

Kendalls 231

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Instead of leaving Henry in the lurch, Kendall remembered to ask Ronnie to send him back as well. She trotted over, opened the car door, and got into Dylan's car. Before Dylan could ask her anything, she threw herself into his arms, swung her fist, and pounded his shoulder. She asked aggrievedly, "Master Dylan, why weren't you here until now?"

Dylan held her gently in his arms while letting her vent her emotions. After she finished venting her grievances, he asked in a gentle voice, "What happened?"

"I ran into a lunatic."

"Did Frank come to you?"

Kendall instantly looked up at him. "Dylan, did you know that he'd come to me?" She didn't even call him Master Dylan, which showed how angry she was at this very moment.

Dylan explained, "I predicted that he'd find an opportunity to approach you, but I didn't expect him to block your way here." He had only arranged for Carlos and Blake to protect her in secret before going out. Of course, however, he couldn't let her know about it because she didn't like to be followed. He continued honestly, "Frank and I are enemies. After the announcement of our marriage, he'd certainly take action, no matter whether it was because of his special regard for you or because of the enmity between us." It was just that he didn't expect Frank to take action so soon by coming to her early in the morning.

Kendall's eyes reddened. Suddenly, she turned around, opened the car door, and stepped out of the

car. She felt really aggrieved while being pestered by Frank just now. On the other hand, Dylan had figured that Frank would come after her, but instead of catching up to her sooner to lend her a helping hand, he let her deal with Frank, that lunatic, alone. If Frank were to get crazy and have his way with her on the spot, she'd have been violated by the man by the time Dylan arrived. At the thought of it, she was both aggrieved and outraged. She was also angry with herself for being no match for Frank and for being unable to beat the hell out of him.

"Kendall?" Realizing that the situation was bad, Dylan stretched out his hand to grab her, but he didn't even manage to catch the hem of her clothes. He hurriedly got out of the car and chased after her recklessly. "Kendall! Kendall!"

Tears of grievance fell from Kendall's eyes as the wind blew in her face. Ignoring the cool and indifferent man, she strode along the road while weeping.

Just then, she was stopped by Ronnie's cries. "Young Mistress Kendall, Young Master Dylan fell over!"

She stopped and looked back at the man who was trying to get up after falling over. After being helped up by his bodyguards, he struggled to chase after her. He did care about her, but he let her experience the world. Even if she ended up being covered in bruises, he'd say that it was part of what she had to experience in life.

However, she was angry with him after facing Frank alone today. She was angry with him for not arriving sooner.

She wanted to harden her heart and leave just like that, so she turned around and walked a few steps, only to turn back in the end. She walked back up to him without saying a word, wanting to help him into

the car, but he took her into his arms. "Sorry that I'm late, Kendall," he apologized with self-reproach.

"Even if you arrived sooner, could you protect me? You can't walk!" Kendall argued out of spite.

Dylan fell silent for a moment. Then, he replied, "Kendall, I'll get to my feet very soon for your sake. I'm sorry, okay? It was my fault. I should've arranged for someone to follow and protect you."

"I don't want to be followed by someone else!" Kendall pushed him away and wiped her tears. "It feels like I'm being watched. I don't want to be protected by bodyguards either. I want to be protected by you. You're my man!"

Dylan's heart ached as he helped her wipe her tears away. Feeling sorry for her, he replied, "Okay, okay. I'll protect you without letting anyone else do the job. Don't cry anymore, Kendall. It was my fault. My heart's broken whenever you cry."

"Where's your broken heart? All you know is to coax me."

Having vented her emotions, Kendall felt much better. Actually, she knew that Dylan wasn't to blame. He was able to predict that Frank would come after her because of her relationship with him, but he didn't expect the man to be waiting here.

"If you don't believe me, I can give you a sharp knife for you to cut my heart out and take a look at it."

"I don't want to be a widow." Kendall helped pat the dust off him. Then, she continued, "I fought with Frank just now."

Dylan grabbed her hand to stop her from patting the dust off him. He asked anxiously, "Did you hurt yourself? Frank has practiced martial arts at a martial arts academy, so he's very skilled at fighting. I fought with him before my accident, but the fight ended in a draw." Kendall had said that she was skilled in freestyle boxing and taekwondo, which was more than enough to deal with ordinary people. However, she would stand no chance against someone like Frank.

"I'm fine." Kendall quickly reassured her husband. "He didn't hurt me. I hurt him by biting the back of his hand instead."

Speechless, Dylan looked at her for a long time. Then, he said sulkily, "His feelings for you are sincere." Otherwise, he wouldn't have let her bite the back of his hand.

Kendall was at a loss for words.

Dylan turned back.

Kendall was stunned. Is he jealous or something? Nothing happened between Frank and me.

After walking a few steps, Dylan stopped and looked back. Stretching out his right hand toward her, he looked at her intently, saying, "Kendall, come here."

Kendall took a few steps forward before putting her hand in his palm.

Dylan curled his fingers around her hand.

"Master Dylan, are you jealous of Frank or me?"

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

Kendall argued in a whisper, "You two find each other an eyesore while staying unmarried. Who knows if you two love each other but are forced to treat each other as enemies because your gender and social status don't allow you to be together?"

As soon as she said that, Dylan poked her forehead gently. "You've read too many novels or something?"

"Yeah, I like novels about Cinderellas and bossy CEOs the most."

Dylan couldn't help but chuckle. "Do you believe that those CEOs and Cinderellas can live happily ever after in real life?"

Kendall fell silent. Even if such a love story were to happen, the protagonists would belong to different circles and classes of society. If neither of them worked hard to improve themselves and change the present situation, the couple would break up sooner or later. "I only read novels to kill time because I got too bored with looking after the shop in the past. I even wrote some, but they weren't well-received. I spent a lot of time writing these stories, but they didn't make much money, so I gave up and decided to be a reader in the future."

"I'm jealous, but I'm also glad."

Dylan never read novels, so he didn't continue to talk about the subject. After getting back into the car, he helped Kendall comb her unkempt hair and pin her hair back in place with hairpins. He noticed how she didn't wear anything around her neck or on her finger. She was dressed in professional attire without wearing any accessories. If the bag she was carrying weren't worth some money, one would've

been unable to tell that she was the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family. "I'm jealous because Frank has feelings for you, but I'm glad that I was quick. You're mine. You can never leave me unless I let you go, so there's no way for others to steal you from me."

"Will you let go, then?"

Dylan bit her cheek. He said in a husky voice, "What do you think?"

Kendall touched where he had bitten her. "You said you'd given me the opportunity to regret it, but I didn't seize it, so I no longer had the chance."

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"Good that you know it. Don't think of leaving me. Even if you run away to the ends of the earth, I can catch you."

"I'm not gonna leave you." Kendall snuggled up to him while hankering for the warmth of his embrace.

"Kendall, where is your jewelry? Why aren't you wearing any?"

Kendall felt around her neck before looking at her wrists. Then, she looked up and replied, "My husband never gives me jewelry as presents, so I can only go without it."

Dylan was rendered speechless. "What about the few gold jewelry sets?" He had made an excuse to give her a few jewelry sets as presents.

"I'm keeping them. Once they gain in value, I'll sell them to make a fortune."

Dylan didn't know whether he should compliment her for knowing how to make money or chiding her for abusing his kindness.

"I was joking. I don't like to wear those things, but I like to collect them."

"What else do you like besides eating?"

"Money."

Dylan couldn't help but chuckle. What a realistic little girl. She likes money, huh? Well, that's easy. I don't have much of anything, but what I do have the most is none other than money. I'll cover her bed with cash tonight so that she can sleep on piles of cash.

With that, the argument between the young couple ended almost as soon as it happened. Soon after that, they were lovey-dovey again.

Of course, Kendall was already late when she returned to her office. As she trotted out of the elevator in a hurry while carrying her handbag, she nearly bumped into Kelly by accident.

"You're late, Kendall!" Kelly looked frosty and expressionless. "According to the company's rules, you're not allowed to be more than three minutes late for work, but you're late for half an hour today! Your bonus for this month is deducted. If you're late for work again, you don't have to come to work anymore. Just go back and be a housewife!" she said. Then, she walked past Kendall without waiting for the latter's reply.

Kendall didn't argue with Kelly this time. After all, she was in the wrong since she was late for work today without asking for leave of absence. Just as she wanted to go back to Jessie's office, she suddenly heard Kelly whisper, "What brings you here, Miss Caddel?"

Miss Caddel? Is it Krystal? Kelly sounds like she's feeling guilty. Is she worried that Krystal has learned of her scandalous affair with Jackson and is here to settle the score with her? Kendall sneered inwardly. Those with a guilty conscience would feel guilty indeed. It's a no-brainer that there's no way Krystal would learn about their love affair so soon.

Krystal was rather polite to Kelly. "Miss Kelly, I'm here to talk to Kendall."

Kelly stopped her, though. "Oh, you wanna talk to her? Hold on a moment, please. This is the top floor, which isn't the right place to entertain you. Please wait here for a moment while I help you call her over. You two may have a nice chat in the VIP room on the first floor." I've got to criticize the two receptionists later. How could they let anyone come up here?

Kendall was only an assistant who didn't even have her own office in the company. Therefore, those who came for her shouldn't have been allowed to come upstairs; they were supposed to wait for her on the first floor instead. This floor was where the president worked and where the high-level meetings were held. Only VIPs were allowed here.

Krystal was displeased somewhat, but she put up with it nonetheless.

Kelly looked back and called Kendall. "Kendall, Miss Caddel is asking for you. Take her to the VIP room on the first floor," she said in a peremptory tone while ordering Kendall to take Krystal away.

Wanting to know why Krystal would come to her, Kendall didn't mind Kelly's attitude. She came over and said to Krystal, "Miss Caddel, what can I do for you?"

Krystal looked at Kendall with smugness and sympathy instead of jealousy. She was the only person who reacted differently after learning of Kendall's marriage to Dylan. "Should I call you Miss Kendall or Young Mistress Kendall?" she asked sarcastically while stressing the words "Young Mistress Kendall."

Kendall didn't mind it, actually. "Just call me whatever you want, Miss Caddel. It's just a form of address."

Krystal smiled. "I'd prefer to call you Miss Kendall. Could you give me half an hour of your time?"

"Miss Caddel, I'm still working. If you have something to talk to me about, please make it brief," Kendall replied impassively. "I can only give you no more than a few minutes." I still have to sign the contract with Mr. Dawson. I wonder if he's sobered up.

Leonel had sobered up indeed. As soon as he became sober, the news circulating among the senior executives of Prestige Electronics made his blood boil with fright, causing him to nearly freeze to death. Kendall, whom he had wanted to have his way with, became Dylan's legal wife overnight! No, not overnight. They registered their marriage long ago.

He broke out in a cold sweat. Luckily, his heart was strong enough, or he'd have suffered a heart attack and died of fright at a young age. No wonder when I had dinner with her for the first time, President Coleman showed up all of a sudden, saying he was passing by... He had thought he was very lucky to be able to have dinner with Dylan at the time. Now that he thought about it, Dylan must've been there for Kendall's sake.

Recalling what he had done, he kept breaking out in a cold sweat, so much so that he used up a packet of tissue to wipe his sweat away. Does President Coleman know that I've touched her hand? Will he chop my hand off? I tried to have my way with the president's wife. Will President Coleman cashier me and then make me unable to stay in the company so that I can only go home?

In the end, after taking a cold shower to calm down, he hurriedly told his secretary to prepare the contract with Parker Corporation and have the contract delivered to him. He'd take the contract to Parker Corporation later to ask for Kendall's signature. Luckily, I don't have a habit of imposing myself on people, or I'd have died without knowing why.

Krystal turned to look at Kelly, who said impassively, "Kendall, take Miss Caddel downstairs first." With that, she held her head high and entered the elevator.

Kendall also worried that there'd be bad consequences if they were to talk outside the elevator. After all, many company executives would come to do business with Adam. After her identity as the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family was exposed, it'd surely bring many business partners for the Parker Corporation. Such was reality, and this showed that Dylan was so influential that even she bathed in his reflected glory.

Kendall took Krystal downstairs to the first floor. However, instead of going to the VIP room, they found a bench in the garden in front of the office building and sat down. "Miss Caddel, what brings you here today?"

Krystal stood up in front of Kendall while looking her up and down without restraint. "What a shame," she commented with sympathy, but her lips curved up as she couldn't hide her gloating pleasure at all. "You're young and beautiful with a nice figure, and besides, you're the daughter of the Parker Family. If

you're a capable woman, you'll be ruling the roost in this company, but you're forced to live like a widow for the rest of your life. Kendall, I was once jealous of the past between you and Jackson, but now I'm not envious anymore. In fact, I pity you. It's okay, though. With money, power, and social standing, you can live a free and easy life while keeping a dozen toy boys in secret."

Kendall stood up and leaned over, forcing Krystal to lean backward.

"Kendall, what are you doing?"

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Kendall touched Krystal's face flippantly, causing the latter to nearly fall onto the ground in fright. "Miss Caddel, you've not taken good enough care of your skin. It's not smooth enough." She looked mockingly at Krystal, whose face was pale with fright. "What, you think I'll take liberties with you? With your looks, I'd rather kiss my pet cat twice than do that." The ragdoll kitten Master Dylan gave me as a present is so cute.

Krystal was speechless with rage.

"You pity me, Miss Caddel? I think you'd better pity yourself instead." Kendall kindly patted Krystal on the shoulder. "Is there any toy boy in the world who can compare with Master Dylan? I care about people's looks, and I prefer someone like Master Dylan, so I don't have eyes for everyone else. With Master Dylan, I'd be able to live a free and easy life."

Krystal was lost for words.

"Are you here all of a sudden to send me an invitation? You'll be getting married to Jackson soon, right?"

Krystal fell silent for a moment. "How did you know that?"

"It's a no-brainer." Kendall stretched out her hand toward her. "Come on, hand me the invitation. I'll definitely attend your and Jackson's wedding."

Krystal stared at her in a daze.

Kendall said, "What are you looking at? Well, envy me all you want, but no matter how hard you look, you'll never be as beautiful as me. How about you get a facelift to make yourself look prettier? But I hear that people who have had plastic surgery will give birth to children who inherit their parents' ugly genes."

She wasn't talking nonsense. She had read a news report about an ugly woman who had been unable to get married. The woman had a facelift afterward to make herself a stunner, after which she married into a nice family. However, when her child was born, her husband was taken aback by how ugly the child was. He suspected that the hospital had mistaken the identity of his child, but the child was indeed his. After that, the woman had no choice but to admit that she used to be ugly and had gotten a facelift to make herself look pretty. However, her husband freaked out when her child inherited her ugly genes.

Upon learning the truth, the husband was overwhelmed with rage. Not only did he file for a divorce, but he even took the woman to court, asking her to pay him compensation for emotional damage. In any case, the woman broke up with her husband and lost money.

Krystal turned livid with rage. Taking the wedding invitation out of her handbag, she thrust it into her hand and said in bitter jealousy, "Kendall, however ugly I am, I'm at least going to marry a normal man. Jackson isn't inferior to Master Dylan. So what if you're pretty? As a woman who'll never have kids, your life is doomed to be a failure. How could you have the cheek to be smug after marrying a crippled and impotent eunuch?"

Slap! Slap! Kendall raised her hand and slapped Krystal twice across the face.

Krystal was stunned by the slaps.

"Krystal, I'm warning you, call my husband names again and I'll cut your tongue off and feed it to a dog!"

Realizing what she had just said, Krystal turned as pale as a sheet without Kendall having to lecture her again.

Kendall took out her cell phone and called Jackson. When he answered the phone, she said to him, "Young Master Jackson, please discipline your fiancée. If I hear her say something like my husband is a crippled and impotent eunuch again, don't blame me for teaching her a lesson for that."

Krystal pleaded, "I was wrong, Kendall. Just come at me. Please don't tell Jackson about it." She knew deep down that Jackson married her not because he liked her but because he had to take responsibility for the incident that night. And besides, Whittle Holdings' public relations crisis was also part of the reason. Both Jackson and Tom were scared of Dylan, who had once taken business away from them and plunged Whittle Holdings into a public relations crisis that remained unsolved until now. As a consequence, the company suffered heavy losses. The words she had blurted out just now were very offensive. If her future father-in-law were to know that she had insulted Dylan, he might call off her engagement to Jackson.

Jackson apologized repeatedly, "Kendall, sorry that I didn't do a good job of disciplining my fiancée. I promise you that I'll never let her say anything nasty about Master Dylan again. Since we know each other, please show some leniency and forgive her this once."

"Hmph!" Kendall let out a snort and hung up.

Krystal nearly burst into tears of anxiety. "Kendall, it was my fault for shooting my mouth off. You could

hit me for that, but why did you have to tell Jackson about what I said? Don't you know that Whittle Holdings' current crisis is still unsolved? Y-You loved Jackson so much before. Are you so unwilling to see him and me loving each other?"

Kendall was amused by Krystal's train of thought. "Miss Caddel, are you out of your mind after you fell into the river that day? So what if you and Jackson love each other? What does it have to do with me? I'm not the person who should be jealous. What does Whittle Holdings' crisis have to do with me? You're scared that Jackson will get angry? Hehe, I'm so sorry, but I like to hit people where it hurts." Since Krystal feared that Jackson would get angry and that she couldn't win her in-laws' favor, she'd tell Jackson on Krystal and let him and the Whittles sort her out on her behalf. I'll deal with whoever calls Master Dylan names! "Miss Caddel, I wish you and Jackson a happy marriage in advance."

After telling Jackson about Krystal, she felt much better. Tapping the invitation on Krystal's shoulder, she reminded her, saying, "Remember to send an invitation to that sister of mine." With that, she turned around and left while opening the invitation to see the date of Jackson and Krystal's wedding.

Perhaps for the sake of the spectacle, their wedding would be held next Saturday. It was a weekend, so those who were working didn't have to go to work, whereas the students didn't have to go to school. Many would be able to attend their wedding.

Kendall was only too eager for everyone in Orapolis to attend their wedding. That way, the broadcasting of the video would achieve the best results.

Krystal watched Kendall leave, after which she finally felt a burning sensation in her cheeks. She slapped me so hard. She knew without looking at herself in the mirror that her cheeks must've swollen badly.

Ring! Ring! Just then, her cell phone rang.

She took out her cell phone, only to panic when she saw the caller ID. It was a phone call from Jackson. He's definitely calling me to scold me. She wanted to reject the phone call right away, but she dared not do so. In the end, she braced herself and answered the phone.

Jackson scolded, "Krystal, do you think that the Whittle Holdings isn't suffering enough? How could you call Master Dylan names?" He was pissed off by Krystal. In order to save Whittle Holdings, he even sacrificed his own marriage. Just when he thought he could save the company by associating himself with Zorn Holdings, Krystal courted death by insulting Dylan in front of Kendall. It was fine if she didn't know Kendall's real identity. However, she insulted Dylan in front of Kendall despite knowing that the latter was Dylan's wife. She's trying to destroy Whittle Holdings! If Krystal were in front of him, he'd have given her a box on the ear.

"Sorry, Jackson! I was wrong; I only blurted it out impulsively in a fit of rage. You have no idea how abominable she is. She provoked me on purpose and made me insult Master Dylan so that she'd have the chance to take revenge on us."

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Krystal pushed the blame onto Kendall.

"I don't care whose fault it is, but you shouldn't insult Master Dylan. Do you know who he is? He can make the both of us bankrupt with a flick of his finger! Krystal, go home right now. Who made you look for Kendall? You shouldn't mess with that woman!"

Jackson was frightened of Kendall and didn't dare to show himself in front of her anymore. After knowing that she was married to Dylan, he felt uncomfortable, and he wanted to go to Kendall to get a clear explanation from her. However, when he recalled her ruthlessness, he dispelled that thought in the end. When he could be on an equal footing with Dylan one day, Kendall would belong to him as long as he wanted to.

"I-I just sent her an invitation to our wedding," Krystal stammered in a low voice.

Kendall's obsession with Jackson was not a secret in Orapolis. Krystal had heard of it before, and she and her friends had laughed at her shamelessness in private, thinking that Jackson would suffer if he married Kendall. Unexpectedly, she ended up being the one to marry Jackson. Therefore, Krystal cared about this matter a lot. If Kendall didn't attend her wedding with Jackson, she would feel extremely upset. She wanted to show Kendall that the man she once loved the most was now married to her, Krystal.

After Jackson fell silent for a moment, he asked, "Did she agree?"

"She did."

"Since you went there to send her an invitation, why did you insult Master Dylan? Krystal, you should go home. Don't loiter around Parker Corporation anymore."

Krystal agreed before she asked cautiously, "Jackson, are you still angry?"

"What's the use of being angry? You've already insulted him."

Krystal didn't dare to speak, and cursed Kendall out thousands of times in her mind.

After the call ended, Jackson called Hudson, Krystal's father, and told him about Krystal insulting Dylan. Then, he reminded him to teach her what she could or could not say if she wanted to join the high society of Orapolis.

At first, Hudson was displeased that his prospective son-in-law was complaining about his daughter so quickly, but after listening to Jackson's words, he was frightened.

"Krystal has always been gentle and sensible. I can't believe she would say something like this. Jackson, Young Mistress Kendall must've made Krystal very angry."

Jackson tugged at his tie and tried to keep his voice as gentle as possible as he said, "Dad, no matter what Kendall said or did, it's her business. Don't involve Master Dylan. You can just tell Krystal this. If I say this to her, she'll think that I am helping Kendall."

Hudson was elated that Jackson was calling him Dad, and he replied happily, "Jackson, I understand. When Krystal comes back, I will educate her."

"Thank you, Dad."

"We're all family, so you don't have to be so courteous. Besides, Krystal is wrong as well. I'm her dad, so it's my job to educate her."

Even the Zorn Family did not dare to simply offend Dylan, so it was better for small fry like them to stay away from a powerful figure like him.

"Dad, I need your help to act as a middleman and put in a good word for Whittle Holdings' cooperation with Zorn Holdings."

"Don't worry, Jackson, I'll definitely help you as long as I can. Whittle Holdings is a powerful company, but you were just framed by someone. Don't worry, Benjamin will be willing to give your company a hand."

After getting a certain answer, Jackson felt more relieved.

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In a VIP room on the top floor of Parker Corporation, Kendall personally poured a glass of warm water for Leonel and his secretary.

"Have some water, Mr. Dawson."

When Kendall handed a glass of warm water to Leonel, he quickly stood up and picked up the glass with both hands.

"Young Mistress Kendall, we can do it by ourselves," he replied respectfully, albeit feeling fearful deep down.

"Mr. Dawson, you don't have to call me that. We're talking about business now, so I'm President Parker's assistant. You can just call me Miss Parker." Kendall corrected Leonel with a smile.

"You don't have to be like this, Mr. Dawson. I understand the circumstances. Besides, you're slightly better than those people," she assured him. At least he wouldn't force her.

Leonel's face flushed, and he promised embarrassedly, "Young Mistress Kendall, I mean, Miss Parker, I promise that I'll never let that happen again."

After he had paid the price for bending the rules, the fact that the person whose rules he had broken was Dylan's wife was enough to scare him away. If he broke the rules again and provoked someone that he shouldn't mess with, his career would end right then. Though he was a fool for women, his career was more important as he still had a family to support.

Kendall smiled. "Then, I'll thank you on the behalf of all the newcomers in the working force."

She was backed by Dylan, but not everyone was as lucky as she was to have someone supporting them. If Leonel could guarantee that he would not break any rules in the future, it was a good thing for many newcomers to the workforce.

"Miss Parker, I'm deeply ashamed."

"Mr. Dawson, have some water."

"All right, I will."

Leonel took two sips of water, and the warmth dispelled his trepidation after he saw that Kendall didn't have any intentions to hold him accountable. Fortunately, he didn't do anything excessive and had just touched Kendall's hand at most.

"Miss Parker, about President Coleman..."

What Leonel was most afraid of was that Dylan would make him pay for what he had done.

"Master Dylan values your abilities. Of course, if you improve your character even more, you will gain his approval."

With Kendall's words, Leonel understood she had not complained about him to Dylan. Her generosity nearly made him weep with gratitude.

"I'll do my best. Thank you, Miss Parker." Leonel thanked her again and took two more sips of water before he took out the contract. He placed the contract in front of her and said in a businesslike tone, "Miss Parker, have a look at this contract. If you don't have any problems with it, we can sign it. After that, our company will send the official order to your company, and your company can begin production."

Kendall picked up the contract and looked at it carefully. The price was listed out according to Kelly's original report. Although Leonel was frightened by her identity, he didn't let it affect him when it came to business. After all, he couldn't let his private affairs affect his business.

After reading the contract carefully, she handed the contract to Jessie, who was next to her, to have a look. Jessie was arranged by her father to come with her before she signed the contract with Leonel. She was Adam's secretary, and as she had worked in Parker Corporation for many years, she was much more knowledgeable than Kendall. However, she couldn't find any problems with the contract issued by Prestige Electronics. With Kendall's current status, although Prestige Electronics was taken care of by

Leonel, it belonged to the Coleman Empire Holdings, so he wouldn't dare to take advantage of Kendall, the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family.

Jessie returned the contract to Kendall with a nod, indicating that there was no problem.

"Miss Parker, if you think the contract is all right, you can sign it."

Kendall agreed with a smile, "Of course."

She picked up the fountain pen and signed her name at the designated place. Jessie then gave her a seal, which was the company seal of Parker Corporation. After stamping the seal, the contract officially took effect.

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Leonel added his signature and stamp as well, and the contract was duplicated with each of them owning a copy. After that, their secretaries kept the contracts away.

Kendall stood up and extended her right hand to Leonel. After he shook hands with her, she smiled and said, "Mr. Dawson, I'm looking forward to working together with you."

"So am I."

Leonel shook Kendall's hand out of obligation, but he quickly retracted his hand. Just the day before, he had wanted to touch Kendall even more, but today, he didn't dare to touch her even if she allowed him to.

"Miss Parker, you must be very busy. I won't take up your time anymore. I'll be taking my leave."

Leonel didn't dare to spend too much time with Kendall as he was still a little embarrassed on one hand, and he was afraid of Dylan as well.

"I'll see you out, Mr. Dawson."

Kendall didn't make him stay either and politely sent him and his secretary out, all the way to the elevator. When the two entered, she turned around and walked back.

Jessie handed her the contract and congratulated her with a smile, "Kendall, congratulations on signing your first contract. Prestige Electronics is making such a big order. I bet the people in the sales

department are going green with envy now."

"It was just blind luck."

Kendall knew very well that she did not secure the contract with Prestige Electronics through her own abilities. Although Leonel wanted to break the rules for her, he also valued Parker Corporation's power, and Kelly gave him a satisfactory offer where he was able to back out if he wanted. At most, her contribution was convincing him to sign the contract over a few glasses of wine.

"Either way, since you were the one who signed the contract, it's your accomplishment. President Parker will be really happy."

Jessie was a sharp person. After Kendall entered the company and was taken around by Adam in order for her to learn about the company, she immediately knew that Adam was training Kendall. Although Kelly was the vice president of the company, it was still unknown who would take over Parker Corporation in the end.

"I'll go and let President Parker know."

Kendall walked toward her father's office with the contract in her arms. Jessie smiled, then returned to her office to continue with her work.

Meanwhile, in the vice president's office, Kelly couldn't seem to calm down and work. She threw her pen away and leaned back on the swivel chair, spinning back and forth.

After a while, she pressed on the internal line. When Cameron answered the phone, she asked, "Have

Miss Parker and Mr. Dawson signed the contract?"

Cameron knew that Kelly was upset. At first, Kelly was in charge, but in the end, it was Kendall who went forward to sign the contract with Leonel. Even if it was requested by Leonel, Cameron still felt that it was unfair for Kelly.

"I saw Mr. Dawson's car leaving our company earlier. They must've already signed the contract," Cameron reported. She had been paying attention, after all.

Kelly slammed the phone down loudly, startling Cameron.

After putting down the phone, Cameron whispered to the colleague in front of her, "Vice President Parker is furious."

The person answered in a low voice, "Everyone else would be angry. Vice President Parker was the one who took the initiative to personally negotiate a cooperation with Prestige Electronics, and Miss Parker was just sent by President Parker to learn from her. Now that the deal has been sealed, all the credit went to Miss Parker while Vice President Parker didn't get anything. Why wouldn't she be angry?"

Cameron sighed and whispered, "There's no way for an adopted daughter to compare with the biological daughter. What did Miss Parker do? She just drank a few glasses of wine with Mr. Dawson, booked a room for him, and helped him back to his room. Who knows how she made Mr. Dawson decide on her."

"Miss Sanders." The colleague's eyes lit up at her words. She said nosily, "You can only say something like that in front of us, but don't go around spreading it to others. Now, she's not only the biological

daughter of the Parker Family, but also the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family. I'm sure you know how powerful Master Dylan is."

"Am I wrong, though? If she didn't do something like that, why would Mr. Dawson settle on her?"

Cameron had deliberately said that to make her get the wrong idea. She whispered, "I heard that Master Dylan has been unable to do that ever since he got into the car accident. Miss Parker must've felt lonely and frustrated, so she..."

She blinked at her colleague with a knowing expression, and the two of them exchanged a disdainful look. After chatting for a while, the colleague left. Cameron pondered for a moment before she got up and entered the pantry to make coffee for her superior.

...

In Coleman Mansion, Emily received more than a dozen photos of Frank pestering Kendall earlier that morning on her phone. After she saw the photos, she was instantly furious and slammed her phone on the coffee table loudly, startling Fergus, who was drinking tea and reading the newspaper. Even Alice, who had just returned from Pet Palace, was taken aback.

After she exchanged glances with her father, both father and daughter were sure that the other did not make Emily angry.

"Mom, what happened? Who made you angry? Tell me. I'll teach them a lesson for you!" Alice walked over and sat next to her mother, then took her arm and asked sweetly, "Who dared to make my dearest mother angry? Are they tired of living or what?"

Emily picked up her phone and opened the photos with the intention of showing them to her daughter, but when Alice was about to take the phone, Emily retracted her hand again after thinking of something and refused to let her have a look.

"Mom, what's on your phone?" Alice asked curiously.

"Don't look. It's just something unsightly."

"Mom, is Dad cheating on you, and his mistress is provoking you, his actual wife?"

Emily was rendered speechless.

Fergus nearly jumped up from his seat. "Ally, don't drag me into this. I don't have any other women apart from your mother. I'm going to spend the rest of my life with her."

"Then, what unsightly thing made Mom so angry?"

"Ally, it has nothing to do with you. Go out and play somewhere else."

"Who am I going to play with? All my brothers have jobs, and I'm the only one who's lazing around at home." Alice pouted. "Mom, you won't let me work either. I think that Kendall is doing quite well. What's embarrassing about working and earning money with your own hard work?"

Alice's words made Emily nervous, and she immediately warned her solemnly, "Ally, you are the daughter of the Coleman Family, which makes you a distinguished person. You can't act like Kendall. How can she compare with you? You should stay away from her in the future. Don't let her be a bad influence on you."

She had finally given birth to the apple of her eye, Alice, after the Coleman Family had not had a daughter for five generations, so how could she be compared with a country bumpkin like Kendall? For her daughter, the most important thing she had to do was to think about how to spend her money.

"Mom, my sister-in-law and I are both human. What's the difference? She's a good person. You only feel that way because you don't interact with her much."

"Look, you've only known her for a few days, but you're already on her side. That woman must be a succubus who can cast spells on others. That's how she made you and your eldest brother fall head over heels for her. I think I should hire an exorcist to come and deal with her."

Alice laughed. "Mom, if you really looked for an exorcist, you'll be the one who will look bad."

Chapter 236

Even so, Emily didn't truly mean what she said. A person of her status couldn't casually hire an exorcist. If word about it spread out, her reputation would be damaged, and she would become a laughing stock.

"Ally, go and play with your pets," Fergus said.

Alice pursed her lips, not wanting to leave, but she got up and left in the end. As soon as she exited the main house, she immediately hid herself and pricked her ears to eavesdrop on her parents' conversation.

"Honey, what did you see earlier that made you so angry? You didn't want Ally to know either."

Now that her daughter was not present, Emily had no reason to hold back anymore. She handed her phone to her husband and said angrily, "Look at what Kendall did. She's so shameless. She is married to our son, and no matter how much I dislike her, that fact remains. But how could she cuddle with Frank behind Dylan's back? Look at these photos. They're making me furious!"

"Darling, Kendall must have an ulterior motive. She refused to marry our son at first and even threatened to end her own life, but after she fell into a coma from losing too much blood and woke up again, she became a completely different person. Don't you think it's strange? I knew she had a purpose. As expected, she was working together with Frank. She must be a pawn that Frank placed next to Dylan. Not only did she help Frank monitor Dylan, but she also hooked up with Frank. Isn't she just bullying our son for being impo... That b*tch!"

"If she wants a man, she shouldn't marry my son. How dare she betray my son after marrying him to have an affair with Frank? Argh, I'm about to go mad! If I don't tear her apart, I won't be able to rest!"

If Kendall was present at that moment, Emily would definitely slap her across her face.

After Fergus finished looking through the photos, he asked, "Who sent these photos to you? Are they real? What if they were edited?"

"They're absolutely real. I spent a lot of money to hire the best private investigator to secretly watch Kendall's every move. The private investigator sent these photos to me. How could they be fake?"

Fergus frowned. "Honey, if Dylan finds out that you're doing this, the two of you would definitely argue again."

"I'm doing it for his own good. Even if he trusts Kendall that much, I don't. See, I just hired a private investigator to watch her, and I've already gotten this result. I don't even know how much she has betrayed our son behind our backs."

Emily took her phone back and was about to make a call when Fergus stopped her. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to call that b*tch back and teach her a lesson. If I don't drive her out of the Coleman Family today, I won't be able to bear it."

Seeing that Fergus was not as emotional as she was, Emily asked, "Darling, are you trying to protect Kendall?"

Fergus replied helplessly, "That's not true, Honey. I just want you to look at the bigger picture instead of only looking at the surface. Look at these photos. From Kendall's expression, she's clearly being restrained by Frank, and her movements also show that she's struggling. Frank has always been at odds with Dylan. Our son is careful and has no weaknesses to any outsiders, but now that he has Kendall, to Frank, Kendall is Dylan's weakness, and he will definitely seize Kendall as his breaking point."

After Emily looked at the photos carefully again, she realized that her husband was correct. Even so, she was still very angry.

"Even if you're right, it's still Kendall's fault. I won't let her stay by Dylan's side anymore."

Fergus countered, "Do you want Dylan to go back to the way he used to be—cold, refusing to rehabilitate, and sitting in a wheelchair for the rest of his life?"

Emily fell silent. Her mother-in-law asked her to send someone to monitor Kendall, and when she obtained evidence of Kendall cheating, she had to wait for Dylan to stand up again before she could drive Kendall away. If she hastily got rid of Kendall now, her eldest son might really change back to the way he used to be, or become even worse.

She recalled that ever since her son got into the car accident, his already gloomy face became even moodier, and the look in his eyes was truly terrifying, to the point where even she, his mother, did not dare to look at her son. Even the staff she had hired to take care of Dylan had been heavily injured by him. Those days were the darkest times for everyone in the Coleman Mansion.

Fergus pulled her down to sit next to him and said in a gentle voice, "How many times have I told you

that Dylan has his own reasons for doing things? Let's just watch without intervening. That will only affect our relationship with him. Honey, we can't control our children too much. As his parents, why should we worry so much? You think that Kendall is not worthy of our son, but with his current circumstances, strictly speaking, our son is not worthy of her. He was born and raised by his parents. Do you think that Kendall came out of nowhere? The Parker Family would also feel bad for their daughter."

Fergus was a very open-minded parent, and he never intervened in his children's private affairs.

"Since Dylan married Kendall, it must be because she is worth the effort. In your eyes, Kendall is nothing, but to Dylan, she looks like a dazzling jewel. The person who will spend the rest of their life with him is Kendall, not us. As long as Dylan doesn't regret it, let's just give him our blessings as his parents and not worry about anything else."

Fergus said solemnly, "Don't arrange for a private investigator to follow Kendall anymore. Doing this will only destroy your relationship with Dylan."

Emily fell silent.

"Did Mom tell you to do this? Mom is smart. She didn't want to ruin her relationship with Dylan, so she used you instead. That way, even if you fall out with Dylan, Mom's relationship with him would not be affected."

Emily said, "That's your mother you're talking about."

Fergus smiled bitterly. "It's because she's my mother that I understand her well."

His mother was very cunning. Even though she was now kind-hearted, when it came to being ruthless, his mother would definitely take the lead. After all, she was now pushing his wife to rush out and help her to get rid of Kendall, the granddaughter-in-law she didn't acknowledge. He guessed that his mother used this trick after she had lost several times from confronting Dylan.

"But if Kendall and Frank are working together, wouldn't it be bad for our son?"

Fergus countered, "Do you think your son is a pushover?"

Emily shook her head immediately. None of her three sons were weak.

"Dylan is so much better at judging people than us. As long as he wants to, nothing can slip through his fingers. Honey, listen to my advice. Don't think about driving Kendall away anymore, and don't worry about the fact that she grew up in the countryside. She is the daughter of the Parker Family and doesn't come from a bad background. Now, I think that she's also working very hard to change the way things are. For such a hard-working and motivated daughter-in-law, we should support her as much as we can instead of ripping her off from her pedestal and dragging her down."

Emily fell silent. She took her husband's words to heart.

Meanwhile, Alice quietly slipped away after eavesdropping to this point.

Chapter 237

At Coleman Empire Holdings, Dylan received a call from his sister. Regardless of what his sister said on the phone, his expression remained the same, and he only replied nonchalantly, "I understand. Thank you, Ally."

Embarrassed by her brother thanking her, Alice asked, "Dylan, you won't misunderstand Kendall, right?"

Dylan stopped his work, but he didn't put his pen down and played with it instead. "I won't."

"That's good. Dylan, you shouldn't blame Mom either."

Alice didn't want him to misunderstand Kendall, but she didn't want him to blame Emily either.

Dylan fell silent before he said, "Since Dad has convinced Mom, I won't do anything."

Fortunately, his father was an open-minded parent and was able to convince Emily. Though this was thanks to the many rules of the Coleman Family. The women of the Coleman Family were bound by the rules. If they wanted more freedom, it depended on how deeply their men felt about them.

"Dylan, um, can I go to work like Kendall?"

Dylan thought for a while and replied, "You have to think about what you want to do. Kendall has a clear goal for going to work. If you don't have a goal and just want to pass time, forget about it. You can do that at Pet Palace."

His sister especially liked to keep pets, and most of the pets in Pet Palace belonged to her.

"Isn't the point of going to work to get paid? What other goals do I need? How about I do my best to climb my way up and steal your position as the president?"

Dylan was amused by his sister's words. "If you have such a goal, then I'll strive to let you join our company headquarters."

"Actually, Dylan, forget it. Even Yoseph and the others aren't capable of taking your position." Alice was still self-aware.

"Let me think about what I want to do carefully. Dylan, when I figure it out, you have to fully support me in my business."

Dylan replied dotingly, "Okay."

"Then, I won't bother you anymore." Alice voluntarily hung up, not daring to take up too much of his time.

After putting down his phone, Dylan shook his head and smiled, murmuring in a low voice, "Kendall, understand that if I make an exception for you, the consequences would be grave."

It would go against the Coleman Family's rules and make the women of the Coleman Family start to 'rebel.'

Knock, knock!

There was a knock on the door. It was Ronnie.

Dylan said, "Come in."

Ronnie pushed the door open and walked toward Dylan, saying respectfully, "Young Master Dylan, Miss Caddel went to look for Young Mistress Kendall."

"Uh-huh."

"I don't know what they discussed, but Young Mistress Kendall angrily slapped Miss Caddel across her face."

Dylan hummed again before saying something that made Ronnie's jaw drop. "I wonder if her hand hurts. She should leave it to me to do this kind of thing. My hands are strong and my skin is thick, so I wouldn't feel anything even if I gave Miss Caddel a few more slaps."

Ronnie was rendered speechless at Dylan's protectiveness.

"Ronnie, ask someone to tell President Caddel to mind his daughter properly. If she makes my wife angry and hurts my wife's hand again, I will make them suffer so much that even the Zorns wouldn't be able to save them."

"Yes, sir." Once Ronnie received the order, he hurried away to carry it out.

After sitting quietly for a minute, Dylan devoted himself to his heavy work again, and the morning slowly went by.

What would Dylan look like while holding a large bouquet of bright red roses? It would definitely be a sight to behold for the people of Orapolis.

Five minutes before Kendall got off work, Dylan's designated convoy arrived at the entrance of Parker Corporation. In the past, Dylan would ask Ronnie to pick Kendall up, but he came over in person that day, and made it a big deal as well. After he got out of the car, he sat in his wheelchair and allowed Ronnie to push him slowly toward the company while he held a large bouquet of bright roses in his arms, making for a dazzling sight.

Everyone in Orapolis knew that Dylan didn't like plants, and there were only a few landscaping trees in his residence. There used to be people who bet that someone like Dylan would never send flowers to any woman. Either way, they heard that even when his most beloved sister had her birthday, he, the eldest brother, did not give her a bouquet of flowers. If he acted like that to his immediate family, it would be even more impossible for other women to receive any flowers from him. However, he broke his record that day.

Kendall was still busy, but Jessie told her that Dylan had come to pick her up.

"Master Dylan is here? Wait, he came in person? But I didn't receive any calls from him."

Kendall took out her phone and looked through her call history. Indeed, she did not receive any calls from Dylan that morning.

Jessie smiled and said, "Why would I lie to you? Master Dylan is waiting for you to get off work at the entrance. He also brought you a surprise. Hurry up, don't keep Master Dylan waiting for a long time."

"What surprise did he bring me?" Kendall muttered dubiously.

As long as it wasn't scary, it was fine. After all, that man was so arrogant that he had never given her a serious gift.

Jessie asked amusedly, "Is Master Dylan that... dense?"

Kendall would not badmouth Dylan in front of outsiders, so after giving her a smile, she quickly grabbed her bag and said to Jessie, "Jessie, I'll be leaving three minutes early today, then."

"When you leave the office, it'll be right on time for you to get off work, so it wouldn't count as leaving early."

Kendall took her bag and hurried downstairs. As soon as she left the office building, she was amazed by the scene at the entrance. The bouquet was so big that it covered Dylan's body.

Meanwhile, the media was particularly well-informed, for as soon as Kendall walked out of the building, she saw many reporters taking pictures. The bodyguards took no action, so they must have received orders from Dylan. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for entertainment reporters. Naturally, they had to snap a few more pictures.

"Master Dylan." Kendall couldn't contain her elation, and broke into a smile before she walked to Dylan. She had a ravishing face and a bright smile, making her more beautiful than any flower to Dylan.

Meanwhile, the reporters hurriedly took pictures of her joyful expression.

"Master Dylan, you're here."

Dylan stood up. The reporters were stunned, but they quickly snapped more pictures. Dylan stood up! This was probably just as shocking as Dylan's announcement of his marriage last night.

"I'm here to pick you up from work," Dylan said in a low voice.

His dark, intense eyes were locked on his beautiful wife's bright smile as he handed the large bouquet of flowers he was holding to Kendall. In an instant, the flowers covered her body.

"I know you never liked roses, but roses represent love, so I still prepared roses for you. There are ninety-nine flowers here. I hope you like it."

Kendall hurriedly hugged the ninety-nine roses and smiled sweetly. "Master Dylan, even if you give me a blade of grass, I'll treat it as my treasure as long as it's a present from you, much less ninety-nine roses."

Roses were never her favorite flowers, but from today onward, she decided to make roses her favorite.

Dylan looked happy that she liked his gift. He had no idea that giving a bouquet of flowers to someone he liked would not only make them happy, but it would make him happy as well.

Chapter 238

"Thank you, Master Dylan. I really love these flowers."

With a soft expression, Dylan raised his hand, and Ronnie quickly handed him a pack of tissues. He took two sheets out and took another step forward, narrowing the distance from his beloved wife. Then, he gently wiped Kendall's forehead and face with the tissue, his voice gentle and intoxicating as he explained, "You're sweating. Let me wipe it for you."

Although it rained last night and only stopped that morning, as soon as the rain stopped, the sun eagerly rose to do its job. Now that it was noon, anyone who left the air-conditioned office would instantly feel a wave of heat that caused them to sweat profusely.

"You're sweating too. I'll help you wipe it off."

Kendall wanted to help Dylan wipe his sweat, and he did not refuse. He took out two tissues, then bent down, giving her an easier time to wipe his sweat.

"The weather's hot now. If you come next time before I get off work, you should go wait inside. Don't sit here under the sun." Kendall thought for a moment, then said to Ronnie, "Same goes to you, Ronnie. Why didn't you carry an umbrella for Master Dylan? The afternoon sun is deadly."

"Apologies, Young Mistress Kendall. We were negligent." Ronnie hurriedly admitted his mistake. They had been negligent for not shading Dylan with an umbrella.

The others watched the couple's sweet interaction, while the reporters kept taking pictures. Regardless

of whether the couple were acting or showing their true feelings, this scene was still worth the photos. Of course, they had to watch their fair share of the couple's public display of affection in the process.

"Master Dylan, let's get in the car. It's hot outside."

Kendall felt sorry for her husband, and didn't want his handsome face to get tanned by the sun. After all, she cared a lot about looks, though she only cared about Dylan's looks. If it were someone like Frank, she would run away as far as she could.

Dylan sat in the wheelchair. Kendall then handed him the bouquet and pushed him toward his car. Soon, the couple got into the car, and as soon as the door was closed, they were isolated from the outside world. Once they were inside, Kendall found that there were many red boxes piled on the seats.

"What are these boxes doing here? There's even so many," Kendall asked suspiciously. While Dylan was still holding the bouquet for her, she curiously picked up one of the boxes and opened it to see that there was a gorgeous necklace inside.

"Kendall, these are all my gifts for you. Take a look and see if you like it."

Such a gesture wasn't Dylan's usual style, but when he did put his mind to it, it greatly shocked Kendall.

She looked at the pile of gifts with wide eyes and asked, "Master Dylan, are all of these jewelries?"

Did he empty an entire jewelry shop?

Dylan hummed in reply. "They are. You're too plain, so you have to wear some jewelry, and they can only be the ones that I gave you."

Kendall fell silent. She liked his bossy personality. Hence, on the way to the hotel for dinner, she never stopped opening the boxes of jewelry that he gifted her. Not only were they expensive, but they were stylish as well. All of a sudden, Kendall felt as if she had become a rich lady. It was a great feeling.

"Do you like them?" Dylan asked in a low voice. If one listened carefully, one could hear a faint trace of nervousness in his tone.

This was the first time he had prepared a gift for a woman seriously, and it was also the first time he had genuinely given a gift to a woman. When Yasmine celebrated her birthday in the past, the vases he gifted her were all selected by Amos.

"I like them! I like them a lot!" Kendall wrapped her arms around his neck happily, then kissed him multiple times on his face.

As he was holding a large bouquet of flowers, he couldn't push her away. He wouldn't, anyway. He liked it when she kissed him whenever she wanted to like this. Even if she drooled all over his face, he would still accept it all.

"Would you think that my gifts are too tacky?"

"Of course not. For gifts like these, the more I get, the better."

She could keep the jewelries and give them to her baby as a dowry in the future. Baby... Kendall's

mood turned gloomy in an instant. Why did she think of the baby again? She had been reborn and returned to the time before she married Jackson, so her relationship with her baby ended in her previous life. Though they only spent seven months together, Kendall's heart broke every time she thought about it.

"What's wrong?" Dylan keenly noticed that her mood had suddenly changed.

"It's nothing."

Kendall hurriedly shook off her sadness and took the large bouquet of flowers from Dylan's arms, then leaned her head on his shoulder and said to him, "Master Dylan, I'm so happy that it feels like a dream. I'm afraid that once I wake up, I'll lose everything."

She was afraid that when she woke up from her dream, she would return to her previous life, where she was not killed in a car crash and was rescued and had to face the cruel situation of losing her beloved daughter alone. Although it was impossible for her to continue her relationship with her baby after she had been reborn, at any rate, the baby could reincarnate as someone else's child and would not die like in their previous life.

Suddenly, Dylan pinched her thigh.

"Ouch, it hurts! Master Dylan, why are you pinching me so hard? It really hurts." Kendall almost jumped up from her seat in pain, but if she had done that inside the car, she would end up hitting the roof of the car.

"It's good that it hurts. That shows that you aren't dreaming."

Kendall was rendered speechless. One moment, he made her extremely happy, but the next moment, he pinched her thigh so harshly that it hurt.

Upon seeing her hurt expression, Dylan wanted to hold her in his arms, but she hurriedly pushed him and shouted, "No, don't crush my flowers! This is my first bouquet from my husband, so it means a lot to me. Oh, right, I haven't taken a picture yet. I'm gonna post it on Instagram and make my friends jealous."

Dylan laughed. "You won't doubt that you are dreaming, will you? Silly girl."

In the end, he didn't hug her, but he poked her pretty nose indulgently. "It's just a bouquet of flowers. The way you're acting, it's like I gave you a goldmine."

"You've given me so much jewelry. Isn't that a goldmine? Just one necklace would cost hundreds of thousands, right?"

Don't think that I know nothing. After all, I've returned to a wealthy family for over a year, so I still know my stuff.

"When we go home later, I have another surprise for you," Dylan said mysteriously.

He would give her everything she liked. Even though it seemed that she didn't like roses, he still gave them to her. However, he liked how she still accepted the bouquet for his sake. At this thought, Dylan felt warm and pleased inside. The taste of love truly was great!

"Master Dylan, don't treat me too well. If you do, I'll feel nervous, as if you'd dig a hole and bury me in it."

Dylan was speechless. What is this woman saying!

"Then I'll spoil someone else."

"No, you're my husband. You can only spoil me!"

Dylan laughed. "Then, don't hate me for spoiling you too much."

"I don't hate it. I'm just worried that you'll spoil me too much."

"So what if I do? Who would dare to have a problem with it? If I don't spoil my wife, who will I spoil?"

Wasn't the point of marrying a wife to spoil her?

Kendall thought to herself, There are too many people who have a problem with it. However, she didn't say it out loud in case she ruined the sweet atmosphere between them.

"Why did Krystal look for you? Does your hand hurt from slapping her?" Dylan, who had just been acting bossy earlier, immediately changed the topic.

Kendall replied instinctively, "She sent me an invitation for her wedding with Jackson next Saturday. She insulted my husband, so I slapped her to teach her a lesson!"

Chapter 239

Dylan didn't expect that Kendall had slapped Krystal in order to defend him. He watched Kendall quietly for a while, then took her hand with his, inspecting her palm.

"Dylan, even though I slapped her really harshly, I'm fine. My palms did hurt a little at the time, but I'm fine now. It's not even red now," Kendall reassured. She didn't think that she was a spoiled princess.

"What did she say about me that made you so angry?" Seeing that her hand was fine, Dylan put down her hand and asked.

"She said that you were crippled and that you were an eunuch. How could I not be mad? I didn't cut her tongue off only because I was scared that I'd go to jail for breaking the law. After all, it's not quite worth it to go to jail for someone like her."

Dylan's expression remained unchanged. No one dared to insult him to his face, but countless people called him names behind his back. He knew very well that he was not a kind person in the hearts of the people of Orapolis.

"It's not like I would lose anything just because she insulted me a little. You really don't have to land yourself in jail for someone like that."

Dylan had been in the business world for many years, and although he was ruthless, he did not break any laws. One of the family rules left by the ancestors of the Coleman Family was that future

generations were not allowed to commit crimes. Should anyone break the law, they would be expelled from the Coleman Family and would no longer receive their protection. The same was true with

business. He had to conduct business morally and legally. He shouldn't challenge the law by relying on his power. After all, everyone was equal before the law.

"No, I can't let anyone insult you. I don't even have the heart to say anything about you myself," Kendall said bossily. "If Frank insults you, I'll take him on too."

Dylan's eyes flashed as he asked her in a low voice, "Did you get into a fight with Frank in the morning because he insulted me?"

"At first, it wasn't, but it was after that."

Dylan didn't know what to say. He was happy that his beloved wife defended him so much. For a weak woman like Krystal, Kendall would definitely have the upper hand, but when it came to someone like Frank, Kendall was at a disadvantage even if she tried her best. If Frank hadn't had special feelings toward Kendall and hadn't been tolerant of everything she did, things would've definitely not ended well for her that morning.

The fact that the woman he loved the most was being spoiled by his rival as well made him feel conflicted, and even his gaze turned troubled as he looked at Kendall.

A long while later, he reached out and brought her into his arms, saying in a loving, pitiful yet exasperated tone, "When you see Frank next time, don't go head-to-head with him, and you don't have to fight him for me. You aren't his opponent at all."

"But, I don't want to hear them insulting you. No matter what happens to you, you'll always be the most perfect man on earth to me."

Dylan laughed. "I don't mind at all. You know that my reputation has never been good in the first place. It doesn't hurt me at all to be insulted by others, and it's not worth fighting people for. Kendall, I just want you to be safe. As long as you're fine, nothing else matters."

Not wanting him to worry, Kendall replied meekly, "Then I'll listen to you. I'll try not to go against Frank in the future."

Though she acted docile, with Dylan's understanding of her, the next time she encountered something like this, she would still insist on defending him. In the past, he had always been the one to protect others, but she was the only one who protected him. Even if she wasn't a match for the other party, she would still desperately do her best to defend him. How would he not worry about his wife when she was like this?

Soon, they reached Dynasty Hotel. If Dylan was by himself, he usually took a secret passage and went directly to the top floor. However, when he came with Kendall, he wanted to enter the hotel from the main entrance to show off their affection. He actually liked to flaunt that he had a beautiful wife, but as he had always been discreet, no one noticed it.

Kendall pushed Dylan on his wheelchair while he helped her hold the bouquet of flowers. Even without their jaw-dropping looks, the bouquet of flowers alone was eye-catching enough. As they walked in, everyone surrounding them turned to look at the couple, and those from foreign countries lamented that they were truly a perfect match. Even if the man was sitting in a wheelchair, it did not affect the innate air of elegance that he carried around him.

In Orapolis, anyone who was a patron of Dynasty Hotel would definitely be a person of some importance, so they naturally recognized the couple. After all, one of them was the current President of

Coleman Empire Holdings. In the past, it was very difficult for people like them to see Dylan in person. Besides, he rarely participated in interviews, so there were not many opportunities to see him in the newspapers. Now, as long as they waited at Dynasty Hotel every day, they would be able to see him in all his glory.

More people were interested in Kendall, the real daughter of the Parker Family. A year ago, the Parker Family revealed that the daughter they had raised for 25 years belonged to someone else, while their real daughter, Kendall, was raised by a farmer named Woods in the countryside. Naturally, the Parker Family brought their biological daughter back. As they had raised their adopted daughter as their biological daughter for more than 20 years, they were deeply attached to her and were reluctant to let her leave, so the Parker Family ended up having two daughters.

The second daughter of the Parker Family was a hot topic not only because of her messy background, but also because of her love life. Though she had been head over heels for Jackson, she suddenly became the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family, which truly shocked the gossiping crowd to the core.

Surrounded by four bodyguards donned in black, Yasmine walked out of the hotel. She wasn't heading out. Instead, she received news that Dylan and his wife were here. Soon, they bumped into each other head-on, and both sides stopped in their tracks.

Yasmine had on heavier makeup today, probably because she had not rested well and needed heavier makeup to conceal her fatigued look. Dressed in a long purple dress, she actually looked stunning. Every time she appeared, Kendall would feel amazed. If she put their conflict aside, Kendall had to admit that Yasmine was a very beautiful woman. She was curious about how Dylan had been able to remain unmoved with such a young and gorgeous woman like Yasmine, who also had a good background, by his side.

"Master Dylan." Yasmine called out to him softly.

Kendall could tell that her voice was a little hoarse and wondered if Yasmine had been crying for a long time, causing her to lose her voice. It seemed that she really liked Dylan.

Dylan glanced at her coldly and nodded slightly in response.

Yasmine felt bitter. Was he not even willing to reply to her? Biting her lower lip, Yasmine raised her head to prevent herself from looking hurt and heartbroken. She looked straight at Kendall, who met her gaze calmly.

"Congratulations, Kendall!" Yasmine said instead.

Kendall smiled and answered, "Thank you, Miss Zorn."

Yasmine glared at her fiercely. She had congratulated her sarcastically. Couldn't this country bumpkin tell?

Meanwhile, Kendall did catch on to her sarcasm, but she didn't care. She had already died once, so why would she care about some mockery?

"I think I understand now," Yasmine said coldly.

Kendall was still smiling gently as she replied, "Miss Zorn, you're a clever person. I'm sure you can figure it out as long as you give it some thought."

"Kendall, why you..."

Shameless b*tch!

However, Yasmine didn't say these words out loud. With Dylan's cold stare fixed on her, she didn't dare to. Although she specially brought four bodyguards today, there were around eight bodyguards behind Dylan and his wife, and all of them were highly skilled masters in their field.

Chapter 240

"This bouquet is?" Yasmine hadn't the intention to ask, but she couldn't control herself and asked anyway. After she voiced her question, she immediately bit her lip in slight reluctance, as she couldn't display her arrogance in front of Dylan. Unfortunately, he had never once liked her that way.

Before the accident, Dylan had never really gotten along with Yasmine. Now, it was even less likely, as his heart could only fit Kendall alone with how small it was.

"My wife's." The person who replied was Dylan. "It's for my wife," he continued.

At that, Yasmine instantly paled.

Looking at the man, then at the woman, Kendall thought, Why is Yasmine as white as a sheet over a single bouquet? She knew not of how Dylan's generosity was for her alone, as he treated his suitors in a petty manner.

To Yasmine, that bouquet wasn't only a bouquet, but a symbol of Dylan's heart, and a promise of his tenderness for the rest of his life. Seeing that, she could only be sad, upset, and madly envious to the extent that she wanted to call for the bodyguards to ruin Kendall's face. However, with Dylan here, her hands were tied.

"Master Dylan, why her?" Yasmine asked with a slight quaver in her voice.

The bystanders were watching the scene unfold from afar, afraid to get closer.

On the other hand, Yoseph had rushed downstairs when he heard Yasmine was "meeting" Kendall. Although he wasn't needed there, he wanted to watch a good show as it was not often his brother would be involved in such a thing.

With his eyes on the bouquet in his hands, Dylan didn't bother with Yasmine as he said indifferently, "That's a personal matter. It has nothing to do with you, Miss Zorn."

"Master Dylan, you know very well that I... I-I just want to know, why her?"

Dylan sneered, "I know you spurn me for my disability. I won't tolerate such thoughts."

As her eyes reddened, Yasmine clenched her teeth tightly to prevent herself from shedding tears. In the past, she had spent many years trying to gain Dylan's affection to no avail. However, after the accident disabled him, she had been wise in giving up on him immediately, as she turned around and went after Frank instead. After all, she still had a whole life ahead of her and couldn't have it be spent on being a living widow. Was I so wrong in thinking that way?

"Yasmine Zorn, I have never liked you. Regardless of whether you spurn me, I do not care. However, since you were the one who had given up on me, you should quit acting as though I've wronged you. You only disgust me when you do so." With how wicked his tongue was, Dylan was very much capable of sending an admirer like Yasmine to her grave with just his words.

"Master Dylan, Kendall has her own agenda. She's just using you and trying to take over Parker Corporation by sticking close to you." Yasmine couldn't help but growl, "Do you really think she loves you? Do you think she'll be able to live for the rest of her life in an empty room?"

"Listen carefully, Yasmine Zorn. I knew from the start that Kendall has her own agenda and that she has the intention of using me. So what if she wants to stick close to me to ruin some scum? Since I have some value, I am happy for her to use my name. As long as I am still able to do so, she can use them freely to her heart's content. As for the Parker Corporation, surely as the daughter of the Parker Family, it is but a norm for her parents to leave their assets to their daughter. I know very well just whether she loves me or not, so there is no need for you to care about this. Also, why do you think she'll be living the rest of her life in an empty room? We are a married couple, one recognized in the eyes of the law."

As the latter sentences of Dylan were particularly emphasized, anyone who heard him would understand what he was implying—the two of them were sleeping together.

Immediately, several seasoned individuals looked over at Kendall with scrutinizing eyes. As their eyes lingered on her, they held onto their suspicion that she was still a maiden. Then, they came to a conclusion: Sharing the same bed didn't necessarily mean they did the deed. At that, the crowd understood just what Dylan had meant by his last sentence.

As Yasmine's body trembled, she looked at Dylan in disbelief. In the end, the tears she tried so hard to hold back came running down her cheeks. She knew she should stop having these feelings for this man, as he was still the same ruthless man to her even after he became disabled. It wasn't as though she didn't have her own suitors going after her.

Resolute, Yasmine wiped the tears off her and said with pride, "Then, I shall wish you to have a harmonious marriage with Miss Kendall, to have a healthy baby, and to be together until death do you part." Then, along with her bodyguards, she walked past the couple with her chest puffed and her head raised, leaving the place.

The crowd who had heard Yasmine's blessing felt it was filled with malice, as everyone knew Dylan couldn't perform, yet she still wished for him to have a healthy baby.

Since Yasmine's objective was Dylan, Kendall thought that he should be the one to handle her, so she stayed silent throughout the commotion. Nonetheless, she was touched to the core by his words. Even though he knew everything, he was still willing to follow her down this thorny path. This only made her fall deeper in love with the man. Hence, she swore inwardly that she would make him happy for the rest of his life and would not have him regret marrying her.

"Hey, Dylan. Hey, Kendall." Yoseph, who had his fill with the drama, came over.

Dylan cast a cold glance at his brother before ignoring him.

Kendall forced a smile at her brother-in-law before she continued pushing Dylan inside.

"Kendall, why didn't you say anything just now?" Yoseph asked as he felt that it would be too awkward to follow the couple in silence.

"It's there a problem with me protecting my wife?"

Just a single sentence from Dylan was enough to cause Yoseph to have his mouth shut.

"Dylan, here's a reward for you!" Kendall said as she stopped and kissed him on the cheek.

Looking at the loving couple, Yoseph remained silent and thought what a showoff they were.

As Yasmine's appearance didn't set off any stormy weather for the couple, they were able to quickly get back into their daily lives as though nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, unable to bear the feeling of shame, Yasmine who had just left the hotel was in tears, ones that wouldn't stop rolling down her cheek.

Several cars rushed over and stopped by the entrance of Dynasty Hotel. Then, Benjamin and Brian got out of their cars almost at the same time.

"Yasmine!"

"Yasmine!"

They called out in unison and immediately went over to their sister.

Yasmine stopped in her tracks.

"Yasmine?"

As Benjamin went to his sister, he was about to ask her about what had happened when Yasmine threw herself into his arms tearfully.

"It's alright, Yasmine." Benjamin was heartbroken watching his sister like this. He then hugged her tightly and said distressingly, "Just cry it out. You'll be okay after that."

Brian gestured to their bodyguards to form a circle around Benjamin and Yasmine so that no one else would witness their sister crying in her brother's arms.

"Benjamin, he said he never loved me. Even though I've liked him and even swallowed my pride in pursuing him all these years, he wouldn't even give me a single stalk of grass, yet he gave such a large bouquet to Kendall. Benjamin, I'm hurt. I'm just so hurt."

"I know, Yasmine. But, you'll feel better if you look at it from another perspective. No matter how much he gives to Kendall, those are all just material compensation in the end. He could never make her a genuine young mistress of his family. So, you shouldn't be sad. You should be glad you were smart enough to move on. Don't cry anymore, Yasmine. If Frank finds out about this, you'll be in for a tough time." Benjamin comforted his sister and reminded her to not waste her time on Dylan anymore, as she should be spending this time on Frank instead.