

## **Kendalls 251**

### Chapter 251

Benjamin then mentioned having lunch together.

As long as the presidents from both companies were seen having a meal together, it would be sufficient to disperse the rumors about how Zorn Holdings was against the Parker Corporation.

It would reduce the chances of the Parker Corporation being targeted by others in the industry while Zorn Holdings would indirectly be able to seek peace with Coleman Empire Holdings.

In fact, even without the Zorns' request for a reconciliation, the other companies in the industry would have to think twice before they tried anything with the Parker Corporation after knowing that Kendall was the young mistress of the Coleman Family.

Kendall didn't know if her father would agree to have lunch with Benjamin.

After she came out of her father's office, she made her way to her table, and was about to start working when she recalled how she had a lunch date with Amelia. She then sent a message to Dylan to inform him that Ronnie didn't have to come pick her up because she was having lunch with Amelia.

Dylan's reply came soon after.

'I will have Ronnie head over to stand guard.'

Kendall quickly rejected him when she read his message.

'Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you...' Her phone began to ring right then.

Upon hearing the old song, Jessie raised her head and glanced at Kendall. Kendall quickly flashed her an embarrassed smile before she hurriedly brought her phone and hid in the bathroom so that she didn't disturb the dutiful Jessie at work.

"Dylan," she greeted after she accepted the call.

"Is it a bad time?"

His throaty voice made her tense up instinctively. "No!" she blurted out. "It is not inconvenient at all. It is just that I am in the washroom. Dylan, there's no need to send Ronnie over."

The man only replied in his deep voice, "It is either Ronnie goes alone, or I will have the entire squad go."

Kendall was speechless for a moment before she muttered, "Alright, why don't everyone come if you aren't afraid of Amy stealing pretty boy shots of your team?"

"Ms. Taylor wouldn't dare take a photo of me."

That rendered her speechless yet again.

It was true that Amelia wasn't brave enough to take photos of Dylan. She claimed that she still wanted to live a long life.

"I know that you are worried about me, Dylan, but I am trained in martial arts. I will be fine."

Ronnie was like Dylan's shadow. With the man around, it would be inconvenient for her and Amelia to have proper girl talk.

Not to mention that she had never liked being followed around.

"It seems that you want me to accompany you. Ms. Taylor is your friend, and I am your husband. It is normal for us to meet and have a meal together."

"Alright, alright. Let Ronnie come." Kendall finally gave up, resulting in Dylan's disappointment.

"You should have a little backbone, Kendall!" He sighed.

"Backbone? Young Master Dylan ate my backbone."

Dylan let out a low chuckle at that. He did want to swallow her up whole if he could.

Kendall suddenly changed the conversation and started flirting with him. "Do you miss me, Dylan?"

"What do you think?"

"In any case, I miss you. But do you miss me? How am I supposed to know that you miss me if you don't tell me? You need to shout it out if you love me! That is the only way I will know that you do!"

Hearing that, he laughed. "Kendall, I have serious suspicions that you are trying to get me to tell you those three words."

"No need to be suspicious of anything, because that is the truth. I do want to hear you say you love me. If you can't say it to my face, how about we do it like how I did last time? You can find somewhere where you are alone, and you can make a voice recording of you chanting "Kendall Parker, I love you. I freaking love you" 100 times. I am fine with that as well."

Dylan didn't say anything in response.

Even if she was okay with that, it was hard for him to utter such words.

He truly did fall in love with her.

The only problem was his personality. That prevented him from speaking words of love to her. He had only said it several times to please her from time to time. He only knew how to quietly love and pamper her his own way.

"How about you write me a love letter? I don't even need a ten-thousand-word one. Just three or five thousand is fine. I will be happy with just that."

Dylan had said right from the start that there was no way he would write her a love letter.

However, Kendall was now trying to get him to break his own record by writing his first love letter to her.

In his own words, the one thing Kendall loved doing the most was giving him a slap in his face.

He could only blame himself for being such a stoic and cold-hearted man who spewed stubborn words.

He wouldn't have to go back on his own words if he hadn't said them in the first place.

"Dilly Bear!"

The clear voice of a woman suddenly rang out from the other end of the call.

The familiar way she addressed Dylan immediately alerted Kendall.

Dylan couldn't help feeling resigned when he turned to look at the young woman who came in with Tilly and Mrs. Morris—Mary. He was sure Tilly did it on purpose.

She was the only person that dared to barge into his room without knocking after all.

"Mr. Dylan Coleman, is that your first love or ex-lover who is back?"

Dylan hadn't even answered Jane when he heard the question asked through clenched teeth and smiling lips from the phone.

"It is Jane, Kendall. Yoseph's first love and ex-lover."

Dylan quickly explained so that his jealous wife wouldn't find a way to pull his ear through the phone.

She might seem like a generous woman, but she was extremely possessive toward him.

Of course, Dylan liked that about her. It would only upset him if she was so open-minded that she didn't mind him interacting with every woman.

"Are you sure you are not lying to me? I heard her call you Dilly Bear. More like Lover Boy, huh?"

"I will tell her later that she is not allowed to call me that from now on. Kendall, I am Lover Boy to you alone."

Dylan ended his sentence in a soft voice in order to not let the trio who had entered the room hear him.

"I have to go now. I will tell you more about Jane and Yoseph when we get home tonight."

Tilly had brought Mary and Jane over. No matter what the purpose of the visit was, it was inappropriate for him and Kendall to chat with each other on the phone.

However, Dylan added before they ended the call, "Kendall, you can use your skill in slapping people in the face on Benjamin Zorn. He is at your office now, isn't he? There's no need to hold back. Just rip him apart as much as you want however you want. Your man will back you up no matter what."

Kendall paused for a beat before grumbling, "Why does it feel like you are encouraging me to make enemies everywhere?"

It was always Dylan and his accurate predictions.

She didn't hold back at exposing Benjamin earlier only because she and Adam had signaled each other about it before she began.

Benjamin had made it clear that Adam was his senior the moment he entered the office and addressed him as so. Since it would make it seem petty for the senior to nitpick on a younger person, Kendall, as someone who was of the same age range as Benjamin, had to take over and chew the man's head off.

"Honey, I miss you."

Dylan softly threw out those words and abruptly hung up the phone.

A sweet smile quickly appeared on Kendall's face when she heard that, and she answered, "Darling, I miss you too."

Even though the call had ended, Dylan's intelligent mind told him that she would definitely reply to him that way.

He then placed the phone on the table, and was about to stand up while propping himself up against the chair when Mary saw him. She quickly instructed Jane, "Jane, go help Dylan."

"No!" he curtly rejected them.

Still, Tilly worried that it was hard for her grandson to walk, and so she shuffled toward him and helped him out of the office chair and into his wheelchair.

Mary and Jane approached him then.

"Dylan."

Jane's eyes were filled with sadness and pity as she looked at Dylan's legs.

Chapter 252

Jane was worried when she heard about what happened to Dylan while she was abroad. She wanted to take a flight back to comfort him, but was stopped by her family, the main reason being he had never answered her calls when she phoned him.

Even though she learned that he wasn't doing well emotionally, she never came back after all as she knew that she wasn't the one that could get through to him.

In her memory, Dylan was like a towering tree that always protected those younger than him. He was also like a mountain that they could lean on.

"Jane, don't call me Dylan or Dilly Bear anymore," he coldly said, his eyes staring straight at her. His indifferent gaze froze her in place. Jane didn't know what was wrong with her calling him that.

Mary and Tilly had been good friends since they were young. They still kept in contact even after they respectively got married.

Nothing could stop the friendship between the two families even though the Morris Family was now set in Orapolis. Jane had known dozens of young masters from the Coleman Family since she was a child. As she was only one year younger than Yoseph, she always addressed Dylan intimately like Yoseph would.

To her, Dylan was like a brother.

A brother that was a thousand times better than her nemesis, Yoseph.

"My wife doesn't like it when women other than Ally call me Dylan," he coldly added.

Finally understanding where this was coming from, Jane smiled. "I heard from Grandma as soon as I came back that you have gotten married, Dy—Master Dylan. I didn't believe it at first, but it turned out to be true! I wonder if I will get the chance to meet my sister-in-law."

Being the tactful person that she was, Jane quickly changed the way she had been addressing him the past 20 years, and started calling him Master Dylan like everyone else did.

"Does Yoseph know that you are here?" Dylan asked in return without answering her.

He then politely showed Mary to the reception area.

"Dylan, you don't have to be so courteous with me. I am close with your grandmother. I also watched you grow up. You are like my own grandson. You don't have to stand on ceremony with me." Mary smiled, disregarding the empty look on his face.

As she was someone he respected, he didn't mind her words at all.

After a few minutes, everyone sat down on the couch in the reception area.

Dylan then informed Emma to serve tea and snacks to his guests.

"Grandma and I just came over. Yoseph hasn't got a clue. Are you going to snitch, Master Dylan?"

As Jane spoke, she wiggled her eyebrows playfully at him.

Dylan only calmly replied, "No wonder you didn't know we are going on a trip to the horse farm tomorrow."

Her eyes immediately twinkled at his words. "Mind if I tag along, Master Dylan? I promise I will stay invisible. I won't get in your way!" After saying that, Jane suddenly realized something. "Is this you giving me permission to meet Mrs. Coleman, Master Dylan?!"



Jane was very interested in Kendall.

As Tilly and Mary were good friends, Jane had a flight transfer at Orapolis International Airport when she was passing through Orapolis, even though she had just come back from abroad last week. Mary had arranged for Steve to pick Jane up and bring her back to the Coleman Residence then, but she had declined the offer.

After all, she had told her family when she was supposed to be home. She didn't want her family members to be pointlessly waiting.

She heard everything that had been going on with Dylan recently from her grandmother.

"It is not like my wife is shameful."

Tilly felt upset hearing the grandson she doted calling Kendall his wife. However, she could only hold it in and not say anything.

Mary, who knew the thoughts going through Tilly's head, also only discreetly patted her close friend's hand.

To Mary, what was most important was that Dylan liked and was happy with who he was married to.

Unlike her, Tilly stubbornly found fault in Kendall's birth. She didn't think Kendall deserved her grandson.

If Tilly was honest, it seemed that even Jane wouldn't be worthy of Dylan.

She was glad that the one Jane was still hung up on was Yoseph instead of Dylan.

As Yoseph wasn't the successor of the empire, Tilly would be glad to see Yoseph and Jane together.

"Mrs. Morris, you and Jane have to stay here longer this time around."

Even though Dylan's tone was cold, Mrs. Morris knew that he was sincere with his words. "We will do that even if you didn't tell us to, Dylan," She laughed. "I have so much to talk about with your grandmother. Let Jane go with you to the horse farm. She loves horse races. She kept nagging about wanting to come back to kill Yoseph's spirit when we were abroad."

Jane was a fiesty girl who would always get into physical fights with Yoseph back when they were children.

She would cry whenever Yoseph, who was one year older than her, won the fights. From there, Yoseph would be reprimanded by the adults. But whenever he was the one who lost, he would get beaten up by Jane to the point of tears.

Like arch enemies, they were always at each other's necks. Jane quickly followed Yoseph's footsteps when she saw him take up horse riding lessons.

Being the braver and more agile one of them both, she managed to pick up the skill in no time.

It was fine that she had stepped on his head. By the time Yoseph had learned horse riding, she kept challenging and forcing him to compete with her. Needless to say, Yoseph was always the one who lost the races.

Because of that, no one would know just how bad Jane had traumatized Yoseph.

Take the time Tilly asked him to pick Jane up from the airport for example. Yoseph had scurried away faster than a hare then.

He was terrified of Jane.

Tilly and the other women only dropped by Dylan's office as they were passing by when they were strolling nearby.

After they continued to chat for a little longer, Mary took the initiative and suggested they leave. "You must be busy with work, Dylan. We wouldn't want to bother."

As she said that, she stood up while she pulled Tilly along with her.

Tilly then warmly told Dylan, "It is rare for Mary to come. Let's have lunch together. We will be heading to the Dynasty Hotel. Go there after work, Dylan."

"You can bring Kendall along," Mary added. "I have brought a present for her. I can give it to her then."

"She is the younger one between you and her. It is fine if she doesn't prepare a gift for you. Why are you the one giving her a gift?" Despite Tilly's kind face, her words were obviously biased. She didn't want Mary to have a good impression on Kendall.

However, Mary only smiled, "It is the first meeting. It is common for the older one to give the younger one a gift."

As though he didn't hear Tilly's words, Dylan politely declined Mary on Kendall's behalf. "Mrs. Morris, Kendall has an appointment with someone at noon. She won't be able to meet you today. I will bring Kendall to say hello before we leave for the farm tomorrow."

Kendall always arrived home late, and since Mary was an important guest of the Colemans', it wouldn't be appropriate for him to disturb the older woman in the middle of the night.

"It is fine; there is no need to rush. I will be staying at your house for some time anyway. We will have the chance to meet eventually."

Dylan then steered his wheelchair himself to send them out of her office.

As soon as the women left, Emma stepped forward and uttered an apology. 'I am sorry, President Coleman. Old Madam Coleman came so suddenly that I didn't even have time to inform you before she opened your door and went in.'

Ronnie and the other bodyguards all looked equally apologetic standing there.

Chapter 253

After hearing them apologize, Dylan said indifferently, "You all can't stop Grandma."

He then headed the wheelchair in the direction they had come from and instructed, "Ronnie, go to the Parker Corporation right now. Follow and protect Young Mistress Kendall when she's off work."

"Roger that."

Ronnie dared not say anything else; he would do whatever the Coleman Family's Young Master instructed.

Dylan then returned to his office and focused his attention on his demanding work.

The morning passed by peacefully.

When work ended, Kendall quickly took her bag and left the office. Amelia texted her ten minutes ago, asking for Kendall to meet her at the entrance for lunch.

Kendall, her father, and Jessie were the only ones working on the top floor.

Jessie would be attending a lunch appointment with Adam later, mainly for business reasons.

Kendall wanted to join them too. She had always wanted to learn her father's business skills, but Dylan always occupied her lunch time.

Adam would never ask Kendall to accompany him to such appointments as well. What he wished for most was for her to have a strong relationship with Dylan rather than for her to succeed in business.

After leaving her office, Kendall entered the lift alone, intending to go to the ground floor. However, the lift came to a halt after descending for two floors.

The door then opened, and Kendall saw Kelly and Cameron standing in front of her.

Kelly was stunned for a moment when she saw Kendall, but the former remained her composure and walked into the lift with Cameron.

"Miss Parker!" Cameron smiled and greeted Kendall.

Kendall nodded her head in response.

Whereas Kelly and Kendall only exchanged glances without saying a word.

Kendall was aware that Kelly was displeased with her regarding the collaboration with Prestige Electronics.

However, she couldn't care less what Kelly thought or said behind her back, since Leonel had agreed to work with the Parker Corporation and sign the contract with her as long as she could win him in drinking.

She finally managed to get the contract after consuming lots of alcohol, and it didn't make sense for her to give it up, even though Kelly was in charge of the collaboration.

That didn't matter to Kendall at all.

She was the one who clinched the deal.

Suddenly, Kelly felt nauseated again, possibly because of the poor quality of the air in the lift.

She struggled to keep it under control as she did not want to puke in front of Kendall.

However, the more she tried to restrain it, the more nauseated she became.

"Kelly, are you not feeling well?"

Kelly's demeanor had not escaped Kendall's eyes.

Following what happened in the previous life, Kelly's illegitimate child was about the same age as Kendall's child, and thus Kelly should be pregnant by now.

"I'm fine. It's only a minor flu," Kelly nonchalantly replied. "Cameron bought me some pills for it, but they don't seem to work."

"You should go to the hospital in case it gets worse."

Kendall then continued, appearing concerned, "Don't simply take medicine. You won't get well if you take medications that you are not supposed to take."

She seemed to imply something more.

Cameron did not sense it, but Kelly was well aware of what Kendall meant.

If Kelly was indeed pregnant, any medication she took would have an impact on the fetus.

Her face turned grim. "Thank you for your concern. I'll go to the hospital now, but I will not be taking any sick leave," she responded indifferently.

Kendall smiled at that. "Vice President Parker, you're really dedicated to your job. It's always a good thing to earn more profit for the company. I really admire people like you."

No matter how much Kelly earned for the Parker Corporation, she would never get anything out of it. All of those would eventually become Kendall's dowry.

If her father had not instructed her not to fall out with Kelly before Kendall was able to take over the company, Kendall would have torn her relationship with Kelly long ago.

"Miss Parker, you should learn from Vice President Parker. I heard you were frequently absent from work, but since you're President Parker's daughter, I'm sure he won't do anything to you even if you don't show up to work every day."

Cameron was always on Kelly's side and didn't think much of Kendall.

"Even though Vice President Parker was the one who did the work, President Parker just turned a blind eye to that and gave the credit to you, Miss Parker. I suppose you simply drank some alcohol and went to the hotel with Mr. Dawson. Who knows if you beat him in drinking or in bed..."

Without even waiting for her to finish her sentence, Kendall raised her hand and gave Cameron a tight slap.

Cameron was shocked. She covered her face with her hand and stared at Kendall, as if she wasn't expecting the slap.

"What are you doing, Kendall?"

Kelly's expression darkened further when she saw Kendall slap her secretary in front of her.

Cameron was Kelly's secretary, and she was working for the woman. Even if Cameron had done something wrong, it was not Kendall's place, in that lowly position, to teach Cameron a lesson.

"If I hear another insulting word from you, I won't stop at just a slap," Kendall warned Cameron, completely ignoring Kelly's solemn expression.

Cameron knew that she was in the wrong and hence, she merely looked displeased but did not dare to say anything.

Then, Kendall turned to Kelly and said coldly, "Kelly, you were also present that day. Apart from Leonel, you are the only person who knows what happened that day, so what did you say to your lackeys when you returned to the company?"

"Let me warn you beforehand—if I hear any more rumors about me winning Leonel in bed, I'll sue you all in court for defamation."

With a dark expression, Kelly quickly defended herself. "I never said you got the contract because you beat Leonel in bed."

Cameron, on the other hand, had turned pale.

She recalled having defamed Kendall in front of another colleague.

And she sincerely hoped that her colleague could keep what Cameron had said a secret. If rumors began to circulate within the company, she would be dead meat.

Kendall was now not only the Parkers' real princess, but also the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family.

Cameron's legs wobbled as she remembered Master Dylan, who was known to be ruthless.

"You know better whether you said it or not. Don't think I won't find out; if I want, I can even find out how often you go to the ladies in one day."

Seeing that things were getting out of hand, Kelly turned to Cameron and instructed solemnly, "Cameron, apologize to Miss Parker now."



"I'm sorry, Miss Parker. It was entirely my fault. I was just trying to help Vice President Parker. It was I who spoke nonsense and simply took things out of thin air. Vice President Parker has nothing to do with this, and she had never said that you won Leonel in bed," Cameron tactfully apologized.

Kelly's tense expression relaxed a little after Cameron apologized. "Kendall, Cameron realizes she was wrong now, and you have slapped her as well. Let this matter end here. It's partly my fault too; I failed to manage my employees well."

Kendall, however, continued to stare at Kelly coldly and said, "Even though you are the one in charge of the collaboration with Prestige Electronics, you know in your heart what you intend to do behind my back. Things would not be as simple as just winning him in drinking if Mr. Dawson did not have his conscience with him."

Kendall knew that Kelly had always wanted her to compromise her integrity and conform to the unspoken rule just for the contract. Her scores with Kelly had not yet been settled on this, and Kelly had the audacity to claim credit for the contract now.

Kelly did absolutely nothing else other than fix the price!

Kendall was always the one who communicated with Leonel.

"Kelly, even though I'm new here, I'm not a moron. Don't expect me to still treat you nicely after what you've done to me.

Chapter 254

When the lift reached the ground floor, the door opened.

Kendall raised her head and strode out after giving Kelly a cold stare.

Cameron, who was still in the lift, gave a cold sneer when she saw that.

"Cameron!" Kelly called out to her solemnly.

"You'll get yourself into trouble with that mouth of yours. Didn't you learn your lesson just now? She isn't capable, but you mustn't forget she's the real daughter of the Parkers and she has Master Dylan backing her."

Cameron immediately turned pale, secretly chastising herself in her heart for forgetting what had just happened.

"Did you tell anyone else about Kendall sleeping with Leonel?"

Faced with Kelly's question, Cameron felt guilty and did not dare to look at her. She tried to say a few words out but couldn't even finish a sentence.

Kelly, of course, understood her secretary well.

Hence, upon seeing Cameron's demeanor, Kelly angrily poked Cameron's forehead and said coldly, "You better pray that what you said doesn't spread out, or else even I can't save you."

She then left right away, leaving Cameron behind.

But Kelly only walked for a few steps before she felt sick again. She dashed to the ladies on the ground floor and hid inside one of the cubicles before vomiting to avoid being seen by anyone else.

Even though it was no longer office hours, many employees were still using the ladies.

And her concerns were well-founded. Many people entered the ladies while she was vomiting.

Luckily she had shut the door behind her.

When the people entering the ladies heard someone vomiting, they assumed it was a newly pregnant woman. Those who were married began reminiscing about their pregnancies, while those who were single were horrified when they heard their sufferings.

Those who experienced a strong pregnancy reaction would even feel nauseated until they gave birth. This terrified the singles so much that they were now afraid of having a child.

But the married ones laughed at that. As what they said, when the singles were all married and pregnant, they would be willing to endure any hardship for their children.

Motherly love was indeed the greatest love of all.

Kelly, who was inside the cubicle, was also terrified by what she heard.

Somehow, she felt that her nausea was a pregnancy reaction.

From her online search, she found out that some mothers experience reactions as early as the fifth week of pregnancy.

What if I'm actually pregnant? Am I really going to vomit for the next nine months?

It took Kelly a long time to come out as she waited for everyone else to leave the ladies.

She didn't take the flu pills Cameron bought for her in case she was really pregnant, as the medication could harm the fetus.

She had to keep the child alive before she could decide if she wanted it.

With this in mind, she decided to go to the hospital for a checkup.

Kendall, on the other hand, couldn't care less if Kelly was pregnant or not. She knew the cat would eventually be let out of the bag.

She was just waiting for Kelly and Jackson's scandal to be exposed next Saturday.

After that, Kelly would be known as a mistress for the rest of her life!

Kendall was in Amelia's car on their way to lunch.

Ronnie silently followed them in his car from behind.

"Do you still consider me a friend, Kendall?! How dare you keep something so important from me? It's no wonder that the handsome man I saw previously seemed familiar; he's Master Dylan's bodyguard! I had seen him on television before," Amelia grumbled as she drove.

"I'm sorry, my dear Amy. I didn't want to keep it from you too. But because Dylan never made our relationship public, I thought he wanted to keep it a secret, so I did not dare to tell you either. The less you know about his matters, the better. That's Ronnie. You can photograph him as many times as you want later. I'll have him strike some attractive poses."

To that, Amelia smilingly responded, "Don't worry. I didn't take it to heart. Are all of Master Dylan's bodyguards as attractive as Ronnie?"

"Yes. They are all handsome and have great body build."

Every one of them, including Ronnie and Blake, was good-looking. Many people would regard them as successful men if they went out alone.

Nobody would guess that they were bodyguards.

But then again, being Dylan's bodyguards could also be considered successful in their industry.

"Kendall."

After all the jokes, Amelia started to get serious. She asked with concern, "I thought we could talk over the meal later, but Master Dylan sent someone to follow you, and we can't really speak our minds then, so we'll do it now. Is Master Dylan able to be intimate with you?"

Kendall, however, did not know what to answer.

"Marrying him means that you'll never have a true husband-and-wife intimacy. Why did you do this to yourself?"

Amelia sighed and continued, "What happened previously? Did he force you into this?"

"I was the one who forced him."

It was now Amelia's turn to be silent.

"Amy, rumors are just rumors. Most of the time, they're not the truth. Trust me; I will be happy."

Kendall avoided answering Amelia's question about Dylan's ability to be intimate.

But Amelia was smart enough to understand what Kendall meant.

"Since you said so, you have my heartfelt blessings. When is your wedding? I must be your bridesmaid!"

"Of course you are! You're the only friend I've made since I moved back in with my biological parents."

Who else could Kendall ask other than Amelia?

Their sincere conversation lasted the entire journey, and in no time, they arrived at the hotel where they had previously enjoyed holding gatherings.

The moment Amelia parked her car, another vehicle came closer and pulled up next to her car.

At first, Kendall assumed it was Ronnie's car. When she stepped out of Amelia's car, someone got out of that car as well.

And she immediately wished she could get back into the car when she saw the familiar charming face and alluring eyes.

It's Frank again!

The hotel they were at now wasn't a five-star hotel. A person of Frank's social standing would never come here for a meal.

But he had appeared nonetheless.

There could be only one explanation. Obviously, Frank had sent someone to follow Kendall's whereabouts. Hence, wherever she went, Frank would appear as if it was a chance encounter.

Both of them stood face to face. Frank locked his gaze on Kendall, his eyes as dark as a bottomless pit, hoping to entice her in.

"What a coincidence, President Mendelson!"

Kendall then sarcastically added, "After having you here, this hotel will definitely prosper in the future."

"Of course they will. After all, the Young Mistress Kendall is one of their customers," Frank, too, replied

ironically.

Kendall was left speechless. "After you, President Mendelson," she quickly said to divert the conversation.

But Frank did not move an inch, and he behaved in a gentlemanly fashion as he said, "Ladies first."

Seeing that, Kendall decided not to be pretentious and entered the hotel first.

Amelia quickly grabbed Kendall's arms and yanked her to the side, while Ronnie stood in front of Kendall.

Noticing that Dylan had sent Ronnie to be by Kendall's side, Frank pursed his lips and looked as if he wanted to say something, but nothing came out of his mouth.

"Ms. Taylor."

Frank abruptly stopped in front of Amelia.

Amelia had a negative impression of Frank and found him terrifying.

Thus, her entire body stiffened when he called her. She tightened her grip on Kendall's arm, but she had no choice but to force a smile.

"P-President Mandelson."

"I haven't seen you in a long time, Ms. Taylor."

"Indeed, President Mandelson."

But Amelia secretly screamed in her heart that she would never want to see Frank again.

## Chapter 255

"Ms. Taylor, you secretly photographed me last time..."

"I'm sorry, President Mendelson. That was my fault. All the photos have been deleted, all of its hard copies have been taken away by you, and I've formally apologized to you as well."

Amelia was implying that this matter had concluded and that she wanted Frank to close this chapter.

Furthermore, she never told anyone that he falsely imprisoned her for a day and a night, and she never sued him for it. Hence, he better stop pushing her boundaries or she would bring him to court one day.

"I believe what you did was insufficient, Ms. Taylor."

Amelia pursed her lips when she heard that. How shameless he is!

With his shameless attitude, it was no surprise that he was the head of the Mendelson Family.

Kendall, on the other hand, did not think it was appropriate to intervene in Amelia and Frank's dispute. She could only hold Amelia's hand in hers, assuring her that Frank would not harm her in broad daylight and that she did not need to be afraid.

"What else do you want me to do then, President Mendelson?"

Hearing that, Frank curved his lips and locked his alluring gaze on Amelia.

Amelia had little experience in dealing with men. Frank's stare made her heart race, and she began to fear that she would die from an abnormal heart rate if he kept staring at her like this.

"At the very least, Ms. Taylor, you should treat me to a meal."



Amelia's mouth opened wide in shock.

Frank wants me to treat him to a meal?

How can I be able to eat anything with Frank sitting at the same table?!

"Why are you so silent, Ms. Taylor? Are you not willing to?"

"Well... Can we make it another day?"

Amelia did not dare to turn him down.

Frank chuckled as he countered, "Why do we need another day? Fate has made a decision for us since we happen to meet here today. This is my first time here, and since you come here frequently, you can treat me to a meal now so I can see if their food is up to par."

Amelia was at a loss for words after hearing what he said.

She looked helplessly at Kendall.

"Amy, I suddenly remember that I have some urgent matters to attend to, so I won't be able to join you for lunch."

Kendall was astute enough to not stand in between Frank and Amelia. Frank was a petty man, and he was clearly not going to let Amelia off today. He would pester her until he had the meal.

And Kendall knew how good his pestering skills were.

After she finished her sentence, she turned to Ronnie and said, "Let's go, Ronnie."

Then, she turned around and left right away.

Frank would not do anything to Amelia now.

Hence, she felt at ease leaving her with him.

"Be careful on your way back, Kendall..." Amelia was embarrassed and heaved a sigh of relief when Kendall left.

Amelia knew Frank was here because of Kendall. Now that Kendall had left, Amelia had nothing to worry about.

Both Kendall and Amelia did not expect that Frank would suddenly appear to have a meal with Kendall. However, his plan backfired, causing Kendall to leave instead.

Frank wanted to stop Kendall from leaving, but his words did not leave him in the end.

As a result, he could only stare blankly as Kendall got into Ronnie's car and left.

Kendall was immersed in her thoughts on their way home. After a while, she asked, "Ronnie, do you know anyone who is following me?"

"Aside from the private investigator Mrs. Coleman previously hired, no one else is trailing you."

That stunned Kendall. "Why did Mrs. Coleman hire a private investigator to follow me?"

"I've no idea about that, Young Mistress Kendall."

Ronnie only knew that Mrs. Coleman had done that before, but it was eventually resolved without Kendall knowing. Dylan most likely did not tell Kendall as well.

"Young Mistress Kendall, are you suspecting that President Mendelson has someone following you?"

Kendall hummed in agreement. "We've met each other a number of times. It's impossible for all of that to be mere coincidences. I believe he may have arranged for someone to keep a close eye on my whereabouts."

"But I'm sure he didn't send someone to follow you."

Bodyguards like Ronnie had their sources of information. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to get Dylan all kinds of news.

And, according to his knowledge, Frank did not hire anyone to follow Kendall.

After some thought, Kendall responded, "Perhaps Amelia is the one he sent his men to follow?"

Amelia and Kendall were close friends who met frequently. Thus, following Amelia would result in a chance encounter with Kendall as well.

"I don't know about this. Our responsibility is to protect our Young Master, and now, with the addition of you, Young Mistress Kendall."

Since they realized how much Dylan cared about Kendall, all of the bodyguards had automatically added matters concerning Kendall to their responsibilities.

"Ronnie, from where did you get your information?"

In her previous life, she was trapped in the Whittle's Residence and had no idea what was going on outside. This was why she seemed to know nothing after being reincarnated.

But she was aware that Dylan was particularly well-informed. He could find out anything that he wanted to.

"We have a lot of sources, Young Mistress Kendall. Simply tell us what you want to know, and we'll take care of the rest."

"Is there anyone who dares to trail Frank?"

Ronnie fell into silence when he heard that. "Aside from those under our Young Master's instruction, I don't think anyone else would dare to do so," he replied after a brief pause.

Kendall understood that as well when she thought of Frank's obstinacy. "Okay, I get it."

She then decided to talk to Dylan about it. After all, she needed to use his men. Though she could now use his bodyguards, she still felt the need to discuss with him.

"Do you want to dine at Young Master Yoseph's place, Young Mistress Kendall?"

"That's not necessary. Just simply find me a restaurant."

Jane was back in the country now. Given the Morris Family's relationship with the Colemans, Tilly would definitely invite them over for a meal with Dylan. Tilly had never liked Kendall, so the latter decided not to interrupt them.

"A restaurant near my workplace serves delicious food. Ronnie, let's go there."

"Sure."

Ronnie didn't mind what food they would be having since his main responsibility was to protect Kendall.

"Young Mistress Kendall, can I request your help on something?"

"Sure. What's that?"

"Please tell Ms. Taylor to not secretly photograph me again."

That made Kendall laugh.

"Why, Ronnie? You're handsome. That's one of the few things Amelia enjoys doing, so please allow her to take more photos of you for my sake.

Hearing that, Ronnie was at a loss for words.

"The rest of them, including Randy, are also attractive! Dylan is really broad-minded enough to have such good-looking bodyguards. Isn't he afraid that he'll pale in comparison to the rest of you? Amelia treats you all like treasures. Since she isn't going to do anything to you, just let her take some photos for her own keeping.

Ronnie was speechless with all that Kendall had said.

But he was relieved to know that even the other bodyguards couldn't get away from Amelia's clutches.

After all, that was better than him suffering alone.

"Next time, I'll tell Amelia to take the photos openly. But then again, if she does it openly, you all will have the same solemn expression. It's easy to get tired of it. On the other hand, taking photos without your knowledge would capture a lot of natural expressions that are beautiful in different ways from different angles."

Hearing that made Ronnie feel awkward. With a stiffened expression, he muttered, "Young Mistress Kendall, I'm a man. Please do not describe a man as beautiful."

"Fine. I'll use handsome, then!" Kendall smilingly responded.

Forget it, Ronnie thought, and ended the conversation.

Chapter 256

Meanwhile, after Kendall left, Amelia was forced to face Frank on her own. "Let's go, President Mendelson. Lunch is on me."

Frank, however, changed his attitude completely and replied coldly without even looking at her, "Another day, perhaps."

He then walked away with his bodyguards.

Amelia was stunned. How could he leave just like this?

Frank was shamelessly asking her for a meal just minutes ago, but after she agreed, he left!

Then again, it was a good thing for her.

At the very least, she didn't have to look at his charming face or meet his alluring eyes for an entire meal.

She was worried that she could not resist his enticing eyes and would become attracted to him. If that were the case, she would be hopeless.

Frank had ruined her original good mood so much that she didn't want to enter the hotel anymore. As a result, Amelia got in her car and drove back, not forgetting to call Kendall.

"Frank left?"

"Yes. I offered him a meal after you left but he simply pushed it to another day and left. Kendall, his target is obviously you. Be careful of him. You can at least reason with Master Dylan, but not with Frank."

"Master Dylan and Frank are arch nemesis. As he can't win Master Dylan, maybe he's trying his luck with you," Amelia guessed.

"I know. But he seems to be well-informed about my whereabouts as he always appears wherever I am. I can't guard against that. Amy, try to be aware of whether anyone is following you or if your phone has a tracking device installed."

Amelia was not a fool. She, too, thought Frank's appearance at the hotel today was too coincidental.

After hearing Kendall's words, she recalled that Frank had taken her phone away before and she suspected he had installed a tracking device in it at the time.

"I'll get someone to check my phone later."

"Okay."

"Alright, Kendall, go ahead and do your thing. I'll see you tomorrow!"

Tomorrow was the weekend, and Amelia was going to the Colemans' horse farm. Most importantly, she would see a lot of attractive guys there.

She was overjoyed at the thought of this, and her heart was practically overflowing with joy.

All the men in the Coleman Family were charming. Dylan's brothers, according to Kendall, would be going as well.

Anelia didn't dare to secretly photograph Dylan, but she could always do it to the other Colemans!

"See you!"

...

Meanwhile, Kelly was walking out of the hospital, her mind jumbled.

Her medical report lay quietly in her bag.

It turned out that she was indeed pregnant. Why? Why did this baby come at this point of time?

She was still hesitating whether to keep the child. If she kept it, her adoptive parents would blow their tops. Her work would be affected as well, but it was her flesh and blood. How could she be so heartless?

This was her child with Jackson, whom she had feelings for. He had also previously told her to keep the child if she was really pregnant.

Kelly called Jackson the second she got into her car. "Jackson, you're going to be a father," she said when he answered the call.

"You're really pregnant?" He was surprised as well.

"What are we going to do now, Jackson? Are we keeping it?"

Jackson paused for a few seconds before he said, "I hope you can keep the child, Kelly. Don't worry; I will take full responsibility for you and the child. Marrying Krystal is purely a strategic decision. You're the only one I truly love."

"But... I'll suffer a lot. What about my job? If I leave now, the Parker Corporation will no longer be the same when I return later."



Everything Kelly did, which even led to this pregnancy now, was all for her to get the Parker Corporation.

"Do you intend to abort the child?"

"I can't bear to do so either. It's our child." Feeling troubled, Kelly leaned against the car seat and mumbled, "This is not the appropriate time. If my parents find out, they will beat me to death."

Her foster mother had always reminded her to value herself and not let others take advantage of her. Women were always on the losing end in terms of relationships.

Furthermore, she had always been known as a demure and reserved young lady from a prominent family. If her unwed pregnancy was exposed, her reputation would be ruined. That was never what she wanted.

And there was Brian too. Kelly didn't love him, but she did enjoy being treated like a princess by him. He would never love her again after he learned that she was pregnant with Jackson's child. Yasmine would also stay away from her.

All of the connections that Kelly maintained with the society's upper classes would collapse.

"Jackson, I can request to head interstate or stay abroad for a few months once my belly grows larger, and return only after I give birth. But I need to prevent Kendall from amassing her forces within the company. Only when something happened to her would she not take advantage of my absence to win people's hearts away."

Jackson secretly sighed in his heart when he heard that. Women's hearts are the most evil of all. "Kendall now has Master Dylan backing her, though," he reminded her.

To that, Kelly responded indifferently, "Who cares? Even if she is a god, I must remove her once she gets in my way. If you want our child to be born safely, Jackson, you have to help me with this."

"We're both in the same boat. As long as you can come up with a foolproof plan, I'll definitely go out of my way to assist you."

"Okay. I'll think of a perfect plan."

After their conversation ended, Kelly mumbled to herself, "Don't blame me for being ruthless, Kendall. You shouldn't have come back at all. Why can't you, like me, stay with your adoptive mother?"

...

At the same time, the phone was ringing in the president's office.

Seeing that the call was from his lovely wife, Dylan quickly answered it.

"Dylan!" Kendall purred coquettishly.

Dylan, however, remained calm. "Just tell me what you want. Don't act all coquettish with me."

"Oh my, my husband is simply brilliant. You understand me the most! My respect for you is endless, like the flow of water in a stream, and my love for you is as deep as the sea—"

"Stop it!"

Dylan grudgingly interrupted Kendall's flattering sentence, which forever stayed the same.

"Dylan, could you help me to check where Kelly went, what she did and who she met after leaving the office this afternoon?"

Kendall reasoned that Kelly should be pregnant by now and merely wanted to confirm it.

"Sure."

"Thank you, Dylan. You're the best. I love you!"

"Love me? Why did you jump so far away after knowing I could do that?"

"That... I-I jumped out of surprise!"

Dylan chuckled deeply when he heard that.

"I'll leave you to your work. Please earn enough money to provide for me."

"You're shameless."

The man's words revealed just how much he pampered her.

Kendall, on the other hand, remained unfocused at work after asking for Dylan's help. She was biting her pen lid, as if deep in thought.

Suddenly, she remembered something.

"Jessie, what's the date today?"

"Tenth of July. Why?"

"Just asking. It's summer break for the students now, right?"

"Yes."

Jessie did not say anything further.

Kendall recalled a significant incident from her previous life. It shook the entire upper-class social circles to their core, and even her, who Jackson had locked in the backyard, heard about it.

## Chapter 257

Eastfort was the neighboring city to Orapolis, and it was another city as lively and profitable as Orapolis.

The Ford Family was known as the top family among Eastfort as they had about the same wealth as the Coleman Family. However, the number of Fords wasn't as many as the Colemans from the aspect of the number of family members.

Among the Colemans, a daughter was the most precious family member of all. However, the situation was different in the Ford Family.

Not only did the Ford Corporation expand their business into various fields, the Ford Family also had a dependable network of contacts, encompassing the country's major cities. Many were attracted by the family's strength and became interested in making acquaintance with the Fords.

The generations before the current family head had been following the tradition of separating into the main house and the branch house. There was always one son and his sisters in each house of every generation, no matter the number of children being born.

The Ford Family had prepared early for the current family head and his cousin into an alliance marriage with the daughters from other wealthy families in Eastport.

Even though their relationship began with an alliance marriage, the head of the Ford Family had been treating his wife with care and patience ever since. They slowly bonded with each other over time and she ended up pregnant after a year of their marriage.

However, their happiness took an abrupt turn the day when the mistress of the Ford Family was getting a checkup as she was expecting the child soon. She was involved in a car accident on the trip to the hospital, but had been protecting her belly with her hands all the time out of motherly instinct.

She was rushed to the hospital for medical care after the accident. The doctors did an emergency cesarean section on her to deliver the baby. The boy was doing fine as his mother protected him with all her might on instinct as soon as she was aware of the danger.

However, the mother had been comatose and had never woken up ever since. The head of the Ford Family was a loyal man, who had been staying by his wife's side and looking after their son with care.

As if the Ford Family was plagued by misfortune, one of his rivals had bribed the family nanny to steal his only son away. The nanny was tempted by the rewards and sought an opportunity to slip away from the Ford Residence with the three-year-old boy in her arms.

It didn't take long for the Fords to discover their young master's disappearance. The head of the family was raging with her deed as he called upon his men to hunt down the woman throughout the city. However, the nanny had fled Eastport successfully with the rival's aid in his private jet. Even so, she couldn't make it far as planned as the Fords were an influential family with high authority in many places and had eyes everywhere.

Never would one know the reason why the nanny would eventually show up at Orapolis with the boy. Knowing she had no other options other than being taken back to the Fords and facing the consequence, the nanny chose to murder the boy out of despair. She dropped the three-year-old boy named Scott into the river, and let him drown before she drowned herself in the same river.

The tragedies of his only son's death and his wife's comatose state were hitting the head of the Ford Family hard. He was driven mad by unappeasable grief and anger, so he sought revenge on his rivals. Most of his rivals had their family torn apart by his vengeance while those who survived would rather be imprisoned to avoid his anger.

The high society circles in Orapolis' neighboring cities were shaken to the core by his vengeance.

Kendall once heard Jackson mention that the family head had taken his rage out on the businessmen in Orapolis due to his son drowning in the river of the city, which ended up rocking the stability of its business world.

Even Dylan and Frank, the pair of well-known arch nemesis, abandoned their prejudices for a moment and joined forces to fight back as the Ford Family was shaking up the balance of the business world in

Orapolis. Besides, they had a talk with the man. Their conversation was not known by others, but the Ford Family eventually retreated from Orapolis.

Kendall had been keeping the incident in mind as she was pregnant around that time, so she was sensitive to anything related to a child that could bring to her attention.

She searched through her memories and recalled that the young master of the Ford Family, Scott, would be drowned in the river this afternoon. The notorious river was located in the countryside, which was the same river where she and Leonel went fishing.

Kendall took a glance at the time and made the decision right away to save Scott before his nanny could have the chance to drown him in the river.

As long as he survived, Kendall could prevent the same crisis from happening to the business world in this life. Besides, she could also make an acquaintance of the Ford Family and depend on their contact network in the future.

Kendall had decided not to depend on Dylan every time, and she was determined to build up her own network of people.

Pretending to pick up a call, she spoke loudly to a non-existent caller. "Fishing? But I'm working! What? Alright, alright. I'm in. I'll be there as soon as possible, okay? No need to be mad."

Then, Kendall pulled away the phone from her ear as she turned to Jessie. "Miss Holmes, please tell my father that I'll take a day off."

"Alas, Kendall, why are you going on leave again?"

She's even taking leave to fish! A workaholic like Jessie could never tolerate Kendall's bad habit of taking leave on usual days. She's the daughter of President Parker, so she should take her work more seriously and make an example out of it instead of slacking off and taking leaves as she likes.

Kendall didn't pay attention to Jessie's worries as the former grabbed the phone and left the office. The afterthought of informing Henry came to her belatedly when she was waiting at the entrance.

Thinking Ronnie would escort her at noon, she had allowed Henry to take a half day off and needed only to pick her up later from work in the evening.

She might not make it in time if she was only about to inform him right now. It would take several minutes from the city to go to her destination in the countryside. In the end, Kendall hailed a cab at the

entrance of the company and set off to the suburban area.

The nanny had deliberately picked a spot that was a relatively remote area by the riverside to throw Scott into the river. The area consisted of only a riverbank, which was usually quiet, but passers-by would occasionally take a walk on them.

Scott wasn't rescued in time due to him being dropped into the river at a secluded place by the river.

Kendall was relieved as she was given an opportunity to reincarnate and had paid attention to the matter in her previous life, so she wouldn't be clueless in search of the scene in this life.

A few minutes later, she arrived at her destination.

In order to avoid people suspecting her motives, she rented a bicycle and fishing kits from a farming family nearby. After that, she took off on the bicycle with the fishing kits in tow and headed toward the river.

...

Meanwhile, a middle-aged woman with a panicked expression and haggard face was pacing back and forth on the riverbank with a three-year-old boy in her arms. Two men dressed in black were protecting her at the sides.

"Miss, when are we going home? I miss Dad." The boy was none other than Scott Ford, who was the young master of the Ford Family and Kendall's rescue target.

The boy was a beautiful child with an adorable face and milky white skin. His round eyes looked like twinkling stars at night.

Even though he was known for his quick wits, he was only three years old, after all.

Moreover, Scott would never suspect the nanny, who was always taking care of him, would throw him into the river.

"Young Master..." The woman lowered her gaze to observe the boy. She had been looking after him for more than a year and the two had bonded over time, which was the reason why she was suffering the consequences.

The nanny regretted listening to her daughter's slander and giving in to the temptation of wealth. Given the situation, there was no way she could escape once she allowed greed to blind her reasons.

The Ford Family had built up a broad contact network over the years, which could track her whereabouts with ease. She was doomed.

Suddenly, one of the men's cell phones rang and broke the silence. He picked up the call without hesitation.

The nanny held the boy in her arms tighter as she watched the man answer the call in anticipation.

After he ended the call, the man whispered something to his companion. The two began to walk toward the woman as they reached out their hands for the boy in her arms.

"What are you doing?" The nanny was aware of their effort as she held on tighter to the child and took a few steps back to avoid their outstretched hands.



"We can't make it out in one piece, and the kid won't live either. Let's throw him into the water. Do you want to do it by yourself, or do you need us to help you?"

Chapter 258

The nanny was taken aback by their change of attitude and she scolded, "How dare you backtrack on the promise?! We made a deal of bringing the kid out only for a while to threaten the family head, but you guys ended up forcing me into the helicopter and bringing me to an isolated place!"

The water might be clear, but it was deep too. A grown-up like her would drown in such depth, let alone a three-year-old kid like Scott.

The men stared back at her with gloomy expressions. "Hand over the boy or throw him into the river by yourself. There's no time to waste!"

"I won't do either! Help! Anybody, help! Someone's trying to kidnap a child!" The nanny didn't wait any longer to turn around with Scott in her arms and shouted for help as she ran away from them.

The men followed her with unhurried steps and one of the men persuaded, "Stop wasting your energy. People aren't going to pass by, so nobody would come to your rescue even if you scream at the top of your lungs. Just do as I say and throw him into the river right now, or else your family won't survive the night."

His threat was a great distraction as the nanny paused for a second at his words. The men seized the opportunity and caught up to her.

...

Meanwhile, Kendall was trying her best to reach the destination on the bicycle as she prayed, God, I

need your favor again. Please grant me the luck to save Scott in time.

Even though she might not be able to make acquaintance with the Ford Family, she was content to save a child's life.

She couldn't save her baby in her previous life, so she wanted to put her reincarnation to good use by saving Scott. She was hoping that her good deeds could help her baby reincarnate into a happy family, in which the parents were getting along well and would treat the baby with care in this life.

As she was heading straight to the location of the incident that she always had kept in her memory, the riverside came into her view not long after.

At first, Kendall saw three people on the riverbank from a distance. Why are there three people? Forget it. I need to get closer and see if the nanny's also there.

Counting on her combat skills, she wasn't afraid of the risk as she rode onto the riverbank.

Seeing her approaching, the men warned the nanny, "Think about your family. Don't do anything stupid and act natural. "

The nanny tightened her arms around Scott as thoughts ran wild in her mind. Her family would survive if she threw Scott into the river to drown him. However, the boy was innocent. Besides, she had grown fond of him over the past year. As she stared back at his clear eyes, she couldn't make up her mind to hurt him.

As Kendall came closer, the three stepped aside without a word to make space for her to pass.

She slowed down to observe the boy in the woman's arms. Even if she paid attention to this event in her previous life, she had never known what he looked like.

Moreover, Kendall knew she couldn't snatch the kid from them without a plan, so she eventually slowed down the bike and stopped before them.

The men exchanged glances and silently agreed on getting rid of Kendall if she brought variability to their plan.

Kendall parked her bicycle on the side while pretending to grab her fishing kits as she turned to them with a casual tone. "Are you here for fishing too? Or are you here to enjoy the beautiful view in the rural area?"

"We planned to fish, but ended up finding out we forgot to bring the bait here." One of the men lied through a calm façade.

"Oh? Is that so? I have many of them. Do you need some? There's a lot of fish in the river, so many people come here to fish every day, especially on the weekends." She feigned ignorance as she talked to them with enthusiasm.

"Thank you for your kindness. Maybe next time, though. The kid can't wait to go home, so we'll come back next time." The man, who had been doing the talking, extended his arms toward the nanny to grab Scott. To his surprise, Scott pushed his hands away and struggled to get out of the nanny's hold.

The nanny had no choice but to release Scott from her arms and helped him to the ground. She wouldn't want to drag an outsider's attention to their business and had her suspect them.

"Pretty Lady." Scott managed to dodge the man's arms, which were reaching out again for him, and strode in Kendall's direction before wrapping his arms around her leg. Lifting his adorable face at her, the boy pleaded, "Pretty Lady, please give me a hug."

Kendall did as told without a trace of hesitation and straightened up.

"Come on, son. Follow me. We're leaving." The man took a step forward, trying to take the boy away.

Scott put his arms around Kendall's neck and shouted, "Lady, he's not my father! I don't know him at all! They are bad guys that want to throw me into the river! Call the police on them!"

The boy couldn't understand what was happening to him until he heard the adults' argument. His nanny and the men weren't thinking of taking the argument somewhere else, so he heard them clearly that they were drowning him in the river.

Even though Scott was only three years old, he was already studying in kindergarten. The teacher taught him to seek help from the police when encountered danger.

His intuition told him that Kendall, the pretty lady, was a good person. Therefore, Scott struggled out of his nanny's grip and ran over to Kendall. It was only until he was safe in her arms that he could finally reveal the truth.

Kendall stepped away to avoid the man's outstretched arms with Scott in her embrace. "You are not his family?"

"Come on, son. Stop causing any trouble. Miss, my son likes to cause mischief. He's only lying to mess with you."

"Lady, I'm not lying! Call the police on them! They're the bad guys!"

Holding Scott in her arms, Kendall stepped to the side a few times and avoided several attempts of the man to get hold of them. When the men saw her trying to use her free hand to grab her phone, they gave up on their friendly demeanor and chose violence as they lunged at her at the same time, attempting to grab Scott.

Kendall landed a kick right on a man's stomach as she struck back. They weren't expecting this and she caught them off guard.

As the pain spread through him, the man took a few steps back as he was covering the injured spot and grimacing in pain.

Another man was raging as he took a glance and found his companion in his condition. Just as he was about to attack, another punch struck him in the nose and he bled immediately.

He was lucky that he was still conscious as Kendall had to hold Scott in her arms, so she couldn't fight him with all of her might.

Kendall succeeded to earn herself a few seconds with the element of surprise. However, she didn't dwell on the fight as Scott's safety was her main priority.

Holding Scott in her arms, she started running from them. The men followed right after her and Scott once they came back to their senses.

Knowing she would eventually exhaust herself and get caught by running away without a plan, Kendall put Scott on the ground and reminded him, "Little One, you should run. Look for a place with thickets and bushes, and hide there. I'll go get you once I deal with the bad guys."

"Alright." The boy was aware of the dire situation, so he agreed with her without a hint of hesitation. Once she finished her words, Scott took it as a cue as he turned on his heels and began to run.

Kendall turned around and faced their pursuers once Scott got out of her view to hide.

As soon as she exchanged blows with them, she was affirmed that her opponents were trained fighters. She only managed to land a blow on them a few moments ago because the men weren't expecting a woman would take the initiative to fight back.

The nanny was standing at the riverbank, not bothering to help nor look for Scott. As if she was possessed, she stood there for a while before she walked toward the water.

Noticing her moving toward the river, Kendall shouted at her, "Hey! Don't jump!"

The nanny did not stop at Kendall's words.

As Kendall was struggling to fight against two men, she did not have the capacity to stop the nanny from jumping into the river. She couldn't retreat from the men and save the nanny, or else they would leave to search for Scott and kill him.

Watching the nanny jump into the river as if she had nothing to live for, Kendall became even more panicked to get out of the dire situation. Her outburst ended up in her fighting back in desperation.

As she attacked her opponents with reckless moves, she succeeded to turn the tables to her advantage. In the end, she was the sole winner of the fight as she defeated both of her opponents.

After making sure the men had no more energy to fight back, she rushed over to the spot where the nanny jumped off, her breathing labored. However, the woman was nowhere to be found. Maybe she got washed away by the river.

Even though Kendall knew how to swim, she had exhausted herself in the fight a moment ago and had no more energy to sustain the search for the nanny in the water.

Aware of the urgency, she pulled out her cell phone to call the police. Not long after she reported to the police, another call by Dylan came in.

As soon as she picked up, he growled in a dark tone, "Kendall Parker, where did you go?"

Turning around, she found no noticeable landmark to suggest her whereabouts, so she answered honestly, "I don't know where I am."

"What did you do to have such heavy breathing?"

"Dylan..." Stuttering, Kendall didn't know where she should begin.

"Are you going to speak up?"

"I-I am fishing by the river."

He only remarked coldly, "How come your type of fishing takes up a lot of energy? What is it? Are you fishing for big fish?"

"I-I met some kidnapers... and had a fight with them."

"Share me the location! Now!" Dylan demanded.

Understanding that he must be angry with her, Kendall didn't dare retort and sent him the location as soon as the call ended.

She didn't wait long for the local police to arrive.

She explained to them that the men were kidnapers while their female companion jumped into the river, thinking that there was no way for her to escape. Kendall couldn't save the woman in time because she was fighting the men at that moment. Once she dealt with the men, she had already lost the trace of the woman as the latter had been washed away by the river.

Seeing two grown men being beaten up badly by a beautiful young woman like her, the police called an ambulance for them.

No matter the suspects' identities, the police would always respond to their responsibility as law enforcers and save the injured.

As for the woman that jumped into the river, they had initiated a search party to find her.

"You said these men are kidnapers? What about the victim?"

"I asked the boy to hide. I'll find him." Reminded by the police, Kendall turned on her heel immediately to find Scott.

She would leave other things to the authorities since they were here.

The strong connections of the Ford Family must have made it known to the family head about the situation. After all, it was related to Scott, the young master of the Ford Family.

Once the Fords arrived, the two men would be unable to escape the punishment.

As for Kendall, the heroine with her courageous deeds would also need to make a statement at the police station.

Scott was hiding in the weeds at half the height of a human when he heard Kendall looking for him. He sneaked out from the weeds to greet her. "Pretty Lady, I'm here!"

"Little One!" Kendall hurried over and held him in her arms. However, he was so adorable that she couldn't restrain herself from pressing a few kisses onto his cheek.

At that moment, pure happiness blossomed in her heart as the boy was finally saved this time. It was nothing like her previous life, in which the family head had to face his only son's dead body after

everything.

"Pretty Lady, did you chase the bad guys away?"

"The police are here. They will take the bad guys away," Kendall comforted him as she began to walk back to the scene.

Coming back with a little boy, Kendall had managed to earn the trust of the police with her statements. After all, the rented bicycle and fishing kits on the riverbank were another solid evidence of her identity.

The men were carried into the ambulance once they arrived at the scene. One of the police turned to her and suggested, "Miss, are you going with them? I can see you are hurt too."

Wiping away the sweat from her face, Kendall answered, "I'm fine. The blood belongs to them. Oh, right. By the way, the name's Parker."



"Miss Parker, are you sure you are fine?"

"Of course. The victory is mine."

The police choked on her words. There's no such thing as the winner won't hurt themselves in the battle.

However, Kendall was indeed unscathed in the fight. Other than the bloodstain on her face and her clothes, and the messy hair, she looked fine.

What an amazing woman Miss Parker is. Even the two grown men are no match for her.

"Miss Parker, I suppose you know how to fight?"

"Yeah. I know a few tricks of kickboxing and taekwondo."

"No wonder you can subdue them." A few police officers gave her the thumbs up. Not only is she young and beautiful, she knows combat skills too. It's too bad she didn't become a police officer.

At that moment, a group of helicopters came into their view and caught their attention before eventually hovering on the riverbank.

Scott was in Kendall's arms when he saw the helicopters. He turned to her and exclaimed, "Pretty Lady, that must be my dad! He has many helicopters like this and likes to travel in them."

The police were shocked to hear his innocent statements.

He likes to travel in his helicopter?! He has many helicopters at home?!

At that moment, they knew they had to agree with the kidnappers' taste, which explained why the kidnappers would choose the boy as their target. They no doubt can get a high ransom from the family. Well, a funeral too.

Half an hour later, the people involved all went back to the police station. Most of them were related to the Fords. It wasn't an exaggerated statement to say there weren't enough seats for them.

Kendall left them to make a statement.

Scott was sitting on his father's lap as he retold his father the story without wanting to stop. Throughout

his story-telling, the boy was generous in complimenting his savior, Kendall, but not without praising himself too.

"Dad, I was very brave and calm today!" Once the little chatterbox had enough of repeating his glorious achievement, he raised his head to face his handsome father. The longing for his father's praise was all written in his pair of dark and round eyes, which were shining in anticipation.

The head of the Ford Family was a man around his mid-thirties. Judging from Scott's adorable face, one could simply know he inherited the gene from his parents. The family head was indeed good-looking, even though he had a similar cold look as Dylan.

Even though he learned that Kendall had saved his son by chance, the head of the Ford Family's expression never softened at her. However, he thanked her with sincerity a few times.

"You did well." Eric Ford lowered his head and pressed a kiss on Scott's face.

He was grateful that his son ended up unscathed with Kendall's help. Fortunately, Miss Parker was there to fish at the moment and is also good at fighting. That's why Scott is saved. Or else, it would be too late when he arrived with his men at the scene.

Thinking of the unbearable consequence, Eric held his son tighter to let the boy lean against him.

He thought of his comatosed wife. She would be mad at me if she wakes up and finds out I lost our child.

"Miss Parker, I really appreciate your help." Once again, Eric expressed his gratitude for Kendall.

"You're welcome, it's all because the little one is smart too."

Eris looked down and observed Scott. Patting the boy's head with affection, he allowed the silence to fall.

Kendall could tell he wasn't a talkative man.

After she finished giving the statement, Kendall stopped abruptly when she was stepping out of the police station, because she found out Dylan and Ronnie were waiting for her.

The cold look on Dylan's face made her wonder, Who has a colder face? Is it Dylan or Eric?

Meanwhile, Dylan's expression sank when he saw the bloodstains on her clothes and face.

"D-Dylan! Y-You're here!" She stuttered to greet him.

Even though she could give plausible reasons for her presence at the scene and nobody would ever doubt her, things were different with Dylan.

At that, Kendall groaned, No way! I don't want to write a reflection of ten thousand words again!

Chapter 260

Eric recognized Dylan, and he turned his head to look at Kendall.

So, Miss Parker knows Master Dylan. That's right! Master Dylan's wife is a Parker. Kendall Parker, I think. They caused a sensation when Master Dylan officially announced their relationship, so there's no way I

don't know about it as the well-informed head of the Ford Family. She only stated her surname earlier, which was why I hadn't associated her with being the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family.

"Come here!"

The scene of Kendall and the Fords standing together looked like a family of three, which made Dylan utterly irritated.

"Dylan!"

Kendall jogged over and revealed a sweet smile. This was her usual trick against Dylan.

Every time she angered Dylan, she would act coquettishly in a way he couldn't resist.

One said the fire would melt an icy heart, which explained their dynamics.

"Stop smiling!" Dylan coldly reprimanded.

I can't stay angry if she smiles at me. How dare she use this trick against me?!

As such, Kendall immediately curbed her smile and looked at him carefully.

Eric came over at this time.

"Master Dylan."

Eric greeted Dylan politely as he was holding his son while reaching out to Dylan.

Dylan was eager to punish his wife, but he was aware he must be respectful to the head of the Ford Family in Eastfort.

"Mr. Ford, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine."

After shaking hands, Eric said in a deep voice, "I'm sure you know everything during your journey here. I thank your wife for coming to the rescue; otherwise, my son would surely be in grave danger."

Dylan looked at Kendall and murmured deeply, "She just likes to fight against crime."

"Master Dylan, I wouldn't disturb you any further. One of these days, I will bring my child to your residence to express our gratitude." Eric then looked at Kendall and said to Dylan, "Young Mistress Kendall isn't injured. The blood on her clothes is from the other two people."

"Thanks for the information."

The two men had surprisingly little to talk about.

After being silent for a while, Eric took out his business card to hand it to Kendall. Then, he said, "Young Mistress Kendall, no amount of thanks would be enough to express our gratitude for what happened today. This is my business card. If you need my help in the future, just ask."

Kendall was busy the whole day just so she could hook up with the Ford Family.

So, she immediately took Eric's business card with both hands.

"Pretty Lady."

Scott was fond of Kendall. Not only because she saved him but also felt at ease when Kendall hugged him, much like a mother's embrace.

I have a mother, but Mom sleeps all the time, whether day or night. Since I learned to speak, I often talked to my mother, but she has never responded to me or even opened her eyes. I'm three years old and have never been hugged by my mother. I asked my classmates in kindergarten what it feels like to be hugged by a mother, and they answered they feel at ease and warm. That is what it feels like to be embraced by Pretty Lady.

"Little guy, I'm a Parker. You can call me Miss Parker."

As such, Scott followed suit. "Lady Parker, I am Scott Ford. I am three years and four months old."

He still preferred to call her Lady Parker instead of miss.

Scott thought Kendall was amazing, young, and beautiful, so it would be better to call her a lady.

Kendall smiled at his words. "Then I'll call you Scott from now on."

Scott nodded vigorously and extended his arms toward Kendall, asking for another hug.

Kendall reached over and hugged him without much thought.

Eric was stunned, but he still let Kendall carry his son.

"Lady Parker, I need to go home, but I'll miss you. I'll ask Dad to fly me over to visit you when I have a holiday. Is that okay?"

Scott blinked at her with big, dark, bright eyes, and Kendall's heart softened. Truth was, Kendall couldn't refuse those gaze.

"Of course."

Scott smiled with wide eyes.

He put his arms around Kendall's neck and rested his head on Kendall's shoulder.

"Lady Parker, I like you. You're amazing! And you smell like Mom."

His words made Dylan's and Eric's expressions turn dark.

Dylan gave Eric a stern look, and the latter instantly understood his meaning and stepped forward to

take his son away. "Scott, Miss Parker is going home. Let's go home too. Your grandparents are waiting for you at home."

After Eric took his son away, Dylan reached out his hand to pull Kendall back to him and did not let her go.

"Lady Parker, I'll visit you next weekend."

Although it was the weekend the next day, Scott could not come over as he had to appease his elders at home after the disaster.

"Okay, I'll make you some snacks when you visit me." Kendall smiled at the boy. "Go home with your dad. Don't let your family worry."

"Goodbye, Lady Parker!"

Eric carried Scott away, but the boy still turned his head and kept waving goodbye at Kendall.

Kendall kept smiling as she watched the little guy being taken away by his father until they were out of sight.

He's so cute! If my baby is alive, my baby will surely be as smart and adorable as Scott is.

"Do you think of yourself as his mother after being told that your hug smells like a mother?"

A sour and sharp voice rang out.

Kendall kept quiet because Dylan was being jealous again.

"I'd like to have such a cute and smart son, but unfortunately, I don't."

Dylan looked at her with a dark expression.

Kendall poked out her tongue in embarrassment and explained in a low voice, "I'm not..."

"Give me that!"

Dylan reached out for Eric's business card.

Kendall knew what he would do, as the man was petty to no end.

So, she hurriedly pulled out her cell phone and took a picture of the business card to save it before handing it to Dylan.

If Dylan tore up the business card, Kendall would still have Eric's contact number as a backup.

To prevent Dylan from deleting the photo, Kendall recited the string of numbers a few times.

She had a good memory for numbers, but that was not the case with languages. As a result, she often failed her tongue and did make-up tests as a student.



Kendall's series of actions made Dylan's expression even more thunderous. And yet, he said nothing.

"Ronnie, let's return."

Dylan spoke coldly.

Then, Ronnie immediately pushed Dylan and turned around to go back.

Kendall hurriedly followed them.

On the way back, Dylan didn't say a word. Kendall tried to speak to him several times, but he ignored her.

I think he really is furious.

"Dylan, I'm not going to be a stepmother." Kendall leaned on his shoulder and said softly, "I am close to Scott and I like him, but that's all."