

Kendalls 291

Chapter 291

"Did you just wake up?" Sally asked immediately.

Hearing this, Kendall replied embarrassedly, "I slept very late yesterday, so I took my time to wake up today. How are you feeling now, Mom? I'll visit you soon."

She was about to mention the following Saturday when she remembered that she had prior engagements, so she changed her thoughts.

This habit of hers was exactly the same as Dylan.

"I've recovered a lot now. The only thing I can't do is labor intensive work. If you're busy, you don't have to come back. With the blazing weather nowadays, you won't stay for long, seeing how you need to travel back and forth." Sally smiled. "It's good enough to know that you still think about me."

"It's okay. I can just request two days off from my father and stay with you guys."

"Kendall, no." Sally quickly persuaded her, "Your work is more important. If you keep taking days off, Adam might think that you're slacking off."

"Mom, it's really fine."

"Just listen to your mother and work hard. If you have more time, spend it with Charlotte. We are getting by just fine. You don't have to worry about us."

Remembering that her biological parents did not like her contacting the Woodses so frequently, Kendall could only reply, "Okay. I'll listen to you and only head back during the weekend."

She was not going to take any days off, for she had done that so many times to the point where even her secretary was complaining.

"Kendall."

"Yes, Mom?"

After a short pause, Sally continued, "You're a member of a prominent family now, so you need to keep your image up. You can't butt into everything like you used to and stand up for everyone. No matter what you do, you need to think about your family and consider if your decision would affect them. Also, be careful when driving; I know you love to drive fast."

When she was chatting with Dylan earlier, she came to find out that Kendall loved to drive at high speeds, so Sally reminded her about that..

Just as Kendall was mumbling begrudgingly while her mother was trying to make out what she was saying, she questioned her instead, "Mom, did Dylan snitch on me?"

Ever since she was caught red-handed while driving recklessly the first time, Charlotte was also informed by Dylan immediately after.

It landed her in the situation where she could not even drive whenever she went back to the Parkers.

"Master Dylan did not snitch on you. He's just worried about you. After all, I raised you myself, so I know you better than anyone. Anyway, just drive slower in the future."

"Mom, I can't even touch a steering wheel now, thanks to your son-in-law forbidding me to drive. I even asked Mother if I could drive her cars and she rejected me too. She's in cahoots with Dylan."

Laughing, Sally replied, "Master Dylan sure is wise."

Kendall was speechless. It's true that mother-in-laws often come to like their son-in-laws more and more. Both my moms have been won over by Dylan just like that.

Ending the call, she knew it was Dylan upon hearing the sound of door unlocking.

As soon as she placed her phone on the bedside table, the door opened.

Standing up, she walked out of the bedroom barefooted to the sight of Ronnie pushing Dylan in.

"Get out, Ronnie!" The moment Dylan saw her, he bellowed out the command.

Ronnie let go of the wheelchair and turned around before leaving, all in one smooth motion.

From the start to when he left, Ronnie did not even so much glance at her.

"What's wrong?" Kendall asked Dylan perplexingly.

She walked over as Dylan stood up before approaching toward each other.

He placed his fingers on her shirt, smoothing out the creases of her somewhat wrinkled pajamas before combing her hair with his hands. At last, his gaze landed on her bare feet.

With furrowed eyebrows, he had a deep gaze paired with his pursed lips.

That's his expression when he's angry.

"I-I'll put on my shoes now."

Knowing that being barefooted angered him, Kendall wanted to head back to the bedroom quickly.

Yet, she only took one step forward before she found herself levitating. In a moment of panic, she reached out to grab anything she could and held onto his shirt, then holding by his neck.

"Dylan!" Kendall shouted.

"Call me darling."

Looking at him, she could not help but laugh. "I'm just concerned that if I call you darling, you will slap yourself again."

Dylan could not refute her. After all, he did say that he did not allow her to call her that.

Now that he was requesting her to call her 'darling', it would be equivalent to him slapping himself once everytime she said it.

Reminded of that, he carried his wife and slowly walked into the bedroom, throwing her on the bed.

Since she was thrown on top of the bed, it did not hurt.

Kendall, who was not angry at all, laughed sneakily instead and twirled her hair before saying seductively, "Dylan, your actions made me think that you would devour me like the hungry wolf that you are."

This made Dylan look at her passionately.

Lying on the bed with her silky hair on the pillow while her red lips and bright eyes remained as captivating as they were, she did not need to do anything as that was enough to drive him mad.

At that moment, he wanted to spend a passionate time with her again.

"I'm just concerned about your body," he stated in a low voice.

As his wife, he thought of her as very fragile.

Plus, now that they were on a vacation, which required her to horseback riding, he did not want her to exhaust her any further.

Reaching out, Kendall pulled on one of his arms, motioning for him to sit on the bed.

She then put a pillow on her lap and smiled. "Dylan, you're a good man. A gentleman who cares for his wife."

You're not one that cares about your own enjoyment. You care about me too.

Looking at her parted lips, he could not hold it in anymore as he kissed her.

It went on for a very long time as if he wanted to satiate his desires.

"I married you. Of course, I will care, love, and dote on you."

Kendall looked at him shyly and lovingly. Then, she sat up and hugged him by the neck, leading him onto the bed before turning to get on top of him. Pinning his hands above of his head, she found the man before her looking at her with bright eyes. "Dylan, now that I am married to you, I will never leave or abandon you."

Swearing by her words, she kissed him before lying down beside him.

At a loss of words, Dylan could not believe what she just did.

This little succubus! Just as he thought she would take the initiative, she only confessed and kissed him. Is that all? She really is a succubus! This soul-sucking and heart-corrupting woman, making me feel such things!

Ironically, he had just expressed his gentleness by putting off an intimate session in return for her well-being earlier. If he went back on his words now, it would be equivalent to slapping himself. I'm noting this one down.

He was planning to wait until he could fully walk again. On the day of their wedding, he would make sure that she would not be able to get out of bed for three days after that!

With this debt in mind, he had a whole life before him to repay her!

Not knowing what Dylan was thinking about, Kendall was already sitting in front of the dressing table and combed her hair.

"Dylan, did you buy all these feminine products?"

While combing her hair, she asked the silent man, who was still lying on the bed. This room should be his. A cold man like him would never have any feminine products in his room.

"I had the reception send these up." Dylan, who suppressed his roaring desires, sat up.

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Soon enough, Dylan came to stand behind Kendall as he took the comb from her hands to personally groom her hair.

"Put on your bedroom flip-flops before you get out. The floor's cold."

"Sure, Mother Coleman."

Dylan hit her scalp gently with the comb. "I'm a man."

"There are plenty of women out there who would give anything to have a conversation with me. Meanwhile, you're finding me too naggy for your taste, are you?"

In response, Kendall stuck out her tongue playfully. "So, I'm an ungrateful little brat then?"

He nodded solemnly. "Yes, you are."

Subsequently, she revealed a peal of laughter.

"Were you just complaining about me with your mom when I walked into the room?"

"No, I wasn't. I wouldn't dare to complain about you in front of my mom. Both my Moms—yes, both—regard you as even more important than me. I'm their daughter and yet they pay heed to your words more than mine! If I actually did complain about you in front of them, I'm sure that they would give me a scolding." I seriously wonder which one of us is their child!

"They both know that I have your best interest at heart."

"Well, I don't mind it at all. I'm just happy that they are fond of you."

Both of her moms were much nicer than her mother-in-law and it did not take them too long to accept Dylan.

On the other hand, Kendall's mother-in-law had yet to accept Kendall as her daughter-in-law even up till now. It was quite odd though, because the Colemans were the ones to seek her hand in marriage from the Parker Family. However, now that she had actually married Dylan, both Tilly and Emily were significantly displeased with her.

So... It's okay when they ask for my hand in marriage, but it's not when I voluntarily marry him? Well, I guess it's true that it's human nature to not appreciate things that we attain so easily. Had it been the case where they paid a hefty amount for my betrothal gift and went through hurdles just to marry Dylan off, the tables might have turned today.

Kendall was significantly speechless at the moment. "Dylan, do you reckon that I was a shameless wench when I forced you to marry me in the past?"

"I was merely impressed by you back then. The minute before that, you were threatening suicide in objection to the marriage. Then, you clung to me so tightly and kissed me with such ferocity as you forced me to take responsibility for you."

"But Kendall, none of that makes you a shameless wench and I don't wanna hear that term ever again."

"I bit you once, that's all! I didn't kiss you with ferocity."

"Would you like to have another attempt?"

At that point, she was speechless. "Dylan, I think you must be trying to seduce me. I'm not firm in my resolve, so please don't seduce me. I can't quite contain my urges at the moment, so if you even gesture at me with your finger to move closer, I might not want to head downstairs anymore."

Dylan hit her gently on the head with the comb once again.

"Kendall, you're such a succubus!"

"Yes, I am. I'm fixated on devouring you. You're my elixir to immortality. Haha."

The man found himself at a loss for what to do with this thick-skinned woman.

"Dylan, let's have dinner at the buffet restaurant on the first floor tonight, alright?"

Without agreeing immediately, he mentioned, "Ally and the others wanted a barbecue and Robert has given instructions for his men to prepare the ingredients."

"Oh, okay! I want to join their barbecue too. It's more fun when we're with a group."

Dylan laughed at that. "I knew you would choose barbecue. I've married a glutton. It's fortunate that I earn plenty and I can keep up with your spending."

"I can earn my keep too! Dylan, from now on, I'll give you some pocket money every month as well," responded Kendall.

"Oh. Ever since I turned eighteen, I have never received any pocket money, so I do reminisce about the time when I received money without having to lift a finger."

"I'll give you my monthly wages as your pocket money. I'll find some other means to earn more money. I can't possibly allow my man to be deprived of money."

He went along with her words quite solemnly. "Sure, I'll wait patiently for my wife to drop money onto my lap then."

"Dylan." She maintained an intent look in her eyes too.

As soon as he turned to look at her with an intense stare, she stated, "I think we're both quite childish! Hahahaha!"

He helped her pull her hair into a ponytail as he responded affectionately, "I'll always go along with you regardless of anything."

"Well, tonight, I wanna..."

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

Kendall's sentence was interrupted by her ringtone.

She took her phone in her hands and realized that it was an unfamiliar landline number.

"Dylan, where is this landline number calling from?"

The first few digits represented the district and she was unclear which area it was. She could only remember the area code to several important large cities but not the rest.

"It's from Eastfort," Dylan responded nonchalantly.

A call from Eastfort?

"It must be Scott, then!" Kendall happily answered the phone call from Eastfort.

Meanwhile, Dylan's expression darkened upon noticing her excited look. Still, he kept his silence.

After all, Scott was just a three-year-old child and he should not be jealous of a kid.

"Lady Parker." Scott's childlike voice rang out from the phone and Kendall beamed widely upon hearing that.

Scott had an adorable childish voice and she enjoyed listening to him speak.

"Scott." With a smile, she called out for him.

"Lady Parker, I miss you so much."

Scott clutched the phone in his hand and spoke to the woman on the other end, "I really wanted to go and see you, but then my dad said I can't. That's why I was only able to talk to you on the phone. Lady Parker, do you miss me?"

"Of course, I miss you! I miss you very much, Scott. You must listen to your dad. Once you're free, then you can come over and see me. I'll bring you to have fun at the theme park and we can see tigers at the zoo."

The kiddo was instantly joyful. "Is this true?"

It sounded pretty ludicrous, but the young master of the Ford Family was now three years old, yet he had never stepped foot into the zoo or the theme park.

The Fords had their own exclusive children's theme park. Sure, it was a large one, but Scott was the only child in his generation, so he was not happy at all playing by himself in the large theme park.

He had heard his classmates mention that the theme park outside was filled with other children and it was filled with fun. He could not help but be envious of the lively and exciting scene.

"I'll definitely keep my word. I'll never lie to a child."

Kendall was very fond of this child as well. It was more than coincidence for her to make use of her rebirth to save him once again; it was fate.

"Once Dad's free to bring me over to see you, then you must bring me to the zoo to see the tigers."

"I promise."

"Lady Parker."

"Yes?"

"Could you hold me in your arms like how my mom would from now on? I really like it when you hug me. It reminds me of my mom."

Scott was obsessed with Kendall not only because she had saved his life, but also because he could feel the warmth of a mother from being in her arms.

"Sure thing, but I'm not your mom after all. She will definitely regain consciousness eventually."

With Kendall's chance at rebirth, she managed to save him and change the trajectory of his life. Perhaps that alone would bring good luck to him. Right now, all he needed and craved for the most was maternal love.

As such, she sincerely hoped that Mrs. Ford would regain consciousness soon so that Eric's pain could be lessened and Scott could also experience his mother's love.

Kendall was sure that Mrs. Ford would definitely give all her love to her son upon regaining consciousness. After all, she had ended up in a vegetative state out of her protective instinct to save her son.

"Yup, my mom will definitely wake up soon!"

Needless, Scott wished for the same as well. When that happened, he would have his mom there to

fetch him after school and he no longer had to feel envious of his classmates who were picked up after school by their moms.

"Lady Parker, my dad's here. I'll call you another time. I did it secretly this time because my dad said that it would be inconvenient for you to chat with me."

Though he did not quite comprehend the meaning behind his dad's words, he bid his goodbye to her and hung up without waiting for her reply.

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"Although Scott leads a lavish lifestyle and he is doted on by everyone, he lacks maternal love." Kendall heaved a sigh.

It was true that life would never be perfect and there would always be slight regrets in one's life.

"That kid likes you very much. It's fortunate that his mom is still around, otherwise, I would have to have my guards up in case he wins your affections and urges you to marry his father."

Kendall was rendered speechless by his words as she glanced at her man wordlessly.

After a brief pause, she smiled and said, "Do you think that your wife's so wildly popular that everyone would go after her?"

"Mr. Ford is a loyal man and he loves his wife very much. You shouldn't flatter yourself. This could end up detrimental to our relationship and also affect theirs."

At that moment, Dylan pursed his lips tightly.

"I won't let go of anyone that belongs to me, so no one will be able to snatch her from me."

Eric was indeed a man loyal to his family and his marriage. However, he loved his only son, Scott, very much as well.

If Scott continued to keep in contact with Kendall since she reminded him of his mom, who could

guarantee that this little child would not develop a different bond toward her?

Kendall burst out laughing. "This is unexpected. I got to see you jealous because of me once again."

At that point, Dylan glowered at her.

She rose to her feet and took the comb from his hand. Subsequently, she gave him a tight hug. Not waiting for his reaction, she swiftly released him after that.

"Dylan, there are some things that I don't like to keep repeating because I feel that it would lack sincerity or seem monotonous if I keep going on and on. However, I am worried that you would jump to

the wrong conclusion if I didn't. I've told you before that I will never leave this marriage unless you decide to and I will never regret my choice. I will only choose you as my husband in this lifetime. Of course though, I feel rather accomplished to see you getting all jealous because of me. Haha!"

Kendall chuckled loudly and suddenly, she was pulled into the man's arms. Then, he held her against the dresser and kissed her on the lips domineeringly. At that moment, her laughter was muffled.

This woman's too cocky! She needs to be taught a lesson so that she'll learn to behave!

Meanwhile, she thought to herself, I wouldn't mind more of such punishments every day.

After ending the kiss, Dylan continued to caress her lips with his slender fingers and the expression on his face was full of tenderness. She felt engulfed within a warm, fuzzy cocoon.

"I trust you," he replied in a hoarse voice.

"This is the last time you're hearing this."

The more one cared about someone, the more one was afraid to lose them. As such, he seemed to behave overbearingly because of his fear of losing her.

Kendall went up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck as she spoke tenderly, "Mrs. Ford will definitely regain consciousness and once she does, Scott will no longer regard me as his mom. Right now, I don't think he actually thinks of me as one. He merely finds comfort in my arms, so that's why he reckons it reminds him of his mom."

Mrs. Ford had been in a vegetative state all this while, so Scott had never been held by his mom at all up till his current age of three. He yearned to be held by his mom quite badly.

Having saved his life, Kendall became a figure whom he trusted very much. Sometimes, the comfort and security he felt from her could be mistaken as a mother's touch.

"I don't care about anyone else, but I do sincerely hope that Mrs. Ford wakes up soon. I really don't want to be vying for your attention against a three-year-old kid."

Kendall could not contain her laughter at that point. "We should just have a daughter in the future and not a son. I won't want to see you fighting for my attention against our son in the future."

Dylan spoke as he straightened up. "I want only daughters too."

The issue was, would they succeed in conceiving a daughter? After all, it was in the Coleman Family genes to produce more sons than daughters. They would have to thank their lucky stars if they actually

succeeded.

The couple continued to cuddle for a moment before she wheeled him out of the room.

"Has Frank and Yasmine left?"

Kendall recalled Frank's annoying behavior and she could not help asking casually.

"I'm here, so I've given the instructions to keep them out and my decision remains. That's why they have no choice but to leave."

As soon as Dylan mentioned his archenemy, his voice instantly turned cold.

"Yasmine..."

"You don't have to worry about her. She's just a spoiled brat who's too clueless about how the world works."

It was evident that he was displeased with Yasmine and it was not because she had intentionally caused trouble for Kendall. In the past, even before he got to know his wife, he had in fact harbored a lousy impression of Yasmine.

"I'm not afraid of her. I just find that she appears to be logical in her relationship but actually, she isn't. However, she is definitely quite a realistic girl. Had we not fallen for the same man, I would definitely admire someone as pragmatic as her."

At that moment, Dylan was significantly pleased to hear Kendall mention that Yasmine and her had fallen for the same man.

"I sympathize with Frank though," he coldly responded before snorting. "In the past, he used to scornfully remark that the women infatuated with me were all inferior. Well, this is a chance for him to experience being pursued by an inferior partner. His inferior partner chose him as her second option after being rejected by me."

It was the truth that Frank regarded Dylan as his opponent; everything was treated as competition for Frank as long as Dylan was involved. Therefore, it went without saying that Frank would never accept a woman that had gone after Dylan before. As such, Yasmine was doomed to fail.

However, Yasmine's intense pursuit would definitely be quite a nightmare for Frank.

She was not just an ordinary rich girl. She had the Zorn Family fully supportive of her and she had the utmost capability to pursue Frank intently without any fear for his family background or social status.

"Dylan, you seem to know Frank quite well, right?"

He lifted his head to look at his darling wife. "Do you plan on revealing Frank's likes and weaknesses to Yasmine?"

"You know me like the back of your hand."

Dylan could not help chuckling. "Well, since my wife's keen on matchmaking, then it goes without saying that I have to show my full support. I'll list Frank's hobbies, favorite things, and weaknesses in detail later on and get someone to send it over to Yasmine."

Since Yasmine was now a thorn in Frank's side due to her intense pursuit of him, Frank would naturally not have much time to go after Kendall. That would be a huge relief for Dylan too.

Grunting her approval, Kendall suggested, "Dylan, didn't you assign men to keep an eye on Frank? Just reveal his whereabouts to Yasmine and let her pretend to bump into him relentlessly until he has a breakdown. After all, if a guy did the same thing to a woman, she would definitely have a mental breakdown, so surely it would be the same and vice versa."

Frank had enjoyed creating the pretense of bumping into Kendall numerous times, so he deserved a taste of his own medicine while he experienced the same thing with Yasmine!

Dylan lifted his head to look at her with a hint of smile.

"Kendall, you're much more evil than I expected."

She laughed gleefully. "Well, I do aim to be a good match for you."

Dylan was not a kind person either, so they were a great match for each other.

He lifted his hand and gently pinched her cheeks with a dotting expression as he smiled before saying, "You got me there."

"Then, let's leave it at that. Let's go and grab a bite. I'm starving!"

"You're such a glutton. All you think about is food!"

"If I was to stop craving for food someday, then please, try all the tricks in the book and coax me to

eat."

Speechless, he thought, That's true. I pray the day she loses her appetite will never come.

They had just gone down to the first floor when they saw Jane rushing over. As soon as she saw the couple, she was slightly stunned as she came to a halt. Soon after that, she revealed a smile. "Dylan, Kendall, you guys have finally come downstairs."

"Yeah." Kendall felt slightly awkward as she hummed. She had been asleep for way too long.

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"They're over at the barbecue pit. I'm off to get Yoseph."

Kendall smiled in response. "Go ahead. I'll escort Dylan over to where everyone is."

Jane waved at the couple and brushed past them before walking swiftly toward the elevator.

"Dylan, do you think Yoseph and Jane would end up together?"

The man did not respond directly. "You can try and go against Jane; after you've punched her hard in the face, you'll get an answer for your question."

Kendall was rendered speechless by his words as she thought to herself, It must be hard to win the affections of people close to Dylan. It took Emma a few years to win Toddy's heart too.

Jane must have been interested in Yoseph for quite some time now. The two of them were considered to be childhood playmates after all. However, their interaction with each other seemed to give others the wrong impression that Jane was relentless in pursuing him while Yoseph tried to run away from her clutches.

Kendall felt that she was lucky to have easily won Dylan's affections. Gosh, I am so freaking amazing and capable. How did I even do that? I'm so impressed by myself.

As for Jane, she came to Yoseph's room and lifted her hand to knock on the door.

However, there was no response from the person inside the room after which she then tried to twist the doorknob. Hey! The door's unlocked! As such, she entered the room with ease.

"Yoseph," she called out his name while walking into the room. There seemed to be the sound of running water from the bathroom. Is he taking a shower?

Jane went up to the door of the bathroom without barging in. She stood in front and banged on the door while calling out his name, "Yoseph."

However, he did not respond at all.

"Yoseph, can you hear me? Come out right now. You can't just keep hiding inside the bathroom! If you don't come out, then I'll enter. I will not hesitate to do that!"

Still, there was no response from him.

Hollering, she banged on the door and became worried after a few minutes of silence. She muttered under her breath, "Did he drown in the bathtub?"

As soon as Jane thought of that, she instantly pounded harder on the door, but to no avail. Not giving a damn about the formalities, she attempted to break the door and barge into the bathroom. However, the door was suddenly opened from the inside as soon as she rammed the door forcefully with her body.

Instantly, she fell headlong into the bathroom.

Fortunately, she did not end up sprawled on the icy-cold floor but found herself thrown into a warm embrace.

With the drenched pair of warm arms and the water droplets trickling down the body, her clothes were wet by that after falling into the embrace.

At that point, she lifted her head.

Yoseph lowered his head and the two childhood friends looked into each other's eyes.

Jane noticed that he was topless while his hair was dripping-wet too. He did not bother to towel-dry his hair and the water droplets trickled down continuously, with some dripping onto her face as she looked up.

He has earphones on! No wonder he didn't hear me knocking on the door! I thought he freaking drowned!

The next second, Yoseph swiftly shoved the person in his arms aside.

Not expecting his sudden movement, Jane found her body swinging backward upon his shove. As soon as he noticed that she was about to plunge to the ground, he grabbed her back into his arms at lightning speed. As such, she was back in his embrace once again.

Having repeatedly fallen into his arms, shock was an understatement for her.

"Jane Morris!" Finally, Jane came to her senses upon hearing Yoseph's low growl in her ears.

She straightened herself and took the opportunity to caress his chest muscles upon pushing him aside. She lamented, "You've had so much food and yet you've not gained weight at all. Your muscles are firm and you've got a great figure! That's good!"

Yoseph stood behind her and it took him a couple of seconds to realize he was still topless. He then frantically shoved her out of the bathroom as he shut the door on her. Immediately, he turned around and scrambled to find some clothes to put on.

However, he rummaged through the entire bathroom and could not find anything. In actuality, his clothes were on his bed and he did not bring them into the bathroom.

"Yo, Feisty," Yoseph yelled out his nickname for Jane from the bathroom. "Feisty, my clothes are on the bed. Could you get them for me?"

Jane took a look at the bed and realized that his clothes were indeed there.

She walked over and took his clothes before heading toward him. She leaned against the door to the bathroom and kicked the door lightly as she spoke, "I've got your clothes here, Crybaby. Do you want to get them yourself or should I send them inside?"

As soon as Yoseph heard her addressing him by the childhood nickname she had given him, there was a darkened expression on his handsome face.

He pulled open the door by a tiny slit and stretched his hand out as he commanded her, "Hand it over."

Jane chuckled gleefully and shoved the clothes into his hand.

After several minutes, he was finally dressed immaculately as he stood in front of her.

"Jane Morris! I'm warning you now to stop addressing me as Crybaby!" This is such a belittlement to my handsome and charming profile!

"Well, you've been addressing me as Feisty, so why can't I keep addressing you as Crybaby?"

At that moment, Yoseph was rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, Jane shot a provoking look at him.

After quite some time, he finally gave in and relented. "I'll stop addressing you as Feisty from now on, so stop addressing me as Crybaby too! I'm thirty, not three."

When he was a child, he had always been beaten up by Jane, who was two years younger than him, and that was why he was always in tears. As such, she had found it annoying to be called Feisty, so she came up with the nickname 'Crybaby' for him. However, she was the only one who could address him with that. If anyone else dared to address him by that nickname, she would become upset and show dominance. As such, no one dared to address Yoseph by that due to Jane's terrorizing ways.

"Have you turned thirty?" She was quite shocked by that. "You're an old man!"

Instantly, Yoseph raged at her. "What do you mean by that?! Thirty's the peak of a man's prime and I'm at my prime age at the moment. As for you, you're way past your prime marriageable age at twenty-eight! Most people your age already have at least two kids, but here you are, still a spinster. You deserve this! I told you way before this that you are too fierce and feisty for anyone to marry you!"

Meanwhile, Jane chuckled at that. "Do you know my main purpose for returning this time?"

"What?"

"I'm back here for my wedding."

At that moment, Yoseph's eyes flickered as he asked, "Who are you marrying? Are you in a relationship? Or are you just going along with your family's arrangement?"

"I suppose it's an arranged marriage."

It was considered to be an arranged marriage if she married Yoseph.

"I can't believe that you would agree to an arranged marriage!"

"Why not?"

Yoseph questioned after a brief silence, "Who's the groom?"

I'll break the guy's legs and make him impotent! We'll see how he will be able to marry me then! She turned around and smiled. "You'll get the wedding invitation and you can find out on that day."

He trailed after her and asked, "Why can't you bring him out right now and introduce him to us? I'm older and I'm a guy, so I would be able to judge a guy much better than you. I can even check him out. You're always game for a fight, so I can test out his moves for you and we can judge whether you'll be able to overcome him."

However, he thought to himself, Which family are the Morrises planning to match Jane up with? Why didn't I receive any news on that? Grandma agreed to match me up with Jane, right? How can she just watch as Jane gets matched up with someone else?

Jane turned around with a twinkle in her eyes as she spoke, "Don't worry, I'll definitely be able to overcome him. We've fought each other so much since we were kids, so you should know how well I can fight, right? Don't worry. I'm more than capable of overcoming him."

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Yoseph was speechless, but he suddenly asked, "How did you get in?"

"I kept knocking on the door, but you didn't answer. Then, I tried the door and realized that you didn't lock it, so I let myself in." Jane nagged him, saying, "How can you take a shower with headphones on? Aren't you afraid that someone will sneak in and steal everything? Fine, this is your family's property, and nobody dares to come in to steal your stuff, but there will be someone with ill intentions. If you wish to be violated, just leave your door unlocked next time."

He remained silent throughout her nagging and waited till she was done speaking. "Besides you, nobody dares to barge into my room," he said thoughtfully.

She couldn't even enter his room if he hadn't given his silent consent.

Huh? I'm especially nice to her! he thought. That's not true because we're archenemies!

"Yoseph, they're having a barbeque party at the grill. Are you coming?"

She took a seat on his bed, lifted her head to look at him, and thought that he was much taller than she remembered him to be. She couldn't help but stand up again and patted his shoulder several times. "You're already so much taller than me."

He stole a peek at her but quickly averted his eyes when his gaze landed on a particular part of her body. She had a straightforward personality, and she lived a carefree life. In his eyes, she was no different than a man, but her body was very attractive. In fact, as long as she stayed quiet, she was

gorgeous.

"It will be terrible if I'm as short as you."

"Who are you calling short?"

"The one who thinks she is."

"Yoseph, are you asking for a beating?"

He snorted as he said, "Hey, Feisty. I dare you to hit me. But remember that if I return with a swollen face, don't blame me if Mrs. Morris punishes you for it."

She immediately scowled as she retorted, "You're shameless, Yoseph. Besides crying, all you do is snitch, just like you've always done since you were a kid."

"I'll be shameless if I can get Mrs. Morris to teach you a lesson. What can you do to me?" he said brazenly.

"You!"

Jane didn't hesitate as she reached out and tugged on his ear harshly. Does he think that I can't teach him a lesson without hitting him?

"Ouch!" Yoseph yelped when she pulled his ear mercilessly. "Let go, Feisty. What a vicious and violent person you are. Aren't you worried that I'll complain to your fiancé? He'll definitely be so scared that he

cancels the engagement. Of course, that will turn you into a joke in Birsborn, and you can forget about getting married in this lifetime."

"Go ahead and do it."

She continued to twist his ear for a while until it was all swollen and scarlet before she finally let go.

"Crybaby! What do you know other than snitching? You made no progress at all. So much for being the general manager of Dynasty Hotel. It's all Dylan's merit that the hotel isn't making any loss."

"I told you not to call me a crybaby!"

Yoseph's facial expression went from flushed with embarrassment to stark white with anger as he glared at her as though he wanted to flay her alive.

Despite being on the receiving end of such an irate glare, Jane merely chortled and stroked his face, saying, "Yoseph, your face is like a color board, and the colors on it are amazing. So I shouldn't call you a crybaby? Yeah, you don't cry now. By the way, I really like to watch you cry. Will you cry a little for me?"

A look of frustration mixed with exasperation painted across his face, and he felt that she would be the death of him if he continued to stay here.

"A gentleman doesn't bicker with a woman." After he said that, he turned and walked away.

Nevertheless, she followed after him while provoking him with her words. "You're just my defeated enemy."

At those words, he suddenly halted in his tracks, turned around huffily, and glared at her fiercely and unblinkingly.

"Yoseph," she said with a mischievous grin on her face. "Did anyone tell you that you look very macho when you're mad?"

"I'm also macho when I'm not mad!" he argued.

"I really like to watch your angry face. When you were mad as a kid, your angry face looked just like a toad."

The image of a toad appeared in his mind, and he was dumbfounded. Is there a toad as handsome as me?

"Let's go. When I came upstairs, Dylan had already brought Kendall downstairs. Let's join them. The more, the merrier. Grill some chicken for me."

She held his arm and started dragging him away without waiting for his response.

"Jane, I'm still angry," he spat.

"I'm just dragging you away and not stopping you from getting angry. Just continue with your anger; it doesn't matter how long you stay angry. Whatever it is, I'm not the one who's mad, so it won't affect me."

"When are you going back?"

Yoseph asked her that question because he knew it would significantly shorten his lifespan if he hung out with her. After all, she would eventually make him bust a blood vessel with her words.

"I don't know. That depends on how long my grandmother is staying. Once she returns, then I will, too. So what? Are you chasing me away?"

"I would just like to live longer."

"You said you want to live longer? Tell me a figure, and I assure you that you can live up to that day."

"I can't even live through a day when I'm with you."

Yet, Jane laughed heartily as she said, "Do I have what it takes to make someone so angry that they died? I would like to see if you're still a person tomorrow or a ghost. Remember to grill some chicken for me later, and lots of other food as well. Whatever it is, I'm only eating the food you're grilling."

Yoseph, the crybaby, was extremely talented in cooking, and he was already showing the early signs of his talent when he was a child. Whenever they had an argument, he would sneak into the kitchen to whip up some good food and lure Jane the glutton over. If he didn't give her the food, she would steal or snatch it. Whatever the means, she just wanted to eat the food that he made.

During the years when she was abroad, she especially missed his food, and the main reason she got such a good hold on him was also because of food.

The person who married him would be able to enjoy the delicious food he prepared every day, so why not?

What would Yoseph think if he found out that she found his culinary skills the most unforgettable thing about him?

"I'm very expensive."

Jane chuckled. "Don't worry. I won't eat for free. I'll pay you no matter how much it is."

Finally, he pursed his lips before replying, "It's been twenty years since I learned cooking. Calculate it yourself how much you owe me."

She said that she would pay him every time, but it always ended up in the tab. This woman's words... cannot be trusted.

"Well, how will I know how much I owe you when you don't tell me how much you're charging? Any time you want to collect the money, calculate it, and I promise I'll pay. I'll pay with my life and marry you if I can't afford it. What if you can't find yourself a wife and nobody eats your delicious cooking? All the culinary skills would be for naught since you don't even have someone to enjoy it with."

He asked in resignation, "Did you hit it right off with my sister-in-law?"

A giggle escaped her lips. "How do you know that?"

It was true that they got along swimmingly. No matter what, Jane already regarded Kendall as her friend after a single conversation.

Yoseph snorted. "You're just as shameless as my sister-in-law."

At first, Jane was dumbfounded. Then, she found her voice and started to mouth off again. "Thanks for the compliment. Not any regular person can be as shameless as us."

"Stay away from Kendall in the future."

Both of them were brazen, and if they hung out together... Just imagining the potential chaos they would cause was already giving him a slight headache.

"She kinda likes hanging out with me. Tell her to stay away from me if you have the guts. Otherwise, I'll tell Dylan that you find me annoying because I'm as bold as Kendall, and you don't want us to be friends. Then, tell him to keep his wife in check."

He ground his teeth in frustration as he exclaimed, "Jane Morris!"

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Jane giggled happily. "Are you afraid now?"

Yoseph merely jerked away his hand and kept a distance from her in response.

Jane knew that he was fuming silently because of her and figured that she had teased him enough for the day. Well, it was because he avoided her when she returned and only met today. She would feel uneasy if she didn't pull his tail a little.

The smell of delicious food was wafting in the air around the grill, and everyone was idly grilling their food while chatting.

The atmosphere was perfect, with the sun just setting and the darkness starting to blanket the sky, swallowing the last bit of light.

After they had their fill of food and drinks, Kendall pushed her husband and took a stroll on the race track.

"I'm very happy today, Dylan."

"And you're usually not?"

She smiled as she said, "I'm usually happy as well, but I'm the happiest today because I get to eat the delicious food my man grilled for me. I really didn't think that you were so good at this. It looks like Alice didn't trick me. She told me you're talented but don't show it."

Kendall thought Alice was exaggerating, but after seeing it for herself, she realized that Dylan was talented and modest about his skills.

After Dylan received praise from his beloved wife, the look in his eyes turned soft, and he said calmly, "It's stressful to take over the reins. There are many things to learn, not only about business but also about life. In the business world, nobody stays on top forever, and there will be a day when things change. My ancestors were worried that the Coleman Family would one day run into a severe predicament leading to the family's bankruptcy and be burdened with debts. So, members of the family have to be mentally strong to accept the fact that the family is bankrupt and not end up on the streets due to bankruptcy. As long as we are equipped with skills, we can make a living with one of them and won't starve to death. Also, there will be a possibility to make a comeback and rise again."

Kendall felt astonished when she heard his words, but she thought that his philosophy on education was rather insightful.

Some people said that there weren't families who would remain poor forever, just as people wouldn't be rich all the time. Even if the previous generation had made a fortune, if they didn't educate their children well and weren't capable enough, there would be one generation who would lose everything their ancestors built up with a snap of their fingers.

The best would be to educate the future generations well so they could survive regardless of the situation.

"You didn't even have the time to play when you were young, did you?"

After a short moment of silence, Dylan said, "I don't have a childhood."

Basically, he spent his childhood learning skills for the 'what-if' scenarios their ancestors were worried about. Then, every summer and winter break when he was a little older, he and his brother would be sent to live in a harsh environment for a while. Over there, they weren't the young masters of the Coleman Family, so they didn't have any special rights or pocket money.

They had to earn money through hard labor if they wanted to spend it.

Since he was fifteen years old, he would attend all sorts of business cocktail parties with his grandparents, and he met various people and witnessed the ups and downs of many companies.

He had seen with his own eyes a man who jumped off a building because his business failed, and he couldn't take the blow.

His grandfather had said that people who committed suicide were cowards. Why would they be frightened of their business failing if they weren't even afraid of death? If you failed, you could start over, but you would have nothing if you died. Death only meant relief for oneself, but what was left for their families was misery.

The craftiness in the business field and the cruelty of society were introduced into his life too early, so he quickly transitioned from pain to shock and, eventually, indifference. There were even times when he caused the downfall and heavy debts of others.

However, he also had his bottom line; he wouldn't push someone to a corner where their families would fall apart and would leave them a way out. But, of course, that way out would be full of difficulties.

"Your childhood must be very happy."

Dylan was worried that his words were too solemn and would affect his lovely wife's happy mood, so he changed the topic and asked about her childhood instead.

While Kendall pushed him, she smiled and said, "My childhood was very happy. As the youngest in the family with two older brothers, my parents and brothers doted on me very much. I'm always playing outside with my brothers. Sometimes when they refused to take me along, I'd cry and make a scene, rolling all over the floor. Finally, out of wits, they had to take me. Since we grew up in the village, we didn't have as much entertainment for fun as children in the city do. We would pick wild fruits from the mountains, climb trees to steal bird eggs, get into the river for fishing or play hopscotch, and hide-and-seek games with other kids in the village. After that, I started to attend hobby classes and seldom went out to play with my brothers."

The memories were wonderful.

He turned his head to face her and said, "No wonder you learned martial arts."

With a personality as mischievous as a boy, it would be such a shame if she didn't learn martial arts.

A blushing Kendall explained, "Dylan, I'm usually gentle and don't really want to resort to violence unless unnecessary."

Every time she beat up someone, she was usually caught red-handed by Dylan or Frank. So, in their hearts, she must be a violent woman.

"Back then, I started learning martial arts because, firstly, I like it. Secondly, it was my family's hope that

I learn to defend myself if I accidentally find myself in a difficult predicament. In their opinion, society was becoming more dangerous, and people were unpredictable, unlike how simple and kind they used to be. Even though we can't be a savior, we can at least save ourselves. I can protect myself by learning martial arts, and my family would be more assured, knowing that I can save myself when the time comes. Sometimes, I can even help others, so I think learning martial arts is a rather good deal."

After she learned martial arts, she also wanted more people to learn self-defense. Hence, right after she graduated, she borrowed money from her family and started the martial arts training institute, where she could teach children all sorts of skills while learning to protect themselves.

Before her biological parents brought her back to the Parker Family, her training institute had just started to be profitable. As Dylan had investigated her past, he knew what she had done before and that her institution was already making money.

The only thing which surprised him was that she had a pair of skillful hands that could weave a lot of small things to be sold on the Internet, and she said that her business was doing rather well.

All of the little gifts she gave him were nicely done, and he really liked them after taking one glance at them.

Whenever the senior management from the company or other company owners had a business discussion with him and saw the little animals on his desk, they would always ask him where he bought them.

"Dylan, when we have children in the future, regardless of their gender, we must let them learn some martial arts."

"Yeah," Dylan muttered. "All the children in our family have to learn self-defense skills, even Alice."

As Alice was the baby the elders had anticipated for a long time, and her safety was everyone's biggest concern.

Despite a bunch of bodyguards and nannies, it was better to rely on herself, and learning self-defense was much more reliable than bringing a couple of bodyguards.

That information surprised Kendall, who thought that Alice would be an exception.

"If we have children, I wish our children would do better than me. At least they should have a childhood and not end up like me. When I look back on my childhood years now, besides learning, there's nothing else and not a bit of happiness from being a child."

Especially since children had to attend all sorts of tuition and hobby classes occupying their holidays. As a result, they grew up in an uptight yet highly stressful learning environment. Dylan even thought that because of his insanely packed schedule as a child, he wished that his children would have time to themselves just to relax when appropriate.

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"All of these are too far ahead. Let's talk about it once we have children," Dylan said in a self-deprecating manner.

Kendall wanted them to have children earlier in life, but when she considered the current state of affairs, she swallowed back her words.

Both of them had agreed not to have a child for now, but of course, if she became pregnant because of that one time last night, then she would give birth to the baby.

However, she felt that it happened during her safe period and was only one time, so she wouldn't get pregnant.

After they strolled around a little longer, they returned to the hotel to rest for the night.

The happy weekend came to an end very quickly, and when Monday came, everyone either went back to work or school, returning to their daily lives.

As Kendall wanted to visit her parents, she left the house early, and today, her husband would be accompanying her back home.

By the time they reached Parker Residence, it was only 7.00AM. So it was coincidentally time for Adam to have his breakfast.

In the past, it was always the servants who prepared breakfast, but because Kelly had hurt her adopted parent's feelings from what she said, she hadn't left the mansion for the past couple of days and was trying her best to patch up her relationship with them. Hence, she woke up early today and personally prepared a delicious breakfast for them.

The moment she heard footsteps resonating from the staircase, she walked out of the kitchen with an apron and smiled when she saw Adam. "Morning, Dad. I just made breakfast."

"In the past, you used to hate the smell of cooking in the kitchen. So why did you force yourself to prepare breakfast for us?" Adam asked flatly.

Kelly continued smiling as she said, "People change. Now, I really like to prepare breakfast for you and Mom. Is she awake yet?"

"She doesn't have to go to work, so she's not waking up so early. So don't disturb her, and let her rest a little longer." His tone was still a little stoic. "For the past couple of days, she didn't rest well at all."

Even after they had found and acknowledged their biological daughter, they had poured out real emotions when raising Kelly as their own for more than twenty years, and now that she had hurt her feelings so badly, there was no way she could sleep well at night.

"Sir, Miss Kelly." A servant rushed over, and after seeing them, she said anxiously, "Sir, M-Master Dylan is here again!"

The servants in the Parkers' household were still terrified of Dylan's aloof attitude despite knowing that he was Kendall's husband.

A startled Adam asked, "Is he alone? Isn't Kendall with him?"

She gave him a nervous nod. "Miss Kendall is here as well."

Adam breathed a sigh of relief. As long as both of them come together, then they're not here to complain.

If Dylan were ever to hear this from Adam, he would surely inquire when he had ever appeared just to complain?

When Kelly saw Adam personally welcoming the couple, she grabbed the apron and tugged so hard at it as though she wanted to tear it to shreds.

In the past, Adam looked at her with pride and loved her the most. But now, when he heard that Kendall was here, he stepped down from his high horse as an elder and welcomed them in person.

She merely married a paralyzed eunuch, she thought. What's so great about that? So what if Kendall is now the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family? The women in that family aren't people to be trifled with. Her tough days are still ahead.

There was no way she would believe Kendall would be willing to spend the rest of her life with an impotent man.

While Kendall pushed Dylan into the house, Ronnie and the others had their hands full of other things. Those were the gifts Amos had prepared for Dylan because he thought that the couple shouldn't return to Kendall's home empty-handed.

"Hi, Dad," Kendall greeted sweetly when she saw Adam welcoming them.

"Dad," Dylan greeted solemnly as well.

Initially, Adam really wanted to hide his emotions, but he couldn't hold them back, and a smile appeared on his face. So, he decided to give up the ruse and smiled freely.

"Yeah, welcome. You probably haven't had breakfast yet. What good timing! You should join us for breakfast."

When he saw the bodyguards carrying so many things, he asked, "Just come in. Why did you bring so many things with you? We aren't lacking anything at home."

At the very least, the Parkers were a wealthy family that really didn't lack anything.

As Kendall pushed her husband and followed her father into the house, she smiled and said, "That's what I said, that we don't have to bring so many things, but Dylan kept insisting. He said that it's the first time we're returning together, so we shouldn't come back empty-handed."

Back then, she either came back alone or with Dylan's bodyguards.

"This is courtesy," Dylan said softly.

Adam chuckled. "You're too kind, Dylan."

"Dad, is Mom still sleeping?"

"Once she hears your voice, she will be downstairs in less than ten minutes."

The only comfort for the Parker couple was their biological daughter was becoming more sensible and closer to them.

"Hi, Dylan and Kendall," Kelly greeted them at the entrance to the dining room because she didn't dare to get close to Dylan.

For some reason, she was terrified of this man even though she had no argument with him. Her legs would turn into jelly and tremble whenever his icy cold eyes stared at her.

"I've just made breakfast. Both of you must not have eaten yet, have you? Let's—Ugh!"

Before she could even finish speaking, she suddenly retched and quickly covered her mouth as she dashed into the bathroom.

All of a sudden, the living room fell into pin-drop silence.

"Dad, I'm going to check on Kelly," Kendall said, breaking the silence.

Soon, she was in the bathroom, and she even locked the door while Kelly was sprawled over the washbasin, retching nonstop.

Kendall crossed her arms, leaned against the door, and watched as Kelly threw up violently. "Your reaction is really strong," she pointed out with a faint smirk. "Hasn't it only been five or six weeks?"

"What nonsense are you spouting?" Kelly asked in a low growl traced with hate after forcefully stopping

her retching.

"Aren't you pregnant with Jackson Whittle's child? Do you think you can keep this from me?"

Kendall sauntered closer as she uncrossed her arms from her chest and placed them on Kelly's shoulders. "I'm the one who told Mom about your pregnancy," she whispered next to her ears.

Kelly wanted to shove Kendall away but she saw that coming. So, she merely leaned to the side and avoided the blow.

"Kendall Parker, so you're the one who told Mom and Dad about this!" Kelly glared at her with daggers in her eyes and wanted to strangle Kendall with every fiber of her being. Still, very quickly, her expression changed, and she started mocking Kendall instead, "You're just jealous and spiteful, aren't you? You once loved Jackson so much and thought of marrying him, but unfortunately, he didn't love you. The only reason he dated you was because I showed you courtesy. After all, I took over your position and enjoyed the love from your biological parents, and I feel that I owe you. Master Dylan and you...Hmph, both of you will never have a child. Kendall Parker, you're just jealous and spiteful."

All Kendall felt was amusement in the face of Kelly's yapping. Why does everyone think that I'm pitiful to have married Dylan when I've clearly married a wonderful man?

"So what if Jackson really loves you? He'll be having his wedding in just a few more days, and the bride isn't you, Kelly Parkson. Even if you're pregnant with his child, it's destined to be a bastard once it's born!"

In both lifetimes, it couldn't change its destiny as a bastard. Some things would remain the same even if she were reborn.

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The look on Kelly's face turned incredibly unpleasant.

"Did Jackson persuade you to be magnanimous for the sake of his family and ask you to give birth to this baby? Once he becomes the head of the Whittle Family and is influential, he'll divorce Krystal Caddel and marry you? Did he say that even if he marries Krystal, he will definitely not touch her and keep his body chaste for you?"

The sarcasm from Kendall stunned her, but quickly, she reached out and tried to grab Kendall. However, Kendall avoided her, and no matter how many times she tried, she couldn't get a hold of her.

Then, she recalled Kendall saying that she had learned martial arts before and was quite skilled. That was why Jackson got beaten up by her.

Hence, she gave up trying to grab her and lifted her hand to rake it through her hair instead. After she straightened her clothes in front of the mirror so that she looked presentable, she turned back to Kendall and said in ridicule, "Kendall, you're still in love with Jackson, aren't you? He was the person you wanted to marry back then, even at the expense of your own life, so how could you let him go within a short period of one month? Jackson asked you out privately, did he? And he's the one who said all those things to you, I suppose?"

Kelly gave Kendall a once-over, she wasn't sure whether it was just her imagination or Kendall truly seemed even prettier than before, and her elegance was now a notch higher.

Kendall was dressed in a formal black suit with a skirt, paired with a pair of mid-high heels that were

studded with diamonds. Although she was dressed unobtrusively without a single piece of jewelry, she was undeniably beautiful. In addition, her big, bright eyes were full of energy and brimming with confidence.

That's right, Kelly thought. Kendall is different and more beautiful now because of her confidence.

"Kendall, it seems like Master Dylan is treating you very well. Within such a short period, you seemed like a different person now. Right, as the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family, you don't even have a diamond ring. How inconspicuous!"

Instead of flying into a rage as Kelly hoped, Kendall merely chuckled. "Kelly Parker, you don't have to try to provoke me. I don't like jewelry, not that I don't have any. My husband doesn't give me jewelry set by set, but by the dozens, and he even instructed Amos to empty out a room as my jewelry room, especially for the jewelry he gave me. Toward Jackson Whittle..." Despite the faint smile on Kendall's face, her eyes had a look of hate in them as she whispered, "How can I forget him?"

There was never a second when she forgot the things Jackson and Kelly did to her and her daughter.

At first, Kelly wanted to throw a few pompous comments, but when she caught sight of the hostility in Kendall's gaze, she couldn't bring herself to say anything like that as she was filled with questions.

Actually, Jackson hadn't done anything over the line to Kendall, so why did she despise him so much?

This loathing wasn't a result of deep love, but a true form of hate, as though Jackson had destroyed her ancestral tomb or had murdered her parents.

"This Saturday is the wedding of Jackson and Krystal. What are you planning to do? Watch in vain as the father of your child marries someone else? Or, are you going to abort this baby?"

Kendall changed her expression in a second, appearing to be very concerned as she asked Kelly, who was seething in fury but couldn't do anything to her.

The woman before her now was no longer the village girl who had arrived a year ago.

Now, she had already blended into this family, and her parents trusted her deeply. Furthermore, she even had Dylan's backing.

"This is none of your business, so just stay out of it. You told Mom and Dad about my pregnancy, so they'll be disappointed in me. You've already succeeded. Kendall Parker, I know why you're doing this; you're just jealous that Mom and Dad love me, and even if you're their biological daughter, I am the one they brought up tentatively like a princess since I was young. You can't erase the amount of effort and care they have given me. So what, even if you're married to Master Dylan? Everyone knows what's his problem, and it's only a matter of time before you're driven out of the Coleman Family. When that time comes..." Kelly trailed off and chuckled. "Kendall, I've always gotten whatever I wanted!"

Parker Corporation, all assets of the Parker Family, and the love of her adopted parents—she wanted all of them.

"Oh, really? Then, it will be fascinating to watch you fail," Kendall sniggered. "Can you still focus on your job in your current state? Do you have the guts to let others know that you're pregnant before marriage? Once the news that you're pregnant with Jackson's child gets out, will Krystal Caddel let you off? Kelly, don't underestimate a woman's jealousy."

After Kendall said her piece, she turned around, opened the bathroom door, and strolled out, leaving Kelly stewing in anger with balled fists and resentful eyes.

Unfortunately, she wasn't sure if she should hate Kendall or Jackson because the person who landed her in this difficult situation was Jackson.

No, Kendall had a part in this, too. If it weren't for Kendall's sudden change of heart, she wouldn't be pregnant out of wedlock now.

Why did Kendall suddenly become a changed person? Can she be a different person who underwent plastic surgery? Maybe the real Kendall Parker is already dead.

A seed of doubt started to sprout in Kelly's heart as she recalled the recent changes with Kendall. The longer she thought about it, the more confident she was that the real Kendall was dead, and the one now was an imposter.

The fake Kendall must have undergone surgery a long time ago to look like Kendall and waited for the chance to get rid of the real Kendall so that she could take her place. But, of course, what she wanted was none other than all of the Parkers' wealth.

She even got chummy with Dylan, and maybe, he was in cahoots with the fake Kendall.

At the thought of this, Kelly spat indifferently, "The real cannot be faked. So, Kendall Parker, just wait. I'll rip off the fake mask that you're wearing."

It would be easy to find out if she was an imposter—just rip out a few of Kendall's hair and find an opportunity to get a few pieces of Charlotte's hair as well, then she could do a DNA paternity test.

With the result of the paternity test, she would be able to deal with the fake Kendall.

Kelly thought that she had come up with a good idea to deal with Kendall, so her mood immediately brightened as she washed her face in the bathroom before leaving.

In the dining room, the Parker couple enthusiastically invited Kendall and Dylan to try the breakfast that Kelly had woken up early in the morning and put a lot of effort into preparing.

Nevertheless, Dylan merely said emotionlessly, "I've already had breakfast. You guys go ahead."

He couldn't be bothered to try the breakfast Kelly had prepared. In all honesty, he hadn't had breakfast yet because he left the house early today and didn't have the time to eat.

When Amos went after them and asked them to pack some food to eat at the office, he turned down his suggestion.

Kendall stole a quick peek at him and quickly understood the reason he lied.

"Mom, Dad, go ahead and eat first. I would like to have a hot breakfast today, so I'm going to fry some eggs and sausages," she said as she rose to her feet and entered the kitchen.

The breakfast Kelly prepared was a cold breakfast. As Kendall grew up in a village, the breakfast in the village wasn't as expensive as it was in the Parker and Coleman household, as she had either oatmeal porridge or blood sausages. Therefore, after she returned to the Parker Family, it took her quite a while to stomach the cold breakfast that they usually partook in.

Dylan's eyes lit up because he knew that she couldn't bear to see him starve, so she came up with the excuse that she wanted to have a hot breakfast and went to prepare breakfast for him.

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It seemed like Kendall preferred a hot breakfast or noodles and such, and he had seen her enjoying those for breakfast countless times.

Even after she became the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family, her daily habits and likes didn't change despite the change in her status.

Dylan had said that she didn't have to mask herself since he had already seen her violent side.

Just then, Kelly walked in and flashed Charlotte a sweet smile accompanied by an even sweeter greeting, "Good morning, Mom."

Charlotte acknowledged it nonchalantly, and when her gaze brushed past Kelly, the delighted expression she had because of the return of her biological daughter immediately slipped off her face.

However, she didn't say anything because Kelly had declared that she would take care of her own affairs, and they didn't have to worry about her.

Whatever, Charlotte thought. At the end of the day, she's not our biological daughter, and if she wants us to stay out of it, then we'll stay out of it. After this, I should just focus on my real daughter, she consoled herself. When she didn't look at Kelly, she was able to take things better.

"Where's Kendall?"

Kelly pretended not to know that Kendall was cooking in the kitchen as she asked her parents with a

smile before sliding into a seat next to Charlotte.

As she did so, she accidentally caught sight of Dylan across from her and saw him sitting there like an ice sculpture with a stoic expression. Despite that, he was still incredibly gorgeous.

As though he had sensed her gaze on him, he abruptly turned and looked in her direction, and his icy and piercing eyes startled her so much that she quickly averted her gaze, not daring to meet his eyes anymore.

Kelly was terrified of him, and he knew about it.

Once, Kendall even suspected that Kelly was suffering from a traumatic experience after she failed to seduce him in bed.

That made him so mad that he didn't even know where to begin his argument.

"Kendall said that she would like to have a hot breakfast."

The one who answered her was Adam, who turned to his son-in-law with a smile. He wanted to invite Dylan for breakfast, but earlier, he said that he had already eaten at home, yet he took a seat in front of them.

In his heart, Adam felt that he was about to go nuts. Now it made sense why Kendall cried so many times after discovering that she was forced to marry Dylan.

Simply because Dylan was a really tough person to get along with.

Even though he didn't want to eat, he still sat in front of them, making them feel uneasy as they ate.

"Dylan, I made too much food. Will you finish half of it for me?"

There was no doubt that the person who saved the Parkers from their unease was Kendall, and she left the kitchen with two plates of hot, fresh food, placing one of them in front of Dylan.

All three Parkers turned their eyes at him simultaneously.

The hot breakfast Kendall prepared was scrumptious, and just the look of it was mouthwatering.

"Don't cook so much if you can't eat so much."

Despite appearing as though he was complaining about his wife for making too much food, his hand didn't stop moving, picking up the fork and starting to eat.

His table manners were very gentlemanly, and watching him eat was a type of enjoyment that could easily lure out a person's gluttonous side.

Even though he was just having a simple plate of English breakfast, he looked like he was enjoying some delicacy.

When Kendall saw that he started eating after a minor complaint, she smirked and started on her breakfast as well.

The couple ate with so much relish that Adam couldn't help but swallow his saliva at the sight. He had

tried his daughter's cooking a few times before, and they were delicious.

She only knows to prepare a portion for her husband but not for me, her father. My dear daughter, your husband is the only one in your heart after you married him, Adam grumbled silently in his heart while he ate the cold breakfast his elder daughter had prepared.

"Ugh!"

After Kelly had just finished a glass of milk, she retched again and immediately dashed for the bathroom. Those series of actions made Charlotte's face turn dark.

"Have some water, Dylan." Kendall poured two glasses of water and passed one to him, saying, "Your breakfast is usually simple and nutritious. I'm so sorry you have to help me with my food today."

Although her cooking was delicious, it tended to be a little oily. Of course, she was used to it, but she still worried that Dylan might not be used to food like this so early in the day.

When they noticed how considerate their daughter was toward her husband, the Parkers gave each other a look and didn't know what to think.

"Mom, about Kelly's pregnancy... Will she keep the baby or abort it? What is the Whittle Family's stance on this?" Kendall asked, even though she knew what was happening.

She broached this sore subject mainly because she wanted to know if her parents were as disappointed in Kelly as she wished after discovering that she was pregnant out of wedlock.

Charlotte snorted coldly. "She will take care of her own affairs. Since we're not her real parents, we

don't have the right to be involved in her affairs. It's up to her whether she would like to keep or abort it, and whether or not the Whittle Family answers is also her own business."

Clearly, they were utterly disappointed in Kelly.

"What a waste of all the love I showered on her. She just... It remains a fact that she's not my biological daughter," Charlotte lamented sadly.

"Mom." Kendall got up and took a seat next to her, consoling, "Don't be mad. Kelly has a point. Everyone involved is already an adult who can bear the consequences. Since she can take care of it herself, just let her handle it. Save your worries, and you can live a happier and easier life."

Charlotte gazed at her biological daughter and knew that she would be elated if Kendall were the one who was pregnant. Unfortunately...

She sighed heavily and patted Kendall's hand gently, saying, "I know that. It's getting late and about time for you and Dylan to go to work. In the future, you don't have to come over so early in the day when you're busy with your career. It breaks my heart to see you work yourself to the bone. If you're free on weekends, come and visit us. Otherwise, the weather is hot now, and you have no reason to come here and get caught in the heatwave."

Kendall and Dylan responded warmly to Charlotte's advice and chatted a little longer with them.

As they conversed happily, it didn't take Kendall long to realize that Kelly was still stuck in the bathroom, and she reckoned that things were progressing as she wanted. In addition, she had already thrown her sarcastic remarks at Kelly. Hence, she left the Parker Residence with Dylan, exhilarated by the success of her revenge and her mother's loving advice.

Charlotte stood at the villa's entrance and watched as a group of luxurious cars left in a magnificent but low-key manner.

"If Kendall had married a regular man, I could've visited her every day, but she married into the Coleman Family instead... Until now, the Colemans haven't said anything yet. Adam, our daughter's life in the Coleman Family will be challenging."

Charlotte's heart was filled with worry because a marriage that wasn't approved was destined to be turbulent in the days after the marriage. Although Dylan had made an official announcement, there was still no reaction from the Coleman elders, and they didn't even make any arrangements to meet the couple.

"Kendall had chosen this path herself," Adam said in a low voice. "Take it easy. It will get better. Dylan is protective of her, and she's also putting in an effort. I believe that one day, the entire Coleman household will love our daughter." Then, he paused and added, "I'm going to work, too."

"In the company, take more care of Kendall. She started too late, and I wonder how long it will take her to be as independent as Kelly. Kelly is... Sigh, let's not bother about her. She has her own parents to worry about her."

Adam placed an arm around her shoulders, and the couple walked toward the garage together.

"Kendall is much smarter than we think. She picks things up quickly and has excellent memory. Give her some time, and she'll be able to handle situations independently. As for Kelly, if she decides to give birth to that bastard in her womb, I'm planning to transfer her to the branch office in Albarife so she can manage the branch and give birth there."

Chapter 300

Albarife was 4 hours away from Orapolis by plane, and the branch at Albarife was newly built. They also recruited the management from the talent market, so no one would know Kelly. Even if she were pregnant, they would have never thought that her child was born out of wedlock. So moving her to Albarife was considered a way to protect her.

However, had she stayed at Orapolis, the truth would come to light sooner or later. By then, Jackson would most likely be considered promiscuous, and what he did was merely a pre-marital mistake. So long as he showed his loyalty to Krystal, he could easily resolve his so-called crisis, as Krystal had long been fascinated by him.

Adam knew Jackson was a *homme fatale*, specifically born to scourge girls. Not only both of his daughters had been involved with him, but his adopted daughter was also pregnant with his child. If someone exposed the matter, only Kelly would be destroyed.

Others would accuse her of meddling in Jackson and Krystal's marriage and even be called a vixen and shameless person. This would devoid her of any hope of marrying a good family in the future. Regardless of how disappointed Adam was, Kelly was his adopted daughter, whom he had raised for more than 20 years, and he instinctively wanted to protect her.

"She is..." Shirley wanted to comment when she inexplicably remembered the bizarre twists and turns dream Kendall had told her. In Kendall's dream, Kelly was also pregnant around the same time, and the child was, of course, Jackson's. The only difference between that dream and reality was that Kelly meddled in Kendall and Jackson's marriage.

In that dream, Kelly's illegitimate son was about the same age as Kendall's daughter. Shirley remembered that in Kendall's dream, Shirley and Adam died in an accident, but in fact, it was a manufactured accident controlled by Kelly. Moreover, Kendall's daughter was not Jackson's, so Jackson and Kelly killed that child...

"Adam, don't worry about Kelly. She said she could handle it herself, so just let her be. She's an ungrateful girl who will never learn to be thankful no matter how nicely you treat her, and she might even harm us in the future when it suits her." Kendall's dream killed all the sorry feelings Shirley had for her adoptive daughter.

Adam looked at her while she continued saying, "We should instead worry about our biological daughter. Do you know a doctor who specializes in male diseases? We should find one for our son-in-law so our daughter can get pregnant with our grandchildren."

He was a bit speechless when he heard that. "Well... the Colemans are more well connected than us." In other words, if they could cure Dylan's physical issues, they would have been cured long ago. Shirley knew what her husband said was true; in that instant, her expression darkened, and she let out a sigh of depression. Children were the true debtors of every parent in the world!

It was precisely one minute before Kendall would be considered late for work. She hurriedly swiped her company card and let out a long sigh of relief after ensuring she was right on time.

"Good morning, Miss Parker."

"Morning."

Kendall walked into the building, and whenever she saw her colleagues, she would nod and greet them. After she finished her fried noodles, she drank a large glass of warm water and felt like going to the bathroom.

She saw many people waiting in front of the elevator, so she did not join the crowd; instead, she turned and walked toward the ladies on the first floor. Not long after she entered the bathroom, she heard several people enter while talking. Their voices were still very low at first, but as soon as they entered the bathroom, they no longer suppressed the volume of their voices, thinking it was safe there.

She heard someone say, "Have all of you heard? Miss Parker was able to seal the deal because she had a sexual relationship with Mr. Dawson. I knew something wasn't right when she was able to do that; she's a newcomer with no working experience and definitely not proficient in the work like us."

Oh, this is something related to me. At once, Kendall took out her mobile phone and started recording the conversation.

"Ms. Kelly was in charge of the transaction, but Mr. Dawson insisted that Miss Parker sign the contract. Who would believe it even if those two deny any sexual relationship between them?"

"Is Mr. Dawson still working at Prestige Electronics? It is one of the subsidiaries of Coleman Empire Holdings, so if Master Dylan wanted to take action against Mr. Dawson, it would be as easy as killing an ant."

"Master Dylan is a wittol for sure. But, this is still the beginning; I'm sure there will be other men in the future."

"Such a waste; Master Dylan has a handsome face. Someone saw him the other day when he came

around to pick Miss Parker from work. I heard he is more handsome than in the newspaper. Too bad that something's wrong with his manhood. Miss Parker is still so young and beautiful; do you think she can really stand this? I believe even if he knows she is cheating on him, he will still pretend everything is fine."

"Hmm... how come I heard a different version of the story? My version is that she managed to seal the deal because she won the drinking game with Mr. Dawson, then only Mr. Dawson agreed to cooperate with our company. Then, as he was too drunk to even go home, Miss Parker booked a room for him, but she did not send him back to the hotel room. Where did you get your news from?"

Finally, someone who showed some skepticism on the bizarre story. Kendall was also curious—who had been spreading false and insulting information about her? Kelly or Cameron?

"Well, Cameron told Karen. As all of you know, Cameron is Vice President Parker's secretary, and she also followed the Vice President to meet Mr. Dawson. You can assume that whatever she said holds true. What you heard is false. After all, Kendall is the biological daughter of President Parker. Doesn't it occur to you that Miss Parker wanted to save her image?"

"That's right! She would have never admitted that she had a sexual relationship with Mr. Dawson, would she?"

"President Parker will be so angry if he finds out."

"Who dares to let him know? Do you want to be laid off?"

"Master Dylan is impotent, and his wife can't bear to be lonely. I bet she keeps changing her sex partner—the f*ck! Who—oh, it's you, Miss Parker."

Kendall could not bear listening to the conversation anymore. She walked out of the toilet cubicle, turned on the tap, and sprayed water on the people who slandered her behind her back. As soon as the women saw her, their expressions changed drastically. Some hurriedly left, thinking that if they left at that instant, Kendall would not be able to see their faces clearly and hence would not be able to settle the score with them.

"Miss P-Parker. We heard that from Karen, and it was Cameron who told Karen about it."

The women knew they had to face the music, given that Kendall caught them red-handed. So, without having to force them, they meekly told Kendall the truth; they admitted that the source of the rumor was Cameron.

Cameron had been disrespectful toward Kendall in the elevator to protect the Vice President. So, Kendall slapped Cameron in front of Kelly and warned Cameron that if she heard any rumors about herself in the future, she would settle the scores with Cameron.

"Come out!" Kendall scolded them with a cold face, "Confront Cameron with me. Now." After she said that, she turned and strode toward the elevator entrance.

The women looked and pushed each other; none of them was willing to follow Kendall. Finally, when she realized that the women were not following her, she halted her steps, turned around, and asked coldly, "Do you want to protect Cameron and be charged with slandering me?" The women shook their heads incessantly and had no choice but to scurry over; it was not a time to feel embarrassed or afraid.

After Cameron made coffee for Kelly and herself, she returned to the desk with the brewed coffee. The

moment she sat down, she saw Kendall walking toward her with several women. Cameron inexplicably felt guilty and flustered at the sight.