

Secret Admiration Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 91 – 100

Chapter 91 No Effing Way!

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By the following morning, Meryl had only managed to sleep for less than three hours before waking up.

Chandler, on the other hand, had left at some point, and the other half of the bed was already empty.

Since it had rained all night, the earthy smell wafted in through the window.

As Meryl scanned the room, she immediately saw the ripped clothes scattered on the ground.

Then, as some intense scenes from the previous night flashed through her mind, her cheeks quickly turned red.

Afterward, Meryl hurriedly picked up her clothes and, after checking the time, she rushed to the office in a panic.

She thought, “Seriously, Chandler?

Couldn’t you have woken me up when you left for work in the morning?

I’m two hours late, **and** the morning’s nearly over. This is so awkward.”

As Meryl **sat** down, Freya leaned over and asked, “You know Walter?”

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“Huh?” Meryl looked at her in confusion.

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Freya added, “As soon as I got here this morning, Walter told me you weren’t feeling well and had asked him for leave. Do you two keep in touch privately?”

Meryl knew this was Chandler’s doing and gave a vague nod.

Freya then left it at that, and Meryl got down **to** work.

Not long after, their colleagues started heading to the cafeteria for lunch. Since Meryl had come in late, she was a few minutes behind on her tasks.

Once she was done, she looked up to find Walter standing at her desk, saying, "Mr. Aniston wants to see you, Mrs. Aniston."

Chandler's office was spacious, and as soon as Meryl walked in, the aroma of food hit her.

When their eyes met, she became a little shy.

Chandler, however, was completely at ease. He scooped some soup into Meryl's bowl while saying, "Eat up. You need to put on some weight."

He then gestured for Meryl to make herself comfortable and effortlessly moved the nutritious dishes in front of her.

As Meryl took a glance at the table, her heart warmed with surprise as she realized that all the dishes were her favorites.

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She couldn't help but wonder if Chandler's tastes were really so similar to hers.

"Have you gone through the files I gave you yesterday?" he asked.

Meryl nodded. "Galaxy Holdings Group has decided to acquire this company mainly because they value one of its games, which has great development potential."

Chandler asked, "And what do you think?"

"I think we shouldn't rush it. Their financial reports seem problematic, and they've been losing money for the past three years. If Galaxy Holdings Group goes ahead with the acquisition, they might be left holding the short end of the stick." Meryl pointed out.

Chandler asked, "So, do you know what to do next?"

Meryl replied, "First, we need to estimate how much profit this game can bring to Galaxy Holdings Group. If it's profitable, we should go for the acquisition. But if it's not..."

Chandler interjected, "Their financial troubles are largely due to legal settlements, which took a chunk out of their profits. Ignoring that, the game itself is profitable. Plus, several other companies are also interested **in** investing **in** them."

Meryl was stunned to hear that, as she hadn't picked up on that detail. Chandler was subtly pointing it out to her.

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She put down her fork and was about to prepare the documents. "Since Galaxy Holdings Group has competitors, we need to negotiate with them quickly to avoid losing the opportunity to other companies."

Chandler grabbed Meryl's wrist and said, "No need to rush. Finish your meal first."

"But..." She hesitated, locking eyes with Chandler.

His deep eyes then swept over Meryl before commenting, "Look at you, all skin and bones. Weren't you saying you wanted to latch onto me?"

Chandler smirked. "I prefer someone with a bit more meat on their bones, Mrs. Aniston."

Upon hearing that, Meryl ended up eating two whole servings.

this time.

She pondered resolutely, "I must latch onto Chandler for dear life!

No way am I letting other women take advantage!

No effing way!"

Chapter 92 Caught in the Act

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Once Meryl got back to her desk in the afternoon, she saw an email from the company mailbox about an annual meeting next month.

What should have been a happy occasion was met with an unusually gloomy atmosphere in the CEO's office suite.

Upon noticing everyone's mood was off, Meryl asked in confusion, "What's wrong?"

With a sigh, Freya explained, "Every year at the annual meeting, each department has to send representatives to perform at the annual gala."

Josh nodded and added, "Our department doesn't have anyone with any talent."

At the mention of that, Freya sighed again, "There are only a few of us here, just eight people if you count Mr. Aniston and Walter. Unlike other departments with dozens or even hundreds of people, naturally, they have more talent for things like group dances and bands."

Meryl was taken aback. "So, what did you all perform last year?"

Medea groaned. "Don't even ask. It was so embarrassing."

Freya wished she could disappear as she said, "We drew lots,

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and I was the unlucky one. I had to do a poetry reading. It **was** like a kid's school performance."

Meryl was left speechless at that.

Freya stuck out her tongue in frustration. "It was my fault. I made our office look bad!"

While they were talking, Medea had already crumpled up some pieces of paper. "Come on. Let's draw lots again this year."

"Wait!" Freya exclaimed before turning to Meryl. "Do you have any special talents?"

"Me?" Meryl was stunned.

She then thought, "I can play the cello, but...after that incident, I haven't touched it."

Just as Meryl was about to speak, Lisha glanced at her and interjected, "No need to draw lots. Meryl will represent our department and play the cello this year."

Meryl was shocked to hear that and turned to Lisha in surprise, wondering how Lisha knew she could play the cello.

Freya's loud voice then echoed through the office, "Wow, Meryl, you can play the cello! That's amazing! Looks like we won't be last place this year!"

Meryl hung her head low, her fingers clenching slightly. "I don't know how."

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Lisha's expression turned grim. "How could you not? I clearly saw you playing in the music room that day. This is about our department's honor, and you're holding back?"

Back then, she was outside getting coffee and had seen Meryl walk out of the music room with her own eyes.

As they talked, the door to the office creaked open.

Chandler walked out, with Walter following close behind, holding a briefcase and a laptop, looking like they were preparing to **go** out on a job.

As they walked away, Meryl's phone suddenly chimed.

Chandler texted: [I'd love to listen to you play the cello.]

Meryl was startled and wondered, "Did Chandler overhear what we were just talking about?"

Near the end of the workday, Lisha placed a stack of documents in front of Meryl and instructed, "Take these to the Marketing Department's manager."

Meryl thought in confusion, "Marketing Department's manager? Isn't that Dalton?"

Josh knew her identity and was well aware of the complicated history between her and Chandler.

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Therefore, upon seeing that, Josh quickly offered, "I'm heading down there anyway. I can take them."

Lisha replied, "They specifically asked for Meryl to deliver these."

Meryl then carried the documents downstairs. When she reached the Marketing Department, she left them at the front desk and was about to leave.

The receptionist immediately said, "Mr. Dalton Aniston requested that you deliver them to his office directly."

Meryl knew this was Dalton's doing and didn't want to make things difficult for the receptionist.

After she knocked and entered Dalton's office, she found Lydia sitting on his lap.

The two of them were kissing passionately, completely acting as if Meryl wasn't even there.

Meryl stood at the door, staring at them for a moment.

As if to provoke her, they started making even louder kissing noises.

Meryl's heels clicked loudly as she walked in and tossed the documents onto the desk. "Is that it? Just making out? Why don't you two go **all** the way? I could use a lesson."

Chapter 93 An Unexpected Turn

As soon as Meryl finished her words, she pulled out the chair opposite Lydia and Dalton and plopped down.

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Meryl rested one hand on her chin and drummed the other on the table, looking like she was ready to watch a show.

She commented, "Lydia, you're not doing it right.

"You really shouldn't rub your chest against Dalton with your small A-cup. It's not doing anything. Just ask him if you don't believe me.

"Isn't it like one of those haunted house actors trying to scare people?"

Lydia's face twisted in anger as she leaped off Dalton's lap. "Meryl, you bitch! What non sense are you spouting?!"

She actually had done it on purpose.

Lydia had come to find Dalton, planning to ask him out for dinner. But as soon as she reached the reception, she saw Meryl stepping out of the elevator.

It was obvious to her that Meryl was there for Dalton.

For days, Lydia hadn't slept well since Meryl started working at Galaxy Holdings Group, as she feared they would secretly meet.

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Especially that day when Lydia heard Meryl playing the cello in the music room. Meryl was playing the same piece Dalton had listened to during his coma after his car accident.

Lydia was sure that this was Meryl's attempt to win Dalton back.

Lydia was way more terrified than ever. No one knew better than she did that her relationship with Dalton began because of that piece of music.

She worriedly thought that if Dalton found out it was actually Meryl playing the cello all those years **ago**, things might take a dramatic turn.

Worried that something might go wrong at the wedding, Lydia had been visiting more frequently these days.

Meryl calmly looked at Lydia's furious face and asked, "Not pretending anymore? You better think before you speak, Lydia. Your sweet and innocent act is falling apart."

Lydia was stunned to hear that, and her eyes instinctively darted to Dalton.

Dalton looked at Lydia, a hint of suspicion crossing his face.

Her eyes quickly reddened, and she gently tugged on Dalton's sleeve, adopting a soft, gentle demeanor. "Dalton... Don't listen to her nonsense."

Dalton actually had also done it on purpose.

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Lately, he noticed that Meryl had changed so much, frequently ignoring him, which made him feel very uneasy.

That was why Dalton asked her to deliver the documents, but he hadn't expected Lydia to show up as well.

Lydia walked in and immediately clung to him. He had been working and wasn't in the mood for it.

But then, Dalton found himself really wanting to know how Meryl would react to seeing him and Lydia being intimate.

He was sure that if it had been before, Meryl would have thrown a fit.

But the outburst Dalton expected didn't happen. Instead, he and Lydia became a joke in Meryl's eyes.

He then was suddenly overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling.

It hit Dalton that Meryl seemed to truly be done with him.

He couldn't believe it and wondered, "How is that possible? A woman who used to write me letters even when she was in prison—how could she just stop loving me?"

Meryl glanced at her phone, smiled, and waved at the two of them. "Don't let me stop you two. Go on."

With that, she walked away decisively without looking back.

Chapter 93 An Unexpected Turn

Dalton frowned, "Stop right there, Meryl! Did I say **you** could leave?"

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Meryl stopped in her tracks and turned to say, "I've already delivered the documents. What? Do you really want to put on a live show right in front of me?"

"Who said the documents were delivered?" Dalton grabbed the files from the table and tossed them into the trash bin beside him without hesitation. "I'll decide if they're delivered or not. Meryl, do you know what happens if these files get lost?"

In response to his unreasonable behavior, Meryl slowly took out her phone.

She then started recording with her phone, filming the scene in Dalton's office and walking to the trash can to film the documents he had thrown in.

"I already delivered them. It's **not** my problem if you lose them," Meryl said, shaking her phone, "I got the proof."

With that, she walked away in her high heels, leaving gracefully.

Dalton stepped forward to grab Meryl, but just then,

Chapter 94 Win You Over?

Upon witnessing the scene, Ethan angrily hurled the thorny roses at Dalton's head.

With a swoosh, the bouquet sailed through the air and landed right on Dalton's head. The once vibrant flowers instantly lost a few petals, which then fell to the ground.

A couple of green leaves were also stuck in Dalton's hair, making him look quite ridiculous.

The office door was slightly ajar, and people outside, hearing the commotion, peeked in and whispered among themselves.

"Dalton, have some decency and stop bullying a woman." Ethan shoved one hand in his pocket, his expression full of disdain. "And you call yourself the prince of Kingdom? Please."

This blatant provocation left Dalton humiliated.

He frowned, his face darkening with anger. "Who gave you permission to come in, Ethan? Get lost!"

"And who are you to order me around? You think I'll leave just because you say so?" Dalton, infuriated, swung his fist at Ethan's face.

Ethan wasn't one to back down. He pushed his tongue against his cheek and retorted, "Looks like you didn't get enough of a

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beating yesterday. Want to go another round, huh? Fine, I'm all in!"

The office turned chaotic immediately, with Lydia becoming frantic on the side.

The onlookers outside were too scared to intervene as they knew who Ethan was.

These two were cousins and had a reputation for fighting since they were young.

They figured that it was best for ordinary people like them not to get involved in the feuds of wealthy families.

Lydia, unable to break them apart, turned to Meryl and snapped, "Are you happy now, Meryl, with two men fighting over you? If this gets out tomorrow, how do you expect to stay at Galaxy Holdings Group?"

Meryl, however, simply walked to the door and slammed it shut with a loud bang.

The nosy onlookers outside were cut off from the view, unable to enjoy the show anymore. Meryl walked back, bent down, and picked up the bouquet that had been trampled on the floor.

She grabbed the flowers and swung them at the two men's butts. "If you two must fight, can you both do it somewhere else? Every time you fight in front of me, people might think you're both trying to win me over."

Chapter 94 Win You Over?

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Dalton and Ethan then stopped fighting at once.

Dalton sneered, "Win you over? You wish."

Ethan shot Dalton a glare. "If you're not, I am."

After Ethan spoke, he bent down and moved his injured, handsome face closer to Meryl. "Will you go with me to the hospital to check my injury, please?"

She, of course, flatly refused.

The fight between Dalton and Ethan in the office was strictly ordered to be kept secret.

Everyone in the Marketing Department, mindful of Dalton's direct leadership, didn't dare to defy this order, so the matter was kept under wraps.

Meryl returned to the office to clock out, and as she took the elevator downstairs, she saw Ethan's car parked at the front entrance of the building.

It was after work hours, and many people were leaving the office building.

It was as if Ethan was afraid no one would notice him. He leaned flamboyantly against the door frame of his flashy yellow Lamborghini, standing out like a sore thumb.

The cut on his cheekbone **was** quite noticeable, and there was a trace of red at the corner of his mouth. Because he was so

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conspicuous, passersby frequently turned to look at him.

Ethan, however, seemed oblivious. When he saw Meryl come out of the office building, he walked up and blocked her path.

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With a low, magnetic voice, he said, "I'm hurt. Can you take me to the hospital?"

Without waiting for Meryl to react, Ethan shoved the car keys directly into her hand.

She tried to return the keys **to** Ethan, but he had already climbed into the passenger seat.

Feeling awkward

under the curious stares of those around them, Meryl hurriedly got into the car. When she saw her colleagues from the CEO's office suite coming out of the building, she quickly hit the gas and sped away from the company entrance.

Chapter 95 Your Uncle's Wife

Ethan was such a pain, whining over the tiniest scratch.

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By the time they left the hospital, it was already eight o'clock at night.

Ethan offered to take Meryl out for dinner, but she politely refused, saying it was too late.

Later, he drove her home. On the way, he said, "Just think about it. If you pretend to be my girlfriend, we can drive Dalton crazy. Don't you think?"

Without saying a word, she turned to look out the window.

Meryl watched as the streetlights blurred into long yellow streaks under the speeding car.

A gentle breeze blew in, making the loose strands of her hair dance and tangle with the seatbelt across her chest.

Meryl turned to look at Ethan, whose disheveled hair was tousled by the wind, giving his roguishly handsome face a surprisingly gentle look.

She said, "I remember saying I'd rather team up with Chandler **than** act with you. Not only could I infuriate Dalton, but I could also become your elder."

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Ethan frowned, "I'll give you that you're good-looking, but Chandler is known for not being into women!"

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Meryl wondered, "He's not into women? Then who kept me up all night yesterday?"

The memory of last night made Meryl's knees feel weak, and her ears blushed a light pink.

She gently caressed her cheek, and as they approached her neighborhood, she lowered her head to unbuckle her seatbelt.

Ethan asked curiously, "Even if you are after Chandler, how do you plan to get close to him when he's so aloof?"

Meryl replied, "I'm his employee now. We spend a lot of time together. Opportunities **will** come up. So, be ready to pull off your big stunt!"

With that, she opened the car door and got out.

Ethan quietly watched her walk away and then suddenly smiled, "Meryl, if you fail, you might want to reconsider me."

She knew for sure that she and Ethan were a no-go. Dealing with Dalton was already a headache. She didn't want to deal with another problem.

Besides, Ethan's persistent pursuit didn't seem just to spite Dalton. Ethan might have other intentions.

Meryl shook her head, deciding to nip these inappropriate

Chapter 95 Your Uncle's Wife thoughts in the bud.

She pretended not to understand what he said and looked at Ethan with a smile. "Get ready to see me become your uncle's wife."

Ethan's eyes widened for a moment, and then he chuckled, "I thought you were just trying to cozy up to my uncle and take advantage of his power, but it turns out you actually want to marry him."

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Meryl simply smiled but didn't say anything further. She turned and walked into the building.

The neighborhood was unusually quiet tonight, and the elevator was empty.

Meryl pressed the button to open the door. Just as she stepped inside, a shadow quickly slipped in right behind her.

She was startled and looked at the newcomer **in** surprise. "Dalton? Are you following me?"

As soon as Dalton entered the elevator, he grabbed Meryl's wrist.

He stepped forward, forcefully cornering Meryl in the elevator.

Dalton seemed to have been drinking. The pungent smell of alcohol wafted from him, and his intense eyes were now tinged with a red haze.

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Before Meryl could react, she suddenly felt a tight grip **around** her waist.

Dalton unexpectedly wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a tight embrace.

Meryl was instantly shocked and immediately tried to push him away. "Let go of me!"

She instinctively struggled, reaching for the emergency button in the elevator.

But Dalton seemed to have anticipated her move and quickly grabbed her hand.

Meryl's hand was pressed against the cold elevator wall while the inside of her wrist felt the burning heat of Dalton's palm.

He leaned in closer, and his warm lips brushed against her hair.

Chapter 96 You Mean Nothing to

Me

Dalton had intended to kiss Meryl on the lips, but she struggled and dodged him.

She stomped on Dalton's foot and raised her knee, aiming for his groin.

He instinctively blocked with his hands, having to release his grip on Meryl.

Taking advantage of the moment, Meryl slapped Dalton square in the face.

Then, she quickly pressed the elevator button.

But just as Meryl's finger touched the number button, Dalton grabbed her from behind.

He growled, "You went to the hospital with Ethan just to piss me off?"

"And he even brought you home? Meryl, you've really outdone yourself!"

Dalton had seen them just outside the company building.

He saw Meryl get into Ethan's Lamborghini, saw her driving

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Ethan's car, and they were chatting and laughing all the way.

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At that, Dalton felt an indescribable emotion welling up inside. him.

He couldn't accept that Meryl, who had chased after him for seven years, had gotten together with another man in just a few days, and that man was his cousin.

Dalton found it quite off-putting, like a bad taste that lingered in his mouth.

He didn't even bother with Lydia, made up an excuse to send her away, and drove after Meryl all the way here.

Now, seeing Meryl alone, Dalton finally couldn't hold back.

He stared into Meryl's eyes and questioned, "Is it because you chased after me for seven years and I never looked at you, so you got my cousin to act out this scene to get back at me?"

"Who do you think you are? You mean nothing to me. I stopped loving you long ago. Is this even necessary?" she retorted.

Dalton's expression darkened even more. "Don't think I'll believe you just because you're being stubborn. How can you say you don't love me anymore?"

Meryl snapped, "What else do you expect? Do you even know how ridiculous **you** are? People might think you've suddenly realized you love me."

Chapter 96 You Mean Nothing to Me

Just then, the elevator arrived with a ding, and she broke free from Dalton and walked out.

3/4

In the meantime, Meryl thought mockingly, “Dalton’s already losing it? Wait until he discovers I’m marrying Chandler. He’ll be furious!”

Dalton stepped out of the elevator and grabbed her wrist again. “Even **if** you’re not doing it to spite me, you can’t go on a blind date with Ethan! You know he and I don’t see eye to eye!”

Meryl instinctively tried to pull away.

But the commotion they caused was too loud, and the voice-activated lights in the hallway suddenly turned on. A few seconds later, the door behind them swung open.

A broad beam of light streamed out from inside the apartment, piercing the dim corridor and illuminating Meryl’s face.

Chandler was standing there in silk pajamas, his shirt slightly open with two buttons undone, revealing a tantalizing glimpse of his Adam’s apple.

Through the light from inside, faint red marks could be seen on **his** skin under the pajamas, likely left by a woman.

Meryl stopped in her tracks, surprised to see Chandler at home, and was momentarily confused.

She pondered, “Dalton and Lydia haven’t had their wedding yet. If it gets out that Chandler and I are together and **living**.

Chapter 96 You Mean Nothing to Me together, I’ll lose any moral high ground.”

Dalton was also taken aback. He hadn’t expected the door **to** open suddenly and even less expected his uncle to be inside.

4/4

He then tried to make sense of it, thinking, “Meryl was obviously going home, so...”

When it sank in, Dalton stared at the two of them **in** shock. “You... You two... What’s going on?”

Chandler's gaze fell on Dalton's hand, which was gripping Meryl's wrist.

Chandler's temples throbbed, and his eyes narrowed menacingly. "I should be asking **you** that. What are you two doing?"

Chapter 97 Why Do You Live Here?

Meryl instantly withdrew her hand from Dalton's grasp.

Fearing that Chandler might let the cat out of the bag, she instantly came up **with** an idea and took out a document from her bag.

"Mr. Aniston, I've brought the document you wanted."

Meryl felt fortunate that as Chandler's subordinate now, she could use work as a cover.

She approached him and blinked at him repeatedly, hoping that he would cooperate with her.

He was in a foul mood.

From Dalton's grab of Meryl's wrist and her disheveled hair, he could effortlessly guess what had just happened between them.

He was already furious. Yet, noticing her hint, he had to hold back the jealousy surging within him.

"I see."

Chandler nodded coldly, turned slightly, and acted with Meryl.

With the same aloof demeanor he had displayed at the company, he ordered, "Place the document on the desk in my study."

Chapter 97 Why Do You Live Here?

Seeing Meryl enter the apartment, Dalton planned to say something.

However, the sight of Chandler's dark face made him give up.

"Uncle Chandler, why do you live here?"

This residential complex was not high-end and didn't quite match Chandler's status.

He took out a cigarette from his pocket. Amid the smoke, he glanced indifferently at Dalton.

He replied icily, "Because I like it."

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Suddenly, Dalton was taken aback by the deep and shallow love bites on Chandler's neck.

The apartment appeared to bear traces of a woman's presence.

Upon realizing it, he asked in shock, "Uncle Chandler, do you have **a** girlfriend?"

Chandler leaned against the door frame causally.

With a playful **smile**, he neither admitted nor denied it.

Yet, **it** was sufficient to ignite Dalton's imagination.

Chandler actually had a **girlfriend**.

Chapter 97 Why Do You Live Here?

How surprising!

3/4

Dalton became curious. "Uncle Chandler, who captured your heart? Why don't you bring her home and introduce her to us?"

"There is no hurry."

Chandler cast a cold glance at him and said ambiguously, "When the time comes, you will meet her."

Dalton nodded without thinking much about it.

Chandler narrowed his eyes fiercely. "Why don't you leave but stay here?"

Dalton craned his neck and peered inside.

Meryl hadn't come out yet.

After hesitating for a moment, **he** whispered, "Uncle Chandler, I want Meryl to come to the Marketing Department."

In an instant, Chandler frowned and sneered.

Dalton was confused. "What?"

Chandler sized him up with contempt. "Do you intend to snatch someone from me? You don't deserve."

Immediately, he slammed the door shut without waiting for Dalton's reply. His swift and forceful action betrayed his impatience, making it clear he was in a rage.

Chapter 97 Why Do You Live Here?

Dalton was rejected and lingered outside for a few minutes.

4/4

The door was closed, and Meryl had no intention of coming out.

Knowing very well that she was avoiding him and recalling Chandler's warning just now, Dalton did not stay here for long.

How could he possibly pester her?

He followed her here today just to caution Meryl against setting her sights on Ethan.

Ethan was his cousin. He would be disgusted if they were really together!

Dalton turned away proudly.

In the study, Meryl suddenly realized a very serious problem.

Dalton tailed her today. If she continued to reside here with Chandler, the fact that they were living together might not be kept secret any longer.

Dalton and Lydia's wedding was approaching, and before that, Meryl's relationship with Chandler couldn't be made public.

Chapter 98 I'm Jealous

Recently, there had been widespread rumors alleging that Lydia stole Meryl's fiancé. Wherever Lydia went, people criticized her harshly.

If it were revealed that Meryl had already married another man, she would be considered at fault.

Therefore, she simply fetched some clothes from the closet and stuffed them into the suitcase.

Just as she zipped up the suitcase, Chandler came **in** from outside.

“**I**m going to move out for a few days.”

Anne seemed to be on a business trip again recently. Meryl planned to rent an apartment near the company.

Chandler’s tall body froze. “Because of Dalton?”

Meryl nodded. “I’m afraid he’ll find out about our relationship, so we better be careful.”

In silence, Chandler walked over to the sofa and took a seat. The image of Dalton grabbing Meryl’s wrist continuously replayed in his mind.

Their hands were held together.

Chapter 98 I’m Jealous

The property management staff had just sent Chandler surveillance footage of the elevator.

He even saw them hugging each other there.

Chandler was annoyed. As a result, his gaze was cold.

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He went to the wine cabinet, took out a bottle of wine, tilted his head back, and took a big gulp.

His prominent Adam’s apple rolled with each swallow, and the wine trickled from the corners of his mouth down his throat. Despite the diminishing liquid in the bottle, the turmoil in his heart only grew stronger instead of easing.

Meryl dragged her suitcase into the living room and did not notice anything unusual about him.

“I’ll move back after they get married in a couple of days.”

Meryl believed that this was the best solution. After all, she should pretend till the end.

Chandler didn’t reply but fixed his eyes on her face.

She glanced at **him** calmly without any affection.

But her gaze at Dalton was different, brimming with resentment and hatred.

It seemed that he was not as important as Dalton to Meryl.

Chapter 98 I'm Jealous

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Even though they made love last **night**, she only regarded him as an ordinary cooperation partner.

Chandler lowered his eyes in depression. Despite his reluctance to acknowledge it, he was undeniably nothing more than a tool.

He taunted. "Haven't you been asking me to support you all this time? Now that you're leaving, don't you want me to be your backer anymore?"

"Yes, I do!"

"Can't you sense that I am angry? Can't you comfort me?"

Chandler sat on the sofa, gripping a half-empty bottle of wine. Some of the wine spilled, leaving a dark stain on his collar.

He looked up and met Meryl's gaze with anticipation.

She was stunned for a moment before asking in confusion, "Are you angry? Why?"

Chandler stood up, and his low voice rang out above her head.

"What do you think?"

"Of course, it's because I'm jealous."

Meryl was completely dumbfounded.

Chandler was actually jealous!

Chapter 98 I'm Jealous

"Why are you jealous? Who are you jealous of?"

Chandler said nothing and stared at Meryl deeply.

Undoubtedly, he was indeed a tool.

She was indifferent to his jealousy.

Chandler fetched his coat and left the apartment without hesitation.

4/4

She even had no idea why he was jealous and who he was jealous

1. of.

He wondered whether she was unaware or simply didn't care. about him.

After that day, Chandler never spoke to Meryl again.

When they met in the company, he pretended to be unfamiliar with her and passed her each time with an expressionless face.

Even though this would prevent people from suspecting their relationship, she somehow felt he was sullen.

Write your comment

Chapter 99 To Chase After Him

Even though there were only two of them in the office, Chandler didn't even cast a glance at Meryl.

She suddenly realized how serious it was.

It seemed like she had really offended him.

Anne came back from the business trip and made a dinner appointment with Meryl.

In the restaurant, Anne stared at her earnestly.

"You are Chandler's wife now, but you were intimate with Dalton in the elevator and even moved out of your home. Of course, Chandler is unhappy!"

Meryl blinked innocently. "I don't have an affair with Dalton."

"Yeah, but he's your ex-boyfriend!"

“Do you realize how damaging an ex can be to a current relationship? Every man will be uncomfortable if his partner has an ex-boyfriend she has pursued for seven years. It’s like a poisonous sting, and even the thought of it is painful.”

Despite her seven-year relationship with Dalton, Meryl was actually a novice in love.

Chapter 99 To Chase After Him

2/5

She didn’t know much about men’s psychology and had never been in a relationship.

“According to what you said, this problem has no solution. I can’t erase this past from everyone’s mind.”

Anne had severe morning sickness and lost her appetite for dinner.

She rested her cheek on her hand and contemplated seriously for a few seconds.

“Solution? There is one! From now on, you should publicly show your affection for Chandler.”

Meryl was puzzled.

“You should be more enthusiastic than you were during the years you chased after Dalton. This will satisfy Chandler’s ego as a man and pave the way for you to announce your marriage. publicly in two weeks.”

Meryl thought, “Exactly! Why didn’t I think of it?”

Dalton and Lydia’s wedding is in less than a week.

After my relationship with Chandler is made public, we will eat at the same table with his family during the holidays. However, as his wife, I once made advances to his nephew. It must be quite uncomfortable for him.

Even if he is tolerant enough and doesn’t mind, gossip can still

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be devastating.

How will those affluent families and Chandler’s business partners perceive him?

3/5

Why should such a good man like him be slandered behind his back because of me?

It doesn't matter to him once or twice, but what about over time?

Isn't this akin to setting a landmine for our marriage?"

Therefore, she must take the initiative before things got out of control.

She had to make it clear to everyone that she would marry no one but Chandler.

On the one hand, she could please him.

On the other hand, even if people talked about it in the future, they would focus on her crazy pursuit and attempts to marry him rather than the fact that his wife was a woman whom

Dalton didn't even want.

There was an essential difference between these two statements.

However, another problem arose.

How could Meryl smoothly fall in love with Chandler and start her obsessive advances?

Chapter 99 To Chase After Him

It was definitely not feasible to chase after him suddenly. It would be too abrupt, and no one would believe it.

Meryl needed to ponder about it.

4/5

There was still a short distance from her rented apartment, but the road was too narrow for cars, so she had to get out of the car and walk.

Anne drove her to the roadside.

It started to rain heavily.

Without an umbrella, in just a few tens of seconds, Meryl was soaked like a drowned rat . When she limped back to the apartment, she was soaked all over, inside and out, and her clothes were stuck to her body.

son

She stood outside the apartment and shook off the raindrops on her clothes.

After watching her enter the apartment, Anne turned the steering wheel and drove away .

Across the street, **an** out-of-print classic **car** was parked by the curb.

Chandler sat in the car, staring quietly in the direction where Meryl had disappeared.

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Chapter 100 Have a Fever

Next to Chandler was Dante.

1/5

Dante followed his gaze, looked outside, and teased, “Chandler, did you have a fight with your wife?”

Apart from work, Chandler had been almost completely immersed in Cedar Café these days.

If a man had a wife but didn’t come home, even a fool could tell what was going on.

They were having a great time **at** Cedar Café tonight, but unexpectedly, it thundered and rained.

Chandler was drunk and drowsy on the sofa. Upon hearing the thunder, he abruptly sat up, which scared Dante, who was playing cards.

Chandler left in silence, and Walter understood and drove the car over.

Dante, worried that he might get into trouble, came over to accompany him.

To his surprise, he noticed Anne pulling over to the roadside. and Meryl limping back.

It seemed Chandler and Meryl had a big fight. The former

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refused to go home, and the latter moved out.

2/5

Dante crossed his legs and made fun of Chandler. “You just got married for a short time, but you quarreled.”

Chandler glanced at Dante coldly. “Haven’t you divorced Anne yet?”

“You drag your feet for so long and refuse to sign. Are you even a man? I hold you in contempt.”

“Sign it. Anne **has** already changed the door locks, so you can’t get in anyway.”

Dante was speechless, realizing he couldn't afford to offend him.

Chandler had more words to counter every single word he said.

After returning to her apartment, Meryl took a hot shower and changed her wet clothes.

However, in the middle of the night, she was dizzy.

Feeling uncomfortable, she touched her forehead and discovered a fever, prompting her to bundle up tightly **in** the quilt to induce sweating.

And yet, instead of perspiring, she could bear it no longer.

In the morning, Meryl woke up feeling weak and intended to

Chapter 100 Have a Fever

take the day off to rest at home.

3/5

However, the project was nearing completion, and she was keen to avoid any further delays that might hinder its progress.

So, she had to endure the discomfort and took a taxi to the company.

During the morning rush hour, the hall was full of colleagues waiting for the elevator. Everyone lined up in an orderly manner, and from time to time, Meryl could hear them gossiping.

There was a dedicated elevator to the President's Office, allowing her to go directly there without joining a queue.

She staggered through the crowd, preparing to move forward.

Unexpectedly, she suddenly felt giddy. As someone approached and accidentally bumped into her, she nearly collapsed to the floor.

Meryl instinctively reached for the wall, but before she could touch it, her hand was held by Chandler's.

The anticipated pain didn't materialize. He extended his long arms, grasped her hand, and pulled gently. She involuntarily leaned back.

In full view of everyone, Meryl fell into Chandler's arms.

The crowd that had been chattering suddenly became extremely

Chapter 100 Have a Fever

quiet.

4/5

Realizing that it was Chandler who saved Meryl, they all opened their mouths in shock.

He was known to be indifferent to women!

Rumor had it that over the years, he had never had a girlfriend!

But he actually hugged a woman in public!

Everyone widened their eyes, eager to see which female employee was fortunate enough to be rescued by Chandler.

Meryl didn't put on any makeup today. Her face was flushed with fever, and she appeared unwell.

Leaning in Chandler's arms, she opened her eyes slightly.

She looked very weak, as if she would faint at any time.

"Do you have a fever?"

Chandler frowned. Meryl was pressed against his chest. Of course, he could clearly feel that her body was burning hot, even through their clothes.

She didn't expect that the person who caught her was him.

She narrowed her eyes and suddenly came up with a solution!