

Secret Admirer Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 41 – 50

Secret Admirer: Finding True Love After

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Meryl nodded and slid under the covers, sinking into the warmth of her bed.

1/5

Perhaps it was exhaustion that got the better of her; the moment her head hit the pillow, she was out like a light.

Chandler, who had been preparing to lean down towards her, froze mid-motion.

He furrowed his brow and glanced at the nightstand, where a small box—still in its packaging—sat untouched. Then his gaze shifted back to the peacefully sleeping Meryl, caught in a strange silence.

With a resigned sigh, Chandler reluctantly settled onto the bed beside her.

Yet, Meryl's sleeping posture was anything but innocent, As she instinctively nestled into him, his strong frame tensed instantly.

The warmth radiating from her subtle fragrance sent his pulse racing.

She was like a little fox, seductive and oblivious to the chaos

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she stirred within him.

2/5

A wave of heat washed over Chandler, and no amount of deep breaths quelled the rising tide of desire.

In a moment of desperation, he grabbed a cigarette and stepped out onto the balcony for some fresh air, puffing away

one after another.

After a quick phone call, Chandler received a video not long after.

It showed Meryl hitting Dalton at the bar.

He clicked to watch. The clarity was striking; every word they exchanged was crisp and clear.

He thought, "That's one hell of a strike, Meryl. Looks like she's really moved on.

I was worried about how things would be if we ran into Dalton in the future, but now...

I've clearly overthought it."

News of Dalton's hospital visit had spread throughout Kingsdom overnight, and it was the talk of the town.

After all, it was Meryl who used to chase after Dalton and now

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she was the one striking Dalton.

3/5

Adding fuel to the fire, the recent scandal with the press had left everyone guessing.

Dalton's betrayal with Lydia was fresh in everyone's mind, and

Meryl's explosive reaction seemed perfectly justified.

However, the fallout suggested that the engagement between Dalton and Meryl hadn't really been called off; their families were merely saving face after the reports of Dalton getting **cozy** with Lydia hit the headlines.

Lydia's reputation was in tatters

When Meryl awakened, the space beside her was already empty.

She vaguely remembered being wrapped in a warm embrace all night long.

She had always been prone to feeling cold. Chandler had always been like a furnace, radiating warmth that she couldn't help but lean into.

Now, as she was buried under the covers, the memory made her cheeks flush a deep crimson

She mused, "Good lord. Did I really pull that off without

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realizing it? What if he thinks I'm too forward?

4/5

But then again, we are technically married now, so hugging in a bed isn't illegal."

She felt a wave of relief that Chandler was out and about; facing him would have been nerve-racking.

Just then, her phone buzzed to life.

It was Malcolm.

Meryl had almost forgotten she had a father.

As soon as she answered, his voice came through, laced with

frustration.

“Meryl! What on earth were you thinking? Why did you take a swing at Dalton? Don’t you realize he’s part of the Aniston family? You’re just asking for trouble!”

Meryl frowned, her irritation bubbling up. “He’s the one who wouldn’t let go! If he gets punched, he brought it on himself.

I’m not like Lydia, hanging around a guy I’m supposed to be done with!”

Malcolm fell silent, taken aback.

Meryl had never been this audacious with him before, never

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this confrontational.

5/5

Clearly, the engagement drama had pushed her to the edge.

“Listen, Meryl, no matter how much you’re feeling sour about this, Dalton and Lydia’s engagement is none of your concern. That’s a done deal and nothing’s going to change that.”

At this point, he still thought Meryl was just throwing a tantrum to try and win Dalton back.

Meryl scoffed, uninterested in justifying her actions to him.

Malcolm’s tone shifted, layered with a warning. “You need to go to the hospital—apologize to Dalton. Once he’s married to Lydia, we’ll all be one big happy family. Don’t make this uglier than it needs to be.”

B

Chapter 42 Apologize

Meryl retorted, “Why should I apologize to Dalton? I didn’t do anything wrong!”

“You beat him, Meryl! That’s definitely on you. You owe him an apology!” Malcolm’s voice was sharp, frustration dripping from every word.

After everything that had happened recently, Meryl had come to a conclusion: swallowing her pride and staying silent only encouraged those who bullied her to push harder.

She thought to herself, “I’ve been bending over backward for the Stone family all these years, and what did I get in return?

A one-way ticket to jail for my troubles.

How ridiculous is that?

I’ve done nothing wrong from the start. So why should I keep backing down? Why let them walk all over me?

If the Stone family is biased, then I’m done playing the good girl.

In their eyes, no matter how well-behaved I am, the only true ‘good’ girl is Lydia.”

Chapter 42 Apologize

2/5

“Are you sure Dalton wants me to apologize? He got knocked out **by** a woman last night ; now he’s the laughingstock of the whole circle. If I go to him and say sorry, it’s just going to remind him of the humiliation all over again!”

“Meryl, stop making excuses! Don’t make me drag you there myself!”

“If you want me to apologize to Dalton, fine. But only if Lydia apologize to me first.”

Malcolm snapped, “What kind of nonsense is that?!”

Meryl leaned back on the couch, her voice icy. “Come on, it’s been days since that press conference. Are you all pretending it didn’t happen? Lydia slept with my fiancé, and you and Mom always love to play the fair judge, right?”

“So tell me, should Lydia apologize to me or not?”

Malcolm was left speechless.

“And by the way, about last night, even the police ruled it as self-defense. If you have any objections, why not just call the cops and have them arrest me again?”

Malcolm was utterly dumbfounded by Meryl's barrage of questions.

Chapter 42 Apologize

3/5

Finally, in a fit of anger, he hung up the phone.

Barely two minutes later, Bianca called back.

Clearly, Bianca and Malcolm were playing good cop, bad cop.

"Did you really announce you were married in public last night? You can't just say things like that! And where have you been for the last few days?"

Meryl replied, "I really am married. Why do you think I went back to the Stone Villa that morning? I was there to get my ID."

Bianca was momentarily speechless.

"I know what you're thinking. I just picked up some random guy off the street to marry. He's got nothing, not a dime to his name, and he's not even good-looking. I've been living under

a bridge with him for the last few days. Want to come see?"

"Are you trying to drive me crazy?" Bianca's voice was laced

with disbelief.

"It's the truth, Mom! Dalton dumped me, and I've just given up. Isn't that what you and Dad wanted to see?"

Bianca's face turned pale with anger.

Chapter 42 Apologize

"You really are impossible!"

4/5

At that moment, Chandler, who had just turned on the home surveillance to check if Meryl was up yet, raised an eyebrow.

He thought, "Living under a bridge? Now that's a wild imagination."

“Mr. Aniston, the car is ready. Are we heading out now?” Walter knocked lightly on the door.

Chandler closed his laptop. “How many people have already gone to the hospital?”

“Almost the entire Aniston family is there, including Sir Aniston. We’re the only ones who haven’t arrived yet.”

Dalton had bled a bit last night, but his injuries weren’t too severe.

After seeing the doctor, he decided to stay overnight in the hospital’s VIP suite since it was getting late, and he didn’t want to deal with any hassle.

The Aniston family was known for their flair for drama, and they made a grand show of visiting the hospital.

Since they were there, Dalton couldn’t very well downplay his condition, so he just embraced the opportunity to take a

Chapter 42 Apologize

mini-vacation.

5/5

Chandler raised an eyebrow, asking, “What about Lydia? She didn’t go?”

B

Chapter 43 Go to the Hospital

Walter shook his head. “No, she didn’t.”

Chandler raised an eyebrow, his tone laced with meaning. “With all the commotion at the hospital, and considering she’s Dalton’s fiancée, it wouldn’t look right for her to stay away!”

Especially since Dalton’s mother, Charlotte, was also at the hospital.

Charlotte had never thought highly of Lydia, believing Lydia to be unworthy of her son.

But Dalton had publicly acknowledged Lydia as his fiancée right in front of all the reporters.

That was a bold move, a clear challenge to Charlotte's authority.

Dalton had never defied his mother before. This was the first time he had gone against her wishes.

It was easy to imagine the frustration simmering inside. Charlotte.

Now that the entire Aniston family had gathered at the

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2/5

hospital it would be a complete show without Lydia.

Chandler wanted Lydia to understand that entering the Aniston family wasn't a walk in the park. Even if she managed to get in, it would be like living in a hell of her own making.

After all, Meryl had been wrongfully imprisoned for three years because of Lydia's schemes.

Lydia thought marrying into the Aniston family would give her everything she desired, but in reality, it was just the beginning of her suffering.

Walter nodded, catching on to Chandler's intent. "I'll take care

of it."

Meanwhile, Lydia was on edge.

From the moment she stepped into the office that morning, she could feel the weight of judgment in the air.

As she made her way to the break room for coffee, she overheard her colleagues whispering.

"Can you believe it? Lydia seduced her sister's fiancé just to climb the social ladder. What a ruthless move!"

"Who wouldn't want to marry into the Aniston family? It's a goldmine."

Chapter 43 Go to the Hospital

3/5

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or book like a total

That's a recipe for disaster in

"it were Dotton, I'd be cringing of the thought of marrying

ber. Who wants to be the butt of everyone's jokes?"

Lydia's face turned crimson with rage. She slammed the glass cup she was holding onto the floor, shattering it into pieces.

The three gossiping colleagues froze, their faces turning pale as they realized they'd been overheard.

This was the first time Lydia had lost her temper at work.

Not wanting to provoke her further, they quickly excused

themselves, leaving her alone in the break room.

Back in her office, Lydia rubbed her temples, trying to ease the headache forming behind her eyes.

Her assistant came in with a new cup and a fresh brew of coffee, careful not to say a word before slipping out quietly.

Just then, her phone rang.

It was Elias, Dalton's assistant, calling to check if she knew

Chapter 43 Go to the Hospital

4/5

about the incident from last night when Dalton was attacked.

Elias explained, standing in the stairwell of the hospital, “Mr. Dalton Aniston woke up this morning asking why you didn’t come to see him at the hospital. The whole Aniston family is here. He thinks this is a perfect opportunity for you to make an

impression”

Lydia perked up at his words.

She thought, “No matter how ugly the rumors get, no matter how ridiculous they sound, it doesn’t matter.

The most important thing is that I marry into the Aniston family.

Once I’m officially part of it, those people will **think** twice before saying anything.”

She recalled how Dalton had publicly acknowledged her as his fiancée just days ago.

But she knew that in this world, nothing was set in stone.

Meryl had been Dalton’s fiancée for three years, and that hadn’t stopped him from breaking things off.

She murmured, “I need to show my face in front of the Aniston family and have them all recognize me. Only then can we set

Chapter **43** Go to the Hospital

a wedding date.”

5/5

Meanwhile, Meryl was busy preparing breakfast for herself.

She thought, “I’ve got to put on some weight. I need to look good in my clothes.

Being abandoned by family isn’t the end of the world, and breaking up isn’t either. What’s truly terrifying is giving up on

myself.

I need to live better than before, to make those who bullied

me green with envy.

I'm going to reclaim my peak beauty and dazzle everyone when I show up again.

I want them to gasp, to squirm, to feel uncomfortable—that's how I'll know I've won. That's the best revenge."

Just as she finished cleaning up the dishes, her phone rang. **It** was Anne.

"Hey, can you come to the hospital with me?" Anne asked.

Chapter **44** Uncle

Meryl didn't pry any further; instead, she sent Anne her location.

Half an hour later, Anne pulled up, and Meryl hopped into the passenger seat.

"What's with the hospital visit? Are you feeling unwell?" Meryl asked, glancing over at her friend.

Anne nodded slowly, then shook her head as if struggling to find the right words.

After a moment of hesitation, she finally admitted, "Last night, I slept with Dante."

Meryl blinked in surprise. "Wait, aren't you two on the verge of divorce? Is this a reconciliation I'm hearing about?"

Anne wasn't quite sure how things had spiraled into that situation.

When she got home last night, she had laid the divorce papers in front of Dante, ready for him **to** sign **so** she could head to the courthouse and finalize things.

Chapter 44 Uncle

2/6

But Dante had glanced at the papers and suddenly smirked.

“**What’s** that supposed to mean No need to drag this out– Just be a man about it?” Anne had asked, urging him to sign and get it over with.

But Dante just laughed, a wicked glint in his eyes. “Oh, you want me to sign? Ever heard of a ‘breakup hookup’?”

Anne had been taken aback, cursing him in her mind.

She thought, “We’re about to get divorced, yet here he is, wanting to sleep with me?”

The reality hit her hard: Dante really was that kind of guy. He took advantage of her while she slept, leaving her high and dry without signing a thing.

The thought made her blood boil.

In their two years of marriage, they had hardly been intimate, yet now, right before their divorce, he had to have her again.

Just two weeks ago, after a similar encounter, he had smugly declared, “Anne, as long as we’re not officially divorced, you’re still mine. Deal with it.”

That had led to a slap across his face and a standoff between them ever since.

Chapter 44 Unde

4/6

Meryl listened to the whole story her cheeks flushing with embarrassment. So, your reason for going to the hospital is

* had some bleeding this morning, *but* it’s not my period 1 ye need to get it checked out ? Anne replied, her tone shifting to o

more serious note

Meryl nodded, this was definitely something that needed

attention.

The drive to the hospital was a bit lengthy, and to pass the time, Anne tried to make small talk.

“By the way, the news about you hitting Dalton has spread the wildfire, I heard he’s in the hospital now

Anne had worried that Meryl might still harbor feelings for Dalton, but after last night’s incident, it was clear that Mer

had no love lost for him.

Anne continued, glancing at the traffic light ahead, “The entire Aniston family showed up at the hospital early this

morning.

“Your husband, Chandler, is probably there too

Meryl froze for a moment, her mind racing.

Chapter 44 Uncle

“**Chandler** went to see Dalton?”

4/6

Seeing the confusion in **Meryl’s** eyes, Anne realized that Meryl probably didn’t know about the connection between Chandler

and Dalton.

It wasn’t surprising.

Chandler had been elusive, only appearing in the public eye in the past year.

Before that, people knew very little about him.

Moreover, Meryl had spent the previous three years in a remote prison, cut off from the news.

The traffic light turned green, and Anne gently pressed the accelerator. The car started moving down the road.

She whispered, “Chandler is Dalton’s uncle. He never mentioned it to you?”

Meryl’s expression turned to shock,

She thought, “Am I hearing right, or is Anne just messing with me?”

She turned to Anne, swallowing hard. “Are you kidding me?”

Chapter 44 Uncle

Anne replied, her tone serious, “Do I look like I’m joking?”

5/6

“Chandler is indeed Dalton’s uncle—his real uncle. And Galaxy Holdings Group? That’s all Chandler’s.

“Chandler and Dante are close. I’ve had dinner with Chandler before.”

Meryl’s mind was reeling.

She had always thought of Chandler as just another small businessman!

So many questions flooded her mind.

“**If** that’s the case, why on earth would he want to marry me?”

She thought, “It doesn’t add up.

I’ve clung to Dalton for seven long years, yet here is Chandler, marrying a woman who has been with his nephew.

If that gets out, won’t it just make him a laughingstock?

Chandler is a top-tier businessman; surely, he should care about his reputation.

Does he really want to be the butt of jokes?”

Chapter 44 **Uncle**

Anne had thought about this last night, too.

Chandler couldn't possibly be unaware of the complicated history between Meryl and Dalton.

6/6

If he knew and still chose to marry her, the only explanation was...

“Is he really doing this to repay your **life**—saving grace?”

Meryl pressed her lips together in silence.

Besides that, there was another possibility.

Chandler might have feelings for Meryl, feelings strong enough that he was determined to marry her no matter what.

Chapter 45 Ticket to Security

1/5

Meryl quickly dismissed the outrageous thought that had just popped into her head.

Anne's excitement was palpable as they shifted the conversation.

“But hey, Chandler is a real catch!

“Think about it! Once you and Chandler are married, you'll be

Dalton's aunt! Can you imagine a better way **to** get back at him?

“Picture this: every holiday, you and Dalton will run into each

other at the Aniston family gatherings. Dalton and Lydia will have to come over and raise a glass to you, calling you

‘Auntie.’ How deliciously ironic is that?

“Lydia, who’s been scheming for ages to marry into the Aniston family, will be left in the dust. Can you imagine how furious she’d be?”

Anne laughed, clearly enjoying the thought.

“The best part? Chandler is not just some average Joe. He’s the head honcho at Galaxy Holdings Group! You have no idea

Chapter 45 Ticket to Security

how many companies rely on **them** to keep their lights on.

2/5

“Just **think** about your dod. When he finds out you’re marrying **Chandler**, he’ll probably treat you like royalty! I mean, whatever Chandler pulls out of his pocket could easily keep **your dod’s** Celestial Ventures Group afloat for a year.”

Anne was on a roll, her words flowing like a river.

Meryl, however, was busy processing the key points.

She thought, “Chandler’s a golden opportunity, and I need to grab hold of that! If I hold on tight to him, no one will dare

mess with me again!”

No matter if Chandler was marrying her out of gratitude or for some other reason, right now, he was her ticket to security.

Just then, Anne hit her with a question that shifted the mood

entirely.

“So, did you guys... you know, consummate the marriage last night?”

Caught off guard, Meryl froze, her fingers curling tightly.

After a moment’s hesitation, she blushed and replied. “No... we didn’t.”

Chapter 45 Ticket to Security

Anne raised an eyebrow. "So, you didn't even share a bed?"

3/5

Meryl thought back to last night's events, shaking her head. "Not exactly."

"Wait, what? You shared a bed and he didn't touch you?"

Anne's excitement got the best of her, and she accidentally honked the horn, causing a loud blare to echo in the car.

By now, they had arrived at the hospital, but parking was tight, so Anne maneuvered into the underground lot.

"Wow, he really did marry you out of gratitude!" Anne's expression turned serious.

She thought to herself, "Initially, I wondered if Chandler was just attracted to Meryl's looks, willing to risk becoming the laughingstock of Kingsdom by marrying her.

After all, Meryl is a real stunner.

But now that they've shared a bed and he didn't make a move... it raises some serious questions.

Either Chandler has issues in the bedroom, or he's simply not interested in Meryl.

This could be a problem."

Chapter 45 Ticket to Security

Meanwhile, in a VIP hospital room, Dalton lay on the bed, looking a bit pale.

4/5

His injuries weren't too severe—just some stitches in his arm from the blood loss.

But the aftermath of last night's chaos had taken its toll on him. His right arm was heavily bandaged, resting uncomfortably on the bed.

The usually dapper man now looked somewhat disheveled, with dark circles under his eyes, likely from a sleepless night.

He rummaged through his pocket and pulled out an empty cigarette case, tossing it irritably onto the bedside table.

Billy, who had been with him since the incident, quickly reached into his own pocket and produced a fresh cigarette.

He was the one who arranged for Dalton to be taken to the hospital and stayed by Dalton's side all night.

Dalton glanced up at him, saying, "You should head home. I'll be fine,"

Billy had clearly spent a long night at the hospital, his stubble indicating he hadn't had much rest.

Chapter 45 Ticket to Security

He flicked his lighter and lit the cigarette for Dalton.

"All right, just make sure you take it easy. I'll catch you later."

5/5

Just as Billy was about to leave, Elias walked in, followed by a throng of people.

Chapter 46 Blame

1/6

Early in the morning, Charlotte hurried to the hospital after hearing the shocking news that her son had been attacked at a bar the night before.

On her way, she caught up on all the details of the incident, her heart racing with a mix of concern and anger.

For the past few days, Charlotte had been in a standoff with Dalton.

The source of her fury was clear. Dalton had unilaterally decided to change his fiancé from Meryl to Lydia at a press conference without even consulting her.

The idea of Lydia stepping into the role of Dalton's fiancé made Charlotte's skin crawl.

After all, she had reluctantly accepted Meryl—who, at least, had been genuinely devoted to Dalton.

But Lydia? A mysterious figure with an unknown background?

Charlotte viewed her with disdain.

It went beyond the choice of fiancé; Charlotte felt utterly

Chapter 46 Blome

2/6

sidelined as if Dalton no longer considered her opinion worthy of respect.

Charlotte was fuming, ready to give Dalton a piece of her

mind and demand an apology. But instead of Dalton showing up to face the music, she received the shocking news that he

had been attacked.

without hesitation, she rushed to the hospital **to** check on him. However, as word spread, both the second and third branches of the family caught wind of the situation and showed up at

the hospital as well.

Dalton lay in the hospital bed, his brow furrowed as he took in the sudden influx of family.

Charlotte was wearing a grim expression.

“Dalton! What on earth happened? You let yourself get beaten up by a woman? And what about Meryl? Wasn’t

she the one who used to be all **over you**? Now she’s turned

into a monster?” Charlotte’s tone dripped with disbelief **and** frustration.

Dalton merely remained silent, opting to smoke instead.

Images of Meryl, filled with an icy determination as she hurled a bottle at him, flashed through his mind.

Chapter 46 **Blame**

3/6

She had been such a cool presence, but she was also distant as if a wall had gone up between them.

Cameron Portman, Chandler's third brother's wife, chose that

moment to jump into the fray. "Charlotte, let's not forget that it was Dalton who wronged Meryl first. You can't put all the

blame on her."

Cameron had always been at odds with Charlotte, and clearly, she was relishing the chance to take a jab at

Charlotte.

Charlotte shot her a deadly glare, but Cameron, unfazed,

continued, "Just a few days ago, Dalton was caught checking into a hotel with someone else. Can you really blame Meryl for being angry?"

"It's not

like I'm taking sides here; I'm just stating the facts.

"If you're looking for someone to blame, you should look at

your own son's actions. Meryl's not at fault here."

Charlotte felt the heat rising in her chest, directing her gaze toward Cameron. "Are you suggesting my son deserved to get hurt?"

Dalton's sister, Cate Aniston, chimed in, visibly upset, "Of

course not! I'm going to go confront Meryl about this!"

Chapter 46 **Blame**

Just as she turned to storm out, Dalton called out, "**Come**

back!”

4/6

“Dalton?” Cate responded, surprised.

“You want me to make a fool of myself?” Dalton shot back.

Right now, the scandal surrounding his tumultuous relationship with Meryl had already made him a laughing stock in Kingsdom.

With last night’s incident, it was pretty much confirmed that Dalton was caught cheating.

If his family went after Meryl, it would only add fuel to the fire

—turning him from a heartbroken man into a full-blown joke.

Not only did he cheat, but now he was trying to clean up the

mess with his ex.

If Cate really went through with that, it would put Dalton in an

irredeemable situation.

As the tension in the room mounted, Halle Aniston, Chandler’s

second brother’s wife, said, “Dalton, where’s Lydia? Isn’t she concerned about you? You’re in here looking like you got run over by a truck, and she hasn’t even come to check on you?”

At that moment, all eyes turned toward the door.

Chapter 46 Blame

5/6

If anyone had a stake in Dalton’s current predicament, it was certainly Lydia.

Wasn’t it for her sake that Dalton had chosen to ice out

Charlotte?

Wasn’t it the reason he ended up in this sorry state?

Just then, Lydia walked in, holding a bouquet. “Dalton, I came **to** see you... ah!”

But before she could even finish her sentence, Charlotte's hand flew through the air, landing a sharp slap across Lydia's

face.

The flowers crashed to the floor, their petals scattering.

Charlotte's diamond ring cut a crimson streak across Lydia's

skin.

Stunned by the unexpected blow, Lydia barely had time to react before another slap followed, landing with equal force.

"How dare you show your face here!" Charlotte yelled, her voice brimming with rage. "You little vixen! You seduced my

son! Look at the state he's in now!"

Chapter 47 A Flurry of Slaps

1/5

"Not only have you made a fool of him, but you've also driven a wedge between us!

"What are you doing here? Trying to repulse everyone?"

Lydia knew Charlotte had never liked her.

She had always seen Charlotte as the quintessential high-society matron, someone who carried herself with an air of superiority.

Even if Charlotte looked down on her, Lydia thought it would

be nothing more than a frosty reception.

She never

expected Charlotte to lash out physically. Caught completely off guard, Lydia didn't have time to react as Charlotte's hand connected with her face, delivering two

sharp slaps that left her cheeks stinging and swollen.

Charlotte's eyes were bloodshot with rage, her chest heaving

as she glared at Lydia. The sight of her made Charlotte's

blood boil.

She thought, “What makes you think you’re worthy of marrying my son?”

Chapter 47 **A Flurry of Slaps**

Lydia’s manipulative little **games** were transparent to Charlotte.

2/5

She had dealt with countless women like Lydia around her husband before, all of them gold diggers looking to climb the social ladder by snagging a wealthy man.

Charlotte had fought tooth and nail to maintain her status as a high–society wife, keeping her husband, Morton Aniston,

away from women like Lydia for years.

Now, just when things had finally settled down, here came

another opportunist, eyeing her son Dalton.

Charlotte was a force of nature, and she wouldn’t tolerate any nonsense.

The sight of Lydia had been the last straw, making her think of the recent standoff with Dalton over Lydia.

For years, Dalton had always respected her wishes, but this time, he had blindsided her by switching his engagement from Meryl to Lydia without **so** much as a heads–up.

And to make matters worse, she was the last to find out.

The thought of losing her son to this woman made Charlotte’s blood boil.

Chapter **47 A Flurry of Slaps**

3/5

As a fellow woman, she could see through Lydia’s facade. Did Lydia truly love Dalton, or was it just his status she craved?

The calculating glint in Lydia's eyes was a dead giveaway, starkly contrasting with Meryl's genuine affection.

"Gold digger! How dare **you** think you're good enough for my son? You're not even fit to carry his shoes!"

Ignoring the onlookers from the second and third branches of the family, Charlotte lunged at Lydia, unleashing a flurry of slaps.

"You think you can just swoop in and become a princess? Who do you think you are?"

By the **time** anyone could react, Charlotte had Lydia pinned to the floor, raining down blows.

Lydia was utterly unprepared for this onslaught.

She had come here hoping to win over the Aniston family, eager to secure her engagement to Dalton.

With Charlotte being the elder, Lydia didn't dare fight back, and Cate joined in, throwing punches and kicks.

Lydia was in agony, unable to escape the barrage, her mouth

Chapter 47 A Flurry of Slops

gaped as she screamed for **help**,

Dalton's eyelids twitched at the chaos. He sprang from the hospital bed, yanking Charlotte and Cate away from Lydia with all his might.

"Enough! Stop it right now!"

The force of his intervention sent Charlotte stumbling backward, nearly losing her balance.

With Cate's help, she managed to steady herself.

4/5

"Lydia didn't do anything wrong! Mom, calm down! Just look at you—this isn't how you should be acting!"

Charlotte's anger flared at the sight of her son defending Lydia. "You're siding with her?"

Dalton's temples throbbed as he gestured for Lydia to hide behind him. "My injuries have nothing to do with Lydia. I'm the

one who decided to announce the engagement

Lydia's hair was a mess, her cheeks marked with angry red

handprints, and blood trickled from the corner of her mouth

She

looked utterly defeated. Yet in front of the Aniston family, she couldn't afford to cry, fearing it would only make things worse. Instead, she kept her head down, trying to blend into

Chapter 47 A Flurry of Slaps

the background.

5/5

Charlotte's fury turned to bitter laughter. "So you want to protect her, huh? Dalton, do you even see me as your mother

anymore?"

With that, Charlotte lunged at Lydia once more, grabbing a fistful of her hair, intent on dragging her out of the room.

Write your comment

Chapter 48 Here They Came

Dalton was desperate to protect Lydia, but with one arm injured, he found himself at a disadvantage.

To make matters worse, Cate was actively siding with Charlotte, complicating the situation even further. The three women were caught up in their drama, leaving Dalton feeling powerless.

As he watched Lydia being dragged away, he realized he couldn't handle Charlotte directly.

Instead, he turned to his sister. "Cate, what are you doing? Get

Mom off Lydia right now!"

Cate wasn't about to comply.

She had her own grievances against Lydia, especially after the recent chaos surrounding Dalton's engagement, which had made her a laughingstock in school.

"Dalton! Mom's right—Lydia doesn't deserve you!"

The scene was spiraling out of control, with relatives from the second and third branches of the family keeping their distance, worried that they might get caught in the crossfire.

Chapter 48 Here They Came

Just then, **an** elderly **man** in a wheelchair wheeled into the room.

2/6

The sight of the chaos made him drop the cup in his hand, shattering **it** on the floor.

The sound echoed through the room, and the four people in the fray froze, momentarily stunned.

"Dad."

"Grandpa."

"Uncle Chandler, what are you doing here?"

It was Sir Aniston, Dylan Aniston, followed closely by the indifferent Chandler.

Upon seeing the turmoil, Chandler didn't even blink, as if he had expected this all along.

In the midst of the commotion, Dalton felt fresh blood seeping through the bandages on his arm.

Charlotte noticed but pretended **not** to, clearly furious about

Dalton's earlier attempt to shield Lydia.

Dylan's voice boomed. "What on earth is going on here?"

Chapter 48 Here **They** Came

3/6

Making a scene in a hospital? You're just giving people a good **laugh!**"

Even though the VIP ward was relatively quiet on the top floor, it was still a place where more than just the Aniston family could afford to stay.

The ruckus had attracted attention, and curious onlookers had gathered outside, some even filming the chaos on their phones.

Dylan, now in his twilight years, had distanced himself from the family drama, preferring to enjoy his retirement with chess and cards.

Lately, however, whispers of family troubles had reached his

ears, making it impossible for him to ignore them.

He turned to Chandler. "You're the head of the family now. You handle this."

Dylan had already taken a backseat, and now it was Chandler who called the shots in the Aniston family.

Chandler's word was law, and everyone had to toe the line.

Walter promptly brought over a chair for Chandler to sit down.

Chapter 48 Here They **Came**

Chandler's cold gaze swept over the faces in the room. "**Alright**, what happened here?"
*

Cameron, always eager to stir the pot, chimed in.

4/6

"What do you think? It's all Charlotte's doing! She's gone full beast mode on her son's future wife!"

Charlotte snapped, "Future wife? Lydia is nothing! I refuse to accept this!"

Cameron chuckled. "Oh, come on, Charlotte. Your son just held a press conference announcing his engagement to her. You're really going to deny it? Doesn't that just make you look ridiculous?"

Charlotte shot daggers at Lydia, her frustration boiling **over**.

She and Cameron had never seen eye to eye. Over the years, their clashes had always ended, with Cameron gaining no advantage.

But this time, it felt especially infuriating to be mocked by her because of Lydia. It was enough to push Charlotte to the brink!

The discord within the Aniston family was hardly a secret.

Dylan, in his younger years, was quite the charmer, having

Chapter 48 Here They Came

married three different women.

5/6

His first marriage lasted less than five years. After the birth of their eldest son, Morton, Dylan and his first wife parted ways.

A year later, Dylan married his second wife, with whom he had his second son, Patrick Aniston.

But that union didn't last long either. **The** marriage was

a business arrangement, and once the mutual benefits were gone, so was the relationship. They split up with little sentiment.

As for his third child, it was the result of a drunken fling with a dancer of humble origins.

This woman never became a part of the Aniston family proper, making Jacob Aniston Dylan's illegitimate son.

Chandler, the fourth son, was born of Dylan's final legitimate marriage.

With four sons from four different mothers, the complexities within the Aniston family were obvious.

Each branch of the family had its own agenda, maintaining a facade of harmony while plotting behind the scenes.

Charlotte, seething with anger, vowed, "As long as I'm alive,

Chapter **48** Here They Came

that marriage is never happening!"

6/6

Chandler turned to Dalton, his voice stern. "Your mother's against your marriage to Lydia. Do you have anything to say about that?"

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Gifts

Chapter **49** The Curtain Fell

1/5

Dalton **was** at his wit's end. After the ruckus that had unfolded earlier, he hadn't had a moment's peace all night, and now his head was pounding like a drum.

At the heart of the chaos was his engagement to Lydia, a matter that had spiraled dangerously out of control.

Dalton had to admit that he'd underestimated the situation.

Ever since the birthday bash, things had taken a wild turn.

Meryl, who had always been utterly devoted to him, had suddenly suggested breaking off their engagement, and from that moment on, he felt like Dalton was caught in a storm.

What he hadn't anticipated was Lydia getting tangled up in this mess, too.

If it hadn't been for that pesky reporter snapping a picture of them together, things might not have escalated to this level.

Dalton genuinely wanted to marry Lydia, but who wouldn't second-guess their choices after such a public spectacle?

Especially now, as someone held in high regard in Kingsdom,

Chapter 49 The Curtain Fell

he felt like he had become the butt of everyone's jokes.

2/5

Dalton was lost in thought. Lydia's eyes began to glisten with tears.

"It's all my fault..." Lydia murmured, gently tugging at his fingers. Her voice trembled, and two tears slipped down her cheeks, landing softly on the back of his hand.

"I... I'll step back. Just say it was me who seduced you. I'll take the blame; I just want you to be alright."

With that, she released his hand and turned to flee, but her foot caught on a bouquet lying on the floor, and she stumbled.

Instinctively, Dalton reached out to catch her, pulling her into his arms.

Lydia hung her head as if the weight of the world was on her shoulders, and tears streamed down her face.

Dalton's heart ached at the sight.

He thought, "What am I doing?"

"Lydia's the one who's hurting. She's willing to take all the blame for me, and here I am, wallowing in self-pity. As a man, what kind of example am I setting?"

Chapter 49 The Curtain Fell

3/5

Resolved, he turned to Chandler “Uncle Chandler, I want to marry Lydia. Please support us.”

Charlotte’s hand connected with Dalton’s face, the sound echoing in the tense silence.

“Oh, so you’ve grown, have you? You dare defy me for a woman?”

Charlotte was genuinely furious,

No one expected her to lash out at her own son,

The room fell into a heavy silence. Everyone froze in shock.

Just when the tension seemed unbearable, Chandler said, “Charlotte, since Dalton is so determined to marry Lydia, you might as well let them.”

“Why should I?” Charlotte bit back, her voice laced with anger.

Chandler remained calm, his tone measured. “Look at the situation. Even if you refuse, it won’t change a thing. Your son has already gone public with this. He’s willing to bear the consequences for her.

“If you keep pushing against this, you’ll only make the Aniston family the laughingstock of Kingsdom.”

Chapter 49 The Curtain Fell

4/5

Charlotte clenched her fists, unwilling to confront Chandler

directly. Instead, she turned to Dylan. “Dad, aren’t you going **to say** anything? Are you just going to let Dalton run wild?”

Dylan, seated in his wheelchair, looked weary. “I’ve made it clear. Chandler is in charge of the family now.”

With that, he glanced at Harrison Blanchett, the family butler.

“Harrison, take me back.”

Dylan's indifference to the family drama was palpable, and

Chandler seized the moment.

His gaze was cool and unyielding as he addressed Charlotte, "If you want to mitigate the fallout from this mess, you'll have

to accept it. Dalton's already embarrassed himself; if this goes on, the whole Aniston family will be dragged into the mud."

Chandler's words carried a weight of warning, his eyes narrowing slightly, a hint of coldness in his demeanor.

Charlotte, simmering with resentment, shot a glare at Lydia

but couldn't bring herself to say the words that would allow Dalton to marry her.

All she could muster was a bitter "I'm done with this," before storming out.

As the curtain fell, the other relatives quietly slipped away.

5/5

Chapter 49 The Curtain Fell

Lydia's hands trembled, not from fear but from excitement.

Despite the tumult, she had finally stepped into the Aniston family's world!

With a burst of gratitude, she turned to Chandler. "Uncle Chandler, thank you for standing up for me!"

B

Write your comment

Chapter 50 Pregnant

Chandler barely glanced at her, his eyes indifferent. "Stand up for you? I'm just preserving the Aniston family's reputation."

With that, his gaze shifted to Dalton. "**So**, when are you planning to set the wedding date?"

Dalton seemed to be in another world, not even acknowledging the question.

His mind felt empty; he was supposed to be the groom, yet there was no joy in his heart

Instead, he was wrapped in a thick blanket of exhaustion.

Lydia gently tugged at his sleeve. "Dalton, Uncle Chandler is asking you. He wants to know when we should set the date so he can start making arrangements..."

A wave of irritation washed over him. He grabbed a cigarette from his assistant Elias and bit down on it.

"You decide. I need to step outside for some air."

Before Lydia could respond, he was already striding away.

Chapter 50 Pregnant

2/5

If this had been any other day, Lydia would have overthought his attitude, feeling hurt and confused.

But today, with the prospect of marrying into the Aniston.

family, she was floating on cloud nine, too excited to dwell on

Dalton's behavior.

After all, men typically didn't care much for the details of wedding planning, so she understood that.

Worried that time might slip away, Lydia quickly flipped through her phone calendar.

"Uncle Chandler, how about the eighth of next month? It's a good day."

For a family like the Aniston family, with their wealth and

influence, a month should be more than enough time to pull off a wedding.

The hospital was bustling with activity as Meryl accompanied Anne to the gynecologist.

When they stepped out, Anne's face was pale.

“What’s wrong? What did the doctor say?” Meryl asked.

Anne frowned, her expression serious. “The doctor said I’m pregnant—less than a month along.”

Chapter 50 Pregnant

Meryl was taken aback.

3/5

Anne’s frustration bubbled over as she crouched in the

hallway, cradling her head in her hands. “I’m about to divorce. Dante, and now I find out I’m pregnant? This is a joke, right?”

In two years of marriage, Dante had barely slept with her.

Now, just as she was ready to sever ties, she discovered she was carrying his child.

Meryl said softly, “I think this baby could be a turning point. Maybe it could help mend things between you and Dante.”

Anne’s eyes glistened with unshed tears. “But he has someone else in his heart. Can a child born into such a situation really be happy. Using a child to tie a man down—can that kind of relationship last?”

Meryl fell silent, weighing Anne’s words carefully.

After a long pause, she said, “So, what about the baby...”

Anne replied, rising to her feet, “I’m not keeping it. I’m going to book an appointment for the procedure. I want it done ASAP!”

Meryl’s eyes widened in shock. “You’re not even going to tell Dante?”

Chapter 50 Pregnant

Anne hesitated, her resolve wavering.

4/5

“Come on, he’s still the father. Don’t you think he deserves to

know?”

Meryl understood Anne still had feelings for Dante and didn't want her to make a rash decision she might regret later.

“Even if you decide to terminate the pregnancy, you shouldn't bear this burden alone while he acts like it's none of his business.

“Are you really okay with this? You're getting rid of the child to make way for them, and he doesn't even know about the kid's existence? How can things be this unfair?”

“In the end, you'll be the one hurting—physically and emotionally. Anne, are you really going to do this?”

“What about the two years you wasted on him?”

“And he has someone else but still sleeps with you? That doesn't mean he's truly committed to her.”

Anne blinked rapidly, her thoughts swirling. Meryl's words had only made her more confused.

“What should I do now?” Anne asked.

Chapter 50 Pregnant

Meryl replied, “First, go back today. **Find** a chance **to tell** Dante about the pregnancy.

5/5

“If he's on board with you terminating the pregnancy, then he needs to handle everything: the examination, the procedure,

and the recovery. That's his responsibility as a man.

“Otherwise, is he just going to have his fun and walk away

without a care? Who does he think he is?

“You have to make sure he never forgets that he once had a child, and that it’s gone because of him. He should live with that guilt for the rest of his life, always regretting his actions!”

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