

Kendalls 241

Chapter 241

Raising her head, Yasmine asked in tears, "Benjamin, am I that worthless? Am I not as good as Kendall Parker?"

Benjamin lovingly wiped his sister's tears and comforted her. "Don't think that way. My sister is the best in the world. Dylan's the one that has a problem with his eyes since he can't see just how great you are." Then, he continued sarcastically, "Kendall Parker? Yasmine, you shouldn't compare yourself with a wench like her. You'll only lose your worth in doing so."

Having said that, Benjamin had never properly observed Kendall up until now. Should the chance present itself, he would like to meet the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family just to see what was so great about her that made Dylan marry her. He knew very well what kind of character Dylan was. Even if the man was disabled now, he would never so easily agree to a marriage. Even if the Coleman Family wanted the marriage, that would be Tilly's intention and not Dylan's. However, looking at what had happened today, he suspected that Kendall must have done something that gained Dylan's approval for the marriage.

"Yasmine, please don't cry anymore," Brian chimed in as well. "Benjamin's right. You should be thinking of Frank rather than Dylan right now." Then, he asked for a tissue from Benjamin and wiped his sister's tears while he said firmly, "Make this the last time you cry for that man. Never should you shed tears for him after today."

Although feelings of love were always hard to let go of, Yasmine had always been adaptable and knew when it was time to let go of things. Furthermore, her target was Frank right now. "But, I'll definitely make Kendall's life as hard as I can," she said in resentment.

"Yasmine, we should continue our talk in the car."

Since they were still in the area part of Coleman Empire Holdings, it wasn't safe for them to continue their conversation even if their bodyguards were with them. The average person wouldn't be able to grasp just how powerful Dylan was. Things would be fine if the man didn't make a move, but if he did, there would be nothing that was out of his reach. Even though Benjamin was two years older, he still had to pay courtesy to Dylan as he didn't dare go toe to toe with him.

Thanks to her brothers' consolation, Yasmine calmed down and followed them into Benjamin's car. Brian got behind the wheel, not allowing any of the bodyguards into the car with them.

"Benjamin, you promised me that you'll teach Parker Corporation a lesson. How is it going now?" Yasmine asked. "It would be best if you can just bankrupt them." Before Benjamin could answer, her attention turned to Brian. "Brian, please don't be too hard on me. Since Kelly is originally a child of the Woods Family and not the Parkers, the Parker Corporation may not be given to her in the end. If you want to please her, then after Benjamin has caused them to go bankrupt, you should step in and purchase the company and transfer it to her as a dowry. She'll definitely be grateful to you when you do so."

Yasmine had thought business was a trivial matter. She thought that with Benjamin's promise to her, he would make Parker Corporation go into bankruptcy and saddle Kendall with debts.

"Yasmine." With slight helplessness in his actions, Benjamin stroked his sister's hair and said, "I will fulfill my promise to you. Since the Parker Corporation is negotiating several projects, I have already intercepted two big projects of theirs. I would have been able to take them all if only Dylan hadn't

officially declared their marriage." He didn't need to explain what happened next, as his sister would naturally understand what he was trying to say.

Spitefully, Yasmine asked, "Are those people that afraid of Coleman Empire Holdings?"

Benjamin stayed silent. In the industry, there weren't many who did not fear Dylan, Coleman Empire Holdings, and the Coleman Family. Just Dylan alone was enough to evoke fear in the people. Not to mention, there were still other prominent people in the Coleman Family. Although these prominent people weren't as finesse as Dylan, they were still very capable as they each had their respective specialties. As they varied in their specialties, they were at the top of their respective industry. Who wouldn't be afraid of such a family?

On the other hand, the Zorn Family had four factions as well and were also thriving. Although Benjamin had seven other siblings, they weren't as great as the Coleman Family. Moreover, the Zorn Family wasn't as united as the Coleman Family, as there was internal strife ongoing in their family. Right now, it was Benjamin's faction that was in charge. The other three factions might appear to obey them right now, but behind the scenes, they had taken many actions in trying to seize their power for themselves.

Furthermore, besides Benjamin and Brian, only the second and fifth brothers of theirs were competent, as the others were self-indulgent. Since it was already a great blessing for the family for these children to not drag the family's reputation into the mud, the chances of them cooperating in taking down the Coleman Family weren't as high as having a meteor strike taking away the lives of the prominent figures of the Coleman Family.

"Coleman Empire Holdings has already started coming after Zorn Holdings," Benjamin said softly.

When Benjamin found out that Coleman Empire Holdings had the intention to come after them, he was

puzzled. It was only when Dylan announced his marriage to Kendall did he realize what he had done—he had stirred up the hornet's nest in order to help his sister.

"Benjamin, don't tell me that we must be afraid of the Coleman Family even though we have Zorn Holdings?" Yasmine had always thought that with how powerful her family was, they were on an equal footing as the Coleman Family.

"Yasmine, you don't understand just how things go in business. Let me put it this way. If we were to go all out against that family, they only need half their power to handle us."

Yasmine went silent at her brother's explanation.

Lovingly stroking his sister's hair, Benjamin said softly, "Yasmine, don't you worry. I'll make sure those that hurt you pay for what they did. Since our elders are still around, the Coleman Family wouldn't be too reckless for the time being. So, you can just go do whatever you want to do, as long as it doesn't involve hurting others. I'll help you out. However, I can't approve of you continuing to be involved in this matter. When our family has a connection with the Mendelson Family by marriage, it would solidify our power. By that time, we needn't be afraid of the Coleman Family."

Frank had always been Dylan's rival. With how powerful he was, the Zorn Family would become formidable as well by joining up with the Mendelson Family.

"No matter how outstanding Dylan is, he's disabled right now. However, Frank is different. He's still fine and dandy. Once you get married to him and bear his child, your standing in the family would be solid. By that time, Frank would treat you as his treasure. The best way to have your revenge against someone who doesn't appreciate you is to live much better than him."

Benjamin persuaded his sister. He didn't want his sister to continue drowning in sorrow because of Dylan. Moreover, he didn't want to take such a big move by going against the Coleman Family right now.

"Frank is a handsome man as well. Yasmine, you should listen to Benjamin and focus your time on Frank. Once you're the Madam of the Mendelson Family and have a healthy son, you can have him in your arms while you show him off to Kendall. She'll definitely be green with envy by that time."

Brian was aware of the disparity in power between his family and the Colemans, which was why he agreed with his brother's suggestion in taking a step back right now, as it wasn't time to go against the Coleman Family right now.

As for Coleman Empire Holdings coming after Zorn Holdings, Benjamin had had several meetings with the higher-ups and decided to invite both Dylan and Adam for a meal to explain that it was all a misunderstanding and to apologize to the two. By doing so, he hoped that Coleman Empire Holdings would stop going after them until they were left with nothing but bones.

After a brief moment of silence, Yasmine said sullenly, "It might be troublesome to pursue Frank right now. I could still meet him the first time I went to his company, but after that, I wasn't even allowed into the company. Ugh, it makes me angry just thinking about it."

Back then, even when Dylan didn't want to meet Yasmine, she could still be allowed entry into Coleman Empire Holdings. Just by this comparison, Frank was much more indifferent toward her than Dylan ever was.

Chapter 242

"Strong women are put off by clingy men. I believe it is the same the other way around. He will be put off if you act so attached by going to him everyday, giving him gifts, and making it obvious you are interested in him."

Brian thought that his sister had still not done enough. "Yasmine, you have to cling to Frank like how you clung to Master Dylan."

I, the young lady with the highest social status in town, have to take the initiative to go after the man I want to marry? she quietly thought.

Even though it was normal for women to court men in today's society, Yasmine couldn't help but hope that she was the one being pursued.

"Benjamin, Brian, I will do as you say."

At the thought of how she wouldn't marry a man who was inferior to Dylan or Frank and lose to Kendall, Yasmine decided to continue sticking to Frank until he eventually fell in love with her and married her.

She was determined to live a life better and more interesting than Kendall. Suddenly thinking about what Krystal asked for her help with, she brought up, "Benjamin, what about Whittle Holdings?"

"The Whittle Holdings does have potential. It is a pity that it got duped. Tell Krystal and Kendall that Zorn Holdings will help them, and tell President Whittle to not panic. It will be easier for his opponent to strike the more flustered he is."

"Thank you, Benjamin!" Yasmine gave him her gratitude. She felt bad for always causing trouble for Benjamin because she wasn't familiar with how business worked.

Hearing that, Benjamin smiled. "Why are you being so polite with me? I am doing this for my own benefit as well."

He wouldn't need to pull other companies to his side if Zorn Holdings could defeat Coleman Empire Holdings with their own ability.

As the conversations between the Zorn siblings went on, Dylan and Kendall neither knew nor cared about what was being discussed.

The couple had just enjoyed lunch together and as usual, had headed back to the hotel presidential suite for an afternoon rest.

They both got busy with their own things after the rest.

When work ended in the evening, one of them went for etiquette class, whereas the other headed for his rehabilitation session. They didn't get in each other's way, and only supported one another in what they had to do.

It was already 11.00PM by the time Kendall went back to the Coleman Mansion.

Dylan wasn't in the hall tonight, but she knew that he was in the room waiting for her when she saw the door of her room ajar, the light peeking through from the crack of the door.

"Young Mistress Kendall," Amos smilingly called out from behind just as Kendall was about to enter the room. "Your supper is ready."

His voice brought her to a halt, but she soon turned around with a smile of her own. "I will have my supper first, then."

As she walked to the dining room, she asked in a low voice, "Amos, how is Dylan feeling tonight? How did rehab go?"

"Young Master Dylan seems to be in a good mood. He insisted on doing the rehabilitation exercises for hours without stopping. Fortunately, he finally rested when Young Master Yoseph and Young Master Diego came back and stopped him from continuing."

Everyone tried to get Dylan to go through rehabilitation when he didn't want to, but now that he started and wouldn't stop, Amos couldn't help but pity him.

The people at the rehabilitation center had mentioned that Dylan should spend an hour doing rehabilitation every day. If he persisted through it, he would be able to walk normally within less than a year.

Dylan, however, had been spending a lot more time than recommended.

He wanted to walk normally again within a month if he could.

"It is probably because of you, Young Mistress Kendall," Amos commented, and it broke Kendall's heart when she heard that.

"Young Mistress Kendall, Young Master Dylan is working so hard for you. I hope you find time to remind the young master to pay attention to his body and don't overexert himself."

She let out a small hum in acknowledgement. "I will do that, Amos."

She, too, didn't want Dylan to work too hard. Soon, she added, "Amos, when does the food purchaser usually buy fresh ingredients for the kitchen?"

"Before 7.00AM."

Since the young masters were all working men, the kitchen personnel needed to prepare breakfast before they left for work. The freshest ingredients would always be bought home before 7.00AM.

"Is there something you need, Young Mistress Kendall? You can give me a list, and I will let the food purchaser buy it home for you tomorrow."

"I was thinking of waking up early and making some healthy tonic soup for Dylan. It will help replenish his health a little," she answered.

Amos immediately let out a radiant smile at that. "Don't worry, Young Mistress Kendall. I guarantee there will be fresh ingredients for you to make soup for Young Master Dylan no matter what time you wake up."

"I will have to trouble you with that, then."

She was amazed at how efficient the employees in the Coleman Mansion handled things.

Of course, it was also because of the head of the household's ability at managing the household.

As she thought about that, she couldn't help admiring Dylan. Not only did he manage the company well, he even kept his home organized.

Geez, he was born to be a leader, Kendall mused.

Amos then broke her reverie. "Young Mistress, you can just tell me anything you need from now on."

He really liked the fact that Kendall was the young mistress of the house.

"I won't hold back, then." She smiled. "Amos, it is late. Why don't you go ahead and rest for the day?"

She didn't need someone to serve her while she ate.

In fact, she felt uncomfortable about it.

Knowing her personality, Amos smilingly left the dining room.

It took Kendall 10 minutes to finish her supper that Dylan had specifically instructed the kitchen to prepare for her.

It was a low-calorie, small portioned meal that was just enough to make sure she didn't go to bed hungry.

Judging from her daily energy expenditure, having supper like this wouldn't make her put on weight.

After cleaning up and washing the dirty dishes herself, she finally went to her room with her bag dangling from her inner elbow.

As Kendall pushed the door open, the first thing she saw was the bouquet of flowers that Dylan gave her at noon.

He had helped her bring the bouquet home.

The next thing that she saw were the jewelry boxes piled up on the two chairs.

"Why did he put them on the chairs?" she muttered to herself, thinking that Dylan had fallen asleep.

The moment she turned around, she froze at the sight of stacks of cash all over her dressing table and the big bed.

She then saw Dylan lying on his side with one arm propped under his head. There was cash everywhere beside him.

The scene was like an invitation for her that screamed "Pamper me! Spoil me, and all this money is yours to take!"

"Dylan? What is this?" Kendall hung her bag before waltzing over. She then took a stack of money and shook it. "Did you crawl into a money pile? Or are you trying to sleep in the same bed with your money?"

She wanted to sleep in a bed full of money, too. A money bed, she daydreamed.

Being a woman of action, she didn't even wait for his reply as she lay in bed. She then giggled. "It sure does feel comfortable to lie on top of money, Dylan."

The man proceeded to sit up straight with his eyes on her.

He had even posed for her, but not only did she not react, she had gone ahead and launched herself onto the bed with no intention to reciprocate the first step he took.

She should have been so overjoyed she threw herself on him, pressed him underneath her, kissed him, ripped his clothes off, and gobbled him right up!

Hence, after pursing his lips, what Dylan said next wasn't what he was thinking. "You said that money is the other thing you like besides food. That is why I am giving you money," he mumbled.

After hearing that, Kendall flipped over and sat up with a beaming smile on her face. "Dylan, is this the surprise you told me would be waiting for me when I get home at night?"

His silence that ensued was all the answer she needed.

She then scooped a handful of money and scattered it on bed like she was a spring fairy tossing petals.

"Ha! What a surprise indeed! I am as surprised as I am happy!"

She would never have thought that Dylan's surprise for her was a bedful and tableful of money.

This was the first time in her two lifetimes she had a pile of money she could lie on.

Chapter 243

Dylan is too adorable to be true!

Just because Kendall said she liked money, he ended up giving her it!

After she was done laughing, she took the chance when he was distracted to push him, making him fall on the bed covered in money.

He was now looking back at her with deep, hopeful eyes.

With how she was on top of him, she could see the entirety of his handsome face.

The only thing she could think of now was how his beauty really was a feast for her eyes.

She so badly wanted to swallow him and become one with him.

Still, Kendall couldn't be blamed for having such shameless thoughts. Dylan was indeed so handsome it was infuriating.

"Dylan." She sighed under her breath. She then inched closer and closer until her cherry lips met his thin ones.

The moment their lips met, it was as though electricity went through them, making both their heart rates increase.

Even if I can't swallow him, it is still my gain if I were to tease him as much as I want.

With that thought in mind, she became especially bold that night.

All of a sudden, Kendall, as if shocked, rolled off his body and onto the floor, where she subsequently kissed the floor.

When Dylan heard the muffled thump, he sat back up and watched her get up and crawl ahead. She only stood up then, but even when she did, she turned around and started stumbling backward.

Her flushed face looked shocked and bewildered at the same time as she pointed a slender finger at him. "Y-You... Dylan, a-are you all better now, or have you... always been fine?" Kendall stumbled over her words.

The man quietly stared at her in return.

He knew that it was a hobby of hers to leave him high and dry. As she thought that he couldn't function like a man, it wasn't like she had anything to lose despite how much she teased him. On top of that, she could make him go crazy for her!

She would definitely be startled if she were to find out that he had the bodily functions just like any other normal man.

Just like he thought, she was frightened by the truth.

She kept backing up until she bumped into the two chairs with jewelry boxes that hadn't been properly placed, scattering the red brocade boxes all over the floor.

With her heart thundering away, she then plopped herself down on one of the chairs.

Kendall tried hard to calm herself down even though she could still feel the lingering warmth of a certain object of his on her palm.

Now that she recalled all the news she had heard about Dylan before, they were all just rumors or possibilities, or even gossip.

Even though he could no longer move his legs after the car accident, no one knew for sure if he could do what a man could. Anything about it was just one rumor after another.

Kendall couldn't believe how she had believed what she heard.

Dylan, too, never made it a point to correct her, and only let people spread terrible rumors about how he was incapable of using his member and was a eunuch despite how he looked.

He had also always controlled himself well by not showing any reaction whenever Kendall took advantage of him, making her completely believe that he really was as the speculations went.

Who would have thought...

At that, Kendall grumbled to herself, He's a bad guy who not only lied to the world, but also to me.

That is right! She suddenly realized that, and she blew her top. He lied to me!

Abruptly, she stood up and strode over. She wanted to grab Dylan by the collar and lift him up. However, all she managed to do was the former.

His boulder-like weight made it impossible for her to move him.

By the time she failed both her attempts to lift him up, she had turned red out of anger and embarrassment.

She finally gave up on trying to move him, but her grip on the collar of his pajamas was still firm when she angrily demanded, "Dylan Coleman! Tell me, did you just heal or have you always been fine? You lied to me!"

He looked at the silky hand holding his collar, and then looked up at her shy and angry face. After a moment, he raised his right hand and lightly pried her hold away.

"I never said I couldn't do it," he casually mentioned.

Kendall was stunned for a moment before she muttered, "You did! You have never denied it when I said you can't. That is silent confirmation right there!"

"You are the one who said it then. How does me being lazy to explain mean that I am agreeing with you?"

She was rendered speechless at that.

It didn't take long before she questioned him again. "If that is the case, why didn't you tell me? Why

have we n-never..."

Twisted the sheets?

Of course, she could never say that out loud.

"I have dropped hints before, but you didn't pick them up. How am I the one being blamed now?" Dylan slowly smoothed out his pajamas.

He had told her that they wouldn't be adopting a child because there was no need. This was because they could have one of their own.

"Also," he added, "we didn't have feelings for each other when we first got married. Would you have been willing to do it with me even if I did tell you I function normally?"

Kendall's lips parted, but she didn't utter a word.

"Even now..." He pulled her to sit on the bed. While his deep gaze was fixated on her beautiful face, he said in a low voice, "I saw your reaction just now. You were more frightened to know that I am able-bodied that you were surprised to see me give you so much money. This can only mean that you currently aren't ready to hand yourself over to me."

Kendall's face flushed even redder as she tried to explain herself, "T-That's because you caught me by surprise."

Jackson had never touched her during their past life as husband and wife.

And even if she did spend a night with Frank, she didn't have the slightest memory of what happened because she was so drunk.

In a way, she was completely clueless about the relationship between a man and a woman.

Kendall might have messed around with Dylan numerous times before, but the only things they would do were hugging, or kissing, and the occasional touching.

Presently, she didn't even dare to look at him, not to mention looking into his eyes.

Feeling the sharpness of his deep stare, she gradually turned flustered. It was like his gaze was on fire. Being quietly looked at by him made her feel hot all over, as though she was surrounded by fire.

Two strong arms fell on her shoulders after a moment.

As those arms held her, Dylan added softly, "Kendall, we do love each other now, but I respect you and I will not force you into anything. We will have our wedding night when you are mentally prepared."

His legs weren't completely healed anyway.

He could give himself time to sufficiently prepare himself while she took her time to accept the fact that he was capable of doing it.

After hearing his words, Kendall raised her head and met his dark eyes, where she saw the tolerance and affection he had for her.

It wasn't like she was against the idea of being one with him.

She was just caught off-guard.

However, she was deeply touched by his thoughtfulness.

"Dylan, I—"

He lowered his head and cut her off by pressing a tender kiss on her lips. "How about we hold it off till our wedding?" he asked in a gentle voice.

They would have a real wedding night after the wedding.

Kendall's mind was a mess at his words, but she still nodded after giving it a thought.

Leaning into his chest, she asked lightly, "Will we really have a wedding?"

Her smooth locks softly fell as he proceeded to remove her hair clip.

"Kendall, you were allowed to ask me that when we registered for our marriage certificate, but you shouldn't ask me a question like that now. Can't you feel my love and sincerity for you?"

She playfully stuck out her tongue. "Okay, it's my fault."

She had seen the dowry list he had been preparing some time back.

It was just that there hadn't been any updates from him lately.

She thought that he only wrote the list just for her to see, and that he hadn't made the necessary arrangements.

However, judging from how Dylan was doting on her now, there was no way he would give her less than she deserved. He would definitely give her a grand wedding.

Instead of blaming her, he only let out a low chuckle while he gently ran his fingers through her smooth hair. He then softly murmured, "It's late. Why don't you take a shower?"

Chapter 244

"I will pick up the jewelry boxes."

As Kendall stood up and went over to pick up the boxes she had knocked over, Dylan watched her from the bed.

"I will have Amos clean up a room for you to use as a jewelry room to keep the jewelry I gave you tomorrow," he informed.

Hearing that, she continued tidying up while she replied, "It is not like there is a lot to the point that I need a room for them. I will find time when I am free to tidy up my dresser so that I can put these here."

The man fell silent for a brief moment. "You think I will only be giving you those once?" he finally asked.

Kendall jolted to a stop and lifted her chin to look at him. "I-It will take me every day of a whole month to wear a new set of the ones you have already given me."

This much was enough.

"That is not a lot. There will be new designs in the future. I will buy a few sets for you. You can wear them if you like, and leave them if you don't. You can also take care of the jewelry room yourself or ask someone to take care of it for you."

Dylan then added, "You are a busy bee now. Let's send two people from the warehouse to help you manage the jewelry. They know how to pick jewelry, and they have a good memory. Just tell them the

kind of jewelry you want to wear when you go out, and they will help you find them."

Kendall was a little shocked to hear his words.

He had mentioned the warehouse a few times before.

The warehouse was maintained by special personnel. If the wives of the Coleman Family wanted to use the jewelry in the warehouse, they needed to register for record purposes and return it to the warehouse after use. The employees in the warehouse would keep the jewelry in their best condition to make sure that they stayed in tiptop condition the next time the wives wore them.

Curious if there would be jewelry everywhere, Kendall suddenly became interested in the warehouse in the Coleman Mansion.

"Dylan, just how much good stuff is there in the warehouse? Is it a big place? How many workers are there to manage the place?"

The longer she lived here, the more she felt that the Coleman Mansion was the epitome of a palace.

Even the delegation of tasks was done thoroughly so that each employee had their own responsibility.

Of course, she could also see from here that the Coleman Family's financial resources were beyond her imagination.

The Parker Family might seem wealthy to the public, but they really were nothing compared to the Colemans.

Too bad poverty had limited the author's imagination.

"Come here." Dylan hooked his finger at her. "I will tell you quietly."

His answer made her burst out laughing. "Fine, don't tell me. I have to go shower."

Dylan paused for a beat before commenting, "Kendall, you are not like other girls. If it was someone else, they would have thrown themselves this way and interrogated me."

"Honestly, I like looking at and keeping jewelry. Wearing them? Not so much."

This was the truth.

She had never had a shortage of jewelry after she was brought home to the Parker Residence by her birth parents.

Other than always wearing the jade bracelet left for her by her grandmother that she gave to Dylan last time, Kendall rarely had other accessories on.

Wearing all those jewelry made her uncomfortable from head to toe.

"I am going to shower."

She headed into the bathroom after she placed the jewelry boxes properly.

Dylan, on the other hand, took the chance to keep the cash.

He was already lying there waiting for her when she came out.

"Where is the money you gave me?"

"It is all in the box." He then teased, "Would you like to hug the box to sleep?"

She proceeded to climb into the bed and crawled to his side while she tugged on the blanket. After she lay down beside him, she let out a graceful yawn and mused, "When I was poor, I would always think about all the things I can possibly accomplish if I had money. But now that I have money, it really doesn't feel that different. Dylan, as the owner of such tremendous wealth, what are your thoughts on this?"

He wrapped her in his arms and with a thoughtful look, answered, "It is not like I have time to spend my money when I have to go to work every day, but my money keeps growing. What I worry about is how

to spend so much money. I am glad that I have you now. The husband makes money and the wife spends it. Honey, I will be entrusting you with the task to spend money. You can spend it however you like."

Kendall hugged him tightly in return. "I am heading to dreamland now. I hope that both my money and my rich husband are still here when I wake up."

"Go ahead and sleep," he cooed. "You will see that you have even more when you wake up from sleep."

Tired and drowsy, she shut her eyes, but not without mumbling, "I already have the world as I have you."

To Kendall, Dylan was more important than any amount of money there was.

She had never gotten married to him with his money in mind.

Her short words immediately made the man float on cloud nine. These were the most touching words of love he had ever heard.

Kendall, who wanted to make healthy soup for her man, woke up early the next morning.

Even the light sleeper who slept beside her last night was not aware that she had gotten out of bed.

When she went to the kitchen, Amos had already prepared all the fresh ingredients she might need.

"Young Mistress Kendall, do check and see if you are short on anything. I will go to the kitchen and get it for you right this instant if there is."

Looking at the variety of ingredients available, Kendall hurriedly commented, "This is enough. With all these ingredients, I can even prepare a hearty breakfast. Amos, please inform the kitchen staff that Dylan and I will not be needing breakfast. I will prepare ours myself."

"Yes, Young Mistress Kendall," Amos smilingly replied.

He immediately took out his phone and called the supervisor in the kitchen to tell him that he didn't need to prepare breakfast for Dylan and Kendall this morning.

After the phone call ended, Amos asked Kendall again, "Young Mistress Kendall, is there anything I can help you with?"

"It is fine, I can handle it. It is still early, Amos. Why don't you head back and take a nap?"

The smile stayed on his face as he replied, "I am not sleepy. I wake up early every morning. I am used to it."

The staff wouldn't have anything to do after Dylan left anyway. They could catch up on sleep then.

Even though Kendall refused Amos' help, he still became her assistant at some point.

Seeing her begin to clean the ingredients for the soup, he suddenly started acting a little jumpy.

"Do you have something to say, Amos?"

He must have felt embarrassed at being caught as he shyly suggested, "Young Mistress Kendall, what do you think about making ginseng soup for the young master?"

Amos was of the opinion that Dylan's health had weakened, and the latter had not completely gotten better after he had the car accident. Dylan getting busy after he started handling the company again had only added to the fatigue. It would be weirder if he could still manage to make 'it' stand with how his body was.

I am sure that Young Master Dylan would love the soup Young Mistress Kendall makes for him. If the young mistress were to cook ginseng soup for Young Master Dylan, it might be able to invigorate him so that he can do the deed!

Upon hearing that, Kendall turned sideways to look at Amos. Other than him being slightly bashful, she could tell that he had no other intention, and was only asking for Dylan's sake.

Smilingly, she huffed, "The young master doesn't need ginseng soup!"

He is more than capable at doing it.

She had picked up the courage to touch him there last night, and 'it' reacting to her touch had startled her so badly she rolled out of bed and onto the floor.

She was worried he would get a nosebleed if he were to have ginseng soup!

The old man's eyes swiftly shone as he asked in an expectant tone, "Young Mistress Kendall, is Young Master Dylan... I am not trying to pry into your bedroom affairs! I am merely asking out of concern for the young master. I—"

Worried that she would misunderstand, Amos quickly sputtered a bunch of explanations.

Kendall's face was slightly red then. Instead of answering him directly, she only reassured, "Don't doubt it if I get pregnant one day. It is definitely his child."

Amos didn't say anything in reply, but in his head he was grumbling, Young Master Dylan still can't do it!

Chapter 245

This was the second consecutive morning Dylan woke up without dreaming about that dream.

He felt especially energized when he woke up.

When he reached out to the other side of the bed and realized that Kendall was not there, he immediately sat up from bed and called out, "Kendall?"

However, no reply came from anywhere in the room.

He then took his phone to check the time, which showed that it was just 6.50AM. His biological clock was accurate.

As it was summer, the sun had already risen, and had lit up the sky at this early hour.

He got out of bed, and was going to get his clothes when he saw his clothes neatly placed on the wheelchair. There was no doubt it was Kendall who helped him prepare them.

He seemed to fall into deep thought then before he walked over slowly and picked up the fresh laundry. She had even picked out his tie for him.

If his memory served him right, this was the necktie she gave him.

Seeing this made him chuckle softly. "Bossy, but I like it."

He had thought that she was a domineering person from the time she woke up after she committed suicide. Not only did she tear off his clothes, she even bit him and arrogantly asked him to marry her.

That was the quality that made her the perfect match for him.

After changing out of his pajamas, Dylan steered the wheelchair out of the room himself.

He was coincidentally greeted by the sight of Kendall hugging a bundle of flowers and walking toward him as soon as the door was opened.

Those were the blooming flowers she had harvested from their yard.

"Morning, Dylan!"

The sweet smile she flashed at him accompanied by the gentle greeting delighted the man.

His cold features then softened as the corners of his mouth curled upward. "Morning," he replied shortly.

"I saw the flowers blooming so beautifully, and I couldn't help but cut a few to put in the vase to brighten up the house," Kendall informed while she walked over.

"You are the co-owner of this house. You can do anything as you see fit as you like it."

The noble and cold Dylan had unknowingly embarked on the journey to becoming a henpecked husband.

Happiness started welling up inside Kendall after she heard his words.

She trimmed the stems and put different flowers into the vase, leaving some of the leaves as decoration. After she was done, she asked, "Dylan, does this look nice?"

"It does." The man whose eyes had been glued to her the whole time casually answered when he heard her question. "But you look nicer."

Turning around, she burst out laughing when she saw his solemn face.

"What a serious look for someone who is comparing me to a beautiful flower. It is not the right vibe, Dylan. But I am satisfied with it."

She knew just the kind of person he was.

It was near impossible to hear him saying something like this.

His sweet words weren't laced with tenderness, but they always managed to worm their way into her heart.

Kendall walked to Dylan and bent down before she put her arms around his neck. After kissing him on the cheek, she stood up straight and went to stand behind him. "Would you like to go out for a walk and then come back for breakfast? I made breakfast today."

The soup wasn't done simmering anyway, but it should be ready to serve by the time the couple came back from a walk.

"Let's take a stroll in our yard."

He couldn't bear to reject his beloved wife when she was so excited about it.

As she pushed him along with her outside, he reminded, "You don't have to do things yourself. We have so many employees at home. You could have slept a little more. You don't even have enough time to rest because of how busy you are nowadays."

It pained him how sleep deprived she must be to wake up so early in the morning after reaching home in the middle of the night.

"Since it is the weekend tomorrow, we can stay over at the horse farm. It is fine if I sleep a little less today. I can manage."

Kendall had made herself a whole cup of coffee.

What awaited her at work after her coffee was yet another busy day.

"I still remember how you said you wanted me to be independent when you had just brought me to live here."

And yet, Dylan was also the one who was against her cooking by herself.

The man pressed his lips together. "When did you hear me say that?"

Of course, his question was only met by Kendall's baffled silence.

The couple proceeded to leave the building.

The bodyguards who saw them respectfully greeted them, in which Kendall responded with a smile, and Dylan with that same old impassive expression on his face.

Although he didn't live in the main house which occupied the largest area in the mansion, the building he lived in was only second to the main house in terms of size. It wasn't a boring place to saunter around.

When they reached the backyard, Kendall pointed to the bottom of a few landscape trees and asked, "Dylan, can you build a swing there? I bet it feels comfortable to sit in a swing with the afternoon wind blowing in this kind of weather."

The area under the trees was a spacious and vibrantly green lawn. It would definitely make a nice scenery if potted flowers were placed around the lawn.

The man only looked to the direction she pointed at without a word.

Thinking that he didn't agree to her idea, she swiftly brought the conversation somewhere else.

After taking a stroll around the compound once, they only went into their home again when the soup was probably ready.

"I am going to bring our breakfast out. Let's eat in the house instead of going to the gazebo," Kendall suggested while heading into the kitchen.

She then brought out the breakfast she prepared before she spooned the soup she cooked for Dylan.

"Dylan, you have been busy with work, and you even spend so much time going through rehabilitation every day. You need to replenish your energy with this soup."

"Where is yours?"

"I am as fit as a fiddle. I don't need to replenish anything."

The man's scorching gaze fell on her and in a low voice, he hummed, "You think I am poorly and need replenishing. After I have regained my health, we can..."

He was sure she would understand what he meant without him having to finish his words.

The implied meaning in his words made Kendall flush red like a tomato. "Geez, just drink it. Why do you have so much to say?" she grumbled.

Her reaction made him chuckle. He loved seeing her blush from embarrassment.

As his lovely wife had gotten up early to make him soup, Dylan not only drank it till not a drop was left in his bowl, he even had a refill.

Kendall had always eaten much faster than him. After he was full, she had already got in and came out of the bedroom.

She was now wearing office clothes with her handbag hanging from her arm, and she had a small box

in her palm.

"I am off for work, Dylan. This is your present today."

She put the box in front of him and threw her arms around his neck from behind. She then leaned forward and nuzzled his face a few times with hers. Releasing her hold on him, she turned around and darted out of there.

Turning around to see her hasty steps, Dylan didn't even have the chance to say what he wanted to tell her.

He only picked up the present and opened it after she was gone. It was a Rolex watch.

She had finally given him an expensive present today.

Still, he preferred those trinkets she personally knitted.

However, he had no choice but to accept the watch as he knew just how busy she was lately to the point where she didn't have time to knit.

"Amos."

Dylan took off the watch on his wrist and slapped on the one Kendall gave him.

"Yes, Young Master Dylan."

Amos trod over and dutifully waited for Dylan's instructions.

"Have a swing built in the backyard, and get some potted flowers from a nursery. I want the type that flowers bloom from. Place those potted flowers around the lawn."

Hit with the realization that Dylan wanted this done for Kendall, Amos smilingly answered, "I will have it arranged right this instant. The young mistress will definitely have a swing to sit on when she comes home from work."

Dylan only hummed in reply.

He proceeded to stretch out his hand that had a watch on and looked at it repeatedly.

Amos immediately asked, "A new watch, Young Master Dylan?"

"It is my gift today from your young mistress. Look, Amos. Does it suit me? Does it look nice?"

"Yes, sir." Amos smiled. "It suits you really well, and it looks good. It is a Rolex, isn't it? Young Mistress Kendall sure treats you well, Young Master Dylan."

This watch was worth hundreds of thousands.

"It's a watch worth more than three hundred thousand. Mhm. She does treat me well."

Compared to the small gift she gave him before, this watch was indeed pricey.

"Young Mistress Kendall came back so late last night, but she still got up early today to prepare breakfast and soup for you. It seems like you are important to her, Young Master Dylan."

Knowing that Dylan was infatuated with Kendall, Amos didn't hold back at all as he showered her in praise.

Not only Dylan, she was the perfect lady to serve as well in Amos' eyes.

Ever since she appeared in Dylan's life, she had brought joy and fun into the man's boring everyday life. Amos was happy even if the couple bickered or had conflicts.

It would be even better if Dylan had a healthier body and could have a child with Kendall for Amos to take care of.

Dylan had a hint of smile in his eyes when he heard that.

"Why does it seem to me that she is the one who is important to me?"

"You and the young mistress both feel for each other. You are both important to one another."

Dylan then lifted his chin to look at Amos for a long minute. "Amos," he started. "Is Kendall secretly giving you something in return for buttering up to me?"

Dylan had had many women who were interested in him, but the only one who had the guts to come all the way to his house was Yasmine.

In fact, she matched him well from every aspect.

However, Amos always had an imposing demeanor whenever Yasmine came over. He had never gone

out of his way to tell Dylan nice things about the woman.

And it wasn't as though she hadn't been trying to curry favors with Amos. It was just that she was rejected every time she tried to do something.

From the bodyguards to the assistant like Toddy, no one could sway any of the people around Dylan because of their loyalty for the man.

"The young mistress has never done anything like that, and I don't intentionally say good things about her either. She is sincere to you, young master. I show her my respect as long as she makes you happy."

Dylan was undoubtedly satisfied to hear the answer.

"Bring someone with you to clear a room for Kendall to use as the jewelry room. Also, buy a few more vases. The young mistress likes flower arranging."

"Understood."

Dylan continued to instruct, "Tell Tia to arrange for two employees to come here from the warehouse. They will be tasked with helping Kendall manage her jewelry."

Tia was the housekeeper at the main house. Among the housekeepers in the Coleman Residence, she had the highest status.

"Alright. I will personally drop by to inform Tia."

Dylan stood up after he was done instructing. Seeing this, Amos stepped forward to help him, only for his offer to be rejected.

Dylan then slowly walked to the wheelchair and sat down himself.

Ronnie who happened to walk in right then immediately helped him out of the room.

...

Coleman Empire Holdings.

"Mr. Heller."

"Mr. Heller."

Toddy was greeted by the employees who saw him as he walked, and he, too, gave them a smile in return.

"Miss Finley."

As soon as he walked into the office building, he heard someone calling out to Emma from behind him.

Not only did he not turn around to look, Toddy subconsciously started walking faster so that he didn't have to walk with Emma into the elevator.

"It is such a pretty bouquet, Miss Finley. Who is the sender?"

The moment Toddy heard the question someone threw at Emma, he immediately wondered, Someone got Miss Finley a bouquet?

He finally turned around to look when he could no longer hold himself back.

Emma indeed was holding a big bouquet of roses. From the size of it, there were probably 99 flowers in total. It was just as dazzling and eye-catching as the bouquet Dylan gave to Kendall yesterday.

What a generous guy! Toddy quietly huffed to himself.

Ninety-nine roses all at once?

I wonder who gave it to her.

As curious as he was, he couldn't possibly ask Emma about it.

Everyone in the company, the higher-ups included, knew that Emma had a one-sided crush on Toddy.

He was the one who had never accepted her feelings.

If he were to go to her and ask about it, he was sure that people would think he was jealous.

Jealous?!

Toddy inwardly scoffed again. That word doesn't exist in my world!

Emma's voice was sweet and cheerful when she answered other people's questions. It was obvious that she was currently in a good mood.

She said, "I don't know who sent it. I had just arrived at the company entrance when I was stopped by the florist who had been waiting there for a long time. She gave me this bouquet, and told me that someone ordered it at her shop and asked her to send it to me."

The person who asked the question teased, "It must be by someone who fancies you, Miss Finley. It is your season of love. You have to hold on to it tightly."

The person even peeked a few times at Toddy, who was in front.

He was still taking long strides a second ago, but he gradually slowed down as his ears perked up at Emma's reply.

"I don't even know who the flowers are from. How am I supposed to hold on to anything?" Emma smiled.

"That person will appear when the time is right."

The person then added enviously, "You are such a brilliant person. I am sure the man who likes you would be as wonderful as you are. We will be waiting for good news from you, Miss Finley."

"I will buy everyone a meal when that day comes!" Emma generously suggested.

Toddy's face was now sullen as he stalked to the elevator. As the door of the elevator for executives opened, he quickly walked in.

"Oh! Please wait."

Emma hurriedly called out while she jogged over with the big bouquet in her arms.

Her office was on the top floor. Among the many elevators, only the elevator for the top management could go directly to the top floor. Hence, she had to ride on the same elevator as Toddy.

Initially, Toddy wasn't going to bother with her, but another high-level executive kept pressing the button to keep the door open. He only let go and let the door automatically close after she jogged into the elevator.

"Thank you!" Emma smilingly thanked the executive.

The corners of the executive's lips were also lifted as he asked, "Miss Finley, who is the bouquet from? It is beautiful." He was watching Toddy from the corners of his eyes.

However, the executive couldn't help being confused when he didn't catch any particular emotion on Toddy's face.

He considered the possibility of Toddy not having any romantic feelings for Emma. Or else, Toddy would have accepted her a long time ago, considering how long Emma had been pursuing Toddy.

Even our stone-faced president has a wife now. I wonder if anyone can melt Mr. Heller's frozen heart.

Emma was standing right beside Toddy, but she hadn't spared him a glance throughout the whole exchange. She only replied with a beam, "I don't know who it is from either. It is beautiful, isn't it? It makes me happy to receive such a big bouquet of flowers first thing in the morning."

Toddy's eyes immediately turned cold at that. Just you wait, he huffed. I will drag you all the way from cloud nine to hell in a while!

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The senior executive smiled and agreed, "That is true. No matter who sent it, you will definitely feel good about receiving a bouquet early in the morning."

Emma nodded with a smile on her face.

The executive suddenly peered at Toddy, making the latter stand up straight with a cold expression on. Now that he was being watched, he indifferently mentioned, "This is the first time you have received a bouquet, isn't it? Such flamboyance will only make you the topic for gossip among your colleagues, Miss Finley."

Even Dylan didn't make it conspicuous the first time he gave Kendall a bouquet.

Before Emma could speak, the senior executive smilingly interrupted, "Miss Finley is not being showy. All she did was walk in with a bouquet of roses. It seems that you are particularly biased toward Miss Finley, Mr. Heller."

Toddy only coldly remarked, "I have nothing to say if Miss Finley doesn't have any errors in her work."

Toddy's attitude made it so awkward that no one in the elevator continued to say anything.

Emma, on the other hand, had her red lips pursed when Toddy spoke.

No one said anything and she didn't as well, on top of not looking at him. There was no way of knowing the thoughts going through her head.

As the elevator stopped at the floors where everyone else worked, there was a steady decrease in the number of people in the elevator.

By the end of it, only Toddy and Emma were left in the elevator.

Emma was heading to the top floor, whereas Toddy's office was on the 66th floor.

With no one else around, he tilted his head to look at the woman beside him.

Dressed in formal clothes, Emma screamed competency from head to toe.

She was undeniably good at work. Dylan had quite a number of secretaries, but only Emma was the one who helped him most with work. She was handling almost all the responsibility as the secretary to the president.

It wouldn't be an understatement to say that she was competent.

She didn't have stunning good looks. Toddy thought she looked ordinary the first time he saw her. The second time he did, he somehow found she had exquisite features. After a few more glances, she was a beauty in his eyes.

She was more the type that looked better as time went.

She had similar silky locks as Kendall did, the only difference being she always put her hair in a bun during work, revealing her white, swan-like neck.

"What are you looking at me like that for, Mr. Heller?"

Emma cocked her head and looked straight in Toddy's eyes.

For some reason, he felt panic rise when he saw a calmness instead of the usual admiration in her eyes. However, he managed to suppress it soon after he felt it.

He then confessed, "I was looking to see if something is different about you today, Miss Finley."

"What do you think is different about me today, Mr. Heller?" She smiled.

"You seem to look more beautiful than you always did. Is it because you have someone pursuing you now?"

Women in love were always gorgeous.

There wasn't even a ripple in Emma's gaze after she heard his words. "In my opinion, I have always been beautiful. It is just that you have never once properly looked at me, Mr. Heller. You have never known that I am beautiful."

The man choked at that, and he was just about to say something more when Emma reminded him, "Mr. Heller, this is you."

Toddy took a look, only to realize that he had indeed reached the 66th floor.

As the elevator door opened, he glanced at her hands before he walked out. Other than the bouquet of

flowers she had in both hands and her bag on one arm, he didn't see the breakfast in a thermal lunch box she would always have ready for him everyday.

After he walked out of the elevator, the door closed behind him.

Toddy continued to stand there in a daze for a whole minute even when Emma was gone.

He had never wanted to accept her feelings for him. Ever since she confessed to him, he had never touched the breakfast she lovingly prepared and brought over for him. Not only that, he would even give the breakfast back to her in the exact condition he had received it.

He would intentionally pick a time when everyone was gone to return the lunch box to her in the past.

Still, she persistently brought him breakfast day after day.

That was when he started getting annoyed at her, and the more irritated he was, the more ruthless he became. He then began to cruelly toss her sincerity back at her by demanding she not bring him breakfast anymore in front of every other employee. He promised that he wouldn't take a bite of what she made for him.

In order to put a clear end to her infatuation for him, Toddy even threw the breakfast she brought for him into the bin with everyone as their witness.

However, the stubborn woman continued doing what she did no matter how cold he was to her.

It surprised him how disappointed he felt because he didn't receive breakfast from her today.

It must be because he was used to her effort in winning him over everyday.

As soon as Dylan arrived at the company, he took notice of the bouquet of roses Emma placed beside her office table.

He was not one to gossip, but he actually was curious about where the bouquet came from.

Still, he didn't ask.

It was only until Toddy came in and finished discussing work matters when Dylan casually asked, "Finally having some sense now, are we?"

Toddy was stunned for a second, but he soon let out a cough when he understood what his boss meant. "It is not like I have feelings for her. Why would I possibly give her 99 roses?"

Dylan proceeded to stare at him. "I thought the bouquet of flowers on Miss Finley's desk was from you. What is it about her that you don't like? I think she is a good match for you. And she has been really loyal to her feelings for you. You should consider her."

Hearing that, Toddy blurted out unthinkingly, "I would have considered her a long time ago if I actually wanted to. Why would I wait until now? She is okay, but she is not my type."

"What is your type, then? We have been friends for so many years, but I have never seen you falling for anyone."

"I have been influenced by you after working for you all this time. It is hard for me to fall for anyone. Also, those who are interested in me usually have other motives for approaching me. Because I am

your trusted assistant, I am afraid that those are but honeytraps. It is actually quite nice being by myself. No one will nag even if I wake up as late as I could possibly want during weekends when there is no work. That is freedom right there."

"Surely you are not in love with me?"

Toddy immediately started choking on his saliva when he heard the question.

His head then shot up, only to see Dylan spotting a stern and serious expression. Dylan didn't look like he was joking at all.

After a few hacks, Toddy complained, "I am a normal man, President Dylan. Even though you are ridiculously handsome, I know that I will be the bottom if I like you, but I like topping. That is why I like the opposite sex instead of another guy."

According to Dylan's personality, the man would definitely be the dominant one if he wasn't straight.

"Good. I was worried that I am the reason you are still unmarried. I honestly have no idea how to go about things if your mom were to hold me accountable for it."

It had been Toddy's parents' dream for the longest time to see Toddy get married.

"Toddy, as an old friend of yours, let me ask you a question—you really won't accept Miss Finley?"

"Why are you so worried about her life anyway?"

"With how much she has done for the company, she is a valuable old-timer of ours. It isn't odd for the boss to care about his employee's life, right?"

The one that Dylan was worried about was actually Toddy.

The latter fell silent at his friend's question, but he finally answered, "I really don't think I have any feelings for her."

He would have said yes to her a long time ago otherwise.

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Dylan stared at Toddy for a full minute before saying in a low voice, "Alright, I got it. I only hope that you don't come to regret it in the future. I don't want you coming to me for my help when you decide to win her back someday."

"Worry not, for that day will not come."

Seeing Toddy confidently declaring that made Dylan smirk.

God loved slapping people in the face.

Dylan, too, thought that he would never fall for Kendall when they applied for their marriage certificate.

Of course, he only ended up receiving a big, resonating slap on his face.

On the other hand, Toddy felt that there was something hidden behind Dylan's smile, but he didn't know what it was.

Toddy continued to stand outside Dylan's office after he came out.

He finally strode to Emma's desk after he collected himself.

Noticing him in front of her, she lifted her head and was about to flash him a professional smile when he, without an expression on his face, reached toward her bouquet. He then placed the flowers on the floor with her watching, and stomped the pretty bouquet into a mess.

With the ruined flowers came a broken heart.

He had brutally destroyed such beauty.

Emma slowly wiped off the smile on her face. Standing up, she stared at the bouquet that was stepped on on the floor.

"Can you explain your behavior, Mr. Heller?"

"President Coleman asked me about your bouquet," Toddy coldly hissed. "Emma Finley, I don't care about your personal affairs, but don't blame me for being cruel if your personal life starts affecting your work."

She only calmly looked at him as he continued, "Clean up this mess on the floor. It doesn't matter who gives you flowers from now on. You are not allowed to bring it into the office."

He didn't feel an ounce of guilt, and neither did he care about how she felt after destroying her bouquet. All he did was throw out that one warning before he left.

Ronnie and the rest had watched the scene unfold, but none of them dared to make a sound as they kept an impassive look on their faces.

After Toddy left, Emma walked out from behind the desk, and quietly went to get a broom to clean up the flowers that had been trampled.

Her heart was starting to grow cold from his cold-bloodedness.

Maybe it's time for me to let go.

Emma had been pursuing him for so long that even the coldest ice would have melted at this point.

However, Toddy's heart was colder than an iceberg.

After cleaning the place, she put the broom back in its original position and went to the bathroom to wash her hands. It looked as though nothing had happened when she returned to her office and continued to work.

It was as expected of someone who worked alongside Dylan.

Even if she was treated so coldly by the man she liked, Emma could still carry on with work without being affected as if nothing had happened.

At the same time in the Parker Corporation, Charlotte had an insulated tiffin box in her hand as she strode into the building. As the wife of the company's president, she had the freedom to enter and leave the company as she pleased.

She went ahead to the top floor and had just come out of the elevator when she bumped into Kelly, who was heading downstairs.

"Mommy? Why are you here?"

Kelly was surprised to see her adoptive mother at the workplace.

"Kendall has been so busy lately that she doesn't even have time to go home. I brought some tonic soup I made for her."

Charlotte had no intention to hide her affection for her birth daughter.

"Oh, you could have told me, Mommy. I could've helped you pass it to Kendall."

Charlotte smiled. "I have missed her face because she hasn't been home for a few days now. I wanted to drop by to see her."

No doubt you are the biological mother, Kelly quietly thought as jealousy consumed her.

Charlotte would make soup for Kelly back when she often worked overtime. It always felt like a matter of course that she could enjoy her mother's love.

Now, a big portion of Charlotte's care was given to Kendall. Kelly didn't dare ask Charlotte to give unconditionally to her like before. After all, Kelly knew she was not Charlotte's biological daughter.

If it wasn't because her adoptive parents were reluctant to part with her, she would have changed her name, left the Parker Family, and left the upper class of Orapolis.

She was filled with disdain just thinking of the environment and circle the Woodses were in.

Kelly didn't want to be one of the Woodses. She wanted to be the head of the Parker Family!

"Oh, go ahead and get Kendall then, Mommy. I have something to attend to."

Charlotte only gave a small hum in reply as she walked past Kelly.

"Ugh—"

All of a sudden, Kelly felt her stomach turn, and she dashed toward the nearest trash can in front of the elevator with her hand over her mouth before she threw up.

Charlotte hadn't walked off far when she heard it.

Quickly rushing back to her, she asked, "Kelly! What is wrong?!"

As she caringly asked, she even walked behind Kelly and gently patted her on the back.

Kelly took out a tissue to wipe her lips with after she emptied the contents of her stomach. "I must have gotten a cold from setting the aircon's temperature too low last night."

"Look at you! You never listen even though I always remind you to not turn the air conditioner's temperature too low. If you want to, you have to cover yourself in a blanket. Quickly, now. Go get yourself checked at the hospital. Don't do anything else for now. I will tell your father to give you a day off."

"Mommy, I am fine. I only feel a little light-headed. I don't even have a fever. There is no need to take leave."

Kelly was a workaholic. She wouldn't possibly take a leave from work.

Especially not now when Kendall had just joined the company and had gotten Prestige Electronics to sign a contract with the Parker Corporation. Even though it was later revealed that she was the young mistress of the Coleman Family, it was an undeniable fact that Leonel didn't know about her true identity before that.

Kendall could have secured the deal only because of how well she drank alcohol, but she had still done it with her ability.

If Kelly were to take a leave, she wouldn't be able to interfere with Kendall's work because she didn't know what Kendall was up to.

Charlotte reached out to touch Kelly's forehead then. The young woman indeed had a normal body temperature.

"Mommy, I really am fine. It is just a cold. I will have Miss Sanders get me cold medicine later. I will be okay after I take some."

"It is fine if you don't want to go now, but you have to after work!"

Unable to persuade Kelly to take a leave to go to the hospital, Charlotte had no choice but to be the one to concede.

"Alright, I will go right after work. Mommy, hurry up and bring Kendall the soup. It won't taste as good once it is cold," Kelly urged.

Charlotte then hummed and reminded her a few more things before she finally went away.

The instant she was gone, Kelly dashed into the elevator and took out her phone to send Jackson a message.

'Jackson, I threw up just now.'

Jackson's reply only came after a while. 'Why did you throw up? Do you have a cold? Have you gone to the doctor? Or is your gastric acting up?'

Kelly only softly ran her palm across her lower abdomen. I may be pregnant.

Ever since Jackson joined hands with her against Kendall, Kelly and he had never practiced safe sex. Both young adults who had had a taste of ecstasy, they couldn't help but pursue utmost pleasure.

It wouldn't be surprising at all if she was pregnant.

'I might be pregnant,' she replied.

Jackson's reply came almost instantly. 'That is impossible! It has been less than a month since the first time we did it. My cousin only started vomiting when she was one and a half months pregnant. Even if you were pregnant, you wouldn't start feeling nauseous so soon. I am sure it is just a cold, or maybe there is something wrong with your stomach.'

Kelly was flustered at first but after reading his reply, she immediately went online to search about common pregnancy symptoms.

Thinking about it, it really hadn't really been a month since the first time they did it.

Her body wouldn't be reacting this way so soon even if she were pregnant.

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Kelly quietly heaved a sigh, hoping that it was just a cold or some other illness.

Please don't let me be pregnant, she thought.

For me to get pregnant now... She wasn't even sure if she would be keeping the baby.

Tentatively, Kelly asked, 'Should we keep the baby if I really am pregnant?'

Jackson must have hesitated for a moment, as he took a long minute before he finally replied, 'It is the product of our love. Let's keep it if you are pregnant. I will definitely take responsibility for both of you.'

Kelly was slightly upset about his late reply. She had already typed out the message telling him that she wanted to abort it, but after thinking about it, she decided to delete the message.

The elevator door opened and her conversation with Jackson also came to a stop.

After returning to her own office, Kelly called Cameron into the room and told her to get her some cold medicine.

"Do you have a cold, Vice President Parker?" Cameron asked out of concern. "Do you want to get it checked at a hospital?"

"There's no need for that. I will be fine after having some medicine."

"Alright. I will head out to buy you some right now."

Worried about Kelly's health, Cameron immediately turned around and went out to get the medicine.

Kelly was going to ask Cameron to buy a pregnancy test kit, but she quickly gave up on the idea at the thought that Cameron wasn't the best keeper of secrets out there. She would have to go to a pharmacy far away from the company to buy a kit and get herself tested after work at noon.

In the president's office, Charlotte was full of smiles as she watched her daughter lap up the soup she brought. Adam, who was starting to get jealous at the scene, started to complain to his wife, "Darling, you only care about Kendall. You didn't even bring some for your own husband."

That instantly earned him a glare as Charlotte bit back, "You still want another one even though you and Kelly had some this morning? You might look like you are 6-months pregnant if you drink another bowl."

Upon hearing that, Adam lowered his head to look at his abdomen.

He did take care of his health and body, but it seemed like he really did have a belly.

Ah! I want to be the most handsome old boy there is. I can't have a beer belly!

It must be because he had been socializing and eating so much lately that his tummy expanded.

Seeing the look on his face as he dwelled in sadness made Kendall laugh. "You are not chubby, Daddy. You can burn off excess fat if you do some physical training."

"How am I supposed to believe you when you are saying I am not chubby and that I can burn off fat in the same sentence?"

Kendall giggled at that.

It just wasn't in her genes to put on weight.

'Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you...'

As soon as her phone rang, Adam and Charlotte gawked at each other as they seemed to realize something.

Kendall continued to ignore the couple looking at each other and quickly accepted the call. It was a call from Amelia.

She remembered how she told Amelia she would tell her about her love story with Dylan, but she had been so busy she hadn't fulfilled her promise.

As soon as she answered the phone, she didn't even wait for Amelia to speak as she hurriedly tried to suck up to her. "Amy!" She laughed. "I was about to call you to ask if you are free at noon to have lunch together, but you called before I did! No wonder we are besties! Our hearts are one."

"I am free anytime. You are the busy bee who only gets busier each day. You can't even do as you promised."

"Oh come one, I really am sorry. I forgot because it has been so hectic. I will make it up to you. Let's

have lunch together for real, and go on a vacation to the horse farm with me tomorrow. Let me hear you laugh. Don't be mad, my little chunky monkey Amy."

Kendall's buttering up to Amelia made the latter laugh. "I am not holding you accountable or anything. I called to ask you out to lunch as well. Alright, then. Now go get busy. I will be out of your hair. See you at our spot."

"Alright, see you there. But you have to pick me up. I can't drive now."

Kendall had agreed to it when Dylan forbade her from driving.

After finishing the call, Kendall stuck out her tongue playfully when she saw her parents looking at her. She confessed, "I didn't do something I promised Amelia I would."

"Amelia will understand," Charlotte comforted her.

Even though there were many people in their circle who did not like Amelia, Charlotte was grateful for her because she was the one who really accepted Kendall.

Amelia had never once complained about how Kendall grew up in the countryside.

"Are you not coming home on the weekend? You are heading to a horse farm? Which one are you going to?"

Charlotte had thought that her daughter would be back to their home since it was the weekend.

"Sorry, Mommy. I have plans this weekend. Dylan said he will take me to their horse farm to ride a

horse. He'll even invite his friends." In a way, he was officially bringing her into his world, and letting her get acquainted with his people.

Charlotte let out a sigh at that. "A married daughter is just like water that has been poured—she doesn't belong to her parents anymore. You have given your whole heart to your husband."

"I am sorry, Mommy." Kendall was also aware that she had been neglecting her birth mother these days. "I will definitely be home with you next weekend. Let's stay in and enjoy our mother-daughter time."

Adam chose that moment to chime in, "As her parents, we should be happy about the fact that she has a good relationship with Master Dylan. How come you are getting jealous over your son-in-law instead?"

"Kendall, ignore Mommy. She always wants everyone's attention on her and her only."

Hearing that, Kendall hurriedly commented, "Daddy, don't say that about Mommy. She is only worried."

Adam was always trying to flatter Dylan whenever he could.

The intercom chose that moment to ring.

It seemed as though the family of three's conversations were always interrupted.

Kendall then continued to drink the soup filled with motherly love.

Charlotte, on the other hand, gazed at her husband out of habit. She then saw Adam pick up the phone and quickly hang it up before he turned to the women, "Honey, Kendall, I will need you to hide for a bit.

President Zorn is heading here."

Curious about who it was that she and her daughter needed to avoid, Charlotte asked, "Which 'President Zorn' is it?"

"It is the head of Zorn Holdings, Benjamin Zorn from the Zorn Family."

Charlotte was obviously surprised to hear that, and she quickly followed up, "Why is he here? Has the sun risen from the west? He surely has bad intentions for coming here."

Everyone in Orapolis knew that Yasmine fancied Dylan.

Now that Kendall had gotten married to Dylan, Yasmine would surely see Kendall as her enemy.

And to make things worse, the Zorn brothers who doted on their sister would definitely avenge her.

Even though Charlotte didn't care much about matters pertaining to the Parker Corporation, she would sometimes still ask about the company.

She knew that there were a few projects her husband was invested in that had almost ended up being snatched away by Zorn Holdings.

If it wasn't because Dylan had officially announced his marriage to Kendall, the Parker Corporation would have suffered terrible loss if the Zorns had taken those projects away.

That wasn't the worst case scenario. The Parker Corporation might even get in trouble with the media like Thompson Enterprise did, and be brought to ruins by other companies in the industry.

In Orapolis, the Colemans, the Zorns and the Mendelsons were the trend setters of the businessworld.

"Doesn't matter if he has ill or good intentions; I am not scared of him. It is just that it might not end well if he were to see Kendall having soup here."

There was no way Adam would be afraid of Benjamin when he had Dylan as his son-in-law.

Adam had always held a grudge against Benjamin for stepping in and stealing his projects. He had lost so much time and resources because of the Zorns.

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Charlotte looked at her daughter then.

Kendall proceeded to empty the bowl in a few big gulps.

"Daddy, I have finished the soup." She stood up to go wash the tiffin box. "I will avoid meeting him."

"Kendall, give me the tiffin box. I will have it washed at home. Why don't you get busy now?" Charlotte stopped Kendall from washing it.

Unable to win against her mother, Kendall could only hand over the tiffin box to Charlotte, and the former proceeded to go out to work.

Since Charlotte was the president's wife, it was fine for her to stay in the president's office.

As soon as Kendall walked out of the room, she saw Benjamin and Brian strutting over with a few bodyguards surrounding them.

She didn't have any recollection of Benjamin.

She hadn't even met Benjamin in her past life. All she knew of him were the rumors that he was the successor of the Zorn Family, and that he was capable at work despite him being a cunning person.

Kendall did attend Yasmine's birthday banquet, but a man of Benjamin's status wouldn't possibly personally welcome the Kendall from back then. Today was the first time she would be meeting

Benjamin.

The Zorn siblings all looked alike. Yasmine was as beautiful as her brothers were handsome.

Compared to Brian, Benjamin exuded a much more domineering aura.

Naturally, Kendall stepped aside to let Jessie bring the brothers into the president's office.

It certainly did surprise her when Benjamin came to a stop right in front of Kendall.

Realizing this, she instinctively looked up at him. She saw the coldness in his gaze when their eyes met.

"Young Mistress Coleman."

A smile had appeared on his face despite his cruel eyes.

"Please call me Miss Parker, President Benjamin."

Kendall didn't like it when Benjamin addressed her as Young Mistress Coleman. It sounded off coming from him.

"Sure. Where are you heading, Miss Parker?"

"Nowhere in particular."

Her reply made Benjamin let out a small cough. He then smilingly asked again, "Could you lead us to President Parker, Miss Parker?"

Kendall only replied politely, "Miss Holmes is President Parker's secretary. Since she has brought you here, you will be able to enter the president's office as soon as she knocks on the door and informs President Parker."

Benjamin's smile stayed on his face, and he stopped beating around the bush. "I am actually here to meet you as well, Miss Parker. I hope you don't refuse me."

After exchanging knowing looks with Jessie, Kendall stopped rejecting, and instead turned around and knocked on the door. She pushed the door open after getting her father's approval. "President Parker, President Zorn and Mr. Brian Zorn are here."

"Let them in," Adam's voice rang out.

Hearing that, Kendall stepped aside and gestured to the brothers to head in.

Benjamin then signaled for his bodyguards to stay outside as he and his younger brother went into Adam's office.

"Mr. and Mrs. Parker." As if they were close, Benjamin immediately greeted them with a bright smile on his dashing face.

Adam also smiled as he took two steps forward and shook hands with Benjamin. "I wonder what made you come all the way here, President Benjamin."

"The wind blew me here," Benjamin answered, resulting in laughter from everyone in the room.

After Adam invited the brothers to take a seat, Charlotte poured a glass of water for each of them, and then quietly brought her daughter to sit next to her husband.

"I didn't know that Mrs. Parker was here, Mr. Parker. I hope I am not interrupting something with my sudden visit."

"You are our honored guest, President Benjamin."

Adam didn't exactly answer, but him only saying that Benjamin was a distinguished guest had let Benjamin know that their sudden visit did indeed disturb the couple.

After a few more exchanges of pleasantries, Benjamin finally announced, "Mr. Parker, I came here today to apologize to you. I didn't know that you and Mr. Gleeson had discussions about a collaboration. I tried hard to sign with him because their project had potential, but I ended up robbing you of your business. I am the reason for the misunderstanding that Zorn Holdings is an enemy of the Parker Corporation's. I sincerely apologize for that, Mr. Parker. Even though we haven't come in contact much in the past, Yasmine and Kelly are, after all, close friends. I have always treated Kelly like my own younger sister. For Yasmine and Kelly's friendship, I hope you forgive how eager I was in earning money and taking your business opportunity without finding out more about the business beforehand."

Benjamin was sincerely apologizing.

Hearing this, Adam already knew the reason the man suddenly dropped by.

Apologize?

He is only apologizing after he learned about Kendall and Master Dylan. I am sure he knows that the Zorn Holdings could never win against Coleman Empire Holdings now.

It wasn't like it had only been recently that the Parker Corporation and Liam had talks of a collaboration. As the president of Zorn Holdings, Benjamin had always been well-informed about everything. It was just that he had never intervened. He only started taking business from the Parker Corporation after Yasmine started trying to make trouble with Kendall, only for the former to end up being the one left infuriated.

It was obvious that he was intentionally going against the Parker Corporation as a means to avenge his sister.

Even Kendall couldn't help the laugh that slipped after hearing Benjamin apologizing in all seriousness.

The businessworld was a place that had anything and everything. It was filled with people who had different masks on as they dealt with others.

Everyone would react unpredictably according to the situation, and it all was solely for profit.

"Dear Kendall, what has tickled your funny bone?" Humored, Benjamin asked as his eyes darted toward her. Unlike earlier, his gaze now was gentle.

She immediately felt nauseated by his endearing way of addressing her.

After exchanging a glance with Adam, she suggested, "Oh, I am not your 'dear Kendall', President

Benjamin. Miss Zorn might rip me apart if she were to hear you call me that. Please just call me 'Miss Parker' as you did earlier. And the reason I laughed is because I have never seen anyone lie so seriously with such a solemn face on. You didn't sound like you were apologizing, President Benjamin. You are obviously making fun of us by making us seem stupid."

Kendall had no reservations in tearing down the fake mask he had on.

"You took our business? So be it. It is common for the other party to go back on their words and refuse to collaborate before the contract is signed. We might be angry, but we have no choice but to accept the fact that the Parker Corporation indeed falls short of Zorn Holdings. But now you are saying that you didn't know that the Parker Corporation and Mr. Gleeson were supposed to work together? Even a newbie like me knows that that is impossible. You said you are sincerely apologizing, but all that you have told so far are lies. I wonder what you truly mean, President Benjamin."

After her unrestrained babbling, Kendall immediately said to Adam apologetically, "I am sorry, President Parker. I misspoke."

Adam's face was stiff as he reprimanded her, "Don't act like a child and shoot your mouth off. Get out and do your work."

Hearing that, Kendall swiftly darted out of the room.

As soon as she left, Adam grumbled to Benjamin in an embarrassed tone, "That was an embarrassing display. Kendall has always been the straightforward kind who says anything that comes to mind. For Kelly and your sister's sake, I hope you don't hold a grudge against Kendall if she has offended you in any way."

"It is alright. I like people who are straightforward. Miss Parker's personality is my style."

Adam would have stopped Kendall from the moment she wanted to say something if he was trying to prevent her from spewing offensive words. Instead, he didn't stop her, and had let her figuratively slap Benjamin in the face. It seemed that Adam was letting Kendall say those honest words on the grounds that Kendall was still an 'immature child'.

It was all so blatantly obvious to Benjamin.

After all, Adam and Benjamin were both veterans of the businessworld. They were both shrewd and cunning in their own ways.

Adam didn't mention anything about Kendall unhesitatingly exposing Benjamin, and Benjamin, too, didn't continue with that topic of conversation.

However, they were both clear about the fact that the Parker Corporation and Zorn Holdings would never truly come to friendly terms.