

Secret Admirer Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 31 – 40

Secret Admirer: Finding True Love After...

Chapter 31 Same Last Name

1/5

Chandler's deep, resonant voice broke through the quiet. "Are you awake?"

Meryl paused for a heartbeat, took a steadying breath, and walked over to open the door.

When she did, she was met with the striking face of the man standing before her.

Chandler was dressed sharply in a classic white shirt and black slacks, his bowtie adding an air of elegance that took her breath away.

He looked like he had stepped right out of a glossy magazine.

Their eyes locked, and Chandler swallowed, his gaze lingering on Meryl's red lips. "Come out for breakfast."

Meryl instinctively lowered her gaze, thinking, "He seems completely unfazed.

So, he must not remember... our kiss last night?"

True, how many people actually remember their drunken escapades?"

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A wave of relief washed over her as she followed Chandler into the dining area.

The breakfast laid out was nothing fancy—a simple plate

of spaghetti with eggs—but somehow, even the way he ate seemed to elevate the meal to a fine dining experience.

2/5

She mused, "There's no staff in the house, so he must've made

this himself.

Here I am, sleeping on his turf, waking up later than him, and now he's the one cooking for me. Isn't that a bit presumptuous?"

"Um..." Meryl hesitated, looking up at him. "From now on, breakfast is on me."

At her words, Chandler laid down his fork as if he had anticipated her next line.

"In our home, that's not necessary."

"Our home?"

Meryl's heart skipped.

Those three words sent a shiver of warmth through her, like a gentle breeze stirring the still waters of her thoughts.

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She thought, "Could I really have a place to call home?"

3/5

"Eat up," Chandler said, pushing the plate of meatballs toward her. His movement was casual yet confident. "I don't want you to be too thin."

Meryl bit her lip and nodded, still taken aback.

She was indeed too thin—standing at 5.6 feet, she barely weighed 100 pounds.

Once they finished eating, she instinctively started to clear the table, but Chandler gently caught her arm.

"You don't need to bother with that. A maid will come later to tidy this up."

“Then what do I need to do?”

“Put some meat on those bones,” Chandler replied.

Suddenly, a thought struck her like a lightning bolt.

“Wait, I still don’t know your name.”

Chandler paused, fingers hovering over the buttons of his coat as he fastened the last one before turning back to her.

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4/5

Their gazes locked, his large hand wrapping around her wrist as if he meant to pull her closer.

Before Meryl could process what was happening, their fingers intertwined, his warmth enveloping her.

Surprised, she lifted her eyes to meet his, only to find a smirk.

on his face.

“Chandler Aniston, your husband.”

The words struck her like a chord.

She thought, “Aniston? The same last name as Dalton.”

This name rang a bell, but she couldn’t quite place it. Just as she was trying to piece it together, Chandler leaned in slightly, his breath warm against her face, sending a delightful shiver

down her spine.

“There’s no need to be all stiff around me. I mean, we kissed

last night, remember? Wouldn’t you agree? Mrs. Aniston?”

Meryl felt a jolt as if a current had hit her.

Her fingers instinctively clenched in response.

She thought, "Wait a second... Does he actually remember what happened last night?"

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How can he act like it's no big deal?

What a confusing man!"

On the way to City Hall, Meryl was still wrapped in her thoughts.

5/5

It wasn't until they completed the paperwork and she held the marriage license in her hands that it fully registered.

After what felt like ages, realization dawned on her—she was now, officially, Mrs. Aniston,

But, curiously, the groom wasn't the Dalton of her daydreams but rather a complete stranger sharing the same last name.

Chandler's intense gaze settled on her, those eyes searching hers. "You seem to be lost in thought about another man."

Write your comment

Gifts

Chapter 32 Not Close

A wave of bittersweet emotion crept silently into Meryl's heart.

It wasn't for Dallon—no, it was for herself, for the version of her that had clung to hope for so long.

Chandler's large hand wrapped around her fingers.

Before she could fully process what was happening, he slid a diamond ring onto her ring finger.

The design wasn't overly flashy, but it was exactly her style.

As Chandler tightened his grip on her wrist, Meryl felt her heart race uncontrollably.

He then extended two fingers and gently tapped her brow right between her eyes.

In a voice rich with magnetism, he leaned in closer, whispering, "From now on, this spot can only think of me."

Meryl instinctively nodded, but then the realization hit her- something felt off.

"We're not exactly close... Are we?"

Chapter 32 Not Close

2/6

She thought, "We're just strangers who happened to get married. How did we leap to the point where I'm supposed to

think of him?"

"Sleeping together, kissing- if that doesn't count as being familiar, then what **does**?" Chandler replied, a teasing glint in his eyes, his warm breath brushing against her ear.

As the bustling street around them faded, Meryl's heart raced even faster, her fingers curling involuntarily.

Meeting Chandler's gaze, she took a deep breath, her ears suddenly hot.

After a brief pause, they returned home to rest. Meryl decided it was time to drag Chandler to the supermarket.

The house felt immaculate, almost like a showroom, but it lacked the warmth of everyday life. She needed to pick up

some essentials.

However, the thought of the night ahead made her inexplicably anxious.

She thought, "Last night, Chandler had too much to drink and crashed on the couch.

But tonight?

Chapter **32** Not Close

3/6

We're married now... We should be sleeping in the same bed, right?"

Just then, Meryl's phone buzzed,

She glanced down to see a message from Anne: [I just landed. Want to grab dinner tonight?]

Meryl bit her lip, instinctively glancing toward the bedroom.

Chandler had just emerged, tall and striking, having changed into fresh clothes.

She quickly typed back: [I might not be able to. I got married today.]

Anne's response was immediate: [What's going on?]

Meryl sighed: [I'll explain later.]

Anne wasn't convinced: [You didn't just marry some random guy, did you? I know Dalton's a jerk, but don't settle for just anyone!]

Meryl pressed her lips together, watching as Chandler headed toward the bathroom.

Lowering her head, she continued typing: [It's not like that. I

Chapter 32 Not Close

saved his life:]

4/6

Anne shot back: [You're not serious, right? Is this some kind of old-fashioned romance? Got any pictures? Send me one!]

Meryl frowned: [No pictures.]

The only photo they had together was the one on their marriage license, which Chandler had promptly tucked away in a safe as soon as they got home.

Anne persisted: [What's his name? You can't keep me in suspense!]

Meryl hesitated, typing: [Chand...]

Just then, Chandler's face loomed into her view, unexpectedly close.

"Who are you texting?" Chandler asked, his cool breath washing over her.

Meryl's heart raced, and she quickly tucked her phone into her pocket.

"Just a friend."

Chandler didn't pry further.

Chapter **32 Not Close**

Then, they went shopping.

5/6

Meanwhile, Dalton's phone buzzed on the table, the screen.

lighting up with Meryl's name.

A smirk crept onto his face.

He had just held a press conference where he publicly announced his engagement to Lydia, putting the hotel scandal to rest.

"So, Meryl's calling me now to win me back? Isn't it a bit too late for that?" Dalton mused, curious to hear what she had to say.

After the fifth ring, Dalton finally picked up, but just as he put the phone to his ear, Meryl hung up.

The busy signal echoed in his ears. He frowned, confusion etched on his face.

He thought, "What's going on? Meryl never hangs up on me.

Even when I deliberately ignore her calls, she just lets the phone ring until it automatically cuts off after the sixth ring, then calls back after a thirty-second pause."

With this in mind, Dalton set his phone back on the table, waiting for it to light up again.

Chapter **32 Not Close**

But this time, he waited a full two minutes, and the screen

remained dark.

6/6

Dalton clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth, a flash

of irritation crossing his eyes.

He thought, "So, Meryl is just messing with me, huh?"

B

Chapter 33 My Wife

He thought to himself, "So she's trying to grab my attention. with this little stunt? Hoping I'll be curious enough to call her

back?

Not a bad plan, huh?"

Meanwhile, Meryl was blissfully unaware that her phone had auto-dialed Dalton while she was busy shopping.

She couldn't shake the feeling that her new husband,

Chandler, had an almost ethereal quality about him, as if he

belonged to another world entirely.

To bring him down to earth a bit, she handed him the

responsibility of pushing the shopping cart.

With deft hands, Meryl navigated the aisles of household goods while Chandler quietly followed her lead. To any casual observer, they looked like a perfectly harmonious couple.

Suddenly, Chandler's phone buzzed, breaking the moment.

He paused, glancing in the direction Meryl had gone, and answered the call.

Chapter 33 My Wife

On the other end, the noise was overwhelming..

2/5

Dante's booming voice cut through the chatter. "Chandler! Didn't you say you were getting hitched today? The party's all

set up, where's your bride?"

Chandler frowned, his gaze drifting back to Meryl, who was stretching on her tiptoes to reach each a large bottle of laundry detergent from the top shelf.

The shelf was too high, and she struggled a bit, her long hair sweeping gracefully through the air.

Holding the phone, Chandler replied quietly, "It's too crowded. I don't want to scare her off. We're not coming."

Dante chuckled. "Come on, we're not monsters! You're acting like you're guarding a treasure. It's a celebration, and the main event is missing!"

Chandler stayed silent, pushing the cart toward Meryl.

With a swift motion, he reached up and easily grabbed the laundry detergent, placing it gently into the cart.

Meryl turned around, her face lighting up with gratitude as she smiled at him.

Chandler just smirked, not saying a word, and continued on to

Chapter **33** My Wife

the meat section.

3/5

He picked out two steaks and tossed them into the cart.

Meanwhile, Dante's voice blared through the phone again. "Chandler, are you even listening? Where are you? **It** sounds

wild over there!"

Chandler shrugged, his tone casual. "Just out shopping with my wife. You guys have fun; put the bill on my tab."

There was a long pause on the other end, followed by Dante's incredulous laughter. "No way! You're actually grocery shopping?"

Chandler, perhaps annoyed by Dante's incessant chatter, simply hung up.

Meryl's cheeks flushed when she heard him say "with my wife".

She thought, "Who was he talking to? A friend, maybe?"

“Want some soup?” Chandler asked, breaking her train of thought.

“Huh?” Meryl replied, momentarily confused.

“I heard it’s really good for women,” Chandler said, leaning casually against the cart as a store clerk placed a package of

Chapter **33** My Wife chicken inside.

Meryl frowned slightly. “But isn’t cooking chicken a bit of a

hassle?”

Chandler’s gaze fell on her.

His eyes lingered a moment too long on her delicate waist.

His voice softened. “If it helps you gain a few pounds, it’s worth the trouble.”

4/5

Meryl felt her heart flutter at his words, but when she glanced down at her slim figure, her face turned crimson.

Chandler chuckled. “Let’s wrap this up and head home.”

His deep voice sent shivers down her spine.

She thought, “But we’re married now... We’ll be sharing a bed eventually, right?”

After dinner, Chandler mysteriously led Meryl to the balcony.

Their apartment was on the top floor, with a breathtaking view and a garden–like atmosphere filled with vibrant flowers.

As soon as Meryl stepped outside, fireworks erupted

overhead, lighting up the night sky.

Chapter **33** My Wife

5/5

She instinctively looked up, her eyes wide with wonder as the brilliant colors exploded above her, casting a magical glow all

around.

She thought, "What a coincidence... did he plan this?"

At that moment, Chandler wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, pulling her close.

Chapter 34 Next Time

She was so slender that he could almost wrap his hand around her waist with just one palm.

This petite figure probably wouldn't withstand much of his teasing.

Chandler's warm breath brushed against her neck from behind, sending a shiver down Meryl's spine.

1/6

Her heart raced wildly in response, caught off guard by the sudden rush of sensations. His deep, husky voice whispered in her ear, mingling with the intoxicating scent of his masculinity. and the gentle floral fragrance wafting from the balcony.

Meryl felt a bit lightheaded, unsure whether it was the half. glass of red wine she'd sipped during dinner or the way his lips formed words that seemed to wrap around her like a warm embrace.

"Meryl, happy marriage."

Her eyelashes fluttered, and heat flooded her cheeks as memories of their kiss from the previous night surged back unbidden.

Chapter 34 Next Time

They had been this close then, too.

Her fingers instinctively curled as she licked her lips, responding softly, "Mr. Aniston, same to you."

2/6

Her heart thudded steadily, each beat echoing the fireworks. bursting above them.

Chandler's fingers intertwined with hers from behind.

This embrace was dangerously intoxicating.

Meryl could feel the rise and fall of his chest against her back, his warmth enveloping her completely.

“Mr. Aniston?” Chandler echoed, a hint of dissatisfaction. Lacing his tone.

Meryl turned her head slightly, their eyes locking. “Then...

Chandler”

A smile appeared on Chandler’s face.

He swallowed hard, his hand brushing over her shoulder as he turned her to face him fully.

“I’d much prefer you call me ‘hubby,” Chandler said, his voice low and teasing.

Chapter **34** Next Time.

3/6

The words sent Meryl’s cheeks into a fiery blush: She bit her lip, her gaze dropping shyly.

Her flustered expression deepened Chandler’s smile.

The faint scent of wine clung to her, alluring him further. He gently grasped the back of her neck, tilting her chin up to meet his gaze.

Leaning in closer, Chandler was just about to bridge the distance for a kiss when, out of nowhere, his phone rang, shattering the moment.

Frowning, he answered the call.

Meryl felt an unexpected wave of relief wash over her. She thought, “It seems he was ready to kiss me.”

She shut her eyes tightly, her heart still racing.

Chandler, holding the phone to his ear, seemed to have urgent business to attend to, and he stepped into the study, leaving her alone on the balcony.

After a refreshing shower, Meryl emerged, only to find

Chandler still absent.

As she lay on the bed, her mind wandered back to her conversation with Anne earlier that day.

Chapter 34 Next Time

Grabbing her phone, she dialed Anne's number; but to her surprise, a strange man answered.

4/6

"Who is this? Where's Anne?" Meryl asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

She recognized Anne's husband but knew this wasn't Dante's voice.

The background noise was loud, with music blaring in the distance.

Meryl thought, "Is Anne at a bar?"

The bartender's polite voice confirmed her suspicions. "Are you a friend of this lady? She's had a bit too much to drink.

Can you come pick her up?"

Meryl's heart raced, and she quickly threw on some clothes.

"Please, can you give me the address?"

After hanging up, she rushed to the door but then remembered Chandler was still in the study.

She hesitated for a moment, then turned back. Hearing her movements, Chandler opened the study door, his brow furrowing **at** the sight of her dressed and ready to go. "What's going on?"

Chapter **34** Next Time

5/6

“My friend’s had too much to drink. I need to go get her,” Meryl explained, urgency in her voice.

Chandler studied her for a couple of seconds, his eyes

narrowing slightly. “A guy?”

“Of course not! It’s a girl! Her name’s Anne.”

After she spoke, Meryl bit her lip, feeling a twinge of guilt.

She thought, “It’s our wedding day, and here I am, sneaking out in the middle of the night...”

Is this really appropriate?”

Meryl lowered her gaze, gathering her courage as if preparing for a leap. With a blush creeping **up** her cheeks, she finally said, “Let’s save the nuptial night for next time.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she fled in embarrassment, not even glancing back.

Even though Meryl had spoken those last words in a barely audible whisper, Chandler still heard her.

Standing under the spotlight, he watched her retreating figure with a slight smirk.

Chapter 34 Next Time

He thought, “From what she said, it seems like she was actually looking forward to that moment?”

Write your comment

Chapter 35 Encounter

Meryl hopped into a cab and made her way to the bar, her heart racing with concern for Anne.

It was a classy spot, a far cry from the raucous places where chaos reigned. Soft music floated through the air, setting a mellow mood.

Anne was still a little tipsy, her eyes glazed over as she cradled her face in her hands.

“What are you doing here? Isn’t today your wedding day?” Anne asked, squinting at Meryl.

“Come on, my husband can wait. You’re my priority right now,” Meryl replied.

Meryl had dashed in, feeling the warmth of the bar envelop her. So, she took off her jacket.

Underneath, she wore a striking red knit sundress that clung to her curves just right. Though slender, she had enough to catch the eye.

Her long legs crossed on the barstool, peeking out from the thigh-high slit of her dress. The ankle boots she wore cleverly

Chapter 35 Encounter

2/5

concealed the scars on her feet, making Meryl look effortlessly chic in the dim lighting.

Anne looked at her with a guilty expression. “Oh man, I’m such a terrible friend! I can’t believe I interrupted your special day.”

Meryl ignored the playful jab and focused on the redness around Anne’s eyes. “Did you and Dante have another fight?”

Anne and Dante were married as part of a strategic union and had been together for two years.

However, over the past two years, their marriage had been marked by significant absences.

For one year, Anne had to go abroad to recover from a dance injury. During that time, Dante was busy with his studies abroad.

When Anne returned, Dante was out of the country, and whenever Dante came back, Anne was away.

As a result, in these two years of marriage, they had barely spent any time living under the same roof.

Anne shook her head lightly. “When you only see someone a couple of times a year, what’s there to fight about?”

Just as Meryl was about to respond, a harsh voice cut through

Chapter 35 Encounter

The gir

3/5

“Meryl!?”

She turned to find Dalton standing there, a smug look on his face as he held a cocktail glass.

He tilted his chin slightly, exuding arrogance. “What are you doing stalking me? Regretting your choices?”

“Too late for that.”

Seeing Dalton, Anne immediately stood up, positioning herself protectively in front of Meryl.

“Dalton, what do you want? There are people around. You can’t just bully women like that!”

Dalton, clearly unimpressed by Anne’s drunken bravado, waved her off.

“Nice try with the hard-to-get act, but I’m not buying it.” His gaze shifted past her, landing on Meryl.

Meryl raised an eyebrow, her expression confused. “Who are you talking about?”

“Playing coy, are we? Wasn’t it you who called me this afternoon? What’s the matter? Did I not pick up your call, and

Chapter 35 Encounter

now you’re desperate for my attention?”

Dalton’s words dripped with sarcasm.

4/5

The curious stares of the onlookers around them only made

the situation more intense,

The drama surrounding the Aniston and Stone families had been all over the news lately.

Everyone was eager for the latest scoop, especially given. Meryl's past feelings for Dall on and the recent switch in his engagement to Meryl's sister.

Meryl tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear and **raised** her chin defiantly,

When she met Dallan's gaze again, her eyes were icy, devoid of any warmth.

"Dalton, what makes you think I'm following you? You think I care enough to chase after you? Who do you think you are?"

Dalton's brow furrowed in confusion. He wasn't used to her looking at him like this— cold and detached,

"What's your game, Meryl?" Dalton asked, narrowing his eyes as if trying to see through her facade,

Chapter 15 Encounter

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while trying to tong up topmarancas willt nu. Áod when the grass caught wind of fe you somemleed to defamiæ

"with a guy like you why woulé ('hai Mu naarë tre shrine affari

Chapter 36 Discarded Men

Dalton's expression darkened at Meryl's words, a storm brewing in his eyes.

1/5

In just a few sentences, she had laid bare his affair with Lydia, a revelation that hit him li ke a slap to the face.

In the past, Meryl had always been the quiet one, swallowing her jealousy and never da ring to confront him in front of

others.

But tonight, she was a different woman entirely.

With a bitter laugh, Dalton sneered. "Oh, I get it now. It's

because my engagement to Lydia was made public, and

you're feeling a little shaken up, aren't you? Didn't think you cared this much about me, Meryl."

"Care about you? Where on earth did you get that idea?

That's the most ridiculous conclusion I've ever heard!"

Dalton was momentarily speechless, caught off guard by her

boldness.

"Let me remind you, Dalton, it was I who ended things. I was the one who called off the engagement. Lydia is just picking

Chapter **36** Discarded Men

up the scraps, treating discarded men like treasures she found in a dumpster."

2/5

"Meryl! Do you even hear yourself?" Dalton's voice was a mix of disbelief and fury.

His face paled and flushed in quick succession, his chest heaving with suppressed rage

.

The murmurs from the surrounding crowd grew louder, punctuated by a few mocking chuckles. Dalton clenched his jaw, trying to maintain his composure.

As a young master in Kingsdom, he had never been spoken to like this, especially not by a woman.

Meryl was the first to challenge him so openly.

The words dripped from his lips like venom. "If you apologize right now, I might consider letting this slide."

"Apologize for what? I haven't done anything wrong!" Meryl retorted, her confidence unwavering.

Dalton's temples throbbed with fury.

"Oh, so you think I won't do anything about this?

"Is that why you're acting out? To get me to notice you more?

Chapter 36 Discarded Men

“Fine! Then come with me!” Dalton barked.

He didn’t want an audience for this spectacle.

Before she could respond, Dalton reached for Meryl’s arm, intent on dragging her out.

Anne, witnessing the unfolding drama, rushed to intervene but was met with a fierce glare from Dalton.

The intensity of his presence was overwhelming, and in her drunken state, Anne lost her balance, crashing to the floor with a gasp of pain.

3/5

Meryl instinctively bent down to help Anne, but in a fit of rage, Dalton yanked her back, pulling her away from her friend.

Meryl, slender and unable to match his strength, was dragged a few feet before she suddenly bit down on Dalton’s arm, her teeth sinking into his flesh with surprising ferocity.

Dalton winced, finally releasing her as pain shot through him.

A vivid bite mark appeared on his arm, blood seeping from the punctures, a stark contrast against his skin.

In the dim light of the bar, Meryl stood still, her red dress now a canvas for the vibrant colors of the atmosphere, yet her

Chapter 36 Discarded Men

demeanor was colder than ever.

4/5

With a hint of mockery in her eyes, she wiped the blood from her lips with her thumb.

“Dalton, do you want to take a good look and see who’s really clinging to whom?”

His gaze fell on her ring finger, where a dazzling object caught the light, making his heart race with a mix of anger

and disbelief.

Following the direction of his gaze, Meryl looked down at her ring finger.

The diamond ring glinted under the lights, dazzling to the point of almost blinding him.

“Oh, I forgot to mention—I’m married now. So, please keep your distance!”

Dalton was momentarily stunned.

He thought, “In just a few days, where could she have possibly found someone to marry?”

She loves me.

There’s no room in her heart for anyone else!”

5/5

Chapter **36** Discarded Men

“Do you really think a fake ring will convince me you’re married? Are you playing house?”

The commotion around them grew louder, attracting more and more onlookers.

The ring was so blinding that Dalton finally averted his gaze.

Meryl said, “Whether you believe it or not, I am married. Dalton, try touching me again and see what happens.”

“I have to say, you really pissed me off.”

He grabbed her hand firmly and yanked Meryl toward the exit.

The suddenness of his action caught Meryl off guard, making her stumble and nearly fall into his arms.

Unexpectedly, as they passed a table, Meryl snatched a bottle of wine from it, gripping it tightly in her hand.

B

Chapter 37 Bail

With a loud crash, the bottle shattered against the edge of the table, liquid spilling across the floor like a crimson tide.

Meryl gripped the neck of the broken bottle, her resolve hardening as she swung it toward Dalton and the hand he

held.

“Don’t touch me, you filthy bastard!”

Dalton’s breath hitched, a mix of shock and disbelief washing over him. “You think I’m filthy?”

“Yes! Dalton, are you really that thick-headed?”

Meryl’s eyes blazed with fury, a storm of emotions that had been brewing for seven long years finally erupting.

“I used to cling to you like a shadow, but the moment you started seeing Lydia behind my back and sent me to prison, that was the end of us!”

Shards of glass littered the ground, mingling with an unknown pool of **blood**.

But Meryl didn’t care.

Chapter 37 Bail

“Now I see clearly. I must have been blind to ever like you. What’s the matter? Can’t handle the truth?”

A cold smirk danced on her face as she raised the jagged bottle again, aiming for his hand.

“I congratulate you, Dalton! You finally get to marry Lydia!

But here you are, holding my hand. Aren’t you worried your precious Lydia will get jealous?”

2/5

With a final, forceful swing, Meryl shattered the bottle completely, the glass splintering in to a million pieces at their feet.

She tossed aside the cap, her gaze landing on the blood pooling on Dalton's arm, but her expression remained stone-cold, unfazed by the sight.

Just then, Anne rushed over, panic etched on her face as she checked to see if Meryl was hurt.

Meryl's pale arms were stained crimson, a shocking sight against her skin, and the chaos around them only added to the tension.

But thankfully, a quick glance revealed no visible injuries.

However, just as Anne let out a breath of relief, the sound of

Chapter 37 Bail

3/5

police sirens pierced the air, and officers flooded into the bar.

Unbeknownst to them, someone had quietly called the cops.

A few of Dalton's wealthy friends hurried over, supporting him as they exclaimed, "Mr. Dalton Aniston, are you alright?" No

one had expected things to escalate to this point.

Dalton remained silent, his complexion pale.

Meryl's strike had left a deep cut on his arm, blood oozing from the wound.

One of his friends said, "The ambulance is here! Let's get you to the hospital!"

Dalton nodded, his eyes lingering on Meryl with a complex mix of emotions as he was led away.

Meryl didn't flinch, her gaze fixed ahead, too disgusted to spare him another glance.

At the police station, Meryl sat in the interrogation room, her clothes stained with blood.

Her face was pale, and her fragile frame curled into itself, silence enveloping her like a shroud of despair.

Beside her, Anne wore a worried expression. “Meryl, are you

Chapter 37 Bail

es had mashed to the station so quickly that Mary had left

her door behind of the door

was only wearing a thin tank dress,, and the

one-night chill seeped into her skin.

Turning to Anne, Meryl managed a weak smile. “I’m fine, just a

bit cold”

Anne’s eyes widened in concern. She, too, was only in a light

tops if she had worn a jacket, she would have offered.

“You were so fierce when you hit Dalton! It was amazing! When he left, he looked like he’d seen a ghost. I bet he’s never been hit like that in his life.

Meryl hadn’t intended for things to get so out of hand.

She hadn’t expected him to hold on even after she smashed

the bottle.

She thought, “What’s Dalton up to now?”

Back when I used to follow him around, he treated me like I was invisible, never sparing me a glance.

Besides, he had a press conference yesterday announcing

Chapter 37 Bail

Lydia as his fiancée.

“We’re broken up now—why the heck is he still hanging around?”

5/5

The police approached and said, “Ms. Stone, we’ve reviewed the surveillance from the incident. It’s clear that you were acting in self–

defense, so no charges will be filed. However, we need someone to come in and post bail for you.”

Upon hearing this, Anne immediately asked, “Can I post bail for her?”

The officer glanced at Anne and shook his head, “No, you’ll need a family member to come in for that, too.”

Anne was left speechless.

Chapter 38 What’s His Name?

Anne glanced at the clock on the wall; it was already 2:30 AM.

Her parents were probably fast asleep by now, and she didn’t want to worry them by making a late–night trip to the police station.

After wrestling with her thoughts for a moment, she decided to call her husband, Dante.

The phone rang a few times before he picked up. The background noise was chaotic, filled with the sounds of laughter and clinking glasses as if he were at a poker game. Anne could even hear a woman’s voice in the mix.

“What’s up?” Dante’s tone was flat, lacking any warmth.

Anne skipped the pleasantries, her voice icy. “Come pick me up at the police station.”

There was a brief pause, and then Dante’s voice, laced with sarcasm, cut through the noise.

“In trouble, huh? You’ve really outdone yourself this time, Anne.”

Chapter 38 What’s His Name?

She bit her lip, sensing his impatience.

She thought, frustration bubbling up inside her, “What am I doing, calling him?”

Anne was about to hang up when Dante's voice broke through again. "Alright, I'll come get you. But first, you owe me a favor."

Anne tightened her grip on the phone, her heart racing. "What favor?"

"Give me a kid."

Anne was momentarily speechless.

"What? We're about to get a divorce! Why would I have a kid now? Are you out of your mind?"

She could tell he was just trying to mess with her.

Their marriage had always been a business arrangement, a union forged under family pressure, and he had never truly been hers.

For two long years, Anne had waited in vain for a spark that never came, only to face the harsh reality that Dante would never love her.

When she finally suggested divorce, he had agreed, and they

Chapter 38 What's His Name?

were in the process of figuring out the details.

She thought, "And now he wants me to have a child? It's absurd."

It was clear that Dante was unwilling to come to the police station to bail her out.

3/5

"Seriously, Anne? If we're getting divorced, why should I bail

you out?”

Before Anne could respond, a series of beeping sounds filled rear.

He had hung up on her.

Staring at her phone in disbelief, she felt a wave of frustration wash over her.

Tears pricked at her eyes as Anne turned to Meryl, forcing a smile that looked more like a grimace.

“Well, you saw that. Dante’s not coming.”

Meryl wrapped her arm around Anne’s shoulders, her heart aching for her friend.

“I’m sorry, Meryl. But it looks like we’ll have to rely on your husband for this bail situation.”

Chapter 38 What’s His Name?

4/5

Meryl bit her lip, contemplating, “I wonder if Chandler is even awake at **this** hour.

It’s our wedding night, and I’m asking him to the police station to bail us out...

How melodramatic.

What would he think of me?”

After a moment’s hesitation, she dialed Chandler’s number.

The phone connected almost instantly, catching her off guard.

His deep, resonant voice came through the receiver, tinged with urgency. “What’s going on? You’ve been gone too long.”

Meryl quickly filled him in on the incident at the bar, omitting Dalton's identity but mentioning that she had run into her ex-fiancé and things had escalated.

Now, she needed bail.

"Just hang tight, I'm on my way."

As she hung up, the sound of a revving engine reached her ears.

Chapter 38 What's His Name?

Waiting felt pointless, so Anne and Meryl began to chat to pass the time.

5/5

Anne said with a wry smile, "Well, this is quite the way to spend

your wedding night. I can't believe your husband isn't even mad. He sounds so calm on the phone."

Meryl nodded. Her husband did seem unusually composed.

Anne continued, "By the way, what's his name? I should at least say hello when I meet him.

Meryl replied, "Chandler Aniston."

Anne raised an eyebrow. "Wait a minute, another 'Aniston'? Did you dig up the Aniston family's ancestral grave in your past life or something? Why do you keep running into people with the same last name?"

After a brief pause, Anne's eyes widened as she realized. "Hold on a second—did you just say your husband's name is Chandler Aniston?"

B

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1/5

Meryl nodded, her brow furrowing as she noticed the look of shock etched across Anne's face, Anne's mouth was agape as if it could swallow a whole egg.

“What’s wrong? Do you know him?” Meryl asked, curiosity piqued.

Worried she might have misread the situation, Anne asked, “What’s his name? Show me!”

Recalling the name she had seen on the marriage license earlier that day, Meryl took Anne’s hand and wrote it in her palm.

As the letters formed, Anne went completely still, her expression frozen in disbelief.

After what felt like an eternity, she managed to collect herself, her voice barely above a whisper. “You... you really don’t know who Chandler is?”

Meryl shook her head innocently.

“Aside from his name, I don’t know much. I just know he runs a company and tends to get hammered at social engagements.

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Just as Anne was about to respond, the sound of the police station door crashing open echoed through the room.

A tall man strode in, exuding an air of authority that turned

heads and silenced conversations.

2/5

Chandler walked in like he owned the place, his gaze locked onto Meryl.

When he spotted the blood on her arm, his expression darkened. “You’re hurt?”

Meryl quickly shook her head. “No, it’s not mine.”

Chandler’s face softened slightly, but he still looked concerned. Meryl was dressed too lightly for the chilly.

atmosphere, her complexion pale.

Without hesitation, he removed his suit jacket and draped it over her shoulders. “Button it up.”

“Sorry for dragging you out here at this hour...”

Meryl's voice was low, guilt creeping in for inconveniencing him.

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Chandler frowned. "We're married. You don't need to apologize for that."

At that moment, a police officer approached them. "You're here to bail them out, right? Come over and sign some paperwork, and you can get them out."

Chandler nodded, and then his eyes fell on Anne.

Their gazes met, and Anne felt a rush of uncertainty. She thought, "Should I say something?"

It's understandable that Meryl doesn't know Chandler well after spending three years in prison, but I've crossed paths.

with him a few times.

After all, Chandler and Dante are practically best friends, making it hard for me to avoid knowing him entirely.

We have even shared a meal.

3/5

Despite the limited conversation we've exchanged, Chandler might recognize me.

But how could Meryl's husband be Chandler?

It's utterly baffling."

As the officer prepared the paperwork, signaling for Chandler

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to follow him, Anne couldn't hold back any longer.

4/5

“Okay, spill it. What’s the deal with you and Chandler? How did you two end up married? Who brought it up?”

Meryl hesitated, recalling that shocking morning. “I think it was him...”

Anne’s expression turned serious.

She thought, “Meryl’s been through a lot with Dalton.

But Chandler’s actually willing to marry her?

That’s... strange.”

But as she thought about it, a sense of satisfaction washed over her.

Chandler’s standing in the Aniston family was unshakeable, and now, Meryl marrying him meant she would become

Dalton’s aunt.

Imagining the family gatherings, where Dalton would have to toast Meryl alongside Lydia, made Anne giddy with excitement.

Anne said, linking her arm through Meryl’s, “Girl, you’ve really hit the jackpot with this one.

Chapter 39 Hit the Jackpot

“Do you have any idea about Chandler and Dalton...”

Before she could finish her thought, the police station door

swung open once more.

Write your comment

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Another toll man strode into the police station, but this one carried a distinct **smell** of alcohol on **him**.

It was Dante.

He must have come straight from the club. Upon spotting Anne, he paused, turning to one of the officers nearby. “I’m here to bail them out. Where do I sign?”

Before the officer could respond, Anne stood up, her demeanor icy. "There's no need for that, Dante. Someone's

already taking care of it. You can go now."

Dante blinked in surprise, a grin spreading across his face. "Someone's bailing you out, and yet you're still sitting here? Come on, Anne, we're married, after all. You pleaded with me, and here I **am**. Why are you being so stubborn?"

Anne felt her eyes welling up. "I didn't plead for help! You can leave anytime you want."

The word "plead" felt insulting. Anne's composure began to crack

Seeing the tension rise between them, Meryl quickly

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2/5

intervened. "Hey, why don't we all just take a breath?"

Dante fell silent, turning to leave the station, where he slumped into the backseat of his car and lit a cigarette.

The designated driver glanced back at him. "Mr. Paltrow, are we leaving?"

Dante exhaled a cloud of smoke, rolling down the window to let it escape.

In the dim light, he caught a glimpse of Anne, her shoulders shaking as she silently cried.

Frustrated, he turned away. "Not yet."

Inside the station, Meryl gently wiped the corner of Anne's eye.

She could tell that Anne still had feelings for Dante; after all, Anne wouldn't be crying the moment he walked in if she didn't.

The two women seemed to be in a standoff.

Meryl decided to cut through the tension. "Look, Anne, Dante showed up pretty quickly. That has to mean something, right? Maybe he still cares."

Anne bit her lip, shaking her head. "We're getting a divorce.

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What's the point of talking about this now?"

3/5

Dante had agreed to the divorce, and all that was left was to sign the papers.

But lately, he hadn't even come home.

Anne had tried to confront him at the clubs Dante frequented,

but he was nowhere to be found.

It was all so confusing.

Meryl couldn't shake the feeling that there was some kind of misunderstanding between Anne and Dante.

She sighed, feeling a pang of sympathy. "I think you should reconsider the divorce. Maybe Dante's avoiding home because he's not ready to let go. If you still have feelings for him, why not try talking it out?"

Anne didn't respond, lost in her thoughts.

Just then, Chandler emerged from the back office.

The three of them stepped outside together.

Dante, having just finished his cigarette, leaned against the hood of his car with a smirk. "Well, well, looks like someone did bail you out. But let's be real—Meryl's the one getting rescued,

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right?"

Anne was speechless.

4/5

As Dante walked to the backseat and yanked the door open, he shot a look at Anne. “Get in. Are you trying to be a third wheel?”

Anne shot Meryl a glance before retorting coldly, “Dante, your mouth is the only thing that’s tough about you.”

With that, she climbed into the car without a second thought.

Dante chuckled mischievously. “Oh really? Just my mouth? You might want to test that theory, Anne.”

At his words, Anne’s face flushed with anger. She shot him a glare and snapped, “You’re unbelievable!”

Dante didn’t respond further, sliding into the car and waving goodbye to Chandler as the driver started the engine.

Outside the police station, only Meryl and Chandler remained.

Meryl hadn’t expected Dante to make a dirty joke in front of everyone, and it left her feeling flustered.

She looked up at Chandler, her cheeks flushed.

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5/5

Chandler, **with** his calm demeanor, gently took her hand. “Your hands are freezing. What’s going on?”

He tucked her hand into his pocket, warming it **with** his own.

Once they got home, Meryl’s first stop was the bathroom, where she hurriedly washed away the bloodstains that had

marred her clothes.

When she finally walked out, it was already 3:30 in the morning.

The room was dimly lit by a single warm lamp. Chandler, dressed in a silk pajama set, leaned against the headboard of

the bed.

The top two buttons were undone, revealing a hint of his alluring collarbone.

Chandler didn't ask about what happened at the bar or why

she was covered in blood.

Instead, he simply patted the empty half of the bed beside him and said, "Come on up."