

Kendalls 311

Chapter 311

He saw that the security guard had thrown the flowers out.

After he kept his binoculars away, he took out his phone, ready to call his master.

Tap. Tap.

Someone was tapping hard on his window.

He turned to look out the window and saw that it was a kid that looked to be about seven years old.

Where did this kid come from?

The man rolled down his window and scolded, "Kiddo, go somewhere else to play."

The kid said to him, "Sir, there's a deck of cash under your car. Did you drop them?"

A deck of cash?

It surprised him to hear that.

However, after hearing that money was under his car, he placed his phone down casually, opened the door, and left the car.

"Kiddo, where's the money?"

The kid pointed in the direction under the car and said, "There."

Then, he ran off.

The man squatted down and checked under the car. There's nothing here.

That brat pulled a prank on me.

Just as he was about to stand, his vision turned dark. He had been wrapped in a sack, then pushed against the car before punches, one after another, landed on his body.

The man's instinct was to fight back, but he was trapped by the sack, which restricted his ability to resist. Plus, the other party had a few men, so he could do nothing but get beaten up and let out low grunts.

After those people gave him a good beating, they finally let him go.

It took him some time to remove the sack. The man was actually a bodyguard of the Mendelson family.

He placed his hands on the car, supporting himself to stand. His face was swollen in just a few minutes, and his lips and nose were bleeding.

Those people are a harsh bunch.

The bodyguard guessed that his cover had been blown, and someone had noticed that he had been

watching Parker Corporation. It was most likely Master Dylan's men.

Hence, he did not dare to stay any longer. After he carelessly wiped his blood away, he got into his car in a hurry, only to realize that they had taken his binoculars and car keys away. Not only that, all four tires of his vehicle were flat.

The tires were all punctured with huge holes.

The bodyguard was rendered speechless by how thorough they were.

In the last few minutes, he got beaten up, his binoculars and car keys were taken away, and they deliberately punctured his tires.

Master Dylan's people are indeed an efficient bunch!

He quickly called his master.

When Frank answered the call, the man said in a low voice, panicking, "Mr. Mendelson, I was careless and had been discovered while working. They even put a sack over me and beat me up, took away the binoculars and car keys, as well as punctured all the tires."

Frank's gaze flickered and turned darker as he said coldly, "Come back."

He's too careless. How could he let the people from our enemy discover him?

We're getting off on the wrong foot here.

This was the first time Frank asked his man to watch Kendall because he just wanted to know if she would accept the flowers. But his man was discovered instead.

It seemed that Dylan had gotten his men to protect Kendall secretly.

Back then, it was right that he had only asked his men to watch over Amelia and not Kendall.

"I'll get someone to pick you up."

Frank changed his mind, afraid that Dylan's people still had tricks up their sleeves. His man had already gotten a beating earlier, and he could not go through that once again.

"Thanks, Mr. Mendelson."

After the call ended, Frank called someone to go to Parker Corporation to pick up the man who he had assigned to watch over Parker Corporation.

Then, he stood up from his bed and left the resting room.

He walked over to the ceiling-to-floor window, frustrated while he looked at the blue sky.

He wanted to smoke a cigarette, so he checked his pockets but did not bring any with him.

He headed to his desk and opened his drawer, taking a packet of cigarettes out from it. He took a stick from the pack, lit it up, and inhaled. Nonetheless, he extinguished the cigarette in the ashtray at the thought of something."

"My baby girl is still young and doesn't like the smell of cigarettes," Frank murmured softly.

At the thought of his daughter, he sat down on his black chair instead of walking over to the window again and reached for a photo frame at the corner of his desk.

There was a photo, or to be more exact, a sketch of a baby, displayed on the photo frame.

The baby girl and how she looked was the imagination of Frank, who then drew her portrait and made it into a picture before framing it.

His slender fingers caressed her face while his rugged features seemed to have softened. His charming eyes were now filled with yearning for the child.

"Baby girl," Frank called out softly.

"Your mommy married someone else. What should we do? We must find a way to get Mommy back, so the three of us can be a family again."

The baby girl in the photo had a gleeful smile plastered on her face. Anyone who caught a glimpse of her adorable appearance would soften and coo.

"Baby girl, have you ever existed before, or are you just a figment of my imagination all along?"

Sometimes, Frank felt that he was being overly stubborn on this matter, so obstinate that he thought he was mad.

Even if he had asked the doctor to perform a check-up on Kendall, which confirmed that she was still a virgin and had never given birth before, Frank was unwilling to wake up from his dream.

A voice in his head kept telling him that the baby truly existed and that she was their daughter.

He had the same dream over and over again. There, he could not resist Kendall and took advantage of her when she was drunk. He even dreamed that she was pregnant.

She's pregnant after we slept together, so wouldn't that mean she was carrying my baby?

So, the baby girl must be my daughter!

He tried to get a word out of Kendall too, and her reaction told him that the baby truly existed in this world!

"Baby girl, no matter what the truth is and how twisted it is, I will find you and bring you back to my side again! I love you more each day and want to hug you so you can feel my love for you."

Ever since Frank had that strange dream, he would take a few more looks at other people's children when he saw them in real life.

Other people's babies reminded him of his baby girl.

Kendall was sneezing non-stop inside Parker Corporation.

At Coleman Empire Holdings, Dylan received news that Frank got his man to watch over Kendall.

"Has it been dealt with?" Dylan asked Ronnie coldly.

Ronnie quickly answered, "Yes. The bodyguard from the Mendelson family got a good beating from us after we put a sack on him."

Then, he laid the car keys and binoculars that his colleagues had delivered to him in front of Dylan.

"These are his car keys and binoculars."

Dylan glanced at those two items and asked coldly again, "What about the car?"

"We punctured all four tires, and the car is still parked in the same spot."

"Get a trailer to tow the car to Mendelson Group and return it to Frank."

Frank would understand what Dylan meant.

Kendall is my wife. Whoever wants to lay a hand on her would be my enemy!

Wait, Frank has been my arch nemesis for a long time.

He's the one person who would wish the worst for me.

Dylan would not think that Frank was trying to get to him by taking advantage of Kendall. But, judging from how Frank treated her, he was not doing it for his benefit.

"I'll get it done right away."

Dylan said nothing and just picked up the two items, taking a brief look before he threw them back to Ronnie and instructed in a low voice, "Crush them and send the crumbs over to Mendelson Group. Hand it over to Frank personally."

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Ronnie received the items and said respectfully, "Yes, sir."

He left the office and started to make the arrangements right away.

According to Dylan's orders, he crushed the keys and binoculars, then had its powder sent over to Mendelson Group.

When Ronnie arrived at the company, it was already working hours for the employees.

The trailer, which towed the car with four flat tires over, was just a minor matter, and it would not reach Frank.

However, Frank's secretary received word that Dylan's personal bodyguard wanted to meet Frank.

"Dylan's personal bodyguard wants to meet me? Which one?"

Although everyone in the Mendelson Group thought that the bodyguards' names were hilarious, none dared to make fun of their names right in front of them.

The secretary answered, "It should be Ronnie."

Frank frowned before he said coldly, "Ask him to come in."

Ronnie was Dylan's most trusted bodyguard, and he would be seen near Dylan wherever Dylan went.

A few minutes later, Ronnie strode into Frank's office behind the secretary.

Frank stopped working on his task at hand and watched as Ronnie entered his office with confident steps.

"Mr. Mendelson," Ronnie greeted Frank politely.

"Have a seat."

Frank treated Ronnie in the same manner.

Ronnie was dressed in a black suit and did not look like a bodyguard, be it from his appearance or temperament. Apparently, he came from a wealthy family too, but he chose to be a bodyguard.

"Thanks, Mr. Mendelson. Young Master Dylan wanted me to deliver something to you, and I will leave as soon as my task is complete."

Then, Ronnie placed a packet of powder on Frank's desk.

It puzzled Frank. He pointed to the packet of silvery powder and asked, "Dylan asked you to send this over to me? What is it?"

"It was a car key and a pair of binoculars."

Ronnie ignored how his answer made Frank's gaze turn gloomy as he continued, "Mr. Mendelson, I've handed the item personally to you and completed my task. I will be leaving now."

Then, Ronnie turned and unhesitatingly left the office.

His steps were calm, and his back was straight.

Although he was just Dylan's bodyguard, he was definitely much more charming than the average man.

On the other hand, Frank was staring at the packet of powder with a terrible expression on his face.

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On the other hand, Kelly wore a mask as she sat in a gynecologist's office in the hospital. The doctor was attending to another patient now, and it would be her turn later.

She was slightly nervous.

With the excuse of having a business meeting, she left the office, wanting to use this time to abort the baby.

A moment later, it was her turn.

"Doctor."

Kelly said softly, "I've been pregnant for about six weeks, but I don't want this baby. I can still take medication to abort the baby, can't I?"

The doctor initially had a kind look on her face, but her expression turned terrible when she heard Kelly's words and asked solemnly, "Does your husband agree to the abortion?"

Kelly was stunned for a moment before replying, "He does. Unfortunately, we are too busy with work, and this isn't the time for us to have a baby."

The doctor reprimanded, "If you don't plan on giving birth yet, the both of you should've used protection back then. Abortion is bad for your health as well."

Kelly lowered her head and stayed silent.

Jackson tricked her into sleeping with him back then.

After that, she did not take any contraceptive pills, but she did not expect that she would get pregnant.

The doctor asked her a few questions and said, "We'll let you get an ultrasound first to confirm your pregnancy period, then we will decide if you can get a medicated abortion."

"Okay."

"Think carefully again when you're getting the ultrasound. Young lady, work is important, but both of you were not careful back then, bringing the child into this world. It's a human life. Are you sure you want to give up on the baby?" The doctor tried to persuade Kelly while she filled in the form for Kelly to get an ultrasound.

Kelly just nodded but said nothing more.

If she and Jackson were married, she would be willing to put work aside for the time being for the baby.

Unfortunately, Jackson was about to get married to Krystal. As a result, Kelly's child would only be an illegitimate child.

She did not want to ruin her future for a child like this.

When the doctor saw how determined she was, she passed the form and stopped trying to convince her.

Kelly received the form and thanked the doctor before leaving under other people's gazes.

There were many people, and Kelly had to line up for her check-up and when she paid her fees.

While she was queueing up to pay, she thought about how Jackson was preparing for his wedding with Krystal happily, which made resentment fill her heart.

He ruined me and made me pregnant, but he is going to marry someone else for the sake of his future.

He gets all the good things to himself!

Initially, she wanted to abort the baby in secret, but she could not help herself and called Jackson at this moment.

It took him some time to answer her call, and he spoke in a hushed voice. It would not take a genius to figure out that he was with Krystal now.

"Kelly, what's up?"

Then, he continued, "If there's nothing urgent, I'll hang up now. I'm busy."

"What are you busy with? You're busy accompanying Krystal, aren't you?"

"Kelly."

Jackson's tone was filled with exasperation.

"Where are you now? Tell me."

"I-I'm at the jewelry store."

Kelly's eyes turned vicious upon hearing that.

She was lining up for a medical check-up, preparing to get an abortion, which would make her suffer, but he was out there, accompanying another woman at a jewelry store.

The vast difference and sharp contrast made Kelly squeeze her words through gritted teeth. "Jackson, I'm giving you a chance, so don't call me cruel afterward. I'm at the hospital now, waiting for a check-up and getting an abortion later. Get here in ten minutes, or I will abort our baby.

Then, she hung up the call, not giving Jackson a chance to reject or persuade her through the phone.

Jackson called her back right away.

Kelly did not answer the call, nor did she decline it. Instead, she just let it ring, which attracted the attention of the people around her, so she lowered the volume of her ringtone instead.

After a few attempts, Kelly still did not pick up his calls, so he texted her instead.

She read them, and his text revolved around asking her to calm down and not abort the baby because that is proof of their love.

Proof of our love? Pfft!

For this so-called proof of love, do I need to suffer through all the pain of childbirth and taking care of the kid while he gets to fool around with another woman?

In the luxury jewelry store, Krystal picked out a set of jewelry that she liked. When she wanted to ask Jackson for his opinion, she looked to her side and realized that Jackson was no longer there.

"Jackson? Jackson?" Krystal called out.

The sales assistant told her, "Miss Caddel, your husband rushed out soon after he received a call earlier."

Krystal quickly walked over to the door and saw that even Jackson's car was nowhere in sight. In an instant, her expression turned nasty as she took her phone out of her bag and called him.

When he answered the call, she suppressed her anger and asked, "Jackson, where are you going? Why didn't you tell me you were leaving?"

What can be more important than accompanying me, his future wife?

Krystal was very dissatisfied with Jackson's actions.

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"Krystal, I have something urgent to deal with. I can't accompany you. Once you've made up your mind, let me know. Send me the QR code, and I'll pay for it for you. It's my gift to you."

After Jackson said that, he hurriedly hung up the phone.

Then, he sped down the road.

He knew Kelly very well. If he did not arrive at the hospital in ten minutes, she would really abort the child.

That was his first child.

"Jackson, Jackson..." Krystal was hopping mad.

Before the two went out, her father-in-law had told them that Jackson would be on leave and not be allowed to return to work until after their wedding and honeymoon.

So, where was he going in a hurry?

She immediately thought that something was wrong and decided to call Tom.

"Dad." Her tone was sweet as she greeted him.

"Krystal, what's the matter?" Tom's tone was gentle as well.

Zorn Holdings was working together with Whittle Holdings. This was the advantage they received for getting Jackson to marry Krystal.

Although Zorn Holdings were in a bit of a crisis right now, they had a solid foundation. Moreover, Benjamin was also a formidable person. As a result, they believed that he would resolve the situation soon.

"Dad, Jackson left in a hurry and didn't tell me what was happening. Instead, he said he had something urgent to deal with. Did something happen in the company?"

Krystal had a concerned look on her face as she continued, "Jackson drove away very fast. I was so worried to see him driving like this. He's still on the road, so it's not convenient for me to call him and distract him."

Tom let out an 'oh' and began to cover for his son. "Something happened in the company that needs him to settle it immediately. I told him to come over. Krystal, it's my fault. I shouldn't have asked him to come and settle the company's business at this time."

When she heard that it was her father-in-law that had called Jackson, she breathed a sigh of relief and immediately became considerate.

"The company's matters are important as well. But, Dad, tell Jackson not to drive too fast later."

"Okay, I will remind him."

Then, the two exchanged a few pleasantries before ending the call.

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Kendall had received several messages.

After she read them, nothing changed except for the appearance of a sneer on her face.

Kelly finally chose to have an abortion. Yet, she was still dissatisfied. So, she told Jackson about it, and now he was rushing over to stop her.

Before that, he was with Krystal to pick out a ring at a jewelry store.

Kendall scoffed and thought about it. Then, she replied with a short text, 'Follow them. Take pictures.'

These would be her wedding gifts for Jackson and Krystal.

It would also be a fantastic gift for Kelly.

When she was reborn, she didn't have any powers. Therefore, she couldn't retaliate against her enemy. Nonetheless, she had been patient about it. She would patiently wait and let Jackson and Kelly lose everything they had now, little by little until they had nothing left. Then, they would be ruined and disgraced, like rats in the sewers.

When dealing with the enemy, death was an easy route. Death would be far too merciful for the likes of them.

However, that would be the greatest form of revenge when one played things slow and watched the enemy struggle in pain and despair.

Suddenly, her phone rang.

Amelia's caller ID flashed on the phone.

"Amy." Kendall was in a good mood when she picked up the phone.

"Kendall, are you busy? Am I disturbing your work?"

"A little. What's wrong?"

Amelia smiled and said, "Nothing much. I just wanted to invite you and Dylan over for dinner. Would you care to come over?"

"I'll always say yes to your invitation. But for you to invite Dylan as well, tell me, what's the reason behind this," Kendall replied with a smile.

"He gave me a good opportunity to capture so many handsome men, so I'm grateful to him. This is my way to show my gratitude," Amelia explained.

Kendall let out a sigh. She did not trust her friend's words.

Although Amelia was Kendall's good friend and Dylan would treat her respectfully out of courtesy, Amelia was just like Kelly. Amelia's knees would weaken at the sight of him. So for her to invite him to

dinner to repay him was more than suspicious!

"Oh, then I'll give him a call and get back to you on what he says. Tell me where you want to eat and give me the address. Then, we'll head over there ourselves."

"All right, you go check with him first. For me to invite Master Dylan to dinner, it obviously has to be at the Dynasty Hotel. That is the only place worthy of people like you two."

Kendall smiled and said, "Amy, stop teasing me."

"I'm not teasing you; it's the truth. Kendall, please help ask Master Dylan for me."

"I will. I'll give him a call first and get back to you later."

After she hung up the phone, Kendall smiled again and murmured to herself, "She must have taken a fancy on Ronnie."

Ronnie was Dylan's bodyguard; Amelia would be able to see Ronnie if she invited Dylan along for dinner.

Although she was used to being surrounded by handsome men as her hobby was photographing them, no man had ever once made an impact on her.

For this reason, Sophia had nagged Amelia a few times.

Sophia had arranged several blind dates for her, but it was to no avail.

Kendall knew that Amelia hated these blind dates. So Amelia would inquire in advance about what the upcoming blind date hated the most. Then, once they met, she would do everything the guy hated, and naturally, the guy would not pursue her.

When they were at the horse farm for a holiday, Kendall noticed that Amelia would take an additional few glances at Ronnie.

Aside from being Dylan's bodyguard, Ronnie was very good-looking. He could score a 95 on the appearance scale.

Kendall joked about it with Dylan before; wasn't he scared that he would be compared with a group of handsome men by his side?

Finally, she called him up to ask him about dinner.

Unfortunately, he refused without a second thought.

"You can go ahead and have dinner with her, Kendall. I don't want to." Then, he reminded his beloved wife, "You shouldn't lower your guard just because you two are friends."

"Dylan, you're overthinking it," Kendall said.

Amelia would tremble at the sight of Dylan. There was no way that she would dare to think about him in a different light, even if she were given a burst of courage for a day.

She wasn't afraid of taking photos of Frank, but when it came to Dylan, she wouldn't even spare him a glance. That showed how much she feared him.

"Even if that is the case, I still wouldn't eat with her."

Dylan rarely ate with the opposite gender except for his wife.

"All right, I'll tell Amy about it. Then, can I bring Ronnie along?"

"Has Ms. Taylor taken a fancy to Ronnie?"

Dylan had arranged for someone to guard Kendall, and she was well aware of that now. Yet, she insisted on taking Ronnie with her. Dylan immediately placed the pieces together and came to this conclusion.

When she heard his question, she giggled as she said, "I'm not quite sure yet, but I have my suspicions. I know Amelia very well. For her to take the initiative to invite the two of us for dinner, she must have her eye on someone. But I'm quite sure that the person isn't you. Amelia holds her principles very highly. She wouldn't go for a friend's husband. But, Dylan, Ronnie doesn't have a girlfriend or a fiancée, does he?"

"No, he doesn't."

Kendall let out a sigh of relief. "That's good. If Amy likes Ronnie and comes to me for help, I will be her wingman. Although Ronnie is your bodyguard, I think he's a decent man. He is capable and strong. Although he has a sullen face all day long like you, he is still meticulous and handsome. He's like a celebrity."

Dylan's face turned sour when he heard her praises for Ronnie. "If you give him a few more

compliments, I'm afraid he can no longer be my bodyguard in the future."

"You're jealous again!"

"Is your husband not good enough? Which part of me isn't strong enough? Am I not meticulous enough? Am I not handsome? Do I not resemble a celebrity as well?"

Kendall was rendered mute by his questions. Oops, I've made my husband extremely envious again. What should I do now?

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Dylan let out a loud and prolonged hum when he noticed that Kendall was unable to reply to his question.

Kendall immediately snapped back to her senses and promptly flattered, "In my heart, you are the best man in the world. You are capable in everything you do. You are one of a kind."

However, Dylan merely snorted at her flattery.

"Darling, I'm telling the truth."

"How true are your words?"

"They are as true as steel."

"How do I know if that steel is real?"

At once, Kendall was rendered speechless by his sharp retort.

"I have written you a love letter today."

She felt her scalp tingling when she heard his words. Although she knew that she was jumping from the frying pan and into the fire, she still took the initiative to suggest, "Darling, I will write you a love letter too, okay?"

"I didn't ask you to do it." Regardless, the prideful Dylan refused to admit that he would love to receive a love letter from her.

When Kendall sensed the jealousy in his words had pretty much diminished, she breathed a sigh of relief as she smiled and said in a gentler tone, "It is me who wants to write a love letter to you. No amount of words can ever describe my love for you. How about this? I will write you a love letter every week from now on, and I will keep writing until your hands are cramped from receiving them."

"I wonder who was the one who said she would send me gifts to the point my hands are cramped from receiving the gifts back then?" She has not prepared any gifts for me recently. Since I am used to receiving gifts from her, now that she did not give me any presents, I'm unused to the sudden lack of it.

When Kendall heard his complaint, she stammered, "B-But I have given you all of my valuable treasures." I had given him the several horoscopes statues that I brought with me when I got married into the Coleman Family. Not only that, I even gave him the wire dragon sculpture. Now that I am busy again, I really don't have any time to spare to make small gifts for him by myself.

"Wash yourself up well and wait for me on the bed tonight. I will reward you with something else to make up for today's gift."

The ambiguous tone in Kendall's words made Dylan's heart palpitate for a while. As husband and wife, we only had s*x for once. In fact, the night was way too dark when we first had s*x, and since it was our first time, we could not enjoy it much. I have long thought about it, but I held my desire back, thinking she still needed time to rest and recover her body.

"Which day have I not waited for you in bed?"

Kendall giggled, "I know you are the best! Besides my parents, the person whom I love the most in my life is you! I love you so much that I'll even prioritize you over our future children."

"You sure know how to cheer me up with flattery."

"What's the matter? Do you not like it? I cannot even hear you sweet talk me even if I want to." Dylan is used to being cold. Although he would occasionally say loving words to me, he would not express them as sweetly as others. Other ladies would probably be bored to death by now, but not me. I am someone who is easily satisfied. Honestly, I am not expecting too much from Dylan since it is already very rare for a man like him to be willing to write a love letter for me.

After he heard her, he remained silent for a while before saying, "Go ahead and get back to work. I'll be in a meeting soon, and I also have to attend a dinner party in the evening. So, I cannot send you to class. You ought to be more careful."

"Okay, Dylan. I will let you get back to your work. What a pity that I cannot accompany you to the dinner party."

Dylan let out a low chuckle. "Such a foodie you are. Fret not, for you have plenty more opportunities to attend dinner parties with me in the future." I have not attended a dinner party for a long time, and I am now socializing with people again, not just for business needs but also because of Kendall.

"Here! Let me give you a kiss," Kendall said coquettishly to the man over the phone. Shortly after, she made a loud lip-smacking sound on the phone.

Dylan's face beamed with joy.

After they ended the call, he was instantly full of drive and motivation to finish up his work for the day.

As for Kendall, she immediately replied to her best friend's text, 'Amy, Dylan is too busy, so he cannot spare his time, but I can. Also, Dylan cares about me, so he requested Ronnie to follow me and protect me. From what I think, he just worries too much. With my combat skills, ordinary thugs are not my opponents.'

Presently, she was still unsure whether Amelia had other thoughts or feelings about Ronnie. Nonetheless, she still needed to find a plausible reason to bring Ronnie along in order to not prevent Amelia from discovering that she was playing matchmaker.

Since Kendall felt that her life was fulfilled and every day was joyful, she also hoped that the people around her could also be as happy as she was.

Amelia smiled and said, "I am very much content to hear Master Dylan is willing to let you have dinner with me." What a domineering man! I cannot believe that he would even get jealous of me. Right now, I am delighted that I am a woman. If I were a man, I would probably be warned to keep a distance of three meters away from Kendall.

"Then, I'll meet you at our usual place?"

"Sure. See you then."

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Meanwhile, in Goldlake Villa area, a car slowly drove into a manor. As soon as the vehicle stopped,

Jackson got out of the car with a stern and gloomy-looking face.

Soon, he pulled Kelly out of the car as well.

"Mr. Whittle. Miss Parker," Amy, the maid, immediately greeted them.

"No one can enter the house without my permission!" After he instructed Amy, Jackson immediately dragged Kelly into the house.

As for Amy, she looked at their back silhouettes in bewilderment.

Jackson dragged Kelly into the house, pulled her to the couch, and pushed her to sit on the couch. However, he did remember that Kelly was pregnant. Therefore, he ensured his actions would not hurt her, even if they were harsh. In the meantime, Kelly looked like this was the norm—not the slightest hint of apprehension could be seen on her face.

Jackson wanted to reprimand her when he saw that she was giving him such an attitude, yet he found himself tongue-tied. In the end, he could only pace around the living room.

He continued to pace back and forth for several minutes before suddenly turning around and returning to Kelly's side. Then, he squatted down, grabbed her hand with both hands, and said seriously, "Kelly, trust me, okay? Everything that I do now—I am doing them all for our bright future. Do not kid around using our child ever again. This is our child. You love me, and I love you too, so this child is the product of our love."

Unfortunately, Kelly shook off his hand and sneered when she heard his declaration, "Product of love? You have no right to mention anything about the product of love! You let me conceive your child, yet

you want to marry another woman! Jackson, I can't stand such humiliation! Also, I cannot let this child affect my future. Because of you and this child, I have made my parents more and more disappointed in me. Kendall wished for me to give birth to this child so badly. In fact, she was the one who informed my parents about my pregnancy. She is now the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family. It is easy for her to learn about other people's secrets. Jackson, I am jealous. I am envious. I hate her! How is it possible that Kendall, a bumpkin, can rise so high in the social ladders and live better than me?!"

Once again, Jackson held her hand tightly and said helplessly, "Kelly, this is only temporary. It is really just temporary. You trust me, so you must believe in yourself too. We all know Kendall's true capability. She only gets to live so well simply because she rode Master Dylan's coattails. When Master Dylan is sick of her, not only will he not hold us accountable, but he would be grateful that we helped him deal with her even if we tear her to pieces."

Kelly replied agitatedly, "Master Dylan only treats her better and better as days pass now. How can he be tired of her? I am really annoyed. Do you know that Kendall wants to kick Cameron, my most trusted secretary, out of Parker Corporation? I have always thought that it would be easy for me to get hold of her, but reality seemed to tell me otherwise. My Dad still thinks I cannot retain my composure and is disappointed with me."

Whenever Kelly brought up the topic of her losing to Kendall, her facial expression would twist in hatred.

Finally, she added resentfully, "If I am to keep this child, my Dad will only rely more and more on Kendall at work and despise me. Actually, he may even transfer me away from the headquarters. I cannot let that happen. I have finally achieved my goals and worked hard to obtain the social standing that I have today, so I cannot admit defeat. I will never surrender everything I have to Kendall submissively!"

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"You only think about your career and your future. Have you never thought about our future? It was the same back then, either. We have long fallen in love with each other, but you were constantly reluctant to make our relationship public, making me feel like I had an affair every time we went on a date. Later, Kendall showed up, and because you knew she had feelings for me, you asked me to accept her feelings and pretended to be in love with her for the sake of your career and your ambition. Do you know how tired I was of putting on the façade? Not only that, you would secretly get jealous and criticize me if you saw I treat Kendall with even a hint of fondness. Finally, Kendall had no feelings for me and left me. But

just when I thought we could announce our relationship to the public—Kelly, what exactly do you see me as?" Jackson asked angrily.

I admitted that it was my fault that I had set Kelly up. Kelly complained that she couldn't stand for such embarrassment. Then, what about me? I, too, am unreconciled! And that's why I s*xually assaulted her first. Besides, apart from the first time when I drugged her and had s*x with her, I clearly remembered that all the s*x we had after that first time were consensual. In fact, she was even more passionate than me sometimes. Now that she is pregnant, I wish she could keep this child because not only is the child mine, but I also want this child to be born. From a long-term perspective, I can use this child to keep Kelly firmly by my side. Kelly, you cannot and will never get rid of me in this lifetime! Regardless if I will fulfill my promise to marry her in the future, she is my woman! Unless I let go of her, she will never get to leave me and will forever be mine, even if she dies!

Kelly wanted to speak, but she did not know what to say. It was indeed my fault in the past, but I did not expect things would get this far. As the feelings of guilt, remorse, embarrassment, and grievance overwhelmed her, Kelly's eyes reddened with tears. Shortly after, tears slowly rolled down her cheeks.

When Jackson saw her crying, he immediately took a tissue and wiped her tears gently. Then, he stood up and said to her, "Kelly, let me say something that will upset you. Based on the unreconciled feelings you mentioned, are you willing to surrender me to Krystal submissively? How will you fight with Krystal in the future if you abort this child now?"

Kelly became speechless when she heard what Jackson had said.

Likewise, if Kendall had been present, she would have been disgusted by Jackson's words to the point that she would have vomited on the spot.

For such a word to be said by this scum of a womanizer and narcissist, he was truly a shameless man!

"Ring!" Suddenly, his phone rang while they were silently staring at one another.

He took out his phone and looked at the caller ID. Then, he said to Kelly, "It is from Krystal. She must be urging me to return home to accompany her. Kelly, rest here and think about what we discussed today. Although it is hard for me to spare my time and accompany you lately, I promise you that my heart is still with you, which has never changed."

Little did Kelly know, Jackson actually had a slight improper desire toward the current Kendall. Nonetheless, he no longer dared to provoke Kendall at will after Kendall beat him up a few times. Thus, the person he truly loved was still Kelly.

As he spoke, he bent down, grabbed Kelly's shoulders, leaned closer, and pecked on her lips twice. Then, he coaxed her softly, "Kelly, be good. Everything I'm doing now is for the sake of our future."

Finally, he released her hand and took another deep look at Kelly before he turned around and strode out. Immediately afterward, he answered Krystal's call.

When Kelly heard Jackson calling Krystal 'babe' in a sweet and affectionate voice, she abruptly cried even harder. How should I choose? I hate Kendall! This is all her fault! It was her who caused me to end up like this!

Traces of resentment could be seen in Kelly's teary eyes as she thought of that. I want to expose Kendall and let everyone see how much of a hoax she is!

Kendall always knew Kelly despised her. Thus, it was fortunate that she also abhorred Kelly.

Still, Kendall had a royal road ahead of her compared to Kelly's current rocky situation. With Dylan being her loving and caring guardian, Kendall's life would undoubtedly be far better than Kelly's.

After Kendall got off work in the afternoon, she took Ronnie to her usual place, where she met her friends for dinner together. Later, Henry drove her to attend her class at the Orapolis Etiquette Institute. She only finished her course and left the building by 10.30PM.

"Young Mistress Kendall," Henry greeted her politely.

Kendall hummed in greeting when she heard him. Then, she made her way toward the car and entered under Henry's escort. After she placed her bag on the seat beside her and closed the car door, she instantly texted Dylan, telling him that she had finished her class and was ready to return home.

Soon, she received a reply from him. 'Ask Henry to drive safely and be careful on the road. I will be waiting for you at home.'

Prior to him receiving a text from Kendall, Dylan had already gone home for his physical therapy after the dinner party ended. Actually, he had just completed his rehabilitation when Kendall texted him now and was feeling utterly exhausted.

Amos handed him a glass of lukewarm water. A parched Dylan immediately took it and gulped down half a glass.

"Did something happen around the house?" Dylan asked Amos casually.

Amos replied respectfully, "No, Young Master Dylan."

Dylan grunted in affirmation at that. Then, he leaned back on the couch and instructed, "Kendall has finished her class and is on her way back. Order the kitchen to prepare her supper."

"I have already instructed them to do so, Young Master Dylan."

Presently, no one knew how Amos wished he could treat Kendall like true royalty so badly. Young Mistress Kendall is just like the all and mighty deity who came into Young Master Dylan's life. Not only did she able to cure Young Master Dylan's lack of s*xual ability, but she could also ask him to agree to receive rehabilitation. Thanks to her, Young Master Dylan can now walk a short distance without anyone's support.

"Very well then. I will take my rest first." Dylan pinched at the spot between his eyebrows wearily. I am busier and more tired than Kendall. I may be tough, like a man of steel who will not collapse and will not get tired in the eyes of others. But, in reality, I am also a human being. I am also made out of flesh

and blood. So I will also collapse and feel tired.

Amos made his way behind Dylan and said, "Young Master Dylan, let me give you a massage."

Dylan did not decline his offer and simply let him massage his shoulders.

Meanwhile, Kendall, who had received Dylan's message in the car, beamed happily. So, this is what happiness feels like! It turns out that the feeling of knowing someone is waiting for your return home is not bad after all!

Henry started the car engine and drove off. Regardless, after the car drove for less than two minutes, Henry was forced to a stop because there were several cars parked sideways in front, blocking their path ahead.

As Henry observed the cars blocking the road, he turned to the back passenger seat and said to Kendall, "Young Mistress Kendall, it looks like Mr. Mendelson's convoy."

"Yes, it is his convoy." Since Kendall had several encounters with Frank and had been intercepted by him before, she had no choice but to remember his convoy even if she did not want to.

"Let me call Young Master Dylan." With that, Henry immediately picked up his phone and dialed for Dylan.

"Mr. Fisher, tell Dylan just to send Ronnie and the others over. It's late now, so I don't want him to purposely make a trip over." Frank will never hurt me. It is just that I am particularly annoyed with his constant pestering. Honestly, I have never seen a man as obsessive as him!

At that moment, the Mendelson Family's bodyguards got out of the car. They slowly made their way toward Henry and Kendall's car and surrounded them.

Henry recalled the time he had fainted after receiving a blow to his head and immediately reminded Kendall after he made the phone call. "Young Mistress Kendall, we should stay in the car and wait for Ronnie and the others to arrive. Do not get out of the car."

Kendall scrutinized the Mendelson Family's bodyguards surrounding them and saw each of them was holding an iron rod. In an instant, her gaze turned frigid as she voiced solemnly, "Mr. Fisher, we are not safe in the car either."

Henry, too, noticed the iron rods in the hands of the Mendelson Family's bodyguards. Do they intend to smash the windows and drag us out of the car?

In the meantime, the two bodyguards, whom Dylan had arranged to secretly protect Kendall, hurriedly blocked in front of Henry's car and stared coldly at the Mendelson Family's bodyguards, who were getting closer and closer.

"They have iron rods in their hands. You guys will be at a disadvantage!" Kendall shouted to the two bodyguards who were protecting her while rolling down the car window, "Do not confront them!"

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"Mr. Fisher, is there anything in the car we can give them to be used for self-defense?" Kendall asked Henry. At the same time, she looked around, checking if there was something that she could pass to the two bodyguards to protect themselves. Unfortunately, the Mendelson Family brought so many bodyguards. Even if the two bodyguards Dylan arranged to protect me have something for self-defense, there is a chance that they are no match for the Mendelson Family's bodyguards, let alone fight with bare hands.

Henry instantly responded, "Young Mistress Kendall, there are only two umbrellas, a stick umbrella, and a telescopic umbrella."

"Give the umbrellas to them." Well, fighting using umbrellas is better than fighting with bare hands.

Henry swiftly took the telescopic umbrella and got out of the car. Then, he walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk, and took out a stick umbrella.

Similarly, Frank, who was sitting in the car, saw the sudden appearance of the two bodyguards and guessed that they were bodyguards Dylan had arranged to protect Kendall in secret. It is no wonder they can discover the informer I had sent to spy on Parker Corporation so quickly. Well, my men will definitely have the upper hand if both sides are to have a head-on confrontation, but that is not my top

priority. I do not wish to have a head-on confrontation with them. I just want to have supper and a late-night talk with Kendall. I miss her so much these days!

Therefore, Frank left his car and strode forward.

Just when the bodyguards from both sides were about to confront each other and break into a fight, Frank's cold voice sounded. "Everyone step back!"

The Mendelson Family's bodyguards immediately stepped back and made way for Frank at his stern order.

However, Frank could not get to Kendall's car window because the two bodyguards of the Coleman Family blocked his path.

"Kendall!" Frank shouted to Kendall, who was in the car, "I have no ill intentions. I just want to ask you out for supper, that's all."

After a brief silence, Kendall rolled down the window and looked at Frank.

With the help of the light coming from the street lamp, the two met each other's gazes—a slight tint of yearning sparkled in Frank's alluring eyes, whereas only calmness could be seen in Kendall's almond eyes.

Frank's avaricious gaze lingered on Kendall's face. Deep down, he wished he could caress her face so badly.

"Thank you, President Mendelson, but there will be no need for that. My husband has prepared supper for me when I arrive home later," said Kendall—her tone was calm when she spoke the first half of the sentence, whereas there was a sweet tone in her voice when she articulated the second half of the sentence.

As her words echoed in Frank's ears, he only felt his heart ache like it had been slashed by an extremely sharp knife, both bloody and heart-wrenching. No! She should be mine! Yet, she has now become my nemesis' wife!

Frank's eyes gradually turned cold, and the tone in his voice also became glacial. "Kendall, my men, outnumber yours, and they have iron rods in their hands. As for your men, they only have two umbrellas. You are a wise woman. If a fight really broke out, your men would definitely lose."

When he caught sight of the anger in her eyes, he then added, "I know you are skilled at fighting, but you can't defeat me in a fair fight, let alone kill my bodyguards. Dylan's bodyguards are strong, but my bodyguards are no ordinary fighters, either. By now, I am sure you are also aware that I like to compete with Dylan." Dylan has hired someone with extraordinary fighting skills to be his bodyguard. So, naturally, in order to compete with Dylan's bodyguards, I, too, had spent a lot of money to hire someone with excellent skills to be my bodyguard.

"President Mendelson, are you perhaps threatening me?"

Frank looked at her calmly. "If you want to take it as a threat, then so be it. But, Kendall, I will give you two minutes to consider whether you should take the initiative to get into my car by yourself or be carried into the car by me."

At once, Kendall scowled as she spat, "Frank! You shameless j*rk!"

Frank glanced at her coldly and said, "I do not need to be chivalrous to you."

When she heard his reasoning, she nearly went mad with fury to the point that she was tongue-tied.

Frank took a few steps back and let his bodyguards surround him in the middle and protect him. Finally, he raised his left hand, looked at the watch in his hand, and said to Kendall, "You can start considering now. Remember: you only have two minutes. Be good if you do not want the two bodyguards to get hurt because of you. I promise I will only have supper with you and never lay a finger on you."

Kendall's facial expression was icy cold. "And why should I trust you?"

When Frank heard that he pursed his lips and said, "Did I not let you go that morning? Do you think you could leave if I had not let you go?" If I were a little more shameless, I would have taken her right there and then and made her my woman. That way, our baby will return to us, and our family will finally be whole again.

"Thirty seconds have passed, so you now have one minute and thirty seconds."

When Kendall saw he was really counting down the time, she became mute with anger. I know Mr. Fisher has informed Dylan, but it is still impossible for him to arrive within two minutes, even if he rushes over in a hurry. Besides, Frank is someone who walks the talk. He will undoubtedly hurt the two bodyguards, smash the car, and drag me to his car if I do not give him a clear answer in two minutes.

At this juncture, Kendall found herself extremely annoyed by Frank's pestering. Perhaps the God of Reincarnation does not want to let me live a smooth-sailing life despite granting me the chance to be reborn. And if I want to grow old happily with Dylan, I will have to go through countless rocky and stormy obstacles. But, as they say, sunshine always comes after the rain. So things will get better for Dylan and me in the future.

With that, Kendall glared at Frank, but the latter simply looked at her intensely. If others saw Frank's current gaze, they would surely deem it affectionate. But not for me! I only feel disgusted, like I will spit

foul words in the next second.

After she considered the pros and cons of this situation, she pushed open the car door.

"Young Mistress Kendall!" Henry and the two bodyguards shouted at the same time.

Blake, one of the bodyguards, said, "Young Mistress Kendall, go back inside the car. We will do our very best to protect you." We will never ever let Young Master Dylan's nemesis kidnap Young Mistress Kendall.

"Young Mistress Kendall, do not get out of the car," Henry also persuaded her.

Nevertheless, Kendall raised her hand, telling Henry that he did not need to persuade her further. After that, she left and walked over to Frank's side.

"Young Mistress Kendall!" The two bodyguards came forth and blocked her path.

"Blake, is it?" Kendall asked Blake. From Ronnie to Blake, she could recognize all of them.

"This is a private matter between President Mendelson and me. Tonight's incident will continue to take place if it does not get solved right here and now," Kendall said, "You guys do not have to worry about me. Trust me: he will not hurt me, and I will never do anything to betray Dylan's trust in me."

When the two bodyguards heard that, they looked at each other uneasily. She took advantage of their hesitation, walked past them, and stood before Frank.

His eyes were filled with joy when he saw this, thinking she had given in.

Unfortunately, a dream would only remain that, a dream. Kendall forcefully squashed her anger as she took a few deep breaths, looked up at Frank, and said coldly, "Frank, I know the reason you have been bugging me is because of the baby. Well, since you do not even believe the results of your own investigation, then I will tell you the real sequence of events. Follow me." With that, she turned around and walked away.

Frank remained silent at her barbs but moved his feet and followed behind her.

"Blake, I do not want any of you to follow me," Kendall instructed.

Likewise, the Mendelson Family's bodyguards naturally did not dare to take a step forward without Frank's instructions.

She walked to a street lamp and only stopped until she was sure that she was far away enough from the bodyguards. Finally, she turned around, her back facing Frank as she looked into the distance.

"Kendall," Frank called softly, "Kendall, I really have no ill will toward you. I just want our baby to come back and reunite with us."

At once, Kendall turned around, raised her hand, and slapped Frank harshly across the face.

Smack! A loud sound of a slap pierced through the air.

As he did not expect that she would turn around and slap him, he did not have time to defend himself at all. Therefore, he received a solid slap from her.

His handsome face quickly turned red and swollen. His eyes showed his emotional turmoil from anger to conflict, yet they settled on eerie calmness.

Chapter 317

Frank reached up to touch where Kendall had slapped him and said lowly, "Kendall, no one has ever dared to beat me up since I was born, let alone slap me. You are the first and only one who is brave enough to do that. If it was someone else who dared to lay a finger on me, I could easily have their hands dismembered from their wrists. But—I will endure the humiliation, considering it is you who slapped me." In that dream I had, I was indeed the one who had wronged Kendall. I took advantage of her drunken state and s*xually assaulted her without her consent.

When Kendall heard that, his words didn't appease her; if anything, she was infuriated. Thus, she sneered and said with a deep hatred, "That slap I gave you was on behalf of our baby!" I didn't know who the biological father of my baby was in my previous life, and thanks to Frank, I found out that he was the baby's biological father after being resurrected from death. Initially, I thought that someone had set Frank up, which resulted in him having s*x with me. Therefore, I did not resent him at that time after seeing him treat me as indifferently as he would a stranger. Thus, it was only natural to assume that he did not have the slightest awareness about the baby, considering how we rarely met.

"Kendall, does she really exist? Where is she?" Kendall's words triggered Frank's emotions so much that he abruptly grabbed her shoulder emotionally and asked anxiously, "Baby! Where is our baby?! Where did you hide our baby?!"

Nevertheless, instead of answering him, Kendall forcefully pushed him away and refused to allow him to lay his hands on her for a second longer.

"Baby? Are you asking me where the baby is? She died. She was only seven months old and was very cute, but—" Kendall stopped as the thoughts about her baby daughter's death made her heart ache so much. Tears instantly welled up in her eyes.

She didn't wish him to see her tears, so she swiftly turned around. Then, she continued airily as though she was talking about someone else, "Frank, you always ask me about our baby, but there is something that I want to ask you. Tell me: did you have s*x with me because someone had set you up? Or did you still proceed to take away my virginity even after you knew it was me, allowed me to marry Jackson, and just watched as I gave birth to your daughter? For goodness sake, you did not even react in the slightest on very few occasions where we met. All this time, I always thought that Jackson was the baby's biological father, but he told me that he had never had s*x with me and that my baby was an illegitimate bastard. Not only that, but he also picked up the baby and tossed her to the ground, saying that he didn't know how to hold the baby properly and lost his grip because of the baby's cries, resulting in her falling to the floor. But I knew what I saw! I saw him tossing the baby—"

Every time Kendall dreamed of the heartbreaking footage of her baby's death, she felt her heart pang in agony like someone had stabbed it with a sharp knife, which resulted in her face being bathed in tears.

She hated Jackson and Kelly to her core. She despised them for killing her baby. Likewise, she resented herself for being useless. She loathed the fact that she was unable to protect her own baby back then. Later, after knowing Frank was her baby daughter's biological father, she abhorred him too. She hated him for not wanting to recognize the baby and doing nothing to help their baby.

"The baby—" Kendall wiped away her tears as she paused to take a deep breath. Then, she turned around and added bitterly, "At that time, I urgently took her to the hospital, but Jackson would not let me drive any of the cars in the Whittle Residence to the hospital. Moreover, the car that I took with me when I was married into the Whittle Family ran out of gas, so I had no choice but to carry the baby and rushed out of the Whittle Residence. I ran desperately to the hospital. Tell me: where were you at that

time? As I ran, I tried hailing a cab, but it was pointless. Not a single vehicle was willing to pull over and give us a ride. At that moment, the baby was already not looking very well, and she did not even have the energy to cry anymore. Where were you when we were in such a hopeless situation? Then, I stumbled upon Dylan. He let us into his car and even asked his driver to run the red light all the way to the hospital. But—when we got to the hospital, the doctor told me I was too late and that the baby died as she was severely injured."

She raised her tear-streaked face and interrogated, "So, tell me, Frank: did someone set you up? Or was it a mistake that you made when you were sober?"

Frank was dumbfounded when he heard Kendall's words.

When he saw her burst into tears, he instinctively wanted to wipe her tears. Alas, she grabbed his hand just when his hand was about to touch her cheek. Then, she bit the back of Frank's hand hard, and once again, she bit it to the point that it bled. Perhaps she was disgusted by the smell of his blood, so she immediately released his hand.

Kendall even spat out a few mouthfuls of bloody saliva.

"Kendall—"

Frank did not know what to say. He knew that no one had set him up, and he was very much sober when he had s*x with Kendall in his dream. Nonetheless, he was also pretty confused since the fragments of his vision were intermittent and incoherent. He only knew that he saw Kendall was already pregnant when the images in his dream gradually reached that scene. In fact, he was not even aware that Kendall married Jackson in his dream. He also did not know that Kendall had given birth to a

daughter and that Jackson had tossed the baby to death.

"I—uh—I—"

When Kendall saw Frank could not utter a complete sentence, her eyes instantly turned frigid. Hence, she grabbed his tie violently, pulled him closer, and asked angrily, "Frank, you were sober when you assaulted me, weren't you?"

Frank couldn't voice a single word of protest. Kendall is right. I could not resist the temptation and took advantage of her in her drunken state when I was sober.

"You b*stard!" Kendall instantly felt wrath overwhelming her. I cannot believe that the culprit who caused me and my baby to face a tragic fate in my past life was actually Frank, the baby's biological father!

In a fit of anger, she raised her fist and continuously punched and kicked Frank.

Since Kendall was a skilled fighter, there was no doubt that she had immense strength within her body. Coupled with her current enraged state, she utterly beat the crap out of Frank to the point that the latter groaned in pain from time to time. Yet, Frank neither stopped her nor fought back. Instead, he simply let her vent her anger by punching him.

In the past, Kendall constantly criticized Frank saying that there was something wrong with his mind, and kept insisting that they had no connections because she didn't want to bring up the sad incident. The baby that he constantly thought of has died! So what if he is the baby's biological father? Where was he when our baby was in a life-threatening condition?! Does he even understand how desperate I was when I ran to the hospital with the baby in my arms and failed to hail a ride?! Where was he when

all that happened?!

Meanwhile, bodyguards from both Frank and Kendall's sides were dumbfounded when they witnessed the scene playing before their eyes.

They were contemplating whether they should go forth and help out or not. Eventually, they chose not to move a single muscle.

In the eyes of the Mendelson Family's bodyguards, they knew that Frank was willing to let Kendall beat him up when they saw he didn't fight back. We are afraid we will only anger Mr. Mendelson if we go forth and help him.

By the time Kendall felt tired and stopped beating him, describing Frank as disheveled would be an understatement of the century. The corners of his mouth and his nose were bleeding. His face was bruised and swollen, and his shirt was stained with blood dripping down his nose.

The moment he noticed that Kendall had stopped, he disregarded the pain on his body and hugged her. Finally, in a low and hoarse voice, he asked with concern, "Kendall, are you alright?"

"Let me go! You b*stard!

"Kendall, I'm sorry. I-I—where is the baby's grave? I want to go visit her." Frank's heart was torn with grief. He was finally able to get Kendall to admit the existence of the baby to him. Unfortunately, he did not expect that he and the baby were now boundlessly apart from life and death.

"There is no baby in this lifetime!" Kendall harshly pushed Frank off her. Then, she continued in an icy cold voice. "Give up! There is no baby in this lifetime, and I—will never ever have babies with you!"

Frank called out Kendall's name in a perplexed demeanor. I am confused. Clearly, Kendall was so mournful and furious like the incident really did take place when she talked about it to me. Yet, why does she say that there is no baby in this lifetime?

Just as he was deep in his thoughts, her voice rang in his ears. "Frank, the images in our dreams will never happen again in this lifetime. In this lifetime, I am Dylan's wife. He will be the only man in my life, and I will only bear his children. So if you ever believed the words I told you, you should never show up in front of me ever again for the sake of making up for your mistake and atoning for your sin!"

The past life? Dream? This lifetime?

Instantly, Frank asked in a gentle voice, "Did you have weird dreams too?" In fact, her dream is more detailed than mine. This is such a strange phenomenon. Why is my dream connected with hers?

"Shouldn't it be the other way around? I should show up more in front of you if I ever wanted to make up for my mistake and atone for my sin. Please, let me treat you well. Kendall, divorce Dylan at once and marry me. Let me use the rest of my life to atone for my sins."

Chapter 318

Once again, Kendall was speechless. This man! How is he so hopelessly obsessive?! I clarified it to him because I wanted to make him feel guilty and stop pestering me. But who knew that he would insist on doing things his way!

At this rate, Kendall really wanted to swear. I didn't even tell Dylan in detail about my previous life. Well, it was also because Dylan felt sorry for me and did not want me to mention it so as not to make myself heartbroken. So, he stopped after he knew the reason. But, I have made myself very clear in front of Frank.

"Kendall." Frank reached out to hug her again, but Kendall kicked her right on his knee, causing him to fall and kneel on the ground in pain.

"I would rather not meet you in this life!" As soon as she said those words coldly, she left Frank behind and walked away.

"Kendall." Frank reached out, trying to hold her.

At once, Kendall turned her head around and warned him, "Do not touch me!"

Frank's outstretched hand slowly dropped as he watched her walk further away from him in pain.

Suddenly, a line of cars slowly approached in their direction. It was Dylan's convoy!

Soon, the convoy arrived, and the car stopped steadily. Ronnie swiftly opened the car door and helped

Dylan out of the vehicle. Another bodyguard took Dylan's wheelchair out of the car and let Dylan sit on the wheelchair.

When Dylan saw Kendall approaching, he did not wheel himself forward and waited for her to come.

"Dylan." Kendall walked up to her husband, squatted down, and rested her head on Dylan's thighs.

Even though Dylan rushed over with a solemn look, his facial expression instantly became gentle when he faced Kendall. Instead of asking questions immediately, he patted Kendall's back silently and gently. That was until he felt his clothes getting wet that he abruptly lifted Kendall's head to look at her. His

heart ached so much when he saw tears streaming down her face. After that, he slowly stood up and hugged Kendall.

"Kendall," Dylan called softly, "I am here. Everything will be fine."

"Dylan—" Kendall sobbed, unable to utter a complete sentence.

"Don't cry. You know how heartbroken I get when I see your tears."

Then, Dylan gently pushed her off him, cupped her cheeks, leaned closer, and kissed her softly.

Kendall tried her best to control her emotions and stop herself from crying. Still, it was hard whenever she thought about the incidents that took place in her previous lifetime. All those sad incidents were from my previous life. In this life, my parents and I are doing fine, and I am seeking revenge bit by bit. As for Frank—nothing will ever happen between us in this lifetime!

Thanks to Dylan's gentle coaxing, Kendall eventually calmed down and stopped crying. "Dylan, let us go home."

When Dylan heard her quiet plea, he kissed her between the eyebrows and said softly, "Okay. Let us go home. Get in the car first. There is something that I have to do." Frank had made my beloved wife cry. I will not be able to calm my anger if I do nothing!

Kendall looked up at him, and at the same time, Dylan also stared down at her. The couple stared at each other for a moment without caring about the world.

After a long while, Kendall nodded gently. "Sure. I will be waiting for you in the car."

Dylan cupped her cheeks with his large palms and caressed them gently. Then, he kissed her rosy lips before releasing her and letting her get in the car.

Meanwhile, Frank, who stood in the same spot, kept watching this scene—a sense of jealousy was entangled with his pain. Kendall should be mine!

Every time he saw Dylan and Kendall together, Frank wanted to snatch her back to his side. This is all because I reacted slowly. If I started looking for the person in my dream when I had that dream for the first time, I would definitely be the first to have found Kendall and continue the love story in my dream.

Once Kendall got into the car, Ronnie pushed Dylan's wheelchair and came to Frank.

When the two faced each other, Dylan raised his hand and motioned Ronnie to step back.

Ronnie silently stepped back at that gesture.

As he looked at Frank, whose hands were clenched into fists, Dylan's eyes were deep and cold. Then, shortly after, under Frank's equally hard eyes, Dylan stood up.

The two were about the same height and had the same imposing manner. Even their appearances were equally handsome and compelling. Nonetheless, Dylan's handsomeness had a sense of masculinity, whereas Frank's was somewhat effeminate. He would surely be an enchanting demon if he did not constantly put up an indifferent expression to neutralize his feminine charm.

"You made my wife cry!" Dylan spoke coldly.

When Frank heard what he said, a flash of agony appeared in his eyes. "Dylan, I want Kendall, and no one can stop me from having my way. Not even you!"

As soon as those words escaped his lips, Dylan punched him in the nose with a fist. His nose, which had stopped bleeding, started to bleed again.

Initially, Frank wanted to fight back. Nevertheless, after remembering what Kendall had said, he withdrew his fist and simply wiped his nose. Then, he said coldly, "Dylan, I can lose to you in everything except for Kendall! I will not and am unwilling to lose her to you unless you beat me to death right here

right now!" I owe Kendall! I have wronged our baby! I want to make up for my mistakes! I want to make atonement for Kendall!

In Frank's opinion, he could only atone for his sins by marrying Kendall, giving her the best life, caring for her, loving her, pampering her, and making her the envy of everyone.

Once again, Dylan threw another punch at him.

But Frank avoided his attack this time.

Dylan quickly grabbed his collar again. Although Frank did not want to fight with Dylan, he was forced to fight because Dylan refused to let go.

Although this pair of rivals had been tit for tat, it was the first time they got into a fistfight. Despite having trouble with his legs, Dylan was ruthless in his attacks when he was in a rage to the point that Frank was actually at a disadvantage. As for Frank, he was already beaten by Kendall before this, so he was sore all over. Therefore, the final result was obvious. Dylan successfully knocked Frank to the ground.

Dylan, who was also slightly discomfited, stood before Frank imperiously. He looked down at Frank condescendingly and said coldly, "Frank, I shall warn you again. Kendall is my wife, and if you dare to touch my wife, I will have your life taken! Do not tell me anything outrageous such as you and Kendall had a baby. You should go to a mental hospital and stay there for a while! I am her first and will be the only man in her life!"

At once, Frank looked up when he heard what Frank had said.

"So, you—are still able to have s*x?"

Dylan kicked him mercilessly at those words, then said coldly, "Are you disappointed to hear that? Let me tell you: I am still very much capable in bed."

Bitterness and resentment instantly filled Frank's heart.

Despite this, Dylan ignored him as he turned around and walked back to his wheelchair. Then, he sat down and wheeled himself back to his car.

Ronnie quickly followed and pushed Dylan toward the car when he noticed that the battle between the two men had finally ended.

As soon as Dylan got in the car, his muscular body fell onto Kendall.

"Dylan!" Kendall was shocked by this, and she immediately supported him.

Dylan rested his head on her shoulder. "I am fine. Just tired."

His legs had not fully recovered yet, but he did not want to look weak in front of his love rival. Thus, he gritted his teeth and hung on until he managed to beat Frank to the ground.

"Dylan."

Kendall asked Ronnie to bring her a pack of tissues. Then, she took out the tissues to help Dylan wipe his sweat and said with concern, "I have taught him a lesson. Although it might not kill him, it could make him suffer a little."

Alas, that did nothing to appease Dylan as he said dangerously, "He and I will fight endlessly!" The two of us are originally nemesis. We usually do not see eye-to-eye. But, because of Kendall, the conflict between us has intensified.

"He is simply a b*stard!" Kendall uttered as she gritted her teeth. Honestly, I would not blame Frank if someone had set him up. As for his constant pestering in this lifetime, I will only be annoyed by it at

most. But now I know Frank took advantage of me when he was sober, which caused me to face a series of tragedies in my previous lifetime.

Chapter 319

Although I prioritized love in my previous lifetime, restrained my taekwondo skills for Jackson's sake, and was willing to be a foolish woman who treated him like a king, it still would not change the fact that my baby daughter died because of Frank. So, how could I not blame Frank for everything that had happened?

Meanwhile, Dylan sat upright and simply looked at Kendall quietly. As for Kendall, despite being puzzled by his stare, she somehow felt a little guilty, like she had made a big mistake. However, Dylan eventually said nothing and just embraced her tightly.

It was already past 11.00PM by the time they returned to the Coleman Mansion.

Thanks to the fuss Frank created earlier, Kendall had lost both her mood and appetite to have herself some supper. Furthermore, she was also worried about Dylan's body. Thus, the couple ditched their supper and headed straight into their room.

Once they returned to their room, Kendall immediately dragged Dylan to the bed, pinned him down, and started taking his clothes off.

When Dylan noticed her actions, he swiftly grabbed her daring hand and looked at her with an intense gaze. Then, with a tinge of dangerous implication in his low and masculine voice, he asked, "Kendall, don't you know that it's dangerous to play with fire?"

"Let me check if you are hurt."

Despite that, Kendall was too focused on her worry about him. She flung his hand off and continued to unclothe him.

When Dylan saw how determined she was, he no longer stopped her from stripping his clothes off. Instead, he even became cooperative by spreading his arms and legs wide, allowing her to take his clothes off more easily. As Kendall unclothed him, a certain affection flowed in his eyes. She told me to wash myself up well and wait for her in bed at home tonight. As a matter of fact, I had just finished taking my shower when Henry called just now.

"You beat Frank up before I arrived, remember? He was already injured, to begin with, so even if we fought, he was at a disadvantage. He could not hurt me much. Instead, it was only I who injured him more. So, don't worry. I am fine," said Dylan as he comforted his beloved wife, Kendall.

Nonetheless, Dylan was still pleased after seeing how much Kendall worried and cared about him, to the point that she wanted to check whether he was injured personally as soon as they arrived home. Although I may look like a tyrant, I have never fought with anyone before. Tonight was my first time getting into a brawl, but I am willing to make this exception. No men are allowed to lay their fingers on Kendall, my wife, especially Frank, this powerful love rival of mine!

In reality, Dylan was actually extremely bothered about Kendall's dream. He cared that Kendall and Frank had a sexual relationship in her dream and even had a baby girl together. Although Dylan speculated the baby girl in Kendall's dream was probably his child, he still could not accept that Frank assaulted Kendall in her dream.

Fortunately, everything was just a dream and not a reality. Otherwise, Dylan would genuinely want to tear Frank into pieces.

After Kendall gave him a careful once over, she only felt relieved once she ensured he was not injured.

Suddenly, Dylan grabbed her hand again when Kendall wanted to help him get dressed. When the couple looked at each other, Kendall could see Dylan's fiery gaze, making her body heat up in response.

"Kendall, you were the one who had asked me to wash up well and wait for you in bed."

She smiled brightly when she heard him. Then, she lowered her head and bit lightly somewhere around Dylan's body, making him gasp. "Let me take a shower. I perspired so much when I whacked Frank earlier, and now my whole body reeks."

Dylan acquiesced and released her arm.

Kendall entered the bathroom. However, she did not let Dylan wait long. Soon, she came out of the bathroom with her hair down.

He wanted to say something when he thought she had washed her hair, but just when he was about to do so, he took a better look at her hair. He bit back the words he would like to say after he saw that her hair was not wet.

Frank's appearance triggered the beast in Dylan, and not to mention, Kendall was being exceptionally passionate tonight. Thus, the couple went for two rounds of s*x before they embraced each other to sleep.

...

Meanwhile, in the main house's living room, Emily was sitting on the couch, and a few steps in front of her was Henry, whom she had called over. Henry stood with his head lowered and dared not to look at her.

"Henry," Emily said gently, "Dylan has arranged for you to be Kendall's chauffeur. So, you should be the person who knows Kendall's whereabouts best. So, tell me: what does she do every night? Also, why did Dylan suddenly rush out with many bodyguards and return with Kendall?"

Although the night was getting dark and the heat wave during the day subsided a lot, Henry was still sweating profusely. At this moment, he was overwhelmed with tension. I most certainly cannot tell Mrs. Coleman the truth. She had always disliked Young Mistress Kendall. If she knew that Young Mistress Kendall had some sort of entanglement with Mr. Mendelson, she would definitely seek trouble with Young Mistress Kendall. But Young Mistress Kendall is innocent. After she married Young Master Dylan, she never took the initiative to seduce other men. Instead, Mr. Mendelson was the one who constantly pestered Young Mistress Kendall, and his reason for doing so was most likely because of Young Master Dylan. Everyone knows Mr. Mendelson will snatch everything that Young Master Dylan cares about, and if he cannot snatch it from Young Master Dylan, he will use every possible means to destroy it. But if I do not tell Mrs. Coleman the truth, she will not let me go.

"Henry, just be honest. If I ever found out that there was a slight lie in your words, neither you nor your wife can think of working for us any longer."

Henry's wife also worked in the Coleman Mansion, and her job scope was rather free and easy. All she had to do was take care of the pets at Pet Palace. Compared to the others, at least she did not have to worry about clashing with the masters and did not have to be subservient to the masters all the time.

"Mrs. Coleman." Henry looked up at Emily. Then, he quickly lowered his head and said, "Young Mistress Kendall will attend etiquette classes at the Orapolis Etiquette Institute every evening after she gets off work, and she will come home immediately after class."

"Orapolis Etiquette Institute?" Emily snorted and said sarcastically, "A person like her will not be able to learn the proper etiquette of a noble lady even if she lives in the Orapolis Etiquette Institute for a lifetime." Yes, I know she is the daughter of the Parker Family, but it is still a fact that she has lived in the countryside for 25 years. Besides, even if she naturally has a good and elegant temperament, in my eyes, she is still a bumpkin from the country.

She was highly dissatisfied with having Kendall as her daughter-in-law. Even after Tilly had asked her to invite Charlotte over to their house for a cup of tea, Emily had yet to invite Adam and Charlotte for a meet-up simply because she disliked Kendall, her daughter-in-law, and despised her in-laws.

As for Charlotte, she did want to have a good relationship with her in-laws. In fact, she would never dare to offend the Coleman Family, her in-laws, to hope her daughter could live a peaceful life in the Coleman Mansion.

Henry did not dare to utter a word. All this while, he knew that none of the elders of the Coleman Family liked Kendall. The elders concluded she was not worthy of Dylan and thought she was not as good as the other young noble ladies. But, in reality, Kendall was indeed a good woman—perhaps better than the other young noble ladies in Orapolis.

"Then, what was up with tonight?" After she discovered that Kendall attended etiquette classes every night, Emily said nothing despite sounding sarcastic earlier. It is good that she has self-motivation, and it is also good that she is willing to make an effort into trying to blend in with the family and our social circles. At the very least, it shows that Kendall's love for Dylan is somewhat sincere, and she is willing

to make an effort for him.

Henry pretended to be confused when he heard her forceful question and answered, "Nothing happened. Perhaps Young Master Dylan misses Young Mistress Kendall so much that he eagerly went to fetch her in person."

Regrettably, that made Emily slam her hand on the table. The sound was so loud that it shocked Henry, making him flinch.

"Henry! I am no fool," Emily growled, "Do not try to lie to me! Something must have happened tonight. Dylan rushed out of the mansion with so many men tonight, looking like he would put out a fire! How is that considered as nothing happened?!" Right now, Kendall, that bumpkin, is the only person who can make Dylan rush out in a hurry.

Whenever she thought about how Kendall could easily make Dylan, who had always been cold-hearted, melt, Emily could not help but get angry.

Mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law had been natural enemies since the beginning of time. They were constantly at war with each other simply because the mother-in-law always felt that the son she had raised would be snatched away by her daughter-in-law. Hence, she would always find fault in her daughter-in-law.

After all, every woman was a precious daughter of their own parents in their own home before they became a daughter-in-law of another household. For the sake of a man, they gave up being together with their parents, married into a family that was unfamiliar to them by themselves, honored the man's parents, and even bore children for that man.

Yet, after all the things they did for their spouses' families, they still had to suffer hostility from their mother-in-law. So, naturally, they would not be unwilling to grin and bear it. For that reason, the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law would easily get into an endless argument because of the same man. Also, because of this, their conflict would only get more intense as time passed.

Chapter 320

Out of his love for Kendall, Dylan naturally became her prominent support. He prohibited anyone, including his family members, from bullying Kendall. Moreover, he even declared to his family that Kendall did not need to abide by the rules set within the Coleman Family. Although Emily did not dare to oppose Dylan's statement, her dissatisfaction grew. Because of this, she kept thinking of finding fault in Kendall to achieve her goal of forcing Kendall out of the Coleman Mansion.

"Mrs. Coleman, everything was really fine." Henry remained tight-lipped. Yes, I am afraid of Mrs. Coleman. But compared to her, I am more terrified of Young Master Dylan. We are not allowed to make irresponsible remarks about Young Master Dylan's affairs. We cannot reveal anything without his

consent, even if Mrs. Coleman keeps pressing us for answers. If I offend Mrs. Coleman, the most tragic ending for both my wife and me is probably leaving the Coleman Residence. But—if I offend Young Master Dylan, we will have to leave Orapolis.

"Henry, just tell me the truth. I promise not to let Dylan know and will not seek trouble with Kendall." Emily gentled her tone, trying to persuade Henry to tell the truth.

"Mrs. Coleman. Everything was really fine. I do not know what I should tell you even if you ask me to." Henry looked helpless.

At once, the calm expression on Emily's face turned dark again. She looked at Henry coldly and threatened. "Henry, believe it or not: I can make you and your wife leave the Coleman Mansion this instance."

"Mrs. Coleman, even if you ask my wife and me to leave immediately, I am still sticking with my earlier

reply. Young Mistress Kendall rushed home after her class, and nothing happened. As for why Young Master Dylan leaves the mansion in a hurry, I do not work directly under him, so I am not sure why."

Finally, Henry looked up at Emily and added, "Mrs. Coleman, you may ask Ronnie if you want to know what Young Master Dylan did tonight." Ronnie is the one who constantly stays by Young Master Dylan's side. Although I am a driver, I seldom drive. I am free most of the time and will take care of Miss Alice's pets with my wife. I only got to be busy every day after Young Mistress Kendall moved in and Mr. Miller arranged for me to be her chauffeur.

Emily felt herself almost blowing a fuse when she heard his reply. Of course, I know Ronnie knows everything! But I do not dare to interrogate him. Yes, he is Dylan's bodyguard, but his family background is quite prominent too. He is willing to serve as Dylan's bodyguard because, first off, he has the skills to do so, and secondly, Dylan once saved his life. In order to repay Dylan's life-saving grace, he condescended himself to be his bodyguard. If anyone asks me who is the most loyal to Dylan, my answer will definitely be Ronnie and Amos. I cannot even get an answer from Henry—let alone dig some information from Ronnie. It is clear that this is merely wishful thinking!

"Henry. Do not think I—"

"Emily."

Suddenly, a gentle voice calling out Emily's name came from the stairs.

When Emily heard the voice, she knew it was time for her to stop interrogating Henry.

Shortly after, Fergus came downstairs. When he approached them, he first glanced at Henry, and then

shifted his gaze toward his wife, Emily. Then, with a tinge of warmth in his voice, he said, "If you want to find someone to chat with you when you cannot sleep due to insomnia, you can always wake me up. Henry is pretty tired from having to send and fetch Kendall to and from work every day."

By saying Emily's interrogation as a chat, not only did Fergus give his wife an out, but it was also equivalent to him saving Henry and exempting Henry from being held accountable.

Emily inhaled deeply in order to calm herself. Fergus has come downstairs. It will not be good of me to keep interrogating Henry. When she thought of that, she said flatly, "It is getting very late. Henry, go back and rest."

The moment Henry sensed that he was free from interrogation, he immediately said, "Good night, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman."

Then, he swiftly left the main house like he was fleeing for his life. He only reached up to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead after he stepped out of the yard threshold of the main house. That scared the wits out of me! For a moment, I thought I would get fired.

In the meantime, Fergus, who had rescued Henry, sat down next to his wife. He looked at her in displeasure, poked her cheek good-naturedly, and said, "What are you doing not sleeping at night and staying up late? It is not good for your health and not good for your well-maintained skin. It will be a pity if such fair and soft skin becomes wrinkled because of staying up late."

"Fair and soft? I am an old woman now. If you want someone with fair and soft skin, you can always go out there and find a young mistress." Emily swatted his finger, which was gently poking her cheek away.

Despite her remarks, Fergus merely smiled. "If I were to go out there and look for a young mistress, I am afraid you would only turn this house into chaos. So, for the peace and harmony of this house, I would rather protect and keep guard by your side, my old woman."

"Old woman?! Who is the old woman?! I have no grandchildren yet. I am young!"

"Were you not the one who said you were an old woman? And if you are an old woman, then I am an old man. Remember our promise when we got married back then? We promised each other that we would grow old together."

As he spoke, he deliberately looked at Emily's hair. "Let me check if you have gray hair. When I looked in the mirror yesterday, I saw I had gray hair."

Fergus was seven years older than Emily, so it was normal for him to have gray hair earlier than her. Also, perhaps he was several years older than Emily; he always treated his wife like a child after their marriage.

"I don't have any gray hair." Emily also looked at her husband's hair and said, "Inform Dylan and ask him to call Terence to come over to dye your hair for you. I have yet to have gray hair, so you are not allowed to have gray hair first. We have agreed to grow old together, so you cannot grow old before me."

"Okay," Fergus responded gently. Then, he held his wife's hand and said, "It is very late, so let us go inside and rest. Tomorrow, we will prepare some gifts and make a trip to the Parker Residence." No matter how dissatisfied everyone is with Kendall, she is still Dylan's legitimate wife.

From Fergus' perspective, he felt that they had been delaying the matter of visiting the in-laws for too long. If we delay it any further, it will only make us, the Coleman Family, seem uncivilized.

"I am not going," Emily said in a sulk. "If you want to arrange for a meet-up, just call them and ask them to make a trip over."

Fergus sighed when he saw Emily's reaction and said, "Honey. I am worried about Ally."

"What is wrong with Ally?"

For Emily, her daughter, Alice, was her most precious darling. Hence, when she heard Fergus mention Alice, she would feel uneasy, thinking that something had happened to Alice that she, as her mother, was not aware of.

"I heard that some karma will fall on our children and grandchildren instead of falling on us," Fergus said worriedly, "If you treat our daughter-in-law like this now, I am worried that Ally will meet a mother-in-law like you, who neglected her and looked down upon us when she gets married in the future."

Instantly, Emily's face turned sullen. "It is a blessing for our future son-in-law to marry Alice, a member of a prestigious family like the Coleman Family. Who dares to despise and neglect my daughter?! How dare our in-laws dare to ignore us?! I will teach them how to behave! Fergus, Alice is your biological daughter, the precious baby the Coleman Family has longed for five generations! A bumpkin like Kendall is not on the same pedestal as her, so stop making assumptions about Ally's future marriage life based on her."

Fergus still retained his good temperament despite facing the full force of Emily's rage. He replied, "It is exactly because Ally is the baby that the Coleman Family has been looking forward to for five generations that I am so concerned about this matter. We, as parents, should do more good deeds and

accumulate more virtue for her so that karma will not fall on her and she could live as happy as she is now for the rest of her life."

Lastly, he said a few very realistic words, "Ally is twenty-three years old, yet no man pursues her. Why? That is because she has fifteen older brothers before her. The large group of brothers and uncles has scared away countless men. So, whoever that can and would dare to marry Ally will definitely be someone from a family with the same social standing as the Coleman Family."

At once, Emily became tongue-tied by his logical analysis.