

## Kendalls 201

### Chapter 201

After a while, he said, "Kendall, Nelson is not your biological brother."

"He is not my real brother, but we have been siblings for more than twenty years. Even if there is no blood relationship between us, we are still siblings. In my heart, he will forever be my big brother."

Dylan did not speak again.

Kendall was not stupid and had now come back to her senses. She looked at him in frustration and amusement, then recklessly pinched his handsome face twice and said, "Dylan, I think you should change your surname. Just call yourself Dylan Jealousy. Come on, that's my brother; what's wrong with him holding my hand? He is only a few years older than me. When I was a child, he helped me change my diapers, bathed me, and took me to sleep. Every time we went out to play, he would carry me behind his back."

Dylan suddenly pulled her into his arms, turned over, and pressed her onto the car seat. His heavy body pressed against her, then he grabbed her two hands and pressed them on either side of her head.

He said coldly, "Kendall, I don't care how you two got along in the past. Now, he is no longer your brother. I just don't like him holding your hand, and I don't like you being too close to him! Even if you are siblings, you shouldn't be too close to him when you grow up. Anyway, I just don't like seeing you have physical contact with him!"

Kendall wanted to say a few words, but Dylan's thin lips accosted her red ones and swallowed

everything she wanted to say.

After the kiss, Dylan's hot lips and tongue were still rubbing against her earlobe, and his low, hoarse voice that suppressed his desire sounded. "Kendall, promise me this. Keep a distance from Nelson, and you two must remain siblings."

He knew that the way Nelson looked at Kendall was wrong. He was also a man, so he could see that Nelson's feelings for Kendall were not purely platonic.

In other words, only this girl foolishly still regarded Nelson as her brother.

She always said that he was a magnet that attracted too many women and caused her to have a lot of love rivals.

However, she was the same—he had plenty of love rivals as well.

Jackson didn't give up on her, whereas Frank still had an interest in her. Now, Nelson had come into the picture.

In the future, she would bloom beautifully and attract the attention of more men.

Therefore, he had to continue with rehabilitation as soon as possible and be able to stand up quickly. With him standing by her side, he could get rid of all the men so that they would not appear in front of her again.

"Kendall."

"Dylan, I promise you."

Being persuaded by his low-pitched voice and seductive words, Kendall, who was obsessed with him, agreed instantly.

"Good girl."

His lips moved back to hers, and he said in a low voice, "I'll reward you!"

Then, there came another lingering deep kiss.

Kendall was spellbound by his kiss to the point that she lost herself in it.

She finally came back to her senses and remembered that they were still in the car—the driver and Ronnie were still sitting in front. Kendall blushed with embarrassment, and she secretly pinched him a few times.

The driver and Ronnie didn't look back, and they both wore earplugs. She didn't know whether they were listening to music or if they refused to listen to the young couple's sweet talk.

For those who had been with Dylan for a long time, they knew that the better the relationship between the young couple, the happier the staff would be. When he was in a good mood, their life would be better.

"Hey, are we going the wrong way?"

After being rid of the demonstrative temptation of her husband, Kendall suddenly realized that they were not returning to Coleman Mansion. She was also very familiar with this road because it led to Parker Residence.

Dylan smiled softly. "Don't you want to go back to your parents' house? After going to the hospital to see Mrs. Woods, I'll accompany you back to Parker Residence to see your other mother, and stay there for dinner too."

Without Kendall's knowledge, he had called Charlotte and told her that he and his wife were coming over for dinner tonight.

When Charlotte received the call, she was ecstatic, and she repeatedly said that she would personally cook a lot of dishes.

"Really?"

Kendall was surprised and felt moved since Dylan was doing it for her.

"When have I ever lied to you?"

"You have! My marriage certificate is in your hands, but you lied to me and said it wasn't with you. You also blame me for losing my marriage certificate even though I'm all grown up."

Dylan was speechless. How could she expose me like that?

Seeing his flabbergasted look, Kendall threw herself into his arms with a smile, raised her hands to

hold his face, then said something from her heart, "Dylan, you are so handsome and so kind to me. Teach me how not to love you."

He was kind to her, as well as attentive and considerate. She was madly in love.

"Do you really love me?"

Kendall looked at him warily, wondering what he was trying to do.

She had always fallen into his traps, so she was pretty afraid of his sudden question.

"Hubby, what do you want?"

"I don't want anything. Do you still want to be punished with writing lines? If you don't want to do that, you can change your method. It's also a chance for you to perform."

Kendall just looked at him and waited for him to continue. She did not dare to agree to him casually because she was afraid of his traps.

"Just send me a recording saying 'Hubby, I love you' a hundred times."

Ronnie and the driver couldn't help but snicker when they heard Dylan's words. Ronnie even felt sympathy for Kendall, who was destined to be bullied by Dylan considering her pure heart.

"Is it that simple?"

"Yeah."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

"Once I record the audio, I don't have to hand in the lines?"

"No."

Kendall gave Dylan a high-five, then said with a smile, "Deal!"

Just saying the words 'Hubby, I love you' a hundred times was better and easier than writing lines.

Kendall, who believed that she had gotten off easy, was delighted. Seeing how she was secretly elated, Dylan also laughed as his smile deepened.

Ten minutes later, Dylan's car drove into Parker Residence.

After getting out of the car, Kendall saw the new car that was still parked in the yard.

She circled the vehicle and touched it. She couldn't touch the steering wheel anymore, or else her husband would tear her apart.

When she saw the new car, she could only touch the body and circle around it, imagining what it would be like to drive this sweet ride.

"You're here, Dylan. Hurry up and come in—it's hot outside."

Charlotte was wearing an apron, but she came out in person. When she saw her son-in-law, she smiled even more and walked into the house while gesturing to Dylan.

Dylan let his beloved wife circle the new car while he followed Charlotte into the house with the bodyguards.

After Kendall finished touching the car, she turned her head and said, "Dylan, this new car that my mother bought... Where's Dylan?"

Seeing another servant standing not far away, Kendall asked, "Where's Dylan? Did they all go in?"

The servant smiled and said, "Mrs. Parker brought Master Dylan in."

Kendall muttered, "Mom didn't even call me when she saw me. With a son-in-law like that, even her daughter has to stand aside!"

Chapter 202

The mother-in-law did gaze at her son-in-law, and the longer she gazed, the happier she became. Even her own daughter had to take a step back.

"Miss Kendall is only interested in your new car, Mrs. Parker," the servant smiled.

This meant that Charlotte would be ignored when Kendall, the daughter, saw the new car. As a result, Charlotte did the same to her daughter.

Kendall elaborated, "Well, I'm just taking a look at the new car. By the way, when did my mother buy a new car?"

Kendall was so envious because she secretly planned to purchase a car worth more than 100,000, but her mother threatened to reveal her plans to Dylan. However, since her mother had bought a car worth more than a million, there would be no harm for Kendall to purchase one.

"This was not purchased by Mrs. Parker; rather, it was given to her by Master Dylan."

The servant only knew that Dylan had sent the car over in the morning, but she had no idea it was for compensation.

Kendall then proceeded to the main house.

After entering the room, she saw Dylan already seated at the dining table while even Ronnie and other bodyguards were at the other end of the table.

It wasn't because Charlotte wanted to split the table, but because they were used to the rules of the Colemans and didn't dare to sit at the same table as Dylan.

Kendall, who looked annoyed, came over, pulled the chair next to Dylan with a big movement and sat down. She then locked her gaze on him with her hand on her chin.

Dylan appeared to be at ease because Kendall's gaze indicated that he was very attractive.

After a while, Charlotte and the two servants delivered the prepared meals.

Charlotte placed the dish and patted Kendall when she noticed her expression. When Kendall looked at her, she softly said, "Kendall, hurry up and wash your hands. It's time to eat, so please assist me in serving the food."

Dylan was the guest whereas Kendall was not.

"Mother, please take a seat. I'll leave the dishes to Ronnie and the others."

Following Dylan's instructions, Ronnie and the other bodyguards stood up in unison, walked into the kitchen in order, and served the dishes one by one.

Charlotte didn't show preferential treatment, so the dishes prepared on both tables were identical.

Dylan's bodyguards were also well-treated because they had distinct characteristics that earned Dylan's trust while serving alongside him.

Throughout the meal, she did not dare to serve Dylan food; instead, she kept asking him to eat more.

Despite the fact that Kendall was her daughter, Charlotte never refilled her bowl.

Kendall, on the other hand, was completely silent as she ate.

At this moment, Dylan placed a piece of fried cod, her favorite dish, into her bowl. "Mother did it all by herself, so it must be delectable. Eat more."

Kendall didn't look at him or thank him; she simply picked up the fish and ate it.

Seeing this, Charlotte frowned at Kendall and scolded her, "Kendall, what's the matter with you? Who offended you that you were enraged when you walked in? Don't bring your rage to the table, even if someone has offended you. It's your problem if you don't want to eat; don't ruin my son-in-law's appetite."

"Dylan gave Mommy a new car and now you're siding with him."

Her words were bitter.

Charlotte anticipated Kendall's envy when she saw the new car. She wanted to tap Kendall on her forehead, but she couldn't stand up because she was sitting across from the young couple, so she glared at Kendall and asked, "Do you want to discuss the car right now?"



"I can't even touch the steering wheel," Kendall grumbled, looking at Dylan beside her, "and he gave you a new car to please his mother-in-law."

"If you want to get your hands on the steering wheel, you can sit in my car for the entire night and touch it for as long as you like."

"Dylan..."

"Eat more, and when you're full, you'll have the strength to touch the steering wheel all night," Dylan said as he placed some vegetables in her bowl.

Charlotte wanted to burst out laughing when she saw Kendall was speechless. Dylan was indeed very powerful, as evidenced by his ability to easily shut Kendall's mouth.

"I thought you were flying a plane every time I saw you driving. You might be able to fly the car like a plane if it has wings! When did you say you wouldn't race? You sped again today, excluding previous times."

"I... I thought the road was designed to be spacious and calm, and the traffic flow was light, so I wanted to press the accelerator harder. However, I did not anticipate losing control of my strength and speed..." Kendall explained.

Under Dylan's piercing gaze, she fell silent.

"Kendall, Master Dylan didn't give me the car, and it's actually a compensation for me on your behalf. Didn't you damage the front end of my car by crashing it into the road curb? My car is being repaired and has not yet been returned, so Master Dylan sent me a car as compensation," Charlotte elaborated, lest Kendall remained grumpy. "Master Dylan is doing this for your own good. Would he treat you this way if you aren't so presumptuous?"

Kendall was taken aback.

Dylan, she assumed, had sent her mother a new car in order to please his mother-in-law. Despite this, she felt a sense of sweetness in her heart. For someone like Dylan, eagerness to please others showed how much he valued the other person.

It was out of Kendall's expectation that Dylan would compensate her mother for a new car on her behalf.

This was him cleaning up the mess she had made.

Kendall was moved by Dylan's act but also ashamed of her own actions.

Dylan would never explain something clearly before doing it, and he was notorious for catching people off guard. Kendall was obviously taken aback and moved.

"Thank you very much, Dylan."

"Eat up."

Kendall hummed quietly before eating, after which she began putting food in Dylan's bowl.

Charlotte, who was watching the couple interact, could sense their happiness.

Dylan and Kendall lingered at the Parker Residence after the meal and were ready to leave around 8.00PM.

Before they left, Charlotte took Kendall aside and warned her in hushed tones. It was nothing more than a wake-up call and reminder of her marriage to Master Dylan. This was the path Kendall chose as well.

"I get it, Mommy."

"Master Dylan treats you well, so you must cherish him. Even though... you were already aware of it and prepared for it. In fact, as long as you both don't mind, you can be happy for the rest of your life," Charlotte said.

"I understand, Mommy. By the way, Mommy, I might not return the next time. Tomorrow night, I'll begin etiquette classes at the etiquette school."

She would be extremely busy, working during the day and recharging herself at night.

"Learning proper etiquette? Is this what Master Dylan is saying? Is he under the impression that you don't understand proper etiquette?"

Charlotte taught her daughter proper etiquette after Kendall was criticized. Nonetheless, under normal circumstances, Kendall's words and actions would not be considered heinous.

As Charlotte thought of the Coleman Family and Dylan's identity, she realized Kendall might not be able to carry the weight of being the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family.

"It's not that he dislikes it. Rather, I believe I should learn it as well. Anyway, everything I learned is mine, so I'll head to class at night to recharge myself."

Kendall had assumed Dylan disliked her at first, but she was now convinced otherwise.

She noticed a shift in his attitude toward her.

Charlotte hummed in agreement with Kendall upon hearing her words. "Then, you must pay close attention to your health. You don't need to work too hard because we have enough food and clothing."

Chapter 203

Finally, Charlotte asked her daughter quietly, "You have not received your salary yet, so do you have any money? I will transfer some money to your account tomorrow. Don't be too hard on yourself and just buy whatever you desire. Don't always think about yourself. Now that you are not only Kendall, but also Master Dylan's wife, you should cast some thoughts on him as well."

Many newlyweds had not yet acclimated to their new role as wives and Charlotte used to act in a similar manner. She was only thinking about herself and not about her partner. It took some time for her to adjust to her new role as a wife.

"I'm not short of money, Mommy. You previously gave me a significant sum of money. Dylan also provided me with pocket money, which is 150,000 daily. It's administered three times per day, and I'll receive five thousand each time."

Charlotte was rendered speechless. Wow! My son-in-law is wealthy!

"I'll keep giving Dylan gifts every day until he's sick of it. Don't be concerned, Mommy."

Dylan, on the other hand, had keen ears and could hear their conversation clearly, even though Charlotte and Kendall were speaking softly.

He was overjoyed when he learned that his beloved wife had promised to give him gifts every day.

Those little gifts were only meant to entice him...

"You are a sensible child, so I'm relieved. Now, hurry up and go home with Master Dylan. If you are extremely busy in the future, you are welcome to come over on the weekend."

Charlotte was happy that her daughter was willing to enrich herself and prepare to take over the Parker Corporation.

The young couple left the Parker Residence at Charlotte's urging.

When they returned to the Colemans, it was already 9.00PM.

"My car is parked in my yard, and Miss Kendall intends to sleep in it tonight while holding the steering wheel."

"Dylan, are you serious?" Kendall was shocked.

"I never make jokes. You mentioned that you couldn't even touch the steering wheel. I'll satisfy you and let you hold it for as long as you want, so don't give me an attitude next time," Dylan said as he pinched her cheek. "No one has ever shown me an attitude. You are the first, Kendall."

Kendall took his hand in hers and embraced him, saying sweetly, "Dylan, you have made numerous exceptions for me. "Being so thoughtful to me will spoil me. A spoiled brat will climb the roof and rip the tiles."

As she rolled into his arms, his heart softened as her body was soft and warm.

However, his handsome face remained solemn. "Would you like me to build you a tile house so you can go there and uncover the tiles?"

"There is no need." Kendall's naughty hand caressed his face greedily and added, "It's not an exaggeration to say you're drop-dead gorgeous, Dylan. You are, thankfully, a man. I'd have to dig a hole in the ground if you were a woman because I'm so unattractive."

Dylan poked her forehead lightly and answered, "You said that I'm a man, so don't use words that are used to describe women to describe me."

"I adore my husband, who is like an immortal character."

"I really can't do anything to you. Okay, I'm not going to argue with you this time. If you dare to complain about me again, I'll let you sleep with the steering wheel so you can dream about them," he said, helpless.

Kendall playfully stuck out her tongue when she heard that.

As if he'd do something like that.

She eventually got away with it.

Dylan had to do rehabilitation even though it was past 9:00PM and was obviously accompanied by Kendall. She was well aware that the only reason why he insisted on doing rehab in this manner was because of her.

She worked hard not only to exact revenge on Kelly and Jackson, but also to prove herself worthy of Dylan.

The young couple was working hard for each other.

...

Two people were turning and tossing in the familiar large room.

Dylan was drenched in sweat and struggling for breath.

Kendall was startled awake by his gasping voice.

"Dylan?" Kendall called out.

She received no response and could only hear him gasping for air.

Then, Kendall sat up and switched on the bedside lamp. When she looked at Dylan's face, she noticed that his forehead was sweaty and that he was red in the cheeks while profusely perspiring.

Is he sick? She reached out and touched his brow, which was not hot. "Dylan, what's the matter with you?"

Kendall patted his face quickly, concerned that he was sick. Who could have predicted that he'd suddenly grab her waist with both hands, roll her over, and press down on her? He began kissing her, and with one hand, he tugged at her nightgown, anxiously and haphazardly.

She was taken aback and rendered speechless.

His reaction seemed like he was given an aphrodisiac. Who, however, will dare to drug him, especially

in the dead of night?

The only possibility was that he was dreaming.

Dylan was making out with some woman in his dreams.

He couldn't even do that, so wasn't having this type of dream torturous for him?

Kendall realized what he was doing and stopped him by pushing him before pinching his face hard.

Dylan was in pain and abruptly awoke from his hazy dream.

When he opened his eyes, he noticed Kendall beneath him, her nightgown slightly ripped.

Dylan was startled and quickly turned over, not waiting for Kendall to speak. However, his movements were too large and hasty, and he thudded out of bed, slamming his face on the floor.

The floor might be exclaiming, "What a privilege! Please refrain from mopping the floor for a month!"

Kendall sat up abruptly, torn between crying and laughing at his embarrassed expression.

She desperately wanted to laugh, but she couldn't bring herself to do so.

She was afraid that if she laughed, she wouldn't be able to see the sun again the next day.

Dylan stood up and walked out of the room without looking at her.

"Dylan..."

Bang!

In response to her, the door slammed loudly.

"Actually, Dylan, I wanted to tell you that you can now walk on your own!" Kendall spoke after a brief pause.

This was the result of his consistent rehabilitation.

Dylan sat quietly on the ground after leaving the room without her noticing. He touched his body, realizing he was still in his pajamas and hadn't brought his phone.

Fortunately, everyone here was sleeping lightly, so any movement would be noticed.

Amos was the first to show up.

When Amos noticed Dylan sitting at the door of the room, he hurried over to ask, "Young Master Dylan, what's the matter?"

"Could you please push my wheelchair over?" Dylan gave a quiet instruction.

He had multiple wheelchairs, and he didn't want to go into the room and push one of them out right now.



"Young Master Dylan, please allow me to help you up first."

Amos was assisting Dylan when Ronnie heard the noise. After seeing this, he quickly pushed a wheelchair over.

Dylan settled into his wheelchair and said to Amos, "Amos, take me to the study room. Ronnie, you're free to go. I'm perfectly fine."

"Okay."

Amos hurriedly pushed Dylan to the elevator, then into the study room on the second floor.

"Did you dream about it again, Young Master Dylan?"

Dylan's forehead was still dripping with sweat, and his handsome face was flushed. Amos could tell he was engrossed in that dream again.

Chapter 204

Dylan maneuvered his wheelchair to the front of the desk. He stood up and walked around the desk before sitting down. He took a deep breath and wiped the sweat from his forehead with a tissue.

Amos poured him a glass of warm water.

Dylan sipped the cup of water several times.

"Young Master Dylan, why is this happening this time?" Amos inquired, concerned.

Dylan didn't say anything because he was embarrassed.

He remained silent while holding the cup. Amos could only look at him with concern because he knew Dylan's heart was still in shambles.

"Amos, I'm fine," Dylan responded after a while. "Please get some rest."

"Why don't we see a sorceress, Young Master Dylan? Could you be haunted by unwanted spirits?"

Dylan raised his head and locked his gaze on Amos. As a result, Amos was taken aback and forced himself to calmly explain, "You have such dreams, which are torturous for you. Although this is superstitious, it can be useful at times."

"Some things are beyond scientific explanation. You've been tortured for a long time. It makes me sad to see you in a bad mood. Even if you want to scold me, I have to say it." Amos felt terrible for Dylan.

Dylan's sleep had been severely disrupted since that dream began.

He had to deal with official matters during the day and had trouble sleeping at night. If this continued, he would be unable to cope even if he was made of steel.

"I was never a believer in ghosts or gods. Amos, don't come back to the Coleman Residence if you dare to go to the so-called sorceress," Dylan said coldly.

"Young Master Dylan."

Dylan raised his hand, interrupted Amos' speech, and insisted softly, "Go and rest."

Amos was powerless and had no choice but to leave the study room quietly.

After Amos had left, Dylan leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. Some long while later, he sat up straight, opened the drawer, and took out the painting.

"Who exactly are you? I don't have any romantic debts and only care about my wife. Why are you tying me up?" Dylan muttered something.

When he thought of Kendall, he immediately remembered the scene earlier.

He ripped her nightgown, exposing some of her snow-white skin. Despite his confusion at the time, he felt very familiar in retrospect. He couldn't tell the difference between Kendall and the woman in his dream.

He suspected Kendall was the woman he dreamed of.

However, he didn't know Kendall at the time he began having this dream.

Dylan ruffled his hair angrily. If that woman existed in reality, he would have to drag her out and tear her apart to keep her from interfering with his sleep.

It was a shame he had made out with her in his dreams for so many nights. In his dream, he desired that body. He couldn't find her because he didn't recognize her.

Knock, knock.

"Get lost!" Dylan assumed it was Amos and reprimanded him harshly.

Kendall stood at the study room door, and when she heard him coldly scolding her to leave, she remained silent for a moment before exclaiming, "Dylan, it's me."

In a panic, Dylan, who was in the study room, tossed the portrait with no facial features away, not wanting Kendall to know that he had cheated in his dream.

He had only her in his heart at the time, and he would always love her.

Kendall might look soft and loved to laugh. She was, in fact, a self-sufficient glutton. If Dylan dared to cheat, she would not even fight with others; she would simply let him go and turn around and leave him.

She would never share Dylan with other women.

"Are you okay, Dylan? Can you let me in?"

Kendall's worried words could be heard through the door.

Dylan carefully concealed the portrait, then pretended nothing had happened and replied, "The door is unlocked, so come in by yourself."

As a result, she twisted the doorknob and discovered that the door was indeed unlocked.

She pushed open the door.

His study was spacious with several large bookcases. She didn't approach the bookcases because she didn't know what kind of books they were.

Apart from the prominent large bookcases, the walls were adorned with calligraphy and paintings. Kendall looked at a nearby painting and discovered it was a painting by a well-known modern artist with an auction price in the tens of millions of dollars. Dylan had numerous valuable paintings hung on the wall, clearly displaying his wealth.

There was plenty of furniture in the room as well. Furthermore, there was a lounge where he could unwind after a long day of reading.

The study room was not at all crowded, despite having several large bookcases and a lot of furniture.

Kendall couldn't stop picturing a swinging hanging chair in front of the window, a small coffee table next to it, and brewing a cup of tea while cuddling a cat. She could curl up in the swinging chair with a cup of

tea and a book. When she was tired, she could gaze out the window at the beautiful scenery. Just thinking about it made her feel better.

"Dylan, are you okay?" She approached Dylan's desk, paused, and inquired.

He raised his head to meet her gaze and noticed her concern for him in her eyes.

Furthermore, her eyes were free of impurities, and she probably did not dwell on the scene just now.

Dylan averted his gaze and said softly, "It's nothing more than a nightmare. I'll be fine once I wake up."

A nightmare? Kendall let out a hearty snort. Who is going to believe it's a nightmare?

However, she didn't call him out on his lies.

She couldn't understand what kind of torture he was still subjected to in such a dream, but seeing him like that was difficult right now.

"I apologize for what happened earlier. You must've been startled," Dylan apologized softly.

"Dylan, we are husband and wife, and if it weren't for you... I might have a little Dylan in my stomach," Kendall smiled.

Dylan was silent before he clarified, "Do you want kids?"

Kendall suddenly remembered her daughter from a previous life, her eyes swayed, and she quietly said, "I can't protect her..."

In this life, they would never be mother and daughter.

Dylan stared at her quietly, unsure what she was thinking.

When Kendall was pulled away from her memories of her previous life, she smiled at Dylan and said, "Dylan, it's not dawn yet. I'll get you to bed so you can rest."

Kendall assumed he agreed because he didn't say anything. She then walked around the desk to his side and assisted him in getting up.

"If you don't think wildly, you won't have those wild dreams," she advised Dylan as she led him into the study lounge.

"So, do you think about Frank often?" Dylan's inquiry left her speechless.

She had told him about his dream. In the dream, she was in a relationship with Frank, and they had a daughter... All of this happened in her previous life, and she had no idea Frank had a child until she died.

Frank was tortured by a dream in this life, and she realized that the baby's father was Frank. He would have such a dream, most likely as a result of God's arrangement.

After discovering in her previous life that the baby was not Jackson's, she was curious as to who the father of her baby was.

Chapter 205

"Dylan, my heart will only be thinking of you in this lifetime." Kendall was worried that he would get jealous, so she quickly made her feelings known.

In response, Dylan snorted coldly, "You haven't finished talking about your dream, but you didn't mention a word about me. I must not have been in your dreams, huh?"

"You were. You helped me during my most desperate and disheartening moment. You provided help and let me experience the existence of kindness in this world.

"So, that's why after you regained consciousness, you went after me persistently and insisted on marrying me."

She had married him to repay his kindness.

Kendall wrapped her arms around his neck and spoke tenderly, "Dylan, despite my initial motives, right now, I'm very sincere and I've really fallen for you."

He sat by the side of the bed and as he leaned backward, he fell back.

Startled, she thought that she was too heavy for him and the weight of her had pushed him backward.

As he fell backward, he naturally steered her along with him and they fell into a lying down position. She remained atop of him. Their current position was quite compromising.

"Kendall." Dylan's expression was dark and his voice had turned hoarse. Kendall somehow felt that he seemed slightly different at the moment and as she met his darkened eyes, she felt as if she was lost inside and was nearly engulfed by them.

"Promise me that you'll never leave me."

"Dylan, from the moment I married you, I made the decision to spend the rest of my life with you. As long as you don't kick me out, I will never leave you."

He had one arm wrapped around her waist while the other hand traveled to the back of her head. Subsequently, he exerted force and pulled her close to him. His thin lips moved slightly and he accurately accosted her on her red lips.

It felt as if time had stilled and finally, Dylan ended the passionate kiss before removing Kendall from her position atop him. He shifted her position and hugged her from the side as he spoke gently, "Keep me company and let's sleep."

"Okay."

At the moment, she was quite soft and gentle. He was so tempted to take her then, but his legs weren't back to normal yet so he decided to be patient for a bit longer.

"Dylan."

Dylan didn't respond at all.

"Darling," Kendall changed the way she addressed him.

This arrogant man actually liked the endearment 'darling' but in the past, he had forbidden her from addressing him this way as most of the time he had a high self-esteem that didn't allow him to have a change of mind. As such, he would choose to ignore her when she addressed him by his first name and he would have a change in attitude once she addressed him by the endearment.

"Yeah?" Indeed, Dylan responded then.

"You walked out of the room by yourself earlier on." Kendall was full of excitement as she spoke, "You've improved tremendously and this is all the outcome of your persistence and effort put in during physiotherapy. As long as you keep this up, then I believe you'll be able to walk just like any normal person quite soon after this."

He was also influenced by her exuberance and he revealed a smile on his handsome face as he spoke, "Once I've regained normalcy, I'll give you a huge present, Kendall."

"Is that true?" she asked happily, "What sort of present is it?"

"Well, let's just say it'll be a great gift."

"Is it worth a lot?"



Dylan couldn't help chuckling. "Don't behave so greedily. I've provided you with plenty of pocket money, but I haven't seen you spending on anything at all."

He paused and added, "The present from me will definitely be worth a lot. It would be worth tens of billions."

Kendall was delighted at the sound of that and she rolled over before clambering up. She spoke in a joyful tone, "Does that mean I'll become the richest woman in Orapolis?"

"Yes."

"That means I'll have to supervise and make sure that you undergo physiotherapy every day. My aim is to get you back to normal within three months." As such, she would then become the richest woman in Orapolis.

"I'll try my best to cooperate."

Kendall was gleeful and she lay down by his side once again as she reached out to hug him. She placated him as if he was a child, "Darling, quickly sleep. Once you've taken a good rest, you can start your physiotherapy properly after that. I'm anxious to become the richest woman in Orapolis. Haha. I would be extremely happy even in my dreams."

At that moment, Dylan was tickled by her behavior.

They continued to tease each other before embracing each other and going to sleep. This time, he slept really well.

The next morning, Dylan was in great spirits and Amos was very surprised by that. Once Amos realized that Kendall had gone into the study room and spent the night with Dylan in the room, Amos was significantly caught aback.

Dylan's study room was off-limits and even Alice tended to steer clear of the study room too.

Kendall was the only female who could enter Dylan's study room and even spend the night there. It seemed that she had a very important position in Dylan's heart that no one could influence.

At that moment, Amos was even more respectful of Kendall.

As usual, Kendall kept Dylan company and ate breakfast with him. After that, she presented him with the gift she had prepared and the voice recording she'd recorded the night before where she'd recited, 'Darling, I love you' a hundred times.

She sent that to his cell phone and then she left the gazebo to get ready to leave for work.

"Young Mistress Kendall," Just as Kendall was about to enter her car, suddenly, Vivian's familiar voice rang out.

Kendall stopped what she was doing and turned to look at Vivian, who was headed Kendall's way.

"Good morning, Vivian. Does Old Madam Coleman want to see me?" It's so early in the morning and yet Old Madam Coleman has summoned me over. Isn't she concerned that the rest of her day will be ruined?

Previously, Old Madam Coleman had instructed Vivian to transcribe the Coleman family rules, but was angered by Dylan overruling it.

Vivian smiled and replied, "Mrs. Coleman arrived home earlier in the morning, so she invited you over for some tea."

At that moment, Kendall blinked. Emily's back? Dylan didn't mention anything to me. Perhaps he has no idea that she's back?

She glanced at the time and before she could respond, Vivian spoke up. "Young Mistress Kendall, don't worry about being late for work. Mrs. Coleman has given President Parker a call and arranged for an indefinite time off for you."

Kendall frowned upon hearing that. Emily had purposely flaunted in front of Kendall that she was the boss as soon as she returned and directly asked for an indefinite time off from Kendall's father. In a way, this was indirectly telling Kendall to stop working.

"Young Mistress Kendall, let's go over to the main house right now to see Mrs. Coleman. The rest of the mistresses of the family are there too, so you shouldn't let the elders wait for too long."

At that point, it finally dawned upon Kendall. The mistresses of the Coleman Family had all grouped together at the main house to forcefully stop her from going to work. They were going to force her into adhering to the Colemans' family rule. Once a woman married into the Coleman family, they were not allowed to go out to work—they were not even allowed to operate a business. The women were only allowed to serve their men and take care of their children. The only time they were allowed out of the house was to accompany their husband for some charity work or to attend balls.

"Alright, I got it." Kendall shut the car door and turned to the driver. "Mr. Fisher, wait for me. I'll be back soon."

Henry heard Vivian's words and he had assumed that Kendall would not be able to leave the house today after going to the main house. However, he didn't dare to voice out publicly so he responded

respectfully, "Sure."

Subsequently, Kendall left with Vivian.

Meanwhile, Dylan was seated in the gazebo and he continued to replay the voice recording from Kendall. He listened to her sweet voice repetitively saying, 'Darling, I love you.' and he couldn't help smiling sweetly.

Ronnie walked into the gazebo at the moment and came to Dylan's side. Ronnie lowered his back and approached Dylan before saying politely, "Young Master Dylan, Vivian came over to get Young Mistress

Kendall and they are now headed to the main house. Mrs. Coleman arrived back early in the morning and the other mistresses are all at the main house too."

Dylan stopped the recording and responded in a low voice, "Since my mom's back, I should pop over to greet her too." No one can lay a hand on my woman in this house. They have to get past me before doing that!

Chapter 206

As soon as Kendall entered the main house, she saw Alice in the courtyard. Alice seemed to be strolling around, but she was actually waiting for Kendall.

"Kendall." Alice came over to greet her.

"Miss Alice, everyone is inside waiting for Young Mistress Kendall," Vivian spoke to remind the duo not to waste time standing there.

Alice glared at Vivian and responded, "Vivian, I'm just sharing with Kendall about the condition of her pets and it won't take more than two minutes. You can wait by the side."

Vivian had no other option but to keep her distance and give them some privacy.

"Kendall, my mom and the others are waiting for you inside. You must be aware of their intentions too. They want to stop you from going out to work and force you to stay home like them to care for their husband and kids. My mom doesn't like you at all, so she might be rude in her words. You have to be prepared."

Alice was worried as she voiced out, "Kendall, I actually hope that you can stand your ground. As long as you are able to continue working, then I might be able to stand up for myself in the future."

Although Alice was rich enough, she wanted to experience earning money by putting in her own efforts.

Kendall smiled and tugged Alice's hand. Subsequently, she patted the back of Alice's hand and said,

"Alice, you've got to put in the effort yourself to pursue what you want. We shouldn't accept our fate just like that."

Kendall was determined not to let anyone stop her from going out to work because that was her primary goal in her second chance at life.

Alice saw that there was no look of fear in Kendall's eyes and couldn't help praising Kendall admiringly, "Kendall, you're way better than all of us because you've got Dylan's support. My dad and the rest are old-fashioned in their ways and they just want to hold on to the family rules. My mom mentioned that when she was younger, she operated a business but as soon as my dad found out, she had to shut the business immediately. Kendall, I won't keep you any longer. Hurry up and go inside. I'll wait for you right here. If things start to turn pear-shaped, just holler at me and I'll get Dylan to rescue you right away."

Kendall was tickled by Alice's righteous behavior and at the same time, she was quite touched too.

With a smile, Kendall responded, "Sure, if the mistresses group together to attack me, I'll holler at you to send for help."

"They won't lay hands on you, but they'll get their servants to do so."

The mistresses of the Coleman Family were well-reputed and had images to maintain in Orapolis so they were mindful of their identity. Even if they were in an angered state, they would never resort to taking action themselves but instead ask someone else to do their dirty job.

At that moment, she thought to herself, Well, even if those servants come at me at the same time, I

wouldn't be afraid at all.

Alice asked Vivian to come over, "Vivian, lead Kendall inside."

Vivian then turned to Kendall and said, "Young Mistress Kendall, come on inside."

Kendall turned to direct a comforting look at Alice and followed Vivian into the house thereafter.

She experienced the same thing as her first time being summoned to the main house and every mistress of the Coleman Family was in the room. Old Madam Coleman was in the middle and her five daughter-in-laws sat by her side with Emily in the main position by her side.

"Old Madam Coleman, Mrs. Colemans, Young Mistress Kendall is here." Vivian came forward and spoke politely.

As soon as Vivian finished her words, Emily chided Vivian, "Vivian, what sort of nonsense are you talking about? There is no young mistress in this room."

Vivian kept her head lowered and insisted, "Mrs. Coleman, Young Master Dylan has spoken and Miss Kendall is our young mistress. Everyone in the family has to treat her the same way we treat Young Master Dylan."

Vivian was the servant at the main house, but Dylan was the head of the family so his words were sacred to the entire family.

If she disobeyed Emily, she would receive a scolding from Emily. Disobeying Dylan's words would render her without a job and in deep sh\*t as well. As such, Vivian chose to adhere to Dylan's

instructions as that was the wiser solution out of the two.

"You!" Emily was significantly angered.

Meanwhile, Tilly calmly spoke up, "Vivian, get on with your chores."

After Vivian left, Tilly turned to Emily, "This is Dylan's instruction, so don't vent your anger on Vivian."

Emily glared furiously at Kendall while the other mistresses continued to scrutinize Kendall too. Perhaps it was because they hadn't seen her for quite some time or it might have been due to some other reason, they somehow felt that she seemed much prettier than before.

Indeed, her aura had changed and she seemed to exude confidence. After all, a confident woman was the prettiest. They were quite jealous to realize that this niece-in-law from the countryside was allowed to break all of the rules of the family and do whatever she wanted.

Why was she allowed the liberty of all that but they on the other hand had to conform to the rules? They had to register and return the jewelry that they borrowed from the main warehouse. However, Dylan had apparently taken from the main warehouse two dozen hair accessories without registering anything and he had gifted them to Kendall.

Some of the mistresses glanced at the back of Kendall's head and noticed that the hair accessory she was using was the ones they had returned to the main warehouse after using them. At that moment, the jealousy within them grew and the ugly looks they shot at Kendall deepened.

"Kendall Parker, I don't care whatever wily methods you've used to make Dylan marry you because that's his choice and I accept that. Since you've married into the family, though, you are expected to

adhere to the Colemans' family rules. The Coleman womenfolk are not allowed to go out to work and embarrass the family that way. You have to tender your resignation with your father and stop going to work."

"Mom."

"Don't address me as Mom. I can't do anything about Dylan's choice, but I refuse to accept you as my daughter-in-law."

Meanwhile, Kendall maintained her silence for a moment before responding, "Even if you refuse to accept me, the fact remains that I'm your daughter-in-law. Mom, I won't tender my resignation and I want to go to work. I don't think going to work is an embarrassment at all." Kendall had told Tilly the same thing before.

Tilly didn't plan on voicing out right now perhaps because she made use of Emily to deal with Kendall. As such, Tilly could avoid getting into direct conflict with Dylan. She was quite sly in her ways indeed.

"That is a huge embarrassment of course! If you work and word gets out, then everyone would speculate that Dylan can't even afford to provide for his wife! People have widely speculated about Dylan, so are you going to add on to that? Since you've married him, then you're expected to maintain his reputation. You shouldn't let anyone else have the chance to ridicule him."

No one dared to mention in front of Dylan his disability and his inability to have a normal sex life but behind his back, many of them speculated about that. He was too impressive and it was rare for them to find his weakness, so those people continued to speculate about Dylan's issues in the bedroom repeatedly to everyone.

"They are the ones with wagging tongues and so I can't control what the others say. All I can do is take my own path and follow through with what I want to do."

"Kendall Parker!" Emily had a cold expression on her face as she angrily retorted, "I'm not going to argue with you about this. It's not befitting of my status. I'm going to ask you one last time, are you going to tender your resignation? If you don't, I want you to agree to a divorce with Dylan! Our family doesn't need a daughter-in-law like you!" She lacks manners and doesn't obey the rules!

The other mistresses piped up too, "That's right. You've married into the family, so you should follow the house rules. If you don't, there is no point in continuing the marriage."

"I married Dylan so as long as Dylan doesn't mention the word divorce then I won't agree to a divorce! Mom, if you and the other ladies find me an eyesore then why don't you guys go and talk to Dylan about divorcing me? If he mentions it, then I definitely won't stay behind. I'll go to the Bureau of Civil Affairs to sort out the paperwork immediately."

The other mistresses were rendered speechless by her words.

Emily, being Dylan's mother, wasn't able to influence Dylan's decision. As for those mistresses of the family, they were merely his aunts, so they definitely weren't able to either.



Generally, they fawned over Dylan more than their own kids and they did that with the hopes of winning his favor so that he would treat their sons nicely.

#### Chapter 207

They had no choice, though, because Dylan was the one in charge of the family. Although their sons were also the Young Masters of the Coleman Family, they relied on Dylan for their livelihoods.

"Kendall Parker, even if Dylan's extremely protective of you, that doesn't give you any right to disregard us!" Emily was angered by Kendall's words.

As for Tilly, she remained silent from the start and watched the debacle. She was determined to behave as a kindly old lady. After all, she had her five daughters-in-law there to represent her in the battle and they were all Dylan's elders too so even if Dylan was upset, he couldn't possibly do anything to his elders.

"Mom, I'm not trying to disregard all of you here. I'm just stating the facts and trying to be reasonable here."

"Hmph. That's not my concern. Whatever it is, if you wish to continue being the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family, then you have to resign. If you don't resign, I'll contact your father personally to proceed with the resignation procedure on your behalf. Otherwise, you should file for a divorce with Dylan." Emily had a firm stance.

"Mom, do you reckon that I, your son, would be able to marry another wife as great as Kendall after the divorce?" Dylan's cold voice rang out from the doorway and soon enough, he slowly wheeled himself into the room in his wheelchair.

His bodyguards remained outside and he even rejected Alice's offer to wheel him inside because he

didn't want the elders to blame Alice afterward. He was able to protect his woman and he didn't need the help of others.

"Dylan," Emily's voice broke as she called out his name. Dylan was her most impressive eldest son yet his life was ruined by the traffic accident. Even though the person behind the wheels responsible for the traffic accident had perished in the accident, Emily remained quite resentful toward the person.

At that moment, Dylan stepped forward and stood next to Kendall.

He scanned the room and glanced coldly at each of the elders in the room before speaking in a low voice, "The person that Kendall married to me and I have no issues at all with her. She's my companion for life. If Mom or any of the aunts here find her an eyesore, you guys can choose to ignore her next time you see each other. I gave Kendall permission to work. After all, the women who married into our family are expected to stay home and care for their husband and kids but Kendall won't have any kids to care for. The only thing I can do is to find something to keep her occupied so that her life doesn't get too boring. The women of our family get a reward of a hundred million if they bear a son and five hundred million if they bear a daughter. However, Kendall won't be eligible for the reward. That's why I gave her permission to work and earn some money. Do you guys have any issues with that?"

"Dylan..." Instantly, Emily's face turned pale from the heartache she felt. "Dylan, stop it. I'll stop making life tough for her. Stop saying that. You'll definitely get better. I know you'll definitely improve." He had agreed to proceeding with physiotherapy, so he would surely be able to walk on his feet in no time.

"Dylan." Kendall's heart ached for him too. After all, she was clearly aware of his high self-esteem and by him saying all that, he was essentially exposing his shortfalls to everyone. For a man, that was an extremely torturing thing.

"Mom, do you still insist on tendering a resignation on Kendall's behalf?"

At that moment, Emily hastily replied, "No, I won't."

"Mom, do you still insist on making me and Kendall get a divorce? I'm in such a state, so do you think that I would be able to get another person to marry me after the divorce? Mom and aunts, you guys should really show your appreciation to Kendall. With me in such a state, even Yasmine, who used to be infatuated with me, gave up on me. If Kendall hadn't agreed to marry me then I would have to live with being forever alone. Although we're just a married couple on paper, we're both very comfortable with each other spiritually, so I feel very happy with my life right now. Don't you guys wish to see me happy?"

"Dylan, we would wish to see you happy of course."

"Yes, that's right."

The other mistresses hurriedly expressed their opinion. After all, they were merely jealous of Kendall for being exempted from adhering to the Colemans' family rules.

At that moment, Emily spoke up with a slightly pained expression, "Dylan, it's all my fault. I'll stop all this. I won't force her to get a divorce with you. Stop mentioning all this. Your words are like a sharp blade and it hurts very much to hear that. I can't bear it."

Mom, I know that you care for your kids very much but Kendall's someone else's daughter too. If my mother-in-law saw the way that you treated Kendall earlier, she would definitely feel the pain too."

Dylan looked at his mother calmly and replied, "Mom, you should try to put yourself in her shoes. After all, you have a daughter too."

Emily was rendered speechless.

Subsequently, Dylan held Kendall's hand in his and glanced at Tilly, who had maintained her silence all this while. He spoke calmly, "Grandma, I don't wish for the same thing today to happen again. If you guys definitely can't tolerate Kendall, I'll move out of Coleman Mansion with Kendall. I won't step foot into this place from now on."

"Dylan!" Tilly's expression turned instantly.

Dylan glanced at Kendall lovingly and said, "Kendall has mentioned to me before that she doesn't mind where we live as long as I'm there with her because that will be home for us. I feel the same way too. Wherever Kendall is, that would be where home is for me."

Everyone present found his words quite loving and touching but as his family members, they weren't too comfortable about that.

Meanwhile, he paid no heed to the elders' feelings and he spoke tenderly, "Kendall, wheel me outside. It's time for both of us to head to work. We wouldn't want to be late for work."

Kendall glanced at him with a touched expression and then she bent down to give him a hug in front of the others before kissing him tenderly.

After ending the kiss, she spoke softly in his ears, "Darling, thank you. I'm so lucky to have you." She

hoped to be able to remain married to him forever and ever. Subsequently, she turned around and went behind him to wheel him out of the room.

The six women left in the room watched silently at the couple's retreating back and there were complicated expressions on their faces.

After quite some time, Tilly heaved a sigh and turned to her daughters-in-law, "Dylan's clearly expressed his views so from now on, we should stop interfering in their matters as much as possible." After all, she didn't want her grandson to leave Coleman Residence.

Emily was angered, upset and yet resigned to the situation, "I don't even know what sort of spell Kendall cast on Dylan to make him so blindly infatuated with him. Mom, do you think that Kendall's possessed by an evil spirit? She didn't used to behave this way, so she must be possessed for Dylan to side with her so much."

Tilly glared at her. "Then, how about you get an exorcist to deal with her?"

Emily's mouth was slightly agape as she opened and shut her mouth several times but she didn't say anything in the end. She was quite keen to do so but she knew that she shouldn't. If word got out about her actions, the Coleman Family's reputation would be tarnished. One of the family rules that applied to the Coleman womenfolk was that they were not allowed to do anything that could tarnish the Coleman Family's reputation.

"There has indeed been a huge change in Kendall's personality from before but since she's moved into the mansion, she has been sincere toward Dylan. She has been able to cheer Dylan up and he agreed to

undergo physiotherapy because of her too." Tilly had been keeping a close eye on Kendall and although she disliked Kendall, it was undeniable that Kendall had her good side.

After a moment of silence, Tilly continued, "Let's wait and discuss this after Dylan regains his mobility."

Everyone nodded.

"Alright, you guys should go back. It's been tough on you guys too for having to come over to my place so early in the morning." Tilly indicated for them to return to their respective houses.

Julie led the group and walked out of the main house. Once the hall was left with just Tilly and Emily, Tilly turned to Emily and said, "Arrange for someone to keep a close eye on Kendall secretly. If she is found to be in close contact with any males, take photos of them as evidence. Once Dylan regains his mobility, we can deal with her after that."

Chapter 208

Faced with this attractive world full of temptations, Tilly didn't believe that Kendall would be able to focus solely on Dylan for the rest of her life. Tilly was confident that it would be impossible for Kendall to resist the basic temptations of human nature and take the wrong step thereafter.

Their only mission was to collect evidence and once the timing was right, they would be able to kick Kendall out of the family immediately.

Emily expressed her concern, "Mom, what if Dylan realizes what we did and loses his temper? What should we do then?"

Tilly looked at her and was slightly disgruntled. "I'm his grandma and I brought him up single-handedly. I've nurtured him and brought him up well. You're his mother and even though he's not that close to you, he respects you too. Even if he loses his temper, what could he do to the two of us?"

"Are you really going to accept Kendall as your daughter-in-law? Dylan hasn't regained complete mobility right now and he can't move around as any normal person so Kendall's presence would be useful in getting him to persist in doing physiotherapy. Once he regains mobility, even if he files for

divorce with Kendall, there would be plenty of women waiting to marry him if he wants a second marriage."

"Then, Dylan can't..."

Tilly responded calmly, "As long as Dylan agrees to see a doctor, his issue can be treated."

However, Emily remained concerned. "Mom, you've seen Dylan's response earlier. If we actually take action against Kendall, he might move out—"

"That's why I told you to send someone to keep an eye on Kendall and tackle things from her end. If she ends up doing something to betray Dylan's trust then we wouldn't even need to do anything to her because he would kick her out himself and get a divorce with her. There isn't a single man on earth who could accept a wife that cheated on him."

"But what if Kendall is firm enough to not cheat on him?"

Tilly rolled her eyes at Emily. "There are too many temptations in the outside world. If Kendall can fall in love at first sight with a man like Jackson before turning her back on him to marry Dylan, then surely that indicates that she's not loyal in her love. Once she encounters a handsome man who treats her nicely then she wouldn't be able to resist the temptation."

Emily considered the situation and found that Tilly's words made perfect sense.

After Kendall had returned to the Parker Family, she had fallen in love with Jackson at first sight and was even obsessed with him. In order to marry Jackson, she had resorted to all sorts of tactics and she didn't even care about offending the Coleman Family.

However, suddenly, she ended up marrying Dylan out of nowhere and she changed her mind so swiftly. That was a clear indication of how fickle she was.

"Mom, I get it. I'll make sure to follow your instructions."

"Okay, just be careful. Other than the two of us, don't let anyone else know this, not even Fergus. He's always trying to play nice and sit on the fence."

Tilly knew the personality of her eldest son very well. Fergus hadn't held control of Coleman Empire Holdings for too long because he had just been the bridge. She and her husband had only retired upon Dylan reaching adulthood.

While Dylan went through the challenges and hardships, Fergus had been the president of the company then.

Frankly, Tilly hadn't been too pleased with her eldest son. He wasn't exactly incompetent but he was not sharp enough in his ways. He was not as dominant and decisive in his ways as Dylan.

As such, there were a lot of things that she was reluctant to let Fergus know to prevent him from ruining her plans.

"Mom, I got it."

Naturally, Emily didn't want anyone else to know about this as she was worried that Dylan would kick up a fuss if he realized.

Based on Dylan's personality, he would definitely retaliate and arrange for his people to spy on her and restrict her freedom. Naturally, no one would wish to be spied upon.

Meanwhile, Kendall was oblivious to the plots of both her mother-in-law and grandmother-in-law. She was led out of the main house by Dylan and they left the mansion together.

Along the way to work, Dylan turned to her. "My mom's asked for a day off on your behalf, so just skip work in the morning. I'll go with you to the hospital. Sally will be discharged today, right? Let's go and take her from the hospital to send her home. We can head to work in the afternoon."

In response, Kendall nodded meekly. "Sure."

She leaned her head on his shoulders and asked in a soft voice, "Dylan, do you feel burdened after you married me? Although I'm the actual daughter of the Parker Family, I was switched at birth so I grew up under Sally's care. Even though she gave me the best of everything that she could afford, they mean nothing in your social circle. I'm still regarded as a country bumpkin. I'm not like Kelly, who has the ability to take control of a large corporation, handle business dealings, sign off a deal, and handle everything with ease. I've just entered the corporate world, so I have to start fresh in everything. In the outside world, I am of no benefit at all. At home, I'm a burden to you and I am constantly the source of argument and conflict for you and your family members."

This was the first time ever that Kendall experienced the pressure of being in a marriage that was unequal in terms of social status.

Dylan wrapped his arms around her shoulders and purposely heaved a sigh. "Yes, I feel so burdened but what can I do about that? I've been branded by your mark and either way, I would have to take your hand in marriage or wait for you to take mine."

To think that she wanted to take the hand of the Young Master of the Coleman Family in marriage... Dylan grimaced at the thought of that. He couldn't believe the guts of her to mention such words to him and he hadn't done anything to her at all too.

From the start, their lives had been intertwined by fate.

"Dylan..."

"Kendall, I would do everything for you willingly."

Kendall was significantly touched by his words and she was rendered speechless. She could only lift her head and look at him silently. Subconsciously, she felt the tears well up in her eyes.

In her past life, after she had rejected his marriage proposal, not only did he not cause trouble for her, he had even helped her too. In this lifetime, she forcefully stuck to him and he had initially intended to teach her a lesson. However, after she had an upset stomach after being forced to eat spicy food, he no longer really did anything to teach her a lesson.



Right now, he treasured her very much and he was indeed a great man because he treated her very well.

If only she hadn't rejected his marriage proposal in her previous life and married him like right now, that tragedy would not have befallen her. Perhaps she was just not fated to have the baby, but she would not have wanted her baby to die at such a young age. Only a mother would be able to register how much pain Kendall felt upon recalling her baby.

"You silly girl, why are you crying? You're my wife so obviously, it's normal for me to treat you well." Dylan wiped off her tears with a pained expression and he continued with a slight ache, "Don't blame yourself. I should be the one who feels remorseful. You're forced to suffer the injustice delivered by my family members all because of me."

"Dylan." Kendall dived into his arms and wrapped her arms around his waist tightly. She teared up in his arms from being touched by his words.

"Dylan, this isn't your fault. I'm not good enough. I'll strive to do my best so that they will accept me and stop finding fault with me. I won't let you get into another conflicting situation with them because of me."

"You silly girl. No one would be able to perfect things naturally. It takes time to do that. I trust that my little cheeky girl would definitely improve and showcase her beauty and charm for me."

His little cheeky girl?

Kendall lifted her head and her pretty face was tear-streaked. She chided him coyly, "Dylan, is that your nickname for me? Little cheeky girl?"

Dylan smiled. "You are cheeky."

At that point, she was speechless. Alright, I am quite cheeky. Yasmine scolded me too. Well, it doesn't matter, as long as it's his special nickname for me.

"Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you..."  
Kendall's cell phone rang suddenly.

She glanced at the caller ID and turned to Dylan. "It's Mr. Dawson."

Chapter 209

Dylan remained silent, but it seemed like he did not mind her answering the call judging from his expression. Thus, Kendall wiped off the tears with tissue papers before answering the phone.

"Kendall, are you free in the afternoon? Let's grab lunch together and discuss the cooperation."

Is Mr. Dawson trying to take the lead first? She glanced at Dylan, who did not utter a word, and decided to accept the invitation.

However, before she could even respond to it, Leonel smiled on the other side of the line. "You don't have to come. I'm going to the headquarters for a meeting, so I'll be having lunch in the city. If you have time, let's meet up at Dynasty Hotel. It'll be on me. Their standards, services and food are awesome."

As one of the managers in Coleman Empire Holdings, it was natural for him to uplift the Dynasty Hotel. Nonetheless, everything he said was a true fact—Dynasty Hotel was the best hotel in Orapolis. Kendall had never gone there in her previous life either.

"We'll be having lunch together, right? I'm going on the condition that I'm the one paying for it." She smiled. "Otherwise, I won't go."

He guffawed. "You sneaky brat. Fine, fine. Have it your way. I'll be looking forward to it. Oh, don't forget to call Vice President Parker over."

Kelly was a shrewd person; if she was there with them, she could help him hint at Kendall. To him, it was either because Kendall was a first jobber or too naive, so she was clueless about the unspoken

rules in the industry.

If he had not come to the headquarters for a meeting where Toddy inquired about the cooperation with the Parker Corporation, he would have delayed a little longer.

Toddy's inquiry had emphasized how significant the cooperation was to the headquarters. Even if he had full authority over the project, it was a huge chunk of meat for them; thus, it was normal for the higher-ups to take note of the current progress.

"Okay. I'll bring her along too."

"Then, I'll be heading off for my meeting now." Having said that, Leonel ended the call.

Kendall kept her phone in her bag before questioning the man next to her, "Dylan, if you're going to take my mother from the hospital, how are you going to attend the meeting?"

The fact that managers of the subsidiaries like Leonel were attending the meeting indicated how important it was.

Instead of answering her question, he phoned Matthew. "Matthew, come to the company right now and attend a meeting in my stead. I will be away in the morning, so just give me a call when there's something you can't decide."

Matthew took the task upon him without hesitation. "Sure. I'll be on my way. Will Toddy be there?"

Toddy was Dylan's general secretary as well as his right arm. In short, he was the general assistant.

After years working for Dylan, he was very well-informed of the company affairs.

"Yeah."

"That'll do." Matthew figured that Toddy would be of much help despite Dylan's absence, for Toddy had an outstanding performance in fulfilling the tasks delegated by Dylan.

The brothers' conversation ended within three minutes, after which Dylan gave a call to Toddy to ask him to assist Matthew as Matthew would replace Dylan in the meeting.

Akin to Matthew, Toddy took on the task without further questions even though his curiosity was intrigued. Why is he suddenly not attending the meeting?

Putting down the phone, he dialed Emma's number via the interphone. He cleared his throat and asked, "Miss Finley, Young Master Dylan has informed me that he won't be attending the meeting. Vice President Matthew will be coming in his stead."

The young masters in the Coleman Family were handling different industries of the company under Dylan's arrangement. However, they held the position of vice presidents in the headquarters. In order to differentiate them, they had to address them by their names.

"Get ready and inform the others about it too."

"Understood," said Emma professionally before terminating the call.

Toddy was rendered speechless. "I'm not done yet, though."

He had been wanting to call her through the interphone, but he could not since there was nothing to inform her. Even so, he felt weird about it.

He was held with high regard in the Coleman Empire Holdings. It could be said that he was submitted to one while overtaking ten thousands of people; aside from Dylan, the young masters of the Coleman Family treated him with courtesy and respect.

Not only did he have the looks, he was single. The number of girls swooning over him was no lesser than Dylan's pursuers.

Emma was the secretary trained by him single-handedly. Due to her outstanding skills, she was transferred to the top level of the building to be Dylan's main secretary. Her heart remained unwavering in the face of such a cool boss, yet she had lost her heart for Toddy, who was in charge of her training.

In the company, she maintained the superior-subordinate relationship with Toddy where every interaction was strictly business and they did not bring up any personal matters; once office hours were over, she would make a move on him boldly to win his heart.

Not only did Toddy turn her down, he kept avoiding her. Even when he saw her by chance, he would wheel around and make himself scarce.

Even the indifferent Dylan, who did not interfere with his subordinate's personal affairs, thought that Toddy was being too harsh to Emma.

Toddy stared at the four-layered insulated lunch box on the table. It was left by her before work. She had personally prepared it for him early in the morning.

She would send him breakfast every single day. It had first started back when he was still training her. At that time, he gladly accepted it after mistaking it as a token of her gratitude and reverence toward her superior. It was not until the confession that he knew the truth.

Ever since then, he would never eat them. However, Emma still prepared breakfast for him every morning without repeating the same dishes. She had poured in a lot of effort for his health.

Toddy rose to his feet and strode toward the couch to take a seat. He grabbed the lunch box and opened it. As he had expected, the dishes were completely different from yesterday.

Even though he would not take it, he would still take a look to make do with the tantalizing smell. He had grown pickier thanks to her; other than her cooking, Jake Lukeman, the chef in Dynasty Hotel, was the only one who could whet his appetite.

Since it was a thermal lunch box and it was still the morning, there was steam coming off the food prepared by Emma. As soon as the lid was opened, the pleasant smell wafted his nostrils as he gulped. Should I eat it?

Knock. Knock.

Suddenly, a knock resounded on the door.

Toddy placed the lunch box to its original position before closing it up. "Come in."

The door was pushed open to reveal Matthew, who entered the office with quick steps. Toddy looked at him in surprise. "Did you get here by plane? I've just finished talking to President Coleman over the phone and you're already here."

Matthew seated himself next to Toddy. Obviously, they were very close.

"I just happened to be somewhere nearby the company, so I rushed my way here after receiving his call. It smells tasty. What's in it?"

Chapter 210

The smell was lingering in the air even if Toddy had put on the lids. Sniffing the tantalizing fragrance, Matthew could feel his stomach rumbling in protest.

"Toddy, is it from Miss Finley? She's not a quitter, isn't she? If I was her, I would've given up ages ago after being turned down so many times," he said while he was busy opening the lunch box.

Seeing how the food was left untouched, he asked, "If you don't want it, do you mind if I finish it? I've been busy the whole morning and I haven't had my breakfast yet."

It was all because of that one call from Dylan. Despite the urge to decline his request, the words twisted once they reached the tip of his tongue. "Just eat it. I don't eat anything that she gives."

Given the close relationship they shared, Matthew had it his way by washing his hands before returning to revel in the lovely breakfast to Toddy's face.

Matthew enjoyed the food while praising, "Toddy, her cooking skill has improved greatly! Although she learns it for your sake, she's on par with the chef in my residence."

Smelling the strong fragrance while looking at the man savoring the food, Toddy claimed, "It looks like it's not that bad, considering how it suits your palate."

The chef serving for the Coleman Family was famous for his amazing cooking. Due to their picky palate, no one dared to step into the kitchen of their residences recklessly.

Before long, Matthew had polished off the breakfast concocted by Emma. Staring at the empty container, Toddy was quite upset by how the ravenous Matthew did not leave him a bite.

"Toddy." As there was still time after filling his stomach, Matthew teased Toddy, "Are you really not going to give Miss Finley a chance?"

"Why? Do you like her?"

Matthew smiled. "Nah, but I think she's nice and will be the perfect match for you. If you're not going to give her the chance, you should cleanly end things so that she'll give up. Don't string her along. She's going to be a spinster."

"Please keep in mind that she's only twenty-eight. She's not thirty-eight." Toddy defended Emma instinctively.

"She will become a spinster if she doesn't get married before turning thirty-eight."

Toddy paused momentarily before questioning, "What should I do to make her give up on me?"

"Introduce her to another guy and find someone to act as your girlfriend. I'm sure she'll give up by then."

Matthew laid out his scheme. Emma had been admiring Toddy for so many years, yet the man refused to accept her feelings all along.

I'll let him taste his own medicine, thought Matthew.

Meanwhile, Toddy held his tongue as he had a hunch that his friend was trying to dig a grave for him.

Thus, he would rather change the topic by reminding Matthew about the meeting. "Vice President Matthew, it's time to attend the meeting."

"Let's go then." Matthew stood up with the determination to accomplish his mission given by Dylan.

...

In Orapolis General Hospital, Dylan was sitting in the lobby whereas Kendall was packing up Sally's stuff while Nell was signing the papers for the discharge. Sally glanced out of the window at times and Kendall knew that she was hoping for Kelly to come.

Before coming to the hospital, Kendall gave a call to Kelly to inform her about Sally's discharge, but Kelly was too busy to drop by. Kendall relayed the message to Sally, yet she was still wishing to see her biological daughter before returning home.

"Mom." Kendall walked up to her and stood behind her. "Should I call her again?"

Sally turned around and refused, "No. There's no use in forcing her when she doesn't have the heart to come. I've come to the city to see her, so I'm happy enough to have her accompanying me for a few days."

The long years of absence had resulted in the distant relationship between them. She did not blame Kelly; if there was someone who had to take the blame, she would put it on the cruel woman who switched the babies back then.



"Kendall." She pulled Kendall's hands. "Take care of yourself and don't push yourself too much. I know that you're busy at the moment, so you don't have to come by that often. I know that you're not an ungrateful person."

The fact that Kendall frequented her hometown caused her biological parents to have mixed feelings. Despite the heavy hearts, Sally genuinely wished Kendall could fit herself into their circle.

Sally took a glimpse outside before saying in undertone, "I can see that Young Master Dylan treats you well. Since you've chosen him, you should handle your marriage life with great care. It needs both of your effort to manage a good relationship. You should always trust and understand each other."

"Mom, I know. He's nice to me and he's considerate."

"But you shouldn't take it for granted and become snobbish."

"Mom, I'm not that kind of person." Kendall broke into a smile helplessly.

Besides, she did not have the luxury of time to do that; she had to attend etiquette lessons every night starting from today.

"Hmm, I believe you."

"Mom, don't work in the field immediately after returning home. Take some rest. It's not like we need money. You should spend whenever you need to. Don't save it. Just hit me up when you need something. Even if I'm busy, I'll ask someone to send it over."

Kendall was aware of Sally's character. She would be all restless about the field and eventually began working. The sowing season would be coming in a month. The Woods Family grew a few acres of rice and peanuts. The harvesting machine would come in handy to sow the rice, but one had to manually pluck the peanuts.

"Inform me when the sowing season is, though. I'll hire some people to help you out. It's better for you to rest."

Sally smiled. "Kendall, I'm not a three-year-old kid. Don't worry. I will take care of myself. I must see my grand—"

She halted before blurting the word 'grandchild' because she recalled the rumors stating that Dylan was infertile. While the mother and daughter were exhorting each other to take care of themselves, Nell returned with a bouquet of flowers and some boxes of supplements.

"Who is it from?" inquired Sally.

He handed her the flowers and responded indifferently, "Your beloved biological daughter asks her secretary to send these over. There's money in the supplement box for you to buy supplements."

How could she not send her mother off in person when Mom is returning home?

Nell's discontentment toward his biological sister deepened, but Sally was spinning with joy. She figured that Kelly still cared for her and reasoned Kelly's absence with work.

Sally was discharged from the hospital under Kendall and Dylan's company. Dylan had called a driver beforehand and the car was already at the parking lot located at the entrance. Noticing the group of

people approaching, the driver quickly assisted them with the items.

"Nell, give me a call once you guys arrive home," informed Kendall while watching them get into the car.

Nell hummed in response. "See you."

"Kendall, you may leave as well." Sally unwound the window to wave her hand at them, motioning them to return home and that there was no need to see them off.

Soon, the car engine started before it was slowly driven away.

