

# Secret Admirer Finding True Love After Prison

## Chapter 81 – 90

Chapter 81 Love Bites

Meryl quickly grasped the whole story.

Chandler came to the private room to pick her up last night and must have run into Ethan.

Therefore, it should be Chandler who stated that employees of Galaxy Holdings Group were not allowed to be in a relationship.

“I have no intention of marrying Dalton, so there’s no need for you to arrange a marriage for me. Don’t worry about it.”

With that, Meryl was ready to hang up the phone.

“In that

what is, why don’t you find a boyfriend? Meryl, I know

is in

your mind.”

Bianca cursed, “Playing hard to get? You’re very good at this. You just want to attract Dalton’s attention, but he’s going to be Lydia’s husband.”

Meryl was annoyed. “Dalton! Dalton! You keep talking about him. I think you are more interested in him than Lydia.”

Bianca was furious. “You! Don’t talk nonsense!”

“I have a crush

on someone. Don’t worry. After Lydia’s wedding, I’ll show you my marriage license!”

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2/5

Bianca was skeptical. “You have a crush on someone? Is it true? Who is that man?”

“Chandler.”

Bianca treated Meryl's statement that she liked Chandler as a joke.

They were completely unrelated and probably had never crossed paths before. Yet, Meryl declared her affection for him. How outrageous!

Bianca thought it was a tantrum and nonsensical talk because it was so unbelievable.

Of course, she didn't take it seriously.

Upon his return, Chandler had a social engagement in the evening.

At Cedar Café, Dante leaned on the sofa, holding a cigarette between his fingers.

"Based on Meryl's demeanor **in** the private room yesterday, if she had intended to beat me **in** public, I would have believed **it**," Dante teased while pouring wine.

"You **are** indeed a couple, and your auras are comparable."

Chandler cast a glance at him and said nothing.

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Dante chuckled, "To be honest, despite **my** outward composure, I was quite nervous inside. Yet, I had to give her face for your sake. If it were someone else, I would definitely ignore her."

He handed the wine glass to Chandler and inadvertently caught a glimpse of the love bites on his neck.

He was suddenly stunned.

"How intense was the sex you had? How did Meryl bite you like that? Was she dominant in bed?"

Dante was sophisticated, but Chandler...

It seemed he had no power to fight back, being held down, kissed passionately, and madly slept with Meryl.

Based on his years of experience, he guessed that, most likely, she would be on top of Chandler.

Dante peeked at Chandler's waist.

If his memory didn't fail him, this guy had a habit of working out.

But, since Meryl took the initiative in bed, was there something wrong with his virility?

Dante **was** shocked and then sympathetic to him.

Some men appeared strong outwardly but were inwardly quite

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weak.

He crooked his finger **at** Chandler.

Chandler frowned. "What?"

Dante asked, "Chandler, are you impotent?"

Chandler was confused.

4/5

"If there is a problem, treat it as soon as possible, but don't let it affect your sex life. You've just entered marriage, and you have a lifetime ahead. In intimacy, men should lead and not allow themselves to be dominated by women."

As Dante spoke further, Chandler's face grew darker.

Dante didn't notice it and continued, "I recommend you a medicine **that** guarantees heightened sexual potency. You'll be insatiable, capable of multiple rounds in **a night!** You will be grateful to me, really!"

No man would tolerate his sexual prowess being questioned.

Chandler narrowed his eyes in anger. As their eyes met, Dante inexplicably broke out in a cold sweat on his back.

He subconsciously shrank his neck and said boldly, "Don't be angry. I'm a man, and I understand that there are times when men can't always perform as **they** wish."

Before he could finish his words, Chandler glared at him.

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Dante suddenly shut up.

Chandler grabbed the wine glass, downed the red wine in one

**gulp**, and picked up his coat from the sofa.

Write your comment

Chapter 82 My Cousin

Seeing that Chandler was about to leave, Dante stood up. “W–  
What’s wrong? You haven’t even drunk much yet? Are you going back?”

He wondered if he hurt Chandler’s self–esteem.

Chandler sneered and touched his cheek with the tip of his tongue. “It’s boring to drink with you.”

Dante growled, “We agreed to get hammered today!”

He was a little annoyed.

After he carried Anne back home yesterday, to his surprise, she directly threw the divorce agreement over his head.

Then, the door was locked, and he couldn’t get in at all. Unwilling to talk to him, she simply asked him to sign.

Dante could only sleep in the living room.

However, there was something even more.

Unexpectedly, while he was asleep in the middle of the night, Anne quietly had someone move the sofa he was lying **on** to the front door.

She was so cruel that she kicked him out of the house.

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Eventually, Dante was roused by mosquitoes buzzing around him on the grass outside the door, with over a dozen bites covering his body.

He still had no idea why Anne intended to divorce him.

He only remembered that a month ago, he came home drunk **at** night and was halfway through a shower when Lola called.

Because his cell phone was outside the bathroom, Anne answered the call.

As soon as he came out, she asked for a divorce.

It was really incomprehensible to **him**.

He simply left his coat at Cedar Café while socializing in the evening.

Lola called and mentioned this.

Yet, Anne actually wanted to break up with him just because of such a trivial matter.

The music in the private room brought Dante back to his senses. Watching Chandler walking out, he frowned and said, "Chandler, are you really going back? You are impotent anyway, so wouldn't you try to bother yourself?"

Chandler stopped.

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3/5

He pivoted around, stared at Dante, and gritted his back teeth. fiercely. "Eighteen, and one hundred eighty. How dare you

suggest I am impotent?"

Dante was stunned for a moment before giving a thumbs-up.

"Length and minutes? Awesome! Chandler, you are hiding your abilities."

Chandler turned away in silence.

Meryl slept at Anne's house that night.

In the afternoon, Anne mentioned that the newly purchased projector at her place was highly effective, inviting Meryl over to watch a movie together.

After the last movie was over, it was too late, and Meryl decided not to waste time traveling home. Instead, she texted Chandler and stayed at Anne's.

They lay on a bed, chatting till very late.

The next day was Monday.

Meryl was almost late for work.

She rushed to the company and entered through the revolving door just as Dalton emerged from the opposite side.

In a hurry, she ran very quickly.

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Dalton looked back as if noticing her.

4/5

Yet, he only caught a glimpse of a slender figure passing through the glass door and entering the elevator.

As Dalton didn't move forward, Elias glanced back in the direction of his gaze but saw nothing.

"We have to rush to the airport right now." Elias reminded him, "There's some morning traffic. If we don't leave immediately, we'll miss our flight for this business trip."

Only then did Dalton turn around.

He pulled out his phone and looked down.

It remained silent. Meryl hadn't sent him a single message in the past few days.

Dalton put his phone back into his pocket.

"Did you find out who her blind date was that day?" he asked.

Elias nodded. "Yes. You know that man, too. It's Ethan."

Dalton was shocked for a moment and then displeased.

"Isn't it ridiculous? Ethan is my cousin! She actually had a blind date with him!"

Dalton paced back and forth with the utmost anxiety.

Chapter 82 My Cousin

“Elias, do you think she is trying to attract my attention?”

Chapter 83 Are You New Here?

Indeed, Meryl hadn't contacted Dalton in the past few days.

However, her behavior caused a misunderstanding.

Dalton felt that he couldn't quite understand Meryl.

Frowning, he ordered Elias, “Cancel the business trip!”

Dalton pivoted around and walked into the office building.

Elias was taken aback. “We've been following this order for so long and finally made some progress. Canceling it now? Wouldn't that nullify all our efforts?”

Dalton was not arbitrary but very ambitious in his work.

Ever since Chandler took over Galaxy Holdings Group, Dalton's influence had been dwindling day by day.

At this juncture, losing this order was not a smart move.

Dalton pondered for a few seconds and suddenly calmed down.

Ethan had a competition these two days.

In the e-sports industry, once a competition began, participants had to undergo closed training for several days.

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Presumably, he wouldn't show up in front of Meryl.

2/5

Upon reflection, they had only just gone on a blind date. Dalton didn't believe there was any need to worry.

He didn't care about Meryl at all.

\*

Galaxy Holdings Group was undeniably a large company with a diverse array of businesses, enough to overwhelm a newcomer to the workplace like Meryl.

Fortunately, Josh was very competent. He categorized the documents, so it wasn't that difficult for her.

She was flipping through some information when Freya from the next desk came over. "Have you had breakfast?"

"Not yet."

Freya set a cup of yogurt before Meryl and smiled bashfully, "Have it."

Meryl thanked her and took two sips of the yogurt when Josh urged everyone to go to the meeting.

Everything in the President's Office revolved around Chandler.

The meeting primarily involved discussing his schedule for the upcoming week and assigning responsibilities to different individuals for each section.

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Except for Meryl, everyone was assigned follow-up projects.

3/5

Lisha glanced at her. "From now on, you should order meals and serve drinks to Mr. Aniston. You don't need to get involved with anything else."

Josh was stunned. Normally, everyone took turns doing this kind of work, and there wasn't a designated person responsible for it.

After all, this was a bit of a waste of talent.

As members of the same department, they were equals.

Josh adjusted his glasses frame, avoiding any public embarrassment for Lisha.

He whispered to Meryl, "If you're interested in joining the project, I have a few options available."

Lisha, with keen ears, became dissatisfied upon hearing this. "Mr. Carter, do you object to my arrangement? To be honest, Meryl is currently inexperienced and has a modest education. She can only handle minor tasks like serving drinks."



Josh disagreed. "We've all been new employees. How many people can be independent right after joining the company? Ms. Walsh, I think she is very malleable."

Lisha was displeased.

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She and Josh served as team leaders for Division One and Division Two, respectively. Throughout their time working together, they had never encountered any disputes.

This was the first time, and it was for the newcomer Meryl.

4/5

But she was under Josh's command, after all, so Lisha couldn't complain much.

The regular meeting ended, and everyone exited the meeting room.

Meryl and Freya were the last ones to leave, just in time to run into Chandler coming out of the elevator.

Freya tugged at Meryl's sleeve and whispered, "It's our boss, the big boss. Come on, imitate me. Call him Mr. Aniston!"

On Meryl's first day at work, Chandler was away on a business trip, so they likely hadn't met yet.

Freya was afraid that Meryl might not recognize him and would be rude in front of him, so she gently nudged her to show respect.

Meryl lowered her head slightly, fixating on the floor. Noticing a pair of leather shoes slowly advancing towards her, she unconsciously clenched her fists.

Chandler paused. Startled, she raised her head and met his eyes.

His low and gentle voice sounded above her head. "Are you new

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here?"

Write your comment

## Chapter 84 Talent Will Out

1/5

Freya was dumbfounded. She had worked in the President's Office for more than half a year and realized that Chandler had always been aloof.

He was usually unresponsive to greetings from employees. This was the first time that he took the initiative to ask about a new

employee.

Meryl looked up, and Chandler lowered his head. Their eyes locked.

She was calm and confident. "Mr. Aniston, my name is Meryl

Stone."

"Well." With a half smile, Chandler withdrew his gaze from her face. "Please make me a cup of coffee and bring it to the office. Thank you."

With that, he turned away.

It took a long while for Freya to come back to her senses.

She pulled Meryl in shock. "He ordered you to make coffee and even thanked you! This is our job. What's wrong with Mr. Aniston?"

Meryl came to the break room.

## Chapter 84 Talent Will Out

2/5

Freya, worried that she was unaware of Chandler's preferences, gently reminded her, "Mr. Aniston prefers things less sweet.

Just a sugar cube will do."

Meryl did as she was told.

"But by the way, did you notice the love bites on Mr. Aniston's neck just now..."

Freya cupped her face sheepishly. “Medea mentioned that during a high–level meeting in Ostraoland, a woman sent a text message addressing Mr. Aniston as ‘honey’. I didn’t believe **it** initially, but it turned out to be true! He really has a woman!”

She became more and more excited. “That love bites suggest they must have intense sex! I didn’t expect that Mr. Aniston, who appears abstinent, to be so sultry **in** private.

“I’m really curious about what kind of woman could entice Mr. Aniston into a relationship!”

Meryl’s cheeks blushed.

It had been almost two days. However, why hadn’t the love bites on Chandler’s neck disappeared yet?

Alcohol led to mistakes. She vowed never to drink again...

Meryl entered Chandler’s office with a cup of coffee.

Walter was inside.

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3/5

At the sight of her, **he** nodded respectfully to Meryl and took the coffee cup from her. “Mrs. Aniston.”

He was the only person in the company who knew that she and Chandler were married.

He tactfully closed the door and exited, leaving the two of them alone.

Chandler glanced up from a stack of documents. “Did you sleep well at Anne’s place last night?”

Meryl replied, “Not bad.”

Chandler beckoned to her. “Come here.”

Meryl was stunned and approached him.

She caught a glimpse of the dense love bites on his neck.

They were quite obvious. Yesterday, he wore a high–necked shirt to conceal them, but today, he didn’t bother to hide them at all.

Meryl was embarrassed.

“Take **this** file back and have a look.” Chandler placed a document in front of her.

She reached out for it. He buried himself in his work again, so she turned around and was about to leave.

After thinking for a while, she whirled around and said, “Thank

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4/5

you.”

“What?”

“I know you helped me to join Galaxy Holdings Group.”

Galaxy Holdings Group had stringent recruitment

requirements, making it difficult for average individuals even to secure an interview.

However, Meryl was admitted directly as an exception. She guessed it was Chandler’s order.

“Do you think that you joined the company because you are my wife?”

“Isn’t it?”

Chandler gazed into Meryl’s eyes with a smile. “Be more confident. Talent will out. Meryl, you are excellent.”

She caught her breath, as if a warm breeze was blowing through

her heart.

She went out with the document in her arms, instantly attracting the attention of everyone in the President’s Office.

Freya leaned over. “Meryl, what were you and Mr. Aniston talking about in the office? Even Walter was kicked out!”

Walter held the position of chief special assistant, second only to Chandler in importance within the entire department.

## Chapter 84 Talent Will Out

They had always been inseparable, but when Meryl entered. Chandler's office, even Walter came out.

This was surprising.

5/5

Meryl patted the document in her hand. "Mr. Aniston asked me to take a look at this."

Glancing at the document, Medea was taken aback and instinctive

## Chapter 85 The Cello

It was a very important project for Galaxy Holdings Group in the second half of the year. Prior to Meryl joining the company, there were private discussions about whom Chandler would appoint for this project.

Achieving perfection in this project would undoubtedly add an impeccable record to one's resume.

Lisha attempted to strive for it in front of Chandler several times, but he never agreed. Unexpectedly, it ended up in the hands of Meryl, who arrived suddenly.

"What's the use of her getting the project? Can she handle it? This is a merger and acquisition case involving multiple parties. If something goes wrong, she'll never be able to afford the compensation on her own in her lifetime." Lisha was jealous.

Josh frowned. "Since Mr. Aniston has entrusted it to Meryl, our team will complete it together. If something goes wrong, it is not her responsibility alone."

Lisha snorted and didn't respond.

Josh said to Meryl gently, "Take a look first, and ask me if you have any questions later. Don't be shy."

Freya also echoed, "Yes, yes. Mr. Carter is competent."

## Chapter 85 The Cello Meryl nodded.

Time flew by as Meryl worked. She circled a few sections. that she didn't understand and planned to research related information later.

2/5

Chandler and Walter left the company before lunch. There seemed to be a project requiring them to negotiate outside the office, likely keeping them away for the entire day.

It was lunchtime. Freya took Meryl to the cafeteria.

After lunch, Freya went upstairs for a nap.

Meryl wandered around the company alone.

On her first day at work, Josh mentioned that there was a music room in the leisure area.

She arrived outside the music room unknowingly.

This was a separate area, an independent space with good sound insulation.

At that moment, it was empty.

Meryl fixed her eyes on the cello hanging at the deepest part.

She hadn't played the cello for a long time.

Since that incident...

## Chapter 85 The Cello

At the same time, Dalton exited the Human Resources Department.

"The manager stated that Ms. Stone was recruited normally and is currently working in the President's Office," Elias said, following behind Dalton.

Dalton stepped forward with a cold expression in silence.

He had thought that Meryl came to work at Galaxy Holdings Group to attract his attention.

But a few days passed, and Meryl did not take the initiative to approach him.

This displeased Dalton.

Meryl actually went to the President's Office instead of the Marketing Department where he was.

He really couldn't understand Meryl more and more.

Upon passing by the leisure area, they heard the deep and gentle sound of cello emanating from the music room.

Dalton stopped.

He was stunned for a few seconds. Then, he quickly walked towards the music room with eagerness.

As he quickened his pace, Elias hurried to follow.

## Chapter 85 The Cello

4/5

The cello's melody was undeniably beautiful, low, and deep, evoking a sense of sorrow. Elias couldn't quite grasp why Dalton reacted so strongly to it.

The leisure area was divided into several areas and covered a large area. During lunch break, there were not many people.

When Dalton rushed to the music room, the cello's melody inside suddenly paused.

Without any hesitation, he pushed the door open with anticipation.

However, no one was inside.

Dalton became anxious. He dashed to the cello and searched the music room completely.

There was indeed no one.

"Did you hear someone playing the cello just now?" Dalton glanced at Elias, almost wondering if he had an allusion.

"Yes. The individual should have departed through another door."

The music room had two doors, one leading into the company and the other leading outside.

Dalton frowned, lost in thought.

He had heard that song many years ago.

## Chapter 86 The Song

At the age of eighteen, Dalton was involved in a car accident.

He lost feeling in his legs, endured a high fever for an entire week, and lapsed into a coma.

1/5

The Aniston family mobilized all their connections and invited many experts and scholars from home and abroad for consultation, but it was useless. Even the doctor issued a critical illness notice.

This was the song that Dalton heard in his dream during his

coma.

As his consciousness was slipping away, it was the sound of the cello that brought him back from the edge of death.

Dalton had been learning the piano since childhood, so the musical notes seemed familiar to him. He could discern the sadness in the person's cello music.

When he opened his eyes from his coma, the first person he saw was Lydia, who was sitting beside his bed, holding a cello, with her eyes red and swollen from crying.

At that time, they were just ordinary friends.

But it was also from that moment that Dalton began to take notice of her.

Chapter 86 The Song

2/5

"In my coma, I heard the cello music. Was it you who played it?"

Lydia nodded with tears in her eyes. To prove it, she played a piece for Dalton on the spot.

It was indeed this song.

Lydia possessed a keen musical sense and a strong grasp of rhythm.

Dalton felt groggy and didn't dwell on it much at the time. It wasn't until today, upon hearing the familiar music again, that he realized there was a significant difference in how the two processed emotions.

Lydia's performance lacked plaintive and narrative emotions despite her good skills and solid foundational abilities.



However, no matter how excellent the skills may be, they pale in comparison to genuine emotions.

A song devoid of emotion would leave people feeling hollow and superficial.

Dalton narrowed his eyes and lowered his gaze **in** silence for a moment before looking back at Elias. “Go check the surveillance video to see who just entered the music room.”

Elias nodded and was about to depart.

Lydia just came in from outside.

Chapter 86 The Song

“No need to check. I played the cello just now.”

Dalton turned around, somewhat shocked that Lydia would appear **in** his company at that moment.

She walked over and took his arm. “Honey, can’t you even recognize my performance?”

He didn’t reply.

3/5

“This is our love song. I planned to play it at the wedding to give you a surprise,” Lydia sighed softly.

Dalton was stunned. “Are you going to play this at the wedding?”

Lydia nodded.

Dalton’s doubts were dispelled.

Lydia was still young at that time, and her cello-playing skills may have improved over the years.

She breathed a sigh of relief when Dalton didn’t ask any more questions.

However, her hands, hidden in the sleeves, trembled slightly.

As it was getting close to getting off work, Meryl received a message from Chandler.

Chapter 86 The Song

4/5

[I won't go home for dinner tonight because of a social event.]

Chandler had just returned from a business trip and had numerous clients to meet, keeping the entire President's Office quite busy as well.

However, due to the strict rule against overtime work, everyone left on time.

After a taxing day at work, Meryl didn't intend to go home to cook. Instead, she planned to find a restaurant near the company and treat herself to a good meal.

She had just placed her order and was waiting for her food to arrive when Dalton, dressed in a suit and tie, entered from outside.

Beside him were two employees of Galaxy Holdings Group, who seemed to be his subordinates.

What a small world!

Meryl didn't want Dalton to dampen her good mood, so she ignored him and lowered her head to check her phone.

He frowned.

He met Meryl's eyes from a distance. Noticing that she lowered her head, he assumed she felt guilty for following him here.

He paused at her dining table and raised his chin subtly to his subordinates behind him, his manner reserved and cool. "You go

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ahead. I'll join you shortly."

The subordinates didn't think much about it and walked towards the private room.

5/5

Dalton pulled a chair in front of Meryl and sat down. "What on earth do you want to do?"

Chapter 87 A Love Triangle

Meryl raised her head slowly in confusion.

1/4

Dalton leaned back in his chair. "Don't be silly. I understand you joined Galaxy Holdings Group for me. The President's Office is my uncle's territory. Don't cause trouble for him. Come to the Marketing Department and be my assistant."

Meryl asked, "Why should I work as your assistant instead of staying in the President's Office?"

Dalton furrowed his eyebrows. "At least you can see me all the time. Isn't that what you desire?"

Upon hearing this, Meryl just found it funny.

Why didn't she realize before that Dalton was overconfident?

"I know you're upset about my upcoming marriage to Lydia, but the wedding is approaching, and the invitations have already been sent out. It's not something that can be changed. Be my assistant. At least you'll always see me during **work** hours."

"Wow, is Lydia aware that you are so considerate towards me? Aren't you afraid **that** your baby will quarrel with you after learning it?"

Dalton shook his head. "Lydia is different from you. Gentle and kind, she will never get jealous over such things. Besides, you

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are my assistant, and we will only interact with each other at work."

Meryl smiled helplessly, "I joined Galaxy Holdings Group for work."

2/4

"Well, even so, what about the blind date with Ethan? Isn't it to attract my attention?"

Meryl was stunned. "Can't I go on a blind date after breaking up with you?"

"Of course you can, but that guy is my cousin. Aren't you just trying to piss me off? Is it because you have a crush on him?"

As soon as Dalton finished speaking, Ethan appeared from nowhere.

He approached Meryl and motioned for her to move inside.

Staring at them sitting side by side, Dalton frowned, feeling inexplicably annoyed.

Ethan asked, "Dalton, Meryl and I went on a blind date because I am pursuing her. Don't you know about it?"

Dalton was dumbfounded. "What did you mean?"

Ethan smiled softly, "I want to be Meryl's boyfriend."

Unexpectedly, Dalton suddenly raised his hand and punched Ethan in the face.

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3/4

His action was abrupt, catching Ethan off guard and causing his head to turn from the impact.

After reacting, Ethan lifted his fists and started fighting back.

The scene instantly became chaotic, and Meryl was confused.

When she came to her senses, Dalton and Ethan were beating each other.

They exchanged punches, resulting in bruises on both their faces.

The hotel manager hurriedly asked the security guards to separate them, but they didn't stop.

One of Ethan's leather shoes fell off, and he ripped off Dalton's tie.

"What did you just say? Repeat it."

"I said I want to be Meryl's boyfriend. If you are angry, beat me! Come on, come on, you bastard!"

With a mischievous expression, Ethan would say anything just to provoke Dalton.

Meryl finally realized that Ethan had been right before. They were indeed at odds.

The onlookers cast meaningful glances at her.

Chapter 87 A Love Triangle

It was obvious that the two men were fighting over a woman.

“A love triangle?”

4/4

“Probably. He likes her, and yet she likes another man, so they started fighting.”

“Oh no, beauty is a disaster.”

The hotel manager was overwhelmed and prepared to call the police.

Meryl grabbed the plate on the table and threw it directly to the floor. “Stop it! Are you crazy?”

She just had a meal **in** a restaurant and didn’t offend anyone.

How could they use her as an excuse for their fight?

Meryl glanced at the onlookers. “It’s not a love triangle! They love each other, but they are breaking up!”

Write your comment

Chapter 88 Pay Attention to Me

The crowd was shocked.

What exciting news!

Dalton and Ethan, who were wrestling with each other, were speechless.

1/5

Meryl looked at the stunned hotel manager. “Call the police and ask them for compensation if necessary. These damn guys should both be put in jail!

“And the food I just ordered is all on them!”

With that, Meryl picked up her bag and walked out of the restaurant without hesitation.

The confused onlookers glanced at each other.

Dalton and Ethan finally stopped.

Ethan caught sight of the direction Meryl had gone and got ready to chase after her.

Dalton narrowed his eyes. "Ethan, what are you doing?"

**Ethan** grinned broadly despite his red and swollen face. "You broke up with Meryl. Why can't you stand others pursuing her?"

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**2/5**

"Dalton, do you regret it? However, you already have a fiancée!"

"How interesting and lively Meryl is! Even if I don't woo her, she has plenty of men vying for her attention. Just hold back your displeasure!"

Ethan immediately turned around and left the restaurant.

Dalton sneered, "Damn it! How dare you!"

When Ethan exited the restaurant, Meryl was nowhere to be seen.

It seemed like it was going to rain soon.

Meryl didn't stay outside any longer and took a taxi back home.

Sure enough, as soon as she entered the house, a loud boom of thunder resounded.

Meanwhile, Chandler, who was socializing with a business tycoon, suddenly looked out of the window.

Bean-sized raindrops fell and dripped onto the leaves, forming a long string of beads. The thunder continued to rumble, one after another, distracting **him**.

"Mr. Aniston, what's wrong?"

The middle-aged man held a wine glass and called out to

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**3/5**

Chandler several times, but there was no response, which struck him as odd.

Chandler stood up, fetched the coat on the chair, and hurried

out.

“Mr. Dixon, that’s all for today. It’s raining, and my cat at home. will be scared.”

When Chandler arrived home, Meryl was cooking spaghetti in the kitchen with a sprained ankle.

Steam billowed from the pot as she held a soup spoon, scooping up a spoonful of soup and bringing **it** to her lips to taste.

She had just taken a shower and was wearing a white nightgown with her hair casually cascading over her shoulders.

Seeing Chandler suddenly come in, Meryl whirled around in surprise.

“Is the social event over so soon? But I only cooked one plate of spaghetti.”

“I’ve eaten.” Chandler took **off** his coat, glanced lightly at Meryl’s ankles, and calmly observed the spaghetti she had cooked.

“Is this your dinner tonight?”

Meryl nodded. “Carbohydrates, vegetables, and protein. How rich!”

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4/5

She sat down at the table with the spaghetti and started eating.

Chandler frowned, his eyes falling on her slender waist.

“Have you gained weight recently?”

Meryl raised her head proudly. “Yes! I gained almost a pound in a week!”

“After you pee, it’s gone.”

After walking to the refrigerator, Chandler retrieved a box of milk, removed its outer packaging, and poured the milk into a small saucepan to heat it.

Coughing, Meryl was too shocked to believe that he had made such a statement.

“What’s wrong?”

Meryl nodded and replied frankly, "Mr. Aniston, I thought someone like you wouldn't say something rude."

Chandler fixed his eyes on her face. "Someone like me? What kind of person am I?"

She put down her fork and tilted her head to gaze at him. "You are so noble and cold, like a god who doesn't care about worldly things."

Chandler chuckled, "That's your illusion. I also have to eat, drink, and use the bathroom. I'm just an ordinary person."

Chapter 88 Pay Attention to Me

5/5

The milk started to bubble, prompting him to turn off the heat.

He poured the hot milk into a glass and brought it to Meryl.

The temperature was just right, not too hot, and the milky white liquid emitted a gentle white vapor.

"As a human being, I have emotions and desires. Meryl, you feel that I am distant because you didn't know me before."

He sat next to Meryl, with one hand casually resting on the table.

His gaze was serious, and his aura was commanding. He suddenly approached her, which startled her.

"So, as my wife, you need to pay attention to me.

"Ponder if you and I are from the same world."

Meryl held the glass in both hands and raised her eyes to meet Chandler's.

Write your comment

Chapter 89 What Do You Want to Do?

Maybe it was the hot milk or Chandler's words, but Meryl's cheeks blushed.

He wasn't facing the light, his chest subtly heaving.

They were close, and she could faintly make out his pectoral



muscles.

Thunder clapped again.

Suddenly, he pulled her into his arms.

Meryl was enveloped by Chandler's **frame**.

In his black shirt, he smelled faintly of wine.

His lips brushed her hair affectionately, making her heart race.

Outside, the rain isolated them from the world.

In the closed space, Chandler pressed the back of Meryl's head, guiding her to sit on his lap and kiss him.

The scent of wine and **milk** mingled as their breaths grew ragged.

Chapter 89 What Do You Want to Do?

2/5

His skilled touch made her legs weak. She felt like she was going crazy.

Her heart pounded. She felt like a small fish clinging to him with no escape.

Every now and then, she caught her reflection in the wine cabinet's glass.

She was surprised, never expecting to see this side of herself.

But she and Chandler were husband and wife, so it all made sense.

He held her hips and walked into the room while kissing her.

He carefully placed her **soft** and delicate body on the big bed behind him.

Meryl heard a click in the darkness. He seemed to unbuckle **his** belt. Then, she sat up suddenly as **if** shocked.

The lights were off in the room, and it was pitch black, with only the faint glow seeping in from the living room through the crack

in the door.

Chandler's voice was low and hoarse after being aroused. "Are you nervous?"

Meryl glanced at him but didn't reply. She **got** out of bed. abruptly and barefoot.

Chapter 89 What Do You Want to Do?

Chandler raised his eyebrows. Despite being confused, he did not stop her.

3/5

Rushing to the wine cabinet, she grabbed a half-empty bottle of whiskey and took a gulp.

After all, she was still a virgin. In order to leave good memories for each other, she resorted to alcohol to build up her courage.

"Countless women must have tried to seduce Chandler. You need to stand out and be unique. Make him remember you for the rest of his life and fall deeply **in** love with you."

During their late-night chat last night, Anne offered Meryl some advice.

Without related knowledge, Meryl could only ask her for advice, "How could I be the unique one?"

Anne smiled mysteriously.

Her words made Meryl so shy that she wrapped herself in the quilt and rolled around like an octopus on an iron plate.

After drinking, Meryl returned to the room.

Chandler leaned against the bed, propping the back of his head with one hand and staring leisurely at her.

The alcohol took effect quickly, and she suddenly stepped forward boldly while still retaining her rationality.

## Chapter 89 What Do You Want to **Do**?

She grabbed his tie with one hand and yanked it off.

4/5

Under Chandler's playful gaze, Meryl looped the tie around his wrist twice, secured it around his wrist, and tied it firmly.

His hands couldn't move instantly, and she was even considerate enough to tie it in a bow.

"Mrs. Aniston?" He was stunned.

With the tip of his tongue touching his cheek, he smiled meaningfully.

"Mrs. Aniston, so you have such peculiar tastes? You enjoy this sex game?"

Without the tie, Chandler's shirt was open, revealing his sexy collarbone.

He had good looks, lying on the bed in a subdued posture. At first glance, he resembled a vulnerable and helpless young man.

Meryl felt a little embarrassed, but there was no turning back

**now.**

Her chilled fingers grazed Chandler's lips, and her eyes betrayed a touch of drunken confusion.

Her soft lips boldly moved towards his.

"Hush."

## Chapter 89 What Do You Want to Do?

5/5

Dizzy from drinking, Meryl intended to kiss him on the lips but ended up kissing Chandler's Adam's apple instead.

He swallowed hard, breathing heavily, and gazed deeply at her.

She looked up blankly and said slowly, "This way, I can do whatever I want to you."

"Oh?" Chandler raised his eyebrows slightly. "Mrs. Aniston, what do you want to do?"

## Chapter 90 Passionate Storm

1/5

Right then, a sudden clap of thunder boomed outside the window, and the rain dripped down the glass, winding its way to the window sill and leaving puddles on the floor.

Meanwhile, inside the room, Chandler was pinned to the bed by Meryl.

The light from the living room streamed in, illuminating the large bed and creating a stark contrast.

Meryl's soft and delicate fingers were clutching Chandler's collar.

She took a deep breath, her eyelashes fluttering as she puckered up and leaned in to kiss Chandler.

Meryl then felt his lips were cool to the touch, with a subtle scent of alcohol.

Rather than calling it a kiss, it was more like she was nibbling at Chandler's lips.

Meryl's kisses were awkward, each kiss landing with a "mwah" sound, like a kid playing pretend.

Though it was childish and amusing, Chandler's eyes darkened with increasing intensity

## Chapter 90 Passionate Storm

2/5

It was exactly as they said, the most unintentional teasing can be the deadliest.

After who knows how many times Meryl had awkwardly nibbled on Chandler like a kid, he finally couldn't hold back any longer.

His self-control crumbled instantly, and he broke free from Meryl's grip on his wrists, flipped her over, and pinned her down beneath him.

As the tables turned in a heartbeat, she let out a surprised cry. "Ah!"

Chandler had a few drinks that night, but he wasn't drunk. He was just a little tipsy.

At that moment, his expression held the dangerous allure of a mature man. He leaned down, nibbled on Meryl's lips, and whispered seductively, "Seems like you don't quite have the hang of it yet, Mrs. Aniston. Let me teach you."

With that, Chandler propped himself up, pinning her down and intertwining their fingers.

At that, Meryl, who was inexperienced in such matters, felt her heart pounding wildly as if it were about to leap out of her chest.

Chandler leaned down to kiss her earlobe, softly sucking on it, his warm breath fanning over her skin.

As a result, Meryl felt an electrifying sensation spread from her scalp, and she instinctively clenched her hands tightly.

Chapter 90 Passionate Storm

3/5

The kiss was overwhelming, causing her heart to race and her breath to come in short, quick gasps.

"Chandler." With the alcohol getting to her, Meryl's voice had gotten soft and sweet, like a purring kitten, yet still sounded seductive.

She wrapped her arms around Chandler's neck, softly humming in contentment.

After looking down and seeing Meryl's reaction in his arms, he smirked and asked, "Mrs. Aniston, didn't you want to do whatever you wanted with me?"

Chandler turned his head, buried his face in her neck, and murmured in a low voice, "You can't take it already? How are you going to do whatever you want with me later?"

Upon hearing that, Meryl bit her lip, her fingers curled slightly, and her face flushed.

In the closed room, their breaths mingled as they exhaled, like two flames merging into one, burning passionately.

The pattering of rain outside blended seamlessly with the rhythmic panting inside the room.

Meryl's supple body sank into the soft bed, her toes tensing with each movement.

Chandler was quite enthusiastic and had plenty of stamina.

Chapter 90 Passionate Storm

4/5

Every time he trailed his kisses on Meryl's body, her smooth and delicate skin took on a rosy hue.

Chandler enjoyed watching the way she arched her waist, and it drove his intense passion to grow even more frenzied.

Meryl's eyes glistened with tears, and for the entire night, she blossomed beautifully under his touch.

At the first light of day, Chandler finally let her go, albeit unwillingly.

They were at it the entire night, and Meryl had lost count of how many times it happened. She only knew that when she finally lay back on the bed, she felt completely drained.

She closed her eyes, exhausted, never knowing such things could be played out in so many ways.

The foot of the bed, the bathroom, the sofa—these were just the basics, and there were even more...

After Meryl fell asleep, Chandler walked onto the balcony and lit a cigarette with a satisfied look.

With the cigarette between his lips, he glanced at Meryl, sleeping soundly on the bed, and a satisfied smile played on his lips.

Chandler's eyes then narrowed as a thought crossed his mind. He went back into the room and fetched a tube of ointment from

Chapter 90 Passionate Storm

the first aid kit.

In the pitch-black room, he gently grabbed Meryl's ankle, staring at the long scar on her left ankle, his gaze lingering.

Chandler's face then showed a hint of pain and tenderness.

He knew there was a scar there, but he hadn't realized it left a lingering ailment. Meryl would feel pain whenever it rained.

With that in mind, Chandler delicately applied the ointment onto Meryl's ankle with meticulous care.

He worked tenderly, treating her as if she were a precious treasure.