusion in her eyes, Malcolm quickly explained, "Mr. Herty reached out to me not long ago, saying he was impressed with your cello playing and wanted to take you under his wing. Didn't I mention this to you?"

That was true, but Meryl had turned down the offer back then.

Hearing Malcolm's words, Harvey looked equally surprised.

He thought to himself, "No wonder she seemed familiar when I first saw her; I've watched her play the cello in videos before."

Write your comment

Chapter 330 Refuse

1/4

Countless aspiring musicians had sought Harvey's mentorship over the years. Some genuinely wanted to learn the cello, while others were drawn to the power he wielded, hoping to use him as a stepping stone to greater heights.

Harvey was well aware of this, which was why he had refrained from taking on students for so long.

The only pupil he had ever accepted was Casey Riley, a talented young cellist who had started studying under him when he was still outside the elite circles.

Casey had been with Harvey since he was five and had grown into an exceptional musician.

But now, Meryl was the first person in years to spark Harvey's interest in taking on a new student.

While her cello skills weren't top-notch, and her technique needed refinement, he sensed something special in her—a raw talent and an emotional depth that was hard to come by.

The way Meryl played, pouring her heart into the instrument, brought the cello to life. Technique could be honed over time, but the passion and spirit she possessed were innate gifts.

Harvey felt compelled to break his long-standing rule about accepting students, convinced that Meryl had the potential to be molded into something extraordinary.

Chapter 330 Refuse

2/4

turned out to be the very apprentice he had hoped to take under his wing. He found the twist of fate remarkably serendipitous.

As he looked at her, a warm smile spread across his face. “Would you like to become my student? I’d be honored to teach you everything I know and make you my last student.”

Meryl froze, her mind racing. She hadn’t expected the man Julia and the others had mentioned to be standing right in front of her.

“Are you in shock?” Malcolm nudged her shoulder, trying to jolt her back to reality. “Harvey wants you as his student! You’ve got to jump on this opportunity! There are tons of people who would kill for a chance like this!”

Meryl pressed her lips together, ignoring Malcolm’s enthusiasm.

She glanced at Harvey and, after a moment of contemplation, replied with a hint of regret, “Mr. Herty, I’m honored that you see potential **in** me, but I’m just an amateur. I play the cello to pass the time and have no plans **to** pursue it professionally.”

Malcolm’s expression shifted, disbelief washing over him.

He thought, “What’s wrong with you, Meryl? This is a golden opportunity to **step** into the elite circle! How can you not appreciate it?”

You’re throwing away a chance that so many would beg for!”

Harvey **was** equally taken aback. After years of not accepting students, he had finally found someone who piqued his interest, only to have her decline him right to his face.

Chapter 330 Refuse

Yet, instead of reacting negatively, Harvey found Meryl’s straightforwardness refreshing.

3/4

While others scrambled to curry favor with him, she stood her ground, clearly a woman of integrity.

Harvey chuckled softly, giving her an out. “No rush. Take your time to think it over. If you ever change your mind, just come find me.”

Malcolm, desperate not to let this opportunity slip away, shot Meryl a glare and pulled her aside, frustration bubbling over.

“What are you doing? You’re throwing away a once-in-a-lifetime chance! Do you think Mr. Herty just picks anyone to mentor?”

“Seriously, you need to accept his offer! You don’t want to embarrass him in front of everyone here!”

Meryl felt bewildered, thinking, “Why does my decision to accept or decline mentorship hinge on Malcolm’s opinion?”

She couldn’t help but snap back, “Mr. Stone, what’s your deal? Aren’t you overstepping your bounds a bit?”

Malcolm’s face turned a shade gloomier, her words echoing, louder than intended, drawing the attention of onlookers.

Even Harvey raised **an** eyebrow, intrigued by the unfolding drama.

Feeling the weight of **everyone’s** gaze, Malcolm squirmed, his pride pricked. Meryl’s words felt like a slap in the face, a public challenge he hadn’t anticipated.

Chapter 330 Refuse

back, his voice low but laced with anger.

4/4

Meryl couldn’t help but smirk, a hint of sarcasm creeping **into** her tone. “We’ve already drawn the line, haven’t we? What kind of father are you, really?”

Malcolm and Bianca’s peculiar behavior was no secret to anyone.

It was well known in high society that instead of showering their own daughter with affection, they lavished their attention on an adopted fake heiress. This scandal had long been the talk of the town.

Whispers and gossip filled the air, and some people even pointed fingers at Malcolm, all clearly enjoying the spectacle.

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