

## Kendalls 271

### Chapter 271

"Roll out of here if you can roll. Don't tell me you are going to stay overnight here after cadging a meal."

Geez, how heartbreaking! Isn't he too cold-hearted to his own brother?

Despite the glare Dylan was throwing his way to get rid of him, Yoseph still bit the bullet as he uttered, "Dylan, I will be staying here tonight."

Dylan didn't answer him and instead called for Amos.

"Young Master Dylan."

Soon enough, the older man appeared in front of the siblings.

"Please head over to Yoseph's place and tell Miss Morris to drag him home."

Amos' eyes darted toward the nervous Yoseph, and the former respectfully replied while he held back his laughter, "I will give Mrs. Pears a call right this instant to pass the message to Miss Morris."

After saying that, Amos took out his phone to make the call.

"Amos! Amos."

Yoseph quickly got up to stop Amos from informing his housekeeper. Resigned, he sighed. "It would be fine if I stop third wheeling, right? What is brotherhood to you even, Dylan?"

The man actually had the heart to watch his younger brother being abused by Jane.

Jane, too, was Yoseph's source of headache. As a guest from an esteemed family, she seemed as though she didn't have the least bit of worry about rumors by how she shamelessly worm her way into his humble abode everytime.

The instant Dylan glared at him, Yoseph immediately grabbed his car keys and sprinted outside with Amos by his side to send him off.

He started complaining when they were out of the main building, "Just whose bad side have I gotten on, Amos? Why would my perfectly fine days be interrupted by a woman so badly that I can't even go home? Only I know how saddening this is!"

Amos laughed when he heard that. "Young Master Yoseph, isn't Miss Morris a good woman? How did she become Godzilla who you can't help but hide from as soon as you talk about her?"

"She is good to everyone except me. All she does is bully me! Just hearing her name makes me weak in the knees."

"You used to lose to Miss Morris in fights. Is it still impossible to win against her now?" Amos chuckled, making Yoseph choke on his saliva.

Is it still impossible to win against Jane?

Not necessarily.

It's just that good men don't fight with women.

Yoseph would rather stay away from her than start another fight again. They were both adults now. What was he supposed to do if she attacked him by hugging and biting or scratching him like she used to do? Do the same thing to her?

If the elders were to see him, they would definitely say that he was taking advantage of her, and demand him to take responsibility for her.

Yoseph was aware that it was Tilly's greatest dream for him to get married to Jane. Or should he say, have Jane get married to him.

Still, Jane might not agree to marrying into the Coleman Family.

There was a time when she was around 13 years old that she had a verbal fight with Yoseph, and he said she would never be able to marry anyone because of how ferocious she was.

She had answered him then that she wouldn't marry him even if she stayed unmarried. She even complained about how the Coleman household had too many rules, and that she would only get married with someone who would take her family name. Even if they were forced to marry at some point, he would have to be the one to take her last name.

Like hell that is going to happen! Yoseph huffed.

To have him, a young master of the Coleman Family, marry into someone else's family?

Never in a million years.

"Amos, is Fiesty really at my place?"

Amos chuckled in response. "Young Master Yoseph, I am only responsible for the ins and outs at Young Master Dylan's place. How about you ask Mrs. Pears, who takes care of your place? I wouldn't want Mrs. Pears to complain about me poking my nose where it doesn't belong."

Of course Yoseph already knew the answer to his question. He was just pointlessly trying to get out of the web he had fallen into.

He could only pout as he gave another excuse. "I am too full. I will be going on a stroll to let the food digest a bit."

"Young Master Dylan will be taking Young Mistress Kendall to the horse farm early tomorrow morning. You said you will be going as well, didn't you, Young Master Yoseph? Miss Morris will make fun of you if you fall off a horse from not getting enough rest."

Yoseph came to a halt upon hearing Amos' words.

After Amos said what he needed to say, he turned around and walked back into the building, leaving Yoseph standing there for a long while before he finally went back home in an angry mood.

Now that Yoseph had left, Kendall smilingly scolded her man, "Dylan, that is your own baby brother. Don't treat him so coldly all the time!"

Dylan only replied in a nonchalant tone, "I only stopped myself from throwing him out even though he has been bothering my wife and my lovey-dovey time for the sake of our fellow mother."

Kendall quickly froze at his words.

She wasn't aware that they were having their lovey-dovey time earlier.

"Lean over," Dylan suddenly demanded, in which she obediently did.

He then took a tissue and gently wiped her mouth with it.

Kendall was as surprised as she was overjoyed upon his unexpected gesture.

She loved this gentle and caring side of him.

Dylan might be a cold man, but he always gave his all to the point where the other party would easily surrender when he was sincere toward someone.

Kendall was a prime example. She couldn't even hold out for a month before she fell head over heels for him.

"I am sure you are happy tonight."

"Mhm. I told my mother about Kelly's pregnancy."

He understood the reason she did this. "Your parents have raised her for more than 20 years. They surely feel deeply for her because they always thought she was their biological daughter. It will

definitely take some time for them to truly be disappointed in her."

"You don't know Kelly, Dylan. My parents will definitely lose their trust in her after this incident."

Dylan had his lips pressed into a straight line before he finally uttered, "It is true I don't understand other women. You're the only one I want to know more about."

How sweet! Kendall swooned.

The sweet nothings Dylan told her were always particularly suggestive.

As she happily fell into his arms, her wandering hand started drawing circles on his chest, and she cooed, "You're the only one I want to know more about as well, Dylan."

The look in Dylan's eyes gradually darkened as he looked down at his playful wife in his arms. When she started unbuttoning his shirt recklessly, he stopped her while he reminded, "We can't have our wedding for now."

For one, he still couldn't walk like a normal person could. Also, her wedding dress wasn't done yet.

There were still a lot of things that they hadn't prepared.

Even his parents were still refusing to meet Kendall's parents.

Kendall's movements came to a halt then. She raised her chin within the next second, only for her to meet his dark eyes.

"Dylan... What if I say yes? Will it affect my horse riding tomorrow?"

His eyes turned even darker after she said those words, and he unconsciously tightened his hold on her.

Dylan wouldn't think about touching her when he was calm even if she were to throw herself on him.

But when he was worked up, just the light fragrance drifting off of Kendall's body was enough to get him excited.

"Dylan?"

Seeing how he didn't answer her even after a long second, she couldn't help but call out his name.

"I suppose... it wouldn't," he gave a muffled reply.

He knew that it would hurt her, but it couldn't possibly stay painful until the next day even if they were to do it.

"If you are afraid that it will affect your riding tomorrow... It is not like I can't hold it in. I am a pretty strong-willed man as long as you don't tease me."

Kendall's face went red, but she soon giggled while she caressed his face.

"I can't help but tease you. You are so handsome. Looking at you gives me a crazy appetite. I would love to swallow you whole if I could."

He was rather speechless at that. "You glutton!"

How did she even relate something like this to having an appetite?!

"The human mouth is for talking and eating. We have to make it worthy of its functions by having a taste of all the delicacies the world has to offer."

"You are probably the only one who can make gluttony sound so beautiful, Kendall Parker."

"Thank you for the compliment, Master Dylan."

"How brazen."

"That is what you like about me, isn't it?" she hummed, victorious.

Dylan paused for a beat as he grumbled to himself, As the one who spoiled her, I have no choice but to keep pampering her.

Speaking of, is she willing to be my lawful wife?

Stop changing the subject!

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Kendall soon pushed Dylan into the bedroom.

"Dylan, do you want to shower first, or should we take one together?"

He remained silent for a moment, and looked up at her before he asked her in a serious tone, "Kendall, I am asking you one last time. Are you sure you have thought it through? It is not too late if you decide against it. I am willing to wait until the wedding. "

Dylan had been holding back from the time he stayed a monk until now. He didn't mind just a few more months of waiting.

"Dylan." Kendall replied in an equally serious voice, "I won't regret it. For you, I will never have regrets."

She didn't regret marrying him when she didn't know the truth and thought that he was impotent.

Now that she found out he could indeed function like a normal male, there was no way she could be regretting anything.

He only spoke again after staring at her for a long time. "I won't stop even if you tell me to stop later."

With her cheeks flushed, she muttered, "It is fine as long as I can get up tomorrow and ride with you at the horse farm."

His handsome face turned red as well when he heard her words. "I will let you take the reins," he

breathed.

Upon hearing his words, she quietly peeked at his legs and boasted, "So be it. You think I can't handle a little riding?"

Dylan was at a loss for words as he grumbled, "Am I a horse to you?"

"H-How would I dare treat you like a horse?"

The couple were both actually nervous.



It was a good thing that Kendall was a thick-skinned person. With her teasing, the feeling of helplessness and tension between the couple quickly disappeared.

One of them was married and had a child in her previous life, whereas the other often had dreams about becoming one with a woman whose features he couldn't make out.

Everything seemed to fall into place for the couple whose feelings for each other ran deep.

Kendall soon fell asleep from exhaustion.

Dylan, however, looked at the woman in his arms with a complicated expression. He couldn't hide his surprise. This woman who had just become his wife, in all ways possible, had actually overlapped with the figure of the woman in his dream.

The familiar feeling was all he needed to confirm that Kendall was the woman in his dreams.

Amos had guessed that Kendall was her, but Dylan had denied it back then.

It turned out they were the same person after all.

"Kendall, we really were connected by a dream."

Dylan found himself lamenting about the wonders fate did.

It was all because of that tortuous and bizarre dream that Kendall changed her mind and gave up on Jackson and wanted to marry Dylan instead. She even forced the latter into the marriage.

And the woman in Dylan's dreams who had tortured him for so long was Kendall after all. In this case, he didn't have to worry about Kendall being jealous if she were to find out some day.

Lowering his head, Dylan pressed a kiss on her face and humed softly, "Goodnight, honey. Sweet dreams."

He then hugged her and closed his eyes.

Drowsiness soon came and clouded his head. It only took a while for him to fall asleep as well.

He still had a dream after he fell asleep.

It was the same old dream, the only difference was that he could now see the face of the woman in the dream. She was none other than Kendall.

In addition to being able to see her face clearly, there was new content in his dream tonight.

In the past, all he knew was that he was like a hungry wolf who relentlessly pestered the woman whose features he couldn't see.

But after tonight, he finally found out that the him in the dream had been set up by someone.

That would explain why he would act so out-of-control to the point where even he didn't believe that he was looking at himself.

A man with strong self-control like Dylan rarely went out of his mind like that.

It would make sense if it was because he had fallen for someone's scheme.

Kendall, who was drunk, seemed to be muttering someone's name.

Dylan tried his best in his dream to listen to what she was saying, and he could hear the word 'Jack'.

He suddenly woke up from his dream then.

As his eyes shot open and he looked around the familiar surroundings, he started recalling his dream and arranging his thoughts.

After he was set up, someone sent the drunk Kendall to his bed, and everything that should happen next happened.

Even though she was drunk, she was still mumbling the name of the man she loved when 'that' happened.

Jack?

It is definitely Jackson Whittle!

Dylan remembered that Kendall had told him about the dream she had. In the dream, she went with Jackson to some kind of social engagement. Later, she got drunk and when she woke up, she noticed that she was in a hotel. Jackson happened to come out of the bathroom then.

Because of that, she thought that she had done the deed with Jackson under the influence of alcohol.

That was also the reason she happily got married to Jackson.

Dylan could connect this story with the dream he had earlier.

Even though it was just a dream, he was still upset about it.

He was upset about how when Kendall was writhing underneath him, the name she was calling out was Jackson's.

Still, Dylan was glad that it was just a dream. He would have torn Jackson into a million pieces otherwise.

Just let Jackson try and see what would happen if he were to touch Dylan's woman.

Hold up.

Kendall did say that she later became pregnant and gave birth to a lovely daughter in her dream. She always thought that her daughter was Jackson's, but the man had told her that he had never touched her.

Which means that Kendall's daughter is... mine!

Dylan's face instantly turned pale when realization hit him.

If it wasn't for her losing her virginity to him tonight, he would have believed that everything was real.

He remembered that time she painfully cried for her baby that one time when she had a nightmare. She must have cried out like that when her child was dropped to death by Kelly and Jackson.

The baby was the most important thing to Kendall.

She said that the reason she changed her mind about marrying Jackson and deciding to marry Dylan instead after she woke up from a nightmare was to repay the latter's kindness.

She said that Dylan had helped her by personally bringing her and the child to the hospital when she was running there.

The regretful thing was that the baby wasn't saved in the end.

With the lifeless body in her arms, she stumbled out of the hospital and onto the road, where she was hit by a car. The baby's body was sent flying. She still wanted to pick up and hold the baby after she

herself had fallen to the ground. She wanted to die with her child.

Apparently, it was Dylan's bodyguard who helped her carry the child's body and placed it in her arms...

That baby was my baby!

Dylan's face only further fell when he connected the dots.

Just who was it that caused that kind of tragedy?

There was no way Jackson and Kelly had what it took to pull something like that.

Who was the mastermind?

There was Frank as well, but why would he also dream about sharing a bed with Kendall? And even have dreams about the baby being his daughter?

Dylan's mind fell into a mess again then.

Is the child mine or Frank's?

The confused man was no longer sleepy, so he got up quietly and went out of the bedroom with slow steps. He then sat down on the couch in the small living room.

He also took out a pack of cigarettes from the drawer under the coffee table. He proceeded to smoke one cigarette after another.

Leaning into the couch, he blew out a puff of smoke into the air.

The dream and reality didn't match, but they were interconnected.

He thought that the dreams they had were going to happen, but now that Kendall had forcibly changed it, the reality no longer conformed to the dream.

She might not have a baby in real life, but Dylan was dying to know if the child from her dream was him or Frank's.

Also, who was the one who tried to frame him and even involved Frank in this?

"Dylan," Kendall's tired voice rang out, giving the man, who was puffing on a cigarette, a fright. He accidentally touched the hot end of the cigarette with his finger, which prompted him to loosen his hold. The cigarette then fell on the floor.

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"You smoke, Dylan?"

Kendall didn't like the smell of cigarette smoke.

Dylan only took a moment to calm his erratic heartbeat.

Bending over, he picked up the cigarette that had fallen on the floor and threw it into the ashtray.

"I had two sticks because I couldn't sleep. I will stop smoking if you don't like the smell of cigarettes."

She proceeded to walk over barefoot and in her pajamas. She let out a yawn as soon as she sat down beside him.

"Why aren't you wearing your flip-flops?"

"I couldn't find them, so I came out like this."

After answering him, she leaned against him and yawned again. Kendall was still sluggish. "Why can't you fall asleep, Dylan? Did you have a dream again?"

Does he still get dreams like that after I have given my body to him?

"I didn't," he lied.

He wouldn't want to get her worked up over that kind of worrisome dream.

He didn't want those dreams to affect their married life.

Dreams were dreams, no matter how realistic they might seem.

They were people who lived in reality.

"Then what was stopping you from sleeping?"

"I have always had terrible sleep."

She hummed in acknowledgement at his words.

She could see the dark circles around his eyes, after all.

On top of his insomnia, Dylan had to drink coffee to wake himself up enough to handle his mountain of work waiting for him in the morning.

Sure, coffee invigorated him. But his sleep only became worse after he had had coffee.

Rinse, repeat, and his dark circles only became more and more visible.

It pained Kendall after she heard his reply. She then hooked her arm around his and reassured him in a gentle tone, "Dylan, you can tell me if you have anything on your mind. I will definitely help you if I can. Even if I can't help, it is better if you say it out and not keep it in."

Dylan had his eyes on her the whole time she spoke with her eyes closed.

Is she planning to share my worries when she is so tired?

"I'm fine now. Go back to bed."

Her arm around his only got tighter. "I want you to come with me," she whined sweetly.

Seeing this, he kissed her on the forehead and dotingly agreed, "Alright. I will stay with you."

After he stood up, he wanted to carry her, only to have her reject him.

"Carry me like a bride after you are completely healed."

"I will work hard on the rehabilitation just to carry you that way." He smiled.

"Good luck, darling!"

"Mm, I will do my best."

Having someone he desperately wanted to protect gave meaning to his life. It pushed him to be more hardworking about his rehabilitation.

He finally fell sound asleep during the second half of the night.



The sun was already high up by the time Dylan woke up.

As soon as he woke up, he habitually reached out to the other side of the bed, only to find his lovely wife missing from her spot.

He then sat up from the bed, and he had a guess that Kendall had already gone downstairs when he didn't hear any movement from the room.

The pleasant sleep he had made him feel particularly energized.

Looking into the mirror, he noticed that his dark circles had faded a little.

A bell-like laughter soon came from the backyard, which led Dylan to the small balcony. He only took a quick glance downstairs before his sharp eyes located the familiar, slender figure.

Kendall, along with Jane and Alice, were taking turns sitting on the swing.

The laughter was from Jane.

However, the sound of laughter disappeared just as quickly as it came.

Kendall seemed to have told Jane something before the latter pressed her hand over her mouth in an attempt to muffle her laugh.

The three women even simultaneously glanced at Dylan's direction.

Swiftly after...

"Dylan is awake. I am heading in. You both should stay and play. Let's all go to the horse farm to ride horses together later."

After Kendall threw that out, she ditched her sister-in-law and her new friend, Jane, for Dylan.

As Jane looked at the woman who sprinted into the house as though she was in a race, she said to Alice, "Alice, Kendall and your eldest brother seem like they have a good relationship."

It was no wonder Dylan stood on Kendall's side, and even stopped Jane from calling him just by his name for fear that Kendall would misunderstand and get upset.

Alice was happy to see that her brother and sister-in-law were close. That way, Tilly and Emily wouldn't be able to drive Kendall away.

"She is great. We all see how much my brother has changed ever since she moved in," Alice commented.

The only problems were that Tilly and Emily didn't like the fact that Kendall was not dignified enough, had grown up in the countryside, and had given her heart to Jackson before.

Alice had to hold herself back from asking her grandmother why she had someone go to the Parker Residence to propose despite knowing that Kendall was dead-set on Jackson.

It was the very same person who complained about Kendall's status that had proposed to Kendall. Tilly was just contradicting her own words.

"Do your grandmother and mother not like Kendall?"

Even though Jane had just returned from abroad not long ago, she could tell from yesterday's meeting that Emily and Tilly didn't like Kendall. However, Tilly hid her displeasure well.

"Yeah, they don't. I am glad that Dylan loves and protects her a lot. It's not like Grandma can do anything about it. Kendall is the most unrestrained person in our family. Even I am envious of her."

Kendall was the kind of person who did whatever she wanted. None of the rigid rules of the Coleman Family could stop her.

Jane knew all too well the rules that the women of the Coleman Family had to abide by. She admired Kendall as well when she found out that the woman didn't follow the rules. "If only Yoseph would go against your grandmother for me and insist on not letting me follow the rules, I wouldn't mind marrying into your family."

Alice immediately let out a playful chuckle when she heard those words. "Oh? Are you still trying to get Yoseph to take your family name?"

"Yoseph is mine for the taking. I don't like how your family has too many rules, but I don't want to let your brother go either. Hence, I have no other choice but to get him to marry into my family," Jane confidently declared.

"How long did Yoseph hide from you before he went home anyway?"

"No idea. I fell asleep real quick."

Alice paused for a beat before muttering, "Yoseph would definitely be pissed if he knew that you slept

early. He hid for nothing."

That made Jane chuckle. "He can hide for now, but he can't hide forever. He is like a priest, and your house is a church. He will have to go back to the church somehow. I won't be leaving for abroad anymore. I have all the time in the world to slow dance with him."

"Geez, poor Yoseph!" Alice grinned.

Jane swiftly peered at her. "Give me a break. You are obviously enjoying this. You have more than 10 brothers. You can watch a new story unfold whenever each of them fall in love."

"That is right. There are more than 10 different stories I can watch. It is fun."

Alice didn't hold back on admitting that she wanted to watch them put on a good show.

Other than Dylan who got married without informing anyone ahead of time, her other brothers were still single and available.

All except for Yoseph, who Jane had her eyes on.

The young masters of the Coleman Family never had to worry about not being able to get a wife, but these men, who liked being free and unrestrained, all thought that marriage would tie them down.

No matter how the elders might worry, none of them were the least bit in a rush to find a spouse.

If the elders pressured them to get married, they would request from Dylan to go on long business trips that they would only come home from after months.

No doubt the elders were angry about this.

However, there weren't a lot of women who met the qualifications to marry into the Coleman Family.

All the young masters of the Coleman Family were well aware of how high the elders' expectations for their daughters-in-law were. There were barely enough ladies from rich families that met those requirements in Orapolis.

A classic example would be how even Kendall, the esteemed daughter of the Parker Family, couldn't satisfy Tilly.

The sons of the Coleman Family would rather stay single before they found someone they would willingly say goodbye to their bachelor days and would butt heads with the elders of the family for.

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Dylan had a feeling that Kendall was running back into the room after she saw him.

He couldn't help the curling of the corners of his mouth into a smile.

Soon, he heard the door open.

"Dylan!"

The moment he heard the voice, he suddenly thought that his wife had a beautiful voice.

Dylan turned around and walked back into the room. Seeing her walking toward him, he asked with a smile, "Why don't you hang out with them for a little longer?"

"I came back since you've woken up. We will all hang out together later anyway."

Kendall then came over to help him back to the bed to sit down. After she carefully examined him, she concluded, "You are in good spirits. It seems that you didn't have any more dreams in the second half of the night. Let me go get your clothes."

She then started to leave, only to have Dylan pull her back. With his forceful tug while she was caught off-guard, she clumsily fell into his arms, and he swiftly threw his arms around her.

"For my wifey to jump into my arms so early in the morning, you must really like your husband, huh?"

Hearing that, Kendall fumed, You are the one who pulled me back!

Her eyes then shone as she playfully had a banter with him. "My husband is my favorite man. Hubby, is there a reward for me? How about you pamper me a little?"

After saying that, she made a move to kiss him.

He was looking forward to it, only for her to turn out to be teasing him. Right as he was full of hope, she suddenly let out a giggle as she slid out of his embrace and turned around to get him his clothes from the cloakroom. Her crisp voice then rang out. "Why is your cloakroom full of only dress shirts and suits? Don't you have anything else, Dylan?"

"I can't ride a horse now. Please grab me a shirt."

She followed his words and brought him a black short-sleeved shirt and black trousers.

It wasn't that she specifically chose black clothes for him; he only had black clothes.

"The clothes in your cloakroom are too boring. I will add a few more sets of clothes for you when we get back from the vacation."

"Okay." He chuckled good-naturedly.

"Do you only like the color black?"

"I will wear anything you give me, no matter the color."

Kendall's eyes met his, and a smile appeared on her face as well. "I am glad you said that."

After passing him the shirt, she asked thoughtfully, "Do you need my help with changing?"

"There's no need."

"I bet you are scared I will eat you up."

"You already did last night," he deadpanned.

"I want to relish the taste."

He glanced at her and reminded, "You said that you don't want it to affect your riding today."

That was why their consummation last night seemed to have gone by in a blur.

Kendall mumbled something under her breath, but he couldn't make out her words despite perking up his ears.

Ten minutes later, the couple both came to the first floor.

Dylan was still dressed in his usual black outfit.

Kendall, on the other hand, was wearing a black-and-white striped T-shirt with black cropped pants. Not one to like wearing high heels and definitely not sneakers on such a hot day, she opted for sandals instead.

It was such a simple outfit and yet, she looked ravishing in it to Dylan.

After all, beauty did lay in the eyes of the lover.

On the other hand, Amos thought that Kendall's get-up was too ordinary. She might have a good outlook, but what she had on did nothing to show off her identity as the young mistress of the Coleman Family.

However, Amos couldn't possibly say anything when even Dylan hadn't made a comment about it.

Young Master Dylan is bringing Young Mistress Kendall to the horse farm for horse riding. It is not like they are attending a banquet. Whatever floats Young Mistress Kendall's boat, I guess.

"Young Master Dylan, Young Mistress Kendall," Amos smilingly greeted them. "Breakfast is ready. It is at the gazebo."

"Where are Alice and Jane?" Kendall asked.

"They have returned to the main house to have breakfast with Old Madam Coleman. They will follow along once you both are ready."

Dylan hadn't been out to have fun even since his accident more than a year ago. None of the other young masters had successfully persuaded him to go out and take a breather.

However, Dylan was the one who took the initiative to invite everyone to go to the horse farm for horse-riding together this time around. Those who didn't have business to attend to would naturally follow

along. As long as the other young masters did not go on business, they all followed. In a way, the trip today could be considered a grandiose one.

Kendall hummed in acknowledgement before she started moving Dylan out the building.

As they were passing by Amos, Dylan suddenly said, "Good job. Your bonus this month shall be doubled."

Amos immediately understood that Kendall was happy with the swing that he had someone install in the backyard.

His salary from working with the Colemans was by no means low. He could even compare with the top management of big companies. Still, no one ever complained about having money. Hearing that his bonus was to be doubled all of a sudden immediately brought a grin to Amos' face as he gave his gratitude. "Thank you, Young Master Dylan."



It seems like Young Mistress Kendall is gradually becoming more important to Young Master Dylan.

My bonus doubled just because I made Young Mistress Kendall happy!

Kendall didn't understand the conversation between Amos and Dylan, but neither did she ask about it.

Dylan would automatically let her know anything she needed to know without her asking.

Dylan soon added an instruction that made Kendall turn bright red upon hearing his words.

"Change my bedsheet into fresh ones."

Amos, who didn't know there was a surprise waiting for him, only respectfully acknowledged the instruction.

He went to the second floor after the couple went out.

As no one else was allowed to enter Dylan's bedroom without his permission, Amos usually was the one who cleaned up the room whenever it required cleaning.

When Amos was about to change the sheets, he was stunned when he saw the flower-like dried stain on the sheets.

He thought that Kendall woke up early to check on Dylan this morning when he saw her coming down from the second floor.

He wondered why he didn't consider the possibility that Kendall had spent the night in Dylan's room.

D-Does this mean that... Young Master Dylan can do it?!

Amos was taken aback at first, but joy soon took over his shock.

Young Master Dylan is fine!

Young Master Dylan is finally healed!

Amos' excitement made it seem as though Dylan was a completely impotent man who had suddenly been treated.

Young Mistress Kendall really is Young Master Dylan's lucky star!

Ever since Kendall came to the Coleman Mansion, Dylan had become more approachable, even though he was still cold and sometimes spat venomous words. Furthermore, he was willing to do rehabilitation and could even perform properly now. These were all thanks to Kendall.

Amos quietly swore then that he would worship Kendall like she was a goddess from now on.

Now that Dylan was fine and he had even done the deed with Kendall, Amos then wondered if Kendall would get pregnant in about a month's time.

Just the thought of there being a little young master or mistress made the old man erupt with joy.

Kendall had no idea that Amos would be so ecstatic. All she could think of was how embarrassing it was to have Amos change the sheets and see the evidence of their activity the night prior. She should have changed the sheets herself just now. It was her fault for not considering this earlier.

"Amos doesn't overstep lines. You don't have to feel embarrassed about it."

"Dylan..."

"Now that Amos knows, he will be our witness as well."

"Witness?" Kendall was smart enough to understand what he meant instantly. "Will they suspect me of infidelity if I get pregnant?"

"My grandmother and mother aren't satisfied with you. I am sure they will have their suspicions."

Dylan's mother had even hired people to tail Kendall.

It was obvious that they were trying to get evidence of Kendall 'cheating' and kick her out of the family with the evidence when Dylan regained his mobility.

Chapter 275

"Somehow I feel that being your wife is very stressful, Dylan," Kendall said.

"Don't be bothered by them. They can't do anything to you as long as I am around. If they make things difficult for you, we can just move out. I have a lot of properties available."

Kendall's heart warmed when she heard that.

For a married woman, her in-laws' attitude toward her was determined by her husband's attitude.

As long as her husband was on her side, the in-laws wouldn't dare to go too far as well.

That was exactly what Kendall enjoyed now. Dylan was always on her side. Even Tilly couldn't do anything to Kendall when the latter did not follow the Coleman Family's rules.

This was her husband's attitude.

Even though Tilly and Kendall's mother-in-law were displeased, they could not change anything.

"Dylan, did your mother previously send someone to follow me?"

After a brief moment of silence, Dylan answered, "Yes. But after my dad stopped her, she did not do it again. I will not allow her to do it again as well."

"Did anyone else follow me besides those under your mom's instruction? Frank's men, for example?"

Dylan turned his head to look at her, saying, "You have asked Ronnie the same question before, and he had answered you."

"So Frank really didn't do it? That all of his encounters with me were purely coincidental? Or did he trail Amelia?"

But in fact, Kendall was secretly taken aback by how well Dylan knew everything about her.

Luckily, she was his wife and not his adversary during this lifetime.

Otherwise, with such an adversary, she would die without knowing what happened.

And it was no surprise that everyone in Orapolis feared Dylan Coleman. He could truly know anything he desired to know.

"I'll send someone to keep an eye on him. He's not going to have any more such coincidences," Dylan coldly replied.

"His men are skilled, Dylan. Ask your guys to be cautious."

"Well, they'll just fight them if they find out," he responded fearlessly.

Truth was, his men and Frank's men frequently clashed.

Frank and Dylan were competing in business terms, while their bodyguards were literally fighting each other privately.

That was how their bodyguards gained their practical experiences.

"You're so domineering, Dylan! I love it!"

"Not as domineering as you are, of course. You're the only person in my life who dares to tear off my shirt, leave a mark on my body, and arrogantly say you're taking me as your husband," he ironically replied.

Kendall laughed at that. "That was in the past, Dylan! It's surprising that you still remember it all."

His memory is really good.

"Everything you did to me is fresh in my mind. If you dare to betray me in the future, I'll count our scores one by one."

To that, Kendall fawningly responded, "Don't worry, Dylan. That will never happen. I'm a responsible person. Since you're mine now, I'll definitely be responsible for you for the rest of our lives. I will never abandon you!"

There's no one better than me in Orapolis anyway, Dylan confidently thought.

Delicious breakfast was served on the stone top table beneath the pavilion.

Most of the food was Kendall's favorites.

Everyone in the kitchen knew now that their Young Master's meals needed to be changed to accommodate Young Mistress Kendall's preferences.

Hence, whenever both Dylan and Kendall ate together, the food was prepared to Kendall's liking.

Just as they were enjoying their food, Ronnie approached Dylan after receiving a call. "Young Master, Miss Evans is here," he said respectfully as he stood beside Dylan.

Evans? Laura Evans?

Kendall was alerted when she heard this name.

Laura was one of her love rivals.

And to be exact, Laura was one who competed with her in the dark.

Yasmine was another of Kendall's rivals, but at the very least, Yasmine was someone who expressed her feelings for Dylan publicly and openly despised Kendall. Kendall found her easier to deal with.

The tough nut to crack would be like Laura, who acted as Dylan's friend when facing Kendall.

"Why is she here?" Dylan questioned coldly.

At the same time, he placed some food on Kendall's plate as he noticed her slowing down.

His expression shifted to one of gentleness. "Eat more," he said.

"You too."

Kendall, too, placed some of Dylan's favorite food on his plate.

She was a natural foodie with a big appetite. Of course, she would eat more even without him saying so.

Whenever the two of them ate together, Kendall was always the one who ate the most.

Luckily, he did not dislike her for eating too much.

"Miss Evans said she had prepared two sets of summer clothes, and thus she's here to give the clothes to Young Mistress Kendall in light of the current hot weather."

What a good time to come over, eh? Kendall grumbled.

Dylan, on the other hand, merely let out a light hum and instructed, "Send someone to get the clothes from her."

"Noted."

Ronnie straightened up and turned to leave the pavilion.

Shortly after that, he appeared at the entrance of the mansion.

Laura was sitting in her car, waiting for the Coleman Mansion's gate to open for her.

In fact, she was a regular guest to the Colemans as all of the women in the house adored her designs.

It was just that she still had to report to the family whenever she arrived, and she had to wait until someone inside was willing to attend to her before she could enter.

The Colemans were the prominent family with the most cumbersome house rules.

But Laura truly envied those women who could freely enter the Coleman Mansion.

If she could marry into the Coleman Family, she was more than willing to follow whatever rules they had.

However, it was a pity that Dylan couldn't perform a husband's duty now, and he didn't love her. Laura, too, was unable to express her feelings for him.

When she saw Ronnie coming out, she got out of the car and took a few steps forward, waiting for him to approach her.

"Hello, Ronnie."

She smiled widely at him.

Dylan's bodyguards, especially Ronnie, had to be treated with respect.

He was Dylan's right-hand man, the one Dylan trusted the most.

"Miss Evans."

Despite being confronted with Laura's cheerful smile, Ronnie's composure remained unchanged. "Our Young Master instructed me to bring Young Mistress Kendall's clothes in," he said respectfully.

Laura's smile froze when she heard that.

"I'd like to personally deliver it to your Young Mistress Kendall and see if any changes are required."

"Young Master merely instructed me to take the clothes in, Miss Evans. I have no say in anything else."

Ronnie's unkind response annoyed Laura a little.



Dylan's man is just as obstinate as he is!

After a brief pause, Laura inquired, "Ronnie, is it that I arrived too early and disrupted his schedule?"

But I might not be able to see him if I am late!

"Young Master is having breakfast with Young Mistress Kendall. You indeed would interrupt him if you enter, Miss Evans."

Laura was upset with what she heard, but she maintained her smile and continued, "Please contact Master Dylan and inform him that I would like to personally deliver the clothes to Kendall. If there is an issue with them, I will know how to fix it right away."

"Miss Laura, since you've sent the clothes here, they're deemed to be completed. If there's any further problem with them, you may not be able to deal with Young Master's anger," Ronnie replied bluntly.

Then, he added, "Furthermore, with your capability, I believe there won't be any issues with the clothes."

Laura had taken Kendall's measurements before. If there were any problems with the clothes, she would be destroying her own reputation.

All his words rendered Laura speechless.

How can Ronnie be this stubborn?!

Chapter 276

"Miss Evans, please pass me Young Mistress Kendall's clothes. Let's not keep her waiting."

Faced with Ronnie's insistence, Laura had no choice but to turn around, open the car door, and take the two sets of clothes out. After a brief hesitation, she handed them to Ronnie.

"I'll leave them with you then, Ronnie. Please hand them to your Young Mistress Kendall."

Ronnie took the bag which contained the clothes and said, "Since the clothes have been delivered, perhaps you should go back now, Miss Evans."

Laura, however, didn't budge an inch. "Ronnie, is your Young Master going on a holiday today?" she asked, a smile on her face that had delicate makeup.

The man's eyes dimmed when he heard her question. In a cold tone, he asked, "From whom did you hear this?"

"I heard it from Ally when she brought Miss Morris to my place for their gowns," Laura quickly explained.

By mentioning Alice on purpose, Laura was in fact reminding Ronnie that she was close to Alice.

"That is true, right, Ronnie?"

Ronnie went silent for a few moments before he countered, "What could you do, Miss Evans, even if

it's true?"

Laura nearly choked when she heard that.

He was right. What could she possibly do? Would she be so bold as to shamelessly follow them?

She did not have the courage to do so without Dylan's invitation.

"Miss Evans, our Young Mistress Kendall likes having things to herself." After that, Ronnie added, "I've to bring the clothes in now. Please excuse me for not sending you off, Miss Evans."

He then turned around and entered the mansion with the clothes in his hands.

It wasn't his concern if Laura left or not. She could remain standing there for as long as she pleased, but he was not going to let her have any information about Dylan.

Meanwhile, Kendall was staring at Dylan after Ronnie had gone to get the clothes.

When Dylan noticed his lovely wife was staring at him, he poked her on the forehead and said, "Have you finished your meal? Why are you staring at me this way?"

"Miss Evans has arrived; I remember you being quite close to her. Why don't we invite her in for a cup of tea?"

"I have no time for her," Dylan replied indifferently. "Do you really want me to invite her in?"

Kendall laughed in response. "That's entirely up to you; I'm not going to interfere. I won't mind as long as your friendship with her is pure."

"Do you believe in pure friendship between a man and a woman?"

Without waiting for Kendall to respond, he continued, "I didn't care about how she felt toward me in the past because you were not in my life yet, and I suffered no loss as well. But now that I have you, I regard her as just a person who makes you clothes."

Kendall smiled even wider when she heard that.

Laura was Dylan's confidante, but ever since Kendall appeared, he had distanced himself from Laura, viewing her as merely someone who made clothes for Kendall.

If Kendall decided not to wear Laura's clothes one day, Laura might never see Dylan again.

"Come on; let's eat. We'll leave after a short rest later before we leave."

"Sure."

At this point of time, Ronnie came in, bringing the clothes with him.

He then handed the bag to Kendall.

Kendall took it over and was about to check the clothes, but Dylan interrupted, "Check on them later."

"Okay. I'll listen to you."

Kendall was now as docile to Dylan as a sheep.

It was such a rare occurrence that all of the bodyguards subconsciously imitated her. I'll listen to you.

Meanwhile, Emma was waiting for Toddy outside the villa. In her hands were several disposable boxes containing breakfast she had prepared. Breakfast of the day was scones and bread that she made herself in order to pack easily.

There were even several flavors of bread prepared. There was no doubt that she had a flair for baking pastries.

All of Emma's friends told her that she could easily open a pastry shop if she decided to leave Coleman Empire Holdings one day. With her skills, her business would certainly thrive.

But she had no plans to resign at the moment. Though the career progression in Coleman Empire Holdings was promising, the path to the top levels of the organization was tough. The competition was intense as everyone in the companies were elites.

Her current position as President Coleman's secretary, as well as having her abilities recognised by him, were all earned through trials and tribulations. Furthermore, she was pleased with her remuneration.

Thus, she would not leave Coleman Empire Holdings, unless and until she had given up hopes on Toddy.

After all, the only way to make her feel better if that happened was to stay away from him.

After a short while, Toddy's car appeared in her sight.

Toddy, too, noticed her as soon as he left the villa.

Emma was dressed in a plain creamy white dress. With her tall and slim figure, a simple dress like this appeared to be an elegant gown.

On her back was a small black backpack with some patterns, and a cute little white rabbit keychain hung on top of the backpack.

She was carrying a bag containing several disposable boxes.

Is that the breakfast she bought for herself, or is she packing breakfast for someone else?

His gaze dimmed when he recalled the bouquet of flowers she had received the day before. At the same time, he subconsciously drove to where she was at and pulled over in front of her.

He regretted it within seconds and he wanted to drive the car away, but Emma chose that moment to rap on his car window.

He lowered the window and asked nonchalantly, "What?"

"Mr. Heller, could you give me a ride?"

Toddy frowned at that. "Do you know where I am going? Asking me for a ride, huh? Can you afford the fare?"

Emma, however, simply smiled at his lips.

Toddy was stunned. Is she going to force another kiss on me?

"You're going to President Coleman's house, right? I'm going there as well; we're heading the same way. By the way, President Coleman did instruct me to get a ride from you when he called me yesterday."

That came as a shock to Toddy. "Dylan called you and asked you to go over in my car?" he asked, his eyes wide open.

Dylan and Toddy were good friends outside the company.

Hence, Toddy directly addressed Dylan by his first name rather than President Coleman.

"Yes. How would I dare to follow you if President Coleman had not instructed me to do so?"

She's right, Toddy thought.

There were a lot of high-ranking executives in the company. Except for Toddy, who was Dylan's friend, no one would dare to show up at Dylan's house without being invited.

"Why did Dylan invite you?"

They were going for a vacation at the Colemans' horse farm that day. Toddy was expected to go as he was Dylan's friend, but Emma was not.

"If you don't believe me, Mr. Heller, you can check with President Coleman," Emma smilingly replied.

He then took a look at his watch. Figuring that Dylan was most probably still having his breakfast, Toddy unlocked the car and allowed her to get in.

After Emma got into the car, he said, "If you're not invited, Dylan will send his men to chase you out. Don't blame me for not saving you if that happens."

"Don't worry; I won't hold it against you. That's for me to deal with if President Coleman chases me out," Emma responded with a smile while fastening her seat belt.

She wasn't afraid of being chased out at all. After all, Dylan had invited her to accompany Kendall throughout the vacation.

And he would never make a joke about it.

Chapter 277

"Mr. Heller, I woke up early this morning and made breakfast for you. Do you want to try it?"

As she was saying that, Emma handed the lunchbox to Toddy. Watching her pretty eyes which were sparkling in merriness, he thought it would be cruel to reject her.

Therefore, he didn't reject her on the spot, but also didn't take the lunchbox from her as he answered calmly, "I need to drive."

She smiled at that. "I'll drive. You can have your breakfast in the passenger seat."

"Did you have your breakfast?"

"I did."

Did she specially make breakfast for me even though she had hers?

Afraid of getting into an awkward situation by being frank, Toddy kept the thought to himself.

"Mr. Heller?" Emma was waiting for his answer.

"Alright." In the end, he decided to accept her offer.

He wasn't pleased that she didn't prepare breakfast for him like usual yesterday.

That day, she did make breakfast for him, but Matthew got lucky and had it.

If Matthew could know what Toddy was thinking, the former would surely feel wronged and exclaim, "I'm merely helping you to eat them instead of letting them go wasted! How could you think so lowly of me!"

They exchanged seats before getting on the road. Emma was the driver while Toddy was having breakfast next to her in the passenger seat.

"It's not convenient to get breakfast when we're moving, so I packed these for you," she explained while having her eyes on the road.

He didn't bother to reply. As long as you are the one who makes them, I'll eat all of them.

However, Toddy wasn't going to tell her that even though he appreciated the food.



He didn't want to give her any hope and continue to pester him.

"Why did Dylan call you too?" Please don't tell me he's doing this for me, Toddy grumbled to himself.

Thinking that he wasn't able to urge her to get down from the car, Emma decided to tell him the truth. "President Coleman told me that Miss Kendall doesn't have many friends. He asked me to go along to offer her companionship, so she won't be lonely."

President Coleman is spoiling Miss Kendall!

Toddy stopped for a beat before muttering, "I shouldn't have asked. Now I'm envious."

Emma chuckled. "Me too. Even though President Coleman has a cold exterior, he's still sensitive and considerate of Miss Kendall."

Too bad he's handicapped. Besides, I hope everything about a certain ability of his is all rumors.

When Toddy noticed Emma was wearing a dress, he asked without a second thought, "We're heading to the horse farm. You can't ride a horse wearing a dress."

She gave him another honest answer. "I don't know how to ride horses. Besides, I don't need to ride one, because I'm there to accompany Miss Kendall. I feel more comfortable in the dress."

Toddy let her reply slip without answering her. I'm good at horse riding, so I can teach you if you're interested.

Once again, he didn't speak his mind. After all, he wasn't interested in developing a relationship with her.

At that moment, Emma's cell phone rang and broke the silence.

She had left her handbag on the passenger seat, where Toddy was sitting right now.

"Mr. Heller, can you help me to answer the call?" She asked for his help as she needed to focus on the road.

Finding her cell phone in the bag, he took it out and saw a bunch of numbers on the phone screen instead of a caller ID. "It's an unknown number."

"Answer it. I wonder who it is."

After a moment of hesitation, he picked up the call.

"Hello, may I speak to Miss Finley?"

"She's driving and can't come to the phone right now. May I know who you are?"

"Good morning, we're calling from Florina Florist. A customer has ordered a rose bouquet from us for Miss Finley. We've sent the flower to her place, may I know where we should leave the flowers?"

Toddy immediately turned upset with the statements as Emma had become quite the topic of discussion among the company when she received two bouquets of roses yesterday. He didn't expect her to receive more of them the following day.

What kind of b\*stard is the guy if he's pursuing Emma but doesn't dare reveal his identity? Is he being sincere? If so, why did he ask the workers from the flower shop to send Emma the flowers instead of doing it by himself?

"Tell them to leave the flowers in the guardhouse and ask the security guard to sign as proof of delivery. I'll get the flowers once I get home." He repeated her words to the caller.

The worker asked again, "Does the same apply to the flowers we're sending this evening?"

Toddy was taken aback. "There's more?"

"Yes, the customer ordered two bouquets with nine hundred and ninety-nine roses each and every day. We send each of them to Miss Finley in the morning and evening respectively."

"Yes, leaving them in the guard house will be alright," Emma replied as she continued driving.

The staff ended the call once she received Emma's permission.

Shoving the cell phone back into her handbag, Toddy pretended to be fine as he continued to enjoy the toast she made especially for him.

"Miss Finley?"

"Mr. Heller, you can be frank with me." She cast him a glance before shifting her attention back to the road.

A faint smile plastered on her face as she drove, but it stung Toddy's heart badly.

He had always known Emma was a pretty woman. Judging from the aspect of their appearance, he thought both of them would be compatible.

On usual days, he wouldn't think Emma was prettier with her smiles. However, he was surprised to find he had been neglecting many of her positive traits all the time. He was seeing her new sides when she was having a stunning smile on her face as she knew she would be receiving flowers.

"Miss Finley, do you have any idea who your pursuer is?"

"I don't," she answered honestly. "I know many men from my work. There are many candidates too. I can't tell who's sending me the flowers every day."

Being Dylan's secretary granted Emma the perks to meet other men at work. Many of them did show interest in pursuing her.

However, she only had her eyes on Toddy and was too stubborn to give up on him. She was falling deeper for him day by day and tried hard to get on his good side, but he never reciprocated. Even though her efforts might not bear fruit, she would try a few more times until then.

Knowing Emma was popular in the business world, Toddy reminded, "Some of them might not be sincere with their actions. You need to know if they are interested in you or your job as Dylan's secretary. Be alert and keep watch. Don't let anyone take advantage of you."

A serious expression emerged on her face as she promised, "Mr. Heller, you don't have to worry. I won't fall for the handsome guys and lose myself."

She spoke her next words sheepishly as she turned to him. "I'll make an exception for you, though. I know you won't betray President Coleman, so I don't need to be cautious around you."

As soon as Toddy's eyes met hers, he turned his glance to the scenery outside as if he was burnt by them.

He began again after a while, "I can tell that the man that sent you flowers is not sincere. You need to find him as soon as possible and reject his attempts."

"He doesn't dare send you the flowers by himself. He's less serious about the relationship if he asked the flower shop to help him. A man who likes you from the bottom of his heart will wait for you with flowers at the entrance every day. Besides, he will always find an opportunity to treat you to dinner, invite you for an outing, or pamper you with presents."

Emma pondered for a moment before she commented, "Maybe he's trying to be mysterious. I must say he has succeeded in catching my attention. Truth be told, I would like to know him. Not only is he sending me flowers every day, he's also sending me a lot of them! He must be a romantic guy."

Toddy wasn't pleased to see her dreamy expression, so he reminded her with a twinge of jealousy, "Emma, you're driving! Don't lose focus! Keep your eyes on the road!"

## Chapter 278

Many horses were raised on the vast horse farm of the Ford Family. Therefore, many people were working on the farm too.

Robert Coleman was the person in charge of the horse farm. He had been showing a fondness for horses since his youth, so it wasn't a surprise to his family when he requested to take over the horse farm once he finished his studies in high school.

However, Dylan rejected him due to his young age, but promised to hand over the horse farm to him once he graduated from the university.

Therefore, Robert worked hard in university and eventually finished his studies at twenty years old. In the same year, he took over the horse farm.

Over the five years of him running and managing the horse farm, the business had been thriving like Coleman Empire Holdings, and had eventually become renowned in the country.

The horse farm was open to the public, and many people enjoyed horse racing on usual days. However, as the head of the Coleman Family and his friends were gathering at the horse farm today, they made notice to the visitors that they would be closing temporarily for two days.

"There are so many horses!" Kendall was amazed by the number of horses in the farm.

She looked around the area. The horse farm featured a huge field and a race course. The visitors could choose whether to race the horse on the race course against others or ride in the field as if they were

riding in the real grassland.

Dylan turned to her and asked, "Don't you want to join them?"

Kendall answered with a smile, "It's okay. I'll stay here with you and watch them for now."

She knew she definitely couldn't leave him alone and enjoy the fun all by herself.

Dylan was more petty and sensitive than one could imagine he would be. Even though he pretended he could care less, he would make her pay the price once they got home and had the privacy all to himself.

Dylan answered with a soft expression, "We're having a vacation here for you to get some fresh air and relieve the pressure, so you should enjoy the fun however you like. You don't need to be concerned about me. Ronnie and the others will stay here with me."

"It's fine. I want to take a look around first."

Kendall would like to enjoy the beautiful view surrounding the horse farm before everything.

Besides, other than Dylan's siblings and Jane, she could only recognize Toddy and Emma among the visitors.

Every stranger wouldn't bother to hide from her as they were sizing her from head to toe when they came over to greet Dylan. Fortunately, Kendall didn't tend to get anxious in front of strangers and was confident in herself, so she stood there without fearing people's judging gaze resting on her.

Kendall only invited Amelia as her own parents declined her invitation due to their old age, saying they didn't share the same interest with the young people nowadays.

Truth be told, Adam and Charlotte declined her out of the reason they didn't want to bother Dylan and Kendall in bonding.

"Are you tired? Why don't we take a rest?" Dylan was watching her with tenderness in his eyes as he expressed his consideration.

His longing gaze brought back her memories of last night. Her face flushed and her heart skipped a beat, but she answered, "I am not. Dylan, it's been a long time since you were last here, isn't it? Why don't we look around for a little bit first?"

"You're right. It's been more than a year."

Before he got into a car accident, Dylan would invite his friends to horse riding every month. However, he was deprived of the fun of riding a horse in the current condition he was in.

Even in his current situation, he wasn't fit for horse riding yet.

As she pushed him around, Kendall suggested, "We'll come here again once you recover. When the time comes, we'll have a competition and decide who's better."

Dylan chuckled. "I've learned how to ride a horse since I'm a child; are you sure you want to compete against me?"

Kendall fell into silence as reality dawned on her. I don't stand a chance against him. Even though she knew a few tricks, she hadn't mastered them at all, and she was only slightly better than the ordinary person.

"Where did Amy go?" Thinking of her best friend, Kendall turned her head around in search of Amelia.

Dylan's calm statement was proof that he knew Amelia well. "Surely she's having fun taking photos of my brothers with her phone under a tree somewhere."

Dylan was aware of himself having a bunch of handsome brothers, no matter the biological ones or his cousins. Amelia wasn't immune to pretty faces, and she enjoyed taking pictures of good-looking men.

As the Fords were gathering at the horse farm, surely Amelia wouldn't miss a rare occasion like today.

As expected, Kendall found a familiar figure hiding behind a tree with her phone in hand as she took pictures of the men on the racecourse.

She turned to Dylan and struggled to justify her friend's behavior. "It's the only hobby she has."

Usually, people wouldn't make a fuss out of it. However, Amelia paid the price for taking photos of Frank last time.

"You can tell her that she doesn't need to sneak around to shoot the photos. She can do it face-to-face with them. My siblings won't mind her behavior knowing she's your friend, as long as she isn't using them for commercial use," Dylan explained gently. "After all, taking photographs sneakily isn't that good either."

Dylan would no doubt be mad if he found someone taking pictures of him without his permission.

As she got permission from him, a wide smile bloomed on Kendall's face. "Really? I'll tell her right now!"

Excited to share the good news, she stopped walking and pulled out her cell phone to call Amelia.

Meanwhile, Amelia, who was hiding behind a tree, was struggling to hold in her excitement, and she felt as if she had won the lottery. There are handsome men everywhere! Moreover, they are all well-known young talents in Orapolis!

The men around her today were no doubt the most handsome ones as all of them looked better than each of her encounters in the past.

Amelia was aware that she attended the gathering as Kendall's friend, so she should behave properly instead of taking pictures of the men in secret, but she couldn't help herself. Will it be fine if I don't take the photos of them in a close-up range or shoot their full face? I just want some records of the moment they're riding a horse. If nobody notices me, then I won't be offending anyone, right? Kendall will be safe too, won't she?

When Amelia was having fun taking the photos, an incoming call interrupted her.



The caller ID was showing Kendall's name. Scanning around the area for her friend, she eventually found Kendall waving at her from a distance.

Due to it being impossible to hear each other from far away, Kendall had no choice but to call her friend.

Amelia answered the call without any delay, and she heard Kendall ask, "Amy, why are you standing there by yourself?"

"The sun's too strong. I'm hiding from it under the shady tree," Amelia answered sheepishly.

The others, who weren't interested in horse riding, were gathering under a tree. They were passing their time at the rest area, which consisted of a few marble tables and stone benches.

Amelia recognized some people among them, but she wasn't well acquainted with them. After all, people tended to ignore her for her hobby of taking pictures.

She knew very well that Kendall and her would always be the standout among the high society circles.

"Amy, why don't you come over so we can take a stroll together?"

"You stay there with Master Dylan. Don't worry about me; I'm enjoying myself."

Amelia could see clearly that Dylan wanted Kendall all to himself. She wouldn't dare become a third wheel.

"I'll ask Alice to show you around. You can take as many photos as you like and don't have to take them sneakily. Dylan has already given his approval."

Kendall was aware that nobody would come over and join their time of bonding when Dylan was around her unless she walked away.

For example, Dylan's friends left to find a way to entertain themselves soon after greeting them.

"Really?" Amelia was overjoyed as she asked in disbelief.

"Dylan will never break his promise."

She smiled sweetly. "Kendall, you need to express my gratitude to Master Dylan."

"Alright, I'll look for you later. We can ride horses together."

Amelia answered dreamily, "Don't worry, all I need are the good-looking men around. You can stay with Master Dylan."

At that, Kendall grumbled, "How could you blow me off for some handsome men?"

Chapter 279

Kendall found Alice and requested the latter to show Amelia around. Alice agreed with her request without a second thought.

Once the worries were lifted from her mind, Kendall got back to Dylan and they began to stroll around the horse farm.

"Dylan."

"Yes?"

"Your family is being serious about setting up the environment. Even though this place operates as a horse farm, the view surrounding it is beautiful with the flowers and greenery, or the stone pavements and fountains. Moreover, the ancient-styled corridors are nice to admire too. It's a nice place to visit even if someone is not interested in horse riding."

Not only did the place have a strategic layout, it also featured other entertainment facilities for its younger visitors. Considering the children wouldn't dare try out to ride a horse, there was a children's playground available to them.

Listening to her statements, Dylan scanned the area before smiling at her and explaining, "Robert is positioning the horse farm as a tourist attraction. I must say his plans are going well."

The horse farm had provided the Coleman Empire Holdings with a huge profit every year since Robert took over it.

"I can't tell Robert has a business acumen although he is young."

"I think all of us are good at making money. Robert is my youngest uncle's eldest son and he's the thirteenth oldest among us as he's turning twenty-five this year. He has a pair of younger twin brothers and the two are the same age as Alice, only older than her by half a year. They went abroad for further study since they and Alice graduated from university together last year, but they will be back for special occasions."

Kendall gaped at the number of cousins Dylan had. "There are fifteen males among the cousins?"

Embarrassment caught up with her as she thought of not being able to recognize all of his cousins even though she had married into the Ford Family for a long time.

"Yes. My Grandma has five sons. My father and his brothers each thought of having a daughter to accompany Grandma, but ended up having many sons instead. That's how it became fifteen of us in the end." Even Dylan himself found the number of his relatives overwhelming.

Fortunately, the Ford Family was a huge family with abundant resources to raise all the grandsons, or else his grandmother would wear herself out in taking care of them.

"Alice must be the most precious family member in the household."

Dylan chuckled at that. "You bet. She's been pampered with the most love since young. Not only are the elders spoiling her, our brothers also treat her with care. Back when she was studying, all of us brothers would send her to school together every semester. It was quite a crowd."

From what he told her, Kendall could make the scene out even in her imagination.

Alice's future husband must have a stronger heart than most and promise not to fight with her, or else the Ford brothers will definitely not let him off!

"I can see the Fords treasure their daughter. We should have a daughter in the future too!" Kendall suggested in anticipation.

Our daughter will no doubt be cute. Too bad she won't be the same baby from my previous life, though.

As if he was thinking of something, the smile slipped from Dylan's face when he fell into pondering. After a moment, he murmured, "I think our firstborn would be a cute girl, just like the one in your dream."

Kendall was taken aback by his confession. If my baby would choose me as her mother again in this life, I will protect her at all costs. Besides, she will live a happy life with Dylan as her father.

"Me too. I hope we will have a daughter as adorable as the girl in my dream." Kendall agreed with a soft tone and her gaze fell into the distance, as if she was watching her previous life.

Reincarnation changed people and things. At the moment, Kendall was living her second life differently from the last. Baby, it seems like we'll never see each other again.

Dylan then asked gently, "Whom does the girl in your dream look like? Does she look more like you or the father?"

A hint of gentleness could be found in Kendall's tone when she answered, "She looks like me very much."

In her previous life, she wasn't aware that her baby wasn't related to Jackson precisely because the baby looked too much like her and nothing like the father.

Dylan raised his head to observe her. She will look like you, you say?

"Is Frank really her father in your dream?" Dylan didn't realize he was asking it with a twinge of jealousy.

After all, Kendall was his wife. He would like all of her attention on him to the point where she would even dream of him instead of another man.

"Dylan, it was only a dream." Even though Kendall consoled him with gentle words to change the topic, she was apologizing to him deep down. She didn't mean to tell him lies, but no sane person would believe in things such as reincarnation, not even until she herself experienced it.

There was no way a man of science like Dylan would believe in reincarnation.

Therefore, she could only tell him the stories in the form of dreams.

"I understand they were all dreams, or else I won't let Frank get away easily."

Kendall lowered her head and pressed a kiss onto his cheek before she took a step back and giggled. "Dylan, I like it when you're jealous."

"You're proud of it?"

"Nope, but I'm happy to see your words backfire."

Dylan was speechless at her critics. After all, he was the one who spoke the words in an absolute manner without leaving any space for discussion in the first place. He left no scope in his words in the beginning, but now his words were backfiring on him.

"I'm not sure if the baby belongs to him. He was the one who dreamed of us together and told me he was the father of the baby. However, I had never talked to him once in my dream. Among all of our limited encounters, I was looking at him from a distance."

It was precisely what happened in her first life.

Dylan allowed the silence to hang in the air instead of answering.

Maybe God is trying to tell me something if Frank is having a similar dream.

Dylan couldn't guess what fate was trying to imply, but he was desperate to find out the true identity of the culprit, who was able to involve him and Frank in the wicked game.

Frank and Dylan were among the most renowned young talents in Orapolis. They were counted as the top men in terms of their capabilities, intelligence, and influence. However, Dylan couldn't think of a name who could put him and Frank onto the chessboard as pawns at the same time.

Even though Kendall was married to Dylan in reality and had no ties with Frank or was even pregnant with Frank's child, Dylan was aware that he had to keep an eye on the unknown person behind

everything due to all the hints.

"Dylan?"

Collecting his thoughts, he decided to change the topic. "Let's go, Kendall. You should find Alice and Jane and change into attire for horse riding. I'll ask someone to help you choose the most obedient horse."

"You don't need my company anymore?"

A laugh escaped from him. "I brought you here expecting you would ride them. Ronnie and the others will accompany me. You should enjoy yourself."

He stopped for a moment before continuing, "There's more time awaiting us in the future anyway."

Kendall no longer declined his kind gesture as she had longed to try it out by watching the others on the horse from the side.

The interaction between Dylan and Kendall brought a smile to the onlookers.

Meanwhile, a man was riding a horse next to Toddy as their horses galloped forward. He tilted his head at his companion and shot a question. "It seems like Master Dylan has taken a liking to his wife."

Toddy turned to look at the couple in the distance and laughed. "Of course. He even announced their relationship to the public. He's bringing her here on vacation to introduce her to his social circle."

"Didn't that second daughter of the Parker Family threaten to kill herself at the beginning in opposition to the marriage?"

The man who was speaking, Clifford from the Knight Family, was one of Dylan's friends. He was the fourth son of the Knight Family in Albarife. The Knight Family had always been doing business with the Colemans, and Clifford was the person in charge of his family.

"Mr. Knight, the outcome is what matters. We don't dwell on the progress."

Toddy's words weren't providing any assurance as Clifford couldn't help but worry. "Are you not afraid of her trying to manipulate Master Dylan?"

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"I reminded Young Master Dylan, but he insisted. What else could I say?"

Toddy was envious of Dylan. At that moment, he realized Dylan's willingness as he stood there watching him.

Kendall brought happiness to Dylan and he was completely engrossed in her love. As a result, even if she wanted to plot against him, he was willing to put up with the consequences.

According to Toddy, Kendall was now completely committed to Dylan.

Clifford burst out laughing when he heard Toddy's words. Since Dylan was willingly into it, his friends should stop interfering and persuade him otherwise.

"Clifford, come on. Let's race. We haven't been here in a long time since Dylan's accident."

Without Dylan, it was hard for them to have fun as they could not stop being reminded about his predicament.

"Okay. Let's do it! But we must first place a wager on the loser and the winner, right?" said Clifford with a smile.

He then turned his gaze toward Emma. After working years at Coleman Empire Holdings, he was well aware of her feelings for Toddy.

"Go ahead." Toddy compromised willingly, "Win or lose, I'll do anything."

"If I lose, I'll buy you a meal and do anything for you as long as it's not illegal. If you lose, you have to kiss Miss Finley," Clifford said with a chuckle.

Toddy's face darkened when he heard this. "Do you want a piece of me, Clifford?" he inquired glumly.

"Why? Are you scared of losing?" Clifford burst out laughing.

"Nonsense! How can I lose when I've known Dylan longer than you have and learned to ride before you did?" Toddy exuded confidence.



"Then, why are you afraid of the wager if you're so sure to win?"

"This is our business, so don't involve Miss Finley," Toddy warned, his face darkening.

"Are you protecting her? Or do you fear that kissing her will make her cling to you? By the way, Miss Finley has been waiting for you for so many years and she can only wait so long. You should also address the problem between you guys. Look at your boss; he now has a lover. Are you going to stay single forever?" Clifford was referring to their boss, Dylan.

"I never told her to wait for me." Toddy became enraged.

Clifford lightly whipped his horse's hip, causing it to bolt.

The horse finally came to a halt in front of the big tree after running around the track.

"Hi." He then approached the lovely ladies beneath the tree and greeted them.

When all the ladies turned to look at him, he smiled and said, "I'm going to race with Toddy, ladies. If I lose, I will buy him a meal and then assist him in doing anything that is not illegal. On the other hand, if he loses, he will have to kiss Miss Finley. What are your thoughts, ladies?"

After hearing his words, all the lovely ladies fell silent.

Kendall turned to look at Emma; she had heard a thing or two regarding the relationship between her and Toddy from Dylan. It's clear that this man wanted to fuel the fire.

Alice and Jane could not help but stare at Emma as well.

The lady protagonist, on the other hand, remained calm and did not blush as a result of Clifford's words. She was Dylan's secretary, so she was able to maintain her cool in the face of adversity.

"Clifford Knight!" Toddy rode his horse over and roared at Clifford as he approached, piercing everyone's eardrums. Everyone had the impression that Toddy was irritated.

"Is there something going on with Mr. Heller and Miss Finley?" Amelia whispered after nudging Kendall.

"I'm not sure about that," Kendall replied quietly, "but it doesn't stop us from watching the drama."

At this point, Toddy was clearly outraged in front of his group of friends.

Not only did Dylan nudge him toward Emma, now Clifford, an important business partner, had also arrived to add fuel to the fire.

"Clifford, you can race if you want, but don't involve her." Toddy refused to even look at Emma.

The others rode over and listened intently, quickly determining what was going on.

"Scared to lose, Toddy?"

The others immediately booed.

To that, Toddy shot a fiery glare at Clifford.

"Don't you think Clifford's request is unreasonable? Miss Finley is a pure and innocent young lady. She hasn't found a boyfriend yet. If I... leave an impact on her chances of finding a boyfriend in the future and not being able to marry, who is going to be held accountable?"

"I don't need any of you to be responsible for that," Emma responded calmly.

Her single sentence silenced the roar of the crowd.

"Mr. Heller hasn't ridden in a long time and his skills are rusty. I don't think you should put him on the spot, Mr. Knight," she told Clifford as her eyes shone with gratitude, accompanied by a smile.

This was clearly a tactic with words of instigation.

With no choice, Toddy could only return Emma a solemn look before he apologized, "I'm sorry to have gotten you involved in this mess, Miss Finley."

"It's fine. You've always been very resistant to anything related to me, so I'm already numb to that." She maintained her cheerful demeanor.

Toddy's heart was wrenched by this sentence. Did I cause her too much pain in the past?

"I've come to accompany you today, Miss Kendall. Do you wanna have a ride too? Let's change into our clothes," Emma invited as she turned to face Kendal.

"Sure!" Kendall smiled as she rose to her feet.

She then dragged Alice, who dragged Jane along.

On the other hand, Amelia, who did not know how to ride a horse nor was brave enough to try, naturally did not follow the ladies to have a change of wardrobe. She sat on the stone bench under the tree while her beautiful big eyes spun around the bodies of these beautiful men in front of her.

Although all of these men were attractive, they each had their own distinct personality.

Some seemed suave while others were as gentle as jade; some of them looked as noble and indifferent as Dylan.

He was outstanding, so naturally, his friends and brothers were exceptional as well.

"I'll beat you up if you lose, Clifford!" Toddy's desire to compete with Clifford was fueled by Emma's abrupt departure.

Soon after, the two were spotted galloping around the racetrack.

"Miss Finley."

Kendall took advantage of the opportunity to ask Emma a question while they were changing. "Do you really love Toddy?"

"What can I do, even though I adore him so much? I've been in love with him for so long, and after all these years of waiting, he's cold-hearted and refuses to give me a chance," Emma answered with a bitter smile.

"He used to like the breakfast I made, but ever since I confessed to him, he never touched the breakfast I prepared with my own hands. Once, he has even thrown it out on the ground."

"Toddy is so cruel," Kendall exclaimed upon hearing Emma's words.

Fortunately, Emma had great endurance; had it been another woman in her shoes, she would have given up long ago.

"Miss Finley, give up on him. Toddy is a little too much for you. You're so great yourself that you can easily find a better man than him if you want to. Do you want me to introduce you to some?" asked Alice. After all, every man she knew had to be a good catch.

Jane, who had the most powerful temperament, stated, "I was watching the men bickering earlier, Miss Finley, and I think Toddy isn't completely uninterested in you. He's simply being arrogant."