

## Kendalls 321

### Chapter 321

Despite receiving much love and care throughout her life, Alice had never developed a spoiled or bratty personality. If anything, she was incredibly thoughtful and understanding. On top of that, everything about her physical appearance seemed flawless as well—it was hard to find fault in her. Logically speaking, a gorgeous lady like her would attract guys everywhere she went and would have tons of guys going after her. However, in reality, there wasn't a single man chasing after her.

No one had the guts to challenge the 15 young masters of the Coleman Family. These men didn't have the courage to go against Dylan, let alone the 14 other young masters. "Fergus, are you cursing your own daughter's future just so that you can convince me to be more accepting of Kendall?" Fergus gently poked his wife's forehead with his finger. If Kendall saw how the couple interacted with each other in private, she would probably understand why Dylan often liked to flick her on the forehead or poke her elsewhere. It was all inherited!

"Kendall's just a daughter-in-law, while Alice is our daughter. They hold completely different positions in my heart! I'd never curse my own daughter for the sake of Kendall, okay? I'm just being honest. You always bring Alice out for parties—has there ever been a young man who tried to start a conversation with Alice?" Fergus asked.

Emily didn't know what to say for a moment. Of course, she knew that her husband wasn't genuinely trying to curse his daughter. Emily simply found it hard to accept the fact that her husband had fully accepted Kendall as his daughter-in-law. "As I said, you shouldn't keep your eyes on Kendall all the time. That would just place more strain on your relationship with her, and it'd make Dylan annoyed at you, too," Fergus continued.

Tilly had ordered Emily to hire a private investigator to stalk Kendall, but Fergus eventually managed to convince Emily not to do such a thing. Nevertheless, Emily didn't entirely give up on this matter—she still intended to get Dylan to break up with Kendall. "I just want to know what she did. She's why my son hurried out with a bunch of bodyguards in the middle of the night. My son's the one I care about!" Emily sounded rather sorry for herself as she spoke. "Kendall can do whatever she wants—I don't care about her," she added.

"The private investigator previously discovered that Kendall was somehow related to Frank. I cannot help but feel that Frank had planted Kendall beside Dylan to have a spy in the Coleman Family. Frank will probably attack Dylan when the right time comes," Emily muttered. My son isn't listening to me, and

even my husband is speaking on behalf of Kendall. This is so frustrating, Emily thought to herself. Ugh. Even my other two sons and my only daughter are all on good terms with Kendall. Am I the only bad person in the family?

"She used to love Jackson so much, yet she just stopped after that. I feel like it's all a show." Emily couldn't trust Kendall because she felt like Kendall's change had been too abrupt.

"Time will tell," Fergus said in a gentle voice. "As of now, Kendall has been nothing but good for our son. At least she managed to get Dylan to do some physiotherapy and help to integrate him into society a little more. Why don't you give both Kendall and yourself some time to tell if she's genuinely a good person?" he asked.

Emily was silent for a while. "It's getting late. We should get some rest," Fergus said as he held onto his wife's hand. "You should think more about your own man and not some other woman's man! He has his lady to care for him," he protested. Emily rolled her eyes in response. "We're at the age where we can be grandparents. I can't believe you're still acting in such a shameless manner!"

Deep down, Emily was glad that her husband was jealous of her son. She allowed her husband to hold her hand and lead her upstairs. The house returned to its normal, peaceful state as the night fell.

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Meanwhile, at the Mendelson Residence... Desmond, the caretaker, wore a sympathetic look in his eyes as he watched Frank drowning himself in alcohol. Frank was severely injured, and all he did was rest on the couch while staring at his painting hanging on the wall. He had painted it himself a few days ago, and it was one of a cute, fair-skinned baby. After Frank completed the painting, he ordered it to be framed and hung in the hall.

Desmond checked the time to see that the sun was about to rise. But, he couldn't stop himself from speaking up when he saw Frank chugging some liquor without even using a glass. So, Desmond rushed over and snatched the bottle from Frank's hand. "You've already drunk a lot, Mr. Mendelson. Stop it." Desmond felt extremely bad for the man whose face was swollen and badly beaten up. "Let me apply some medication for you, Mr. Mendelson. We can get the doctor to come later. How does that sound?"

"She hates me!" Frank let out a soft cry. His face was one of pure agony. "The baby's... dead... and it's all my fault..." he wailed. Desmond knew that Frank was referring to Kendall, who was also part of the Coleman Family now. The baby was the one that Frank had painted and hung up on the wall. Frank claimed that the baby was his daughter. No matter how many times Desmond tried to explain the situation, it didn't work at all—Frank was convinced that he had lost a part of his memory, and he was sure that Kendall had given birth to his daughter but hid her away so that he couldn't meet his daughter.

"Mr. Mendelson." Desmond's eyes were a mixture of exasperation and pity. "The dream you had was just a dream. It wasn't a part of your lost memory or anything like that. Both you and Ms. Parker have never interacted much in the past. She only returned to the Parker Family for about a year, and she used to stay in the countryside far away. So you couldn't have met her," Desmond explained. "You've even run some tests and hired a doctor to give Ms. Parker a checkup. So why don't you believe the facts? You even went to look for Ms. Parker... Master Dylan was probably glad to get the opportunity to beat you up," he said.

Desmond was shocked when the bodyguards first brought Frank home. There was blood all over Frank's shirt; his cheeks and nose were swollen, and his clothes were a total mess. After working with the Mendelsons for more than ten years, this was the first time Desmond had seen Frank looking so horrible. But after hearing the truth, even Desmond had mixed feelings about the situation.

Frank's father fell into a deep depression after the passing of his wife, and he was eventually sent out of the city to rest and recuperate in another villa. Frank didn't have any other siblings. He had a few cousins, but they were all abroad and rarely returned to the country. So, he didn't have a single person who could give him any advice during such times.

The people under the Mendelson Group saw Frank as a dependable and respectable man, but this also meant that they couldn't speak to him as a friend. The only person who had the guts to chat with Frank was the chief of Mendelson Group, but the old man was nearly 100 years old, so he didn't allow anyone to disturb his peaceful life unless it was a huge matter.

"Was it just a dream?" Frank mumbled to himself. His once mesmerizing eyes were now bloodshot, and they glistened with tears as he continued to speak. "She made it sound so real... If it was a dream... Why would she hate me?"

Nonetheless, Frank didn't believe that it was just a dream. But at the same time, he did investigate the matter to prove that he had never interacted with Kendall in the past. So, they couldn't have slept together, and she couldn't have his daughter.

This was a rather complicated and agonizing situation to deal with. While Frank was in the midst of searching for the truth, he felt like he could no longer distinguish between his dreams and reality. "Mr. Mendelson, Ms. Parker probably hates you because you keep pestering her. She's probably just annoyed at you. She's Master Dylan's wife, and you're his enemy, after all." Finally, Desmond managed to come up with a reasonable explanation.

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Frank shook his head. Kendall might be annoyed at me because I keep pestering her, but I'm sure her hatred for me is because of the baby. It's because I indirectly killed the baby. She claimed that I was sober when I wanted her. We met at a few public events after she married Jackson, but I never did anything to her during then. I didn't even look for her after she got pregnant and had a daughter. I never once suspected that her daughter would be my child. My lack of responsibility toward her had led to the baby's death, so I indirectly killed my own daughter. How dare I paint a portrait of my own baby after doing such a thing? How dare I hope the baby will give us another chance to be her parents?

Frank felt like his heart was being stabbed by a sharp knife. It hurt so bad that his face had turned pale. He never knew how horrible it felt to feel this mixture of heartache and regret! "Desmond..." Frank mumbled. "You should get some rest. I want to... be alone."

Desmond looked at him worriedly. "I'm not going to drink anymore," Frank added with a bitter smile. If alcohol was the antidote to his sorrows, then sobering up was a magnification of his pain. It didn't matter if what happened was a dream or reality—Frank knew that things would never work out between him and Kendall. The only way he could make himself feel better was to treat Kendall better and make up for his wrongdoings. However, when he thought about how Kendall had gotten married to Dylan and became Dylan's legal wife, Frank could still hear his heart shattering into pieces.

"You should apply some medication on your wounds, Mr. Mendelson." Frank only glanced at the painting after hearing Desmond's words. "It's fine. I want it to hurt." His cuts and bruises were nothing in comparison to his daughter's death. Desmond couldn't do much in response to Frank's stubbornness — he ended up leaving the hall in the end.

Frank was left alone in the large hall after that. He slumped against the couch and stared at the painting of the baby for a long while. Eventually, tears started streaming down his cheeks.

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"My baby." While Frank was tearing up at the child's painting, Kendall dreamt of her baby crawling toward her. Still, the baby was only seven months old, and she didn't know how to crawl yet. This made the baby rather anxious, and she started crying out for help. Kendall wanted to go over and carry the baby, but no matter how much she walked, she couldn't seem to get any closer to the baby. Both mother and daughter were anxious to get to the other. At some point, Kendall felt too frustrated, and she cried loudly for her child. That was the moment she woke up from her dream.

She opened her eyes to be greeted by Dylan's dark pupils. At first, she was too stunned to do anything but stare at him. Moments later, she turned to look at the window. Even though the curtains were rather thick, she could tell it was bright outside. The thick curtains couldn't block out all of the sunlight from entering the room.

Dylan took a few pieces of tissue and gently wiped the cold sweat off Kendall's forehead as he spoke. "The air-conditioning is on, and I had a blanket over me, yet you were sweating in your sleep. You must have been panicking in your dream." Kendall recalled her dream then. "I dreamt of the baby. She was trying to crawl to me but didn't know how to, and she kept wailing and calling for me. I wanted to carry her into my arms, but I couldn't seem to get to her at all."

Dylan's eyes gleamed for a moment. Is the baby trying to return to have Kendall be her mommy again? We used protection last night, so the baby didn't get a chance to come back... Is that what it is? Dylan didn't believe in reincarnation; he thought every person only had one lifetime. But Dylan, Kendall, and

Frank's dreams were all related and could be pieced together. This came as a surprise to Dylan, and it was starting to change his worldview and opinions. I guess some things can't be explained by science and logic. Dylan was an atheist, and he didn't believe in past lives. Regardless, Kendall was a firm believer in reincarnation and quickly comprehended what her dream meant.

"Do you think the baby's trying to come back to me? Does she want to be my daughter again?" she asked Dylan. He responded by flicking his slender fingers against her forehead. She rubbed her palm after he flicked her on the head. "I've heard of demon possessions, but I've never heard of someone being possessed by their dreams. You claim that Frank is mentally ill... Do you want to be the same as him? What's this talk about being your daughter again? When have you ever given birth to a baby? Are you treating your dreams as reality now?" he said.

Kendall was speechless for a moment. "Hey, Master Dylan. Are women in your family allowed to go to work after getting pregnant?" she asked abruptly. He pinched her on the nose before edging closer and

pecking her on the lips. When he was satisfied with their physical interactions, he sat up to give her an answer. "Have you forgotten about the number of arguments I got into just so that you could have the freedom and the career you wanted?" Usually, women who became part of the Coleman Family weren't allowed to work. It'd be impossible for a woman to think of going to work while pregnant.

Kendall stuck her tongue out as she sat up in bed. She leaned over and hugged Dylan from the back just before he got out of bed. "Thank you for everything that you've done, darling," she said while resting her face on his back. He didn't take her arms off his waist immediately—he responded with a gentle tone instead. "Once you get pregnant, you'll have to stay home and rest. I can speak up for you regarding other things, but when it comes to staying home during your pregnancy... I support my family's decision on this one."

Dylan didn't mind spoiling and supporting her when it came to other things, and he didn't need her to

follow all the family rules. But if she got pregnant, he didn't want to have her working and straining herself as much as she was doing now. I'm rich, anyway. I can financially support Kendall and our children even if she doesn't work for the rest of her life. So, she doesn't need to go to work when she's pregnant.

Kendall quickly pulled her hands away from his waist. "You've never seen pregnant women who work really hard even with their huge tummies in the way have you? Well, the fact is that most pregnant women are capable of doing some things. They're only required to be on bed rest if they're going through some complications," she explained.

Dylan turned to see a grumpy look on the woman's face. He chuckled and pinched her cheeks. "Well, I'd feel bad to see you work so hard. We don't need the money, anyway. If you really get pregnant, I just want you and the baby to be safe. You don't need to worry about anything else," he said. "There're tons of women who probably wish to stay home and rest during their pregnancy. But, on the other hand, you seem to be blaming me for telling you to stop work. It's almost as if I'm torturing you in some way."

She stared at him speechlessly. "Some pregnant ladies get a lot of nausea throughout their pregnancy. If your symptoms are bad, and you're puking all the time, do you still think you'd have the energy to go to class?"

"...You sound like you know a lot about this, huh," Kendall muttered. Dylan simply giggled in response to her words. "I'm quite a few years older than Alice, so I was mature enough to know what was going on when my mother had her. My mom had terrible nausea back then," Dylan explained. Kendall thought

about his words for a while, and she realized that she didn't have much to counter him in the end. "Well, I guess I'll have to wait for a while before getting pregnant. There's still a lot that I'd like to do," she said flatly.

Dylan pulled her into his arms. "I don't want to have a child so soon, either. So let's enjoy our time together, and we can think about having a child in a few years' time." He was turning 30, but she was still young. She wouldn't have turned 30 even after another three years.

"If your family knows that you're physically well and see that I'm not getting pregnant, they'd probably suspect that I'm infertile. So they'll force me to divorce you when that happens," Kendall protested.

"No one is allowed to meddle with my business unless I allow them to!" Dylan declared sternly.

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When Kendall thought about Dylan's position in the family and his domineering personality, she knew that her worries were unnecessary. "Next year. We'll have a kid next year." Kendall wanted to know if her baby could come back to her once she got pregnant again.

"Let's do it in two years," Dylan suggested.

"One year," she replied.

"Three years," he said.

"What sort of bargaining tactic is that, Dylan?!" Kendall called him out. "Are you worried that I'll put too much of my focus on the child and neglect you once the child is born?" Dylan felt like someone had just read his mind right then. He quickly pinned Kendall down before shoving his lips against hers. He kissed her long enough for her to get dizzy before he pulled himself away.

Kendall lay on the bed and thought about the passionate kiss they had earlier, and she couldn't help but giggle to herself. He's so obviously jealous. He's jealous of the baby! So that's why he doesn't want me to get pregnant!

Dylan had gotten changed when he came out to hear Kendall laughing to herself. As he turned to look at her, he couldn't help but smile as well. Kendall had a habit of giggling and laughing whenever she was in a good mood—she'd chuckle to herself like a sneaky thief who had just stolen something. Dylan's mood was always lighter when he saw the happy look on the woman's face.

"Dylan. I have a love letter for you in my bag. I wanted to hand it to you last night, but I forgot about it," she hurriedly said while sitting upright. "I bet you got it from Google," Dylan muttered. Despite his witty comment, his actions revealed the actual excitement he felt. He hurried over to her bag and pulled the only letter out. Then, he sat in his wheelchair before carefully tearing the letter open.

"I might not be the most romantic or poetic writer, but I promise you that I wrote all of it on my own. I didn't copy anything from Google. It took quite a while to write it! There was a lot of effort put into this," she said huffily. She had taken her time during work to write the letter and genuinely put in a lot of effort. "My love letter also has more words than the one you gave me," she added.

Dylan pulled the papers out of the letter to see that it was a rather thick stack. Hmm. She did use more paper than I did. She probably wrote more than me. He had just started feeling hopeful about the first ever love letter he had received when he opened it up to see the exact words written all over the page. 'I love you, Dylan.' It was apparent that Kendall got tired of writing it midway through, as her words had started getting messier and messier toward the end.

Dylan stared at the papers speechlessly. She had used up five pieces of paper to write these. Hmm. I guess she did put in a lot of effort. She probably wouldn't have managed to write all five pages if she didn't genuinely love me. I knew I wouldn't get a cheesy and poetic letter, anyway. She only wrote the same sentence even when I told her to write a 10,000-word reflection letter.

Dylan folded the papers and carefully returned them to their envelope before turning to the woman sitting on the bed. "I'll keep every love letter that I receive from you. Then, when we get a son, and when our son is trying to win a girl's heart, I'll show him this love letter and teach him how to write one himself."

"...I spent a really long time writing it, and my hands were sore by the end of it. So are you implying that my love letter is still not good enough?" she mumbled feebly.

"That's not what I'm saying." Even though her letter left him speechless, as always, he still felt a sweet sensation in his chest after receiving it. "Are you sure you like it?" she asked. "Yes, I am," he replied.



She beamed. "I sound more sincere than you in the letter, don't I?"

"Yes. You sounded very, exceptionally, extremely, exceedingly sincere," he replied.

"Are you just using a string of words that all have the same meaning? Why does that sound weird?" she inquired sharply.

Dylan was speechless. Hmm. I guess it does sound pretty weird. About ten minutes later, they headed out to the porch, where Dylan sat in his wheelchair, watching as Kendall watered the plants. Some of the plants were wilting, but some had just bloomed. When Kendall saw some pretty flowers, she would pull her phone out to snap a few pictures before uploading them onto her Instagram.

Dylan seldom used his Instagram, but he would view Kendall's posts when she uploaded them. He was the first to like the post after she uploaded it. "By the way, Dylan. You have huge lotus plants here, which are still in bloom. Why don't we go take a look at some of the nice flowers?" It was still too early for them to go to work, and they had the time to stroll around.

"Come here," Dylan ordered. Kendall walked over to Dylan after putting her mug down. "Bend low," he continued.

She immediately took two steps back before speaking in a cautious tone. "You're trying to pinch my

face or flick my forehead again! I'm not going to fall for it," she said. He gazed at her amusedly. "You've gotten smarter."

"I wasn't dumb, to begin with. I only seem a little less intelligent because I'm being compared to someone like you," she protested.

"Are you saying that I'm the one at fault? Am I wrong for having a high IQ?" he asked. She turned and stood behind his wheelchair before pushing him out of the porch. Dylan led her to the spot where all the lotus flowers were located. "You've been here for so long, but you still don't know the way, huh," he teased.

Kendall was afraid that he would get her to memorize the way around the entire Coleman Mansion within a limited amount of time, so she hastily spoke up in her own defense. "I've been busy recently! But I remember the pathways near our house, so I won't get lost again. Look; there are so many lotus plants here! Let's come here to collect some plants during the weekend, Dylan. I can boil you some soup with these," she suggested.

He looked up at her face. "You're always thinking about food. Aren't you supposed to attend Jackson's wedding this weekend?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah. I nearly forgot about that. Will you go with me, Dylan?" she asked with a smile.

"My wife is attending her ex-boyfriend's wedding, so of course, I'll be there to crash the party!" His eyes turned cold and harsh the moment he said this. Kendall could sense the change in his eyes, and she was, once more, thankful for her good-enough IQ. She was glad that she had managed to please Dylan instead of offending him, as she knew that anyone who got on his bad side would have to suffer for the rest of their lives.

For some reason, Kendall was reminded of the past right then. I was such an idiot in the past. I cut my wrists to show how much I didn't want to marry Dylan—that was probably equivalent to me stomping on his pride. Knowing him, he probably would've despised me back then. But that wasn't what he did. He didn't cause the Parker Family or me any trouble after I rejected him in my past life. When I needed his help, he was there for me. That doesn't really seem like the man that I know now. Kendall couldn't figure out the reason for this.

"You're the best, Dylan," she said in the end. "Are you going to return me the favor?" he asked.

"...You have everything that you need, Dylan. What other favors do you want from me?" she asked in return.

"Well, I do have everything that I need now, but that doesn't mean that I should help you without expecting anything in return. I'm a businessman—we hate engaging in businesses that result in a loss," he replied.

Kendall mumbled to herself for a while before stopping and turning around to pick a lotus flower. This flower was close to the edge of the deep waters, so it was easy for Kendall to pluck it. Moments later, the lotus found its way into Dylan's arms.

"This is the interest I'm paying you as a sign of gratitude. You can keep it, for now, darling," she offered. Daniel nodded as he took a sniff of the lotus flower's scent. "Okay," he said with a smile. Kendall genuinely wondered if Dylan had lied when he said that he didn't like flowers. The excited look in his eyes seemed to have exposed him. It looked like he only claimed not to like flowers because he wanted to maintain his reputation.

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From a distance away, a man and a woman who had been bickering stopped when they saw Dylan and his wife interacting with each other. "Jane." Yoseph halted his footsteps and called for Jane to stop. Jane turned and stared at him. "What is it? Are you tired already? I'm not even asking you to jog. This is just a morning walk—can't you walk for a little longer?" she said.

Yoseph shot Jane an exasperated glare. "Don't make me sound so weak," he muttered. She sized him up before responding. "Sure. You don't seem weak. You look pretty fit," she replied.

"Can't you have a proper conversation with me? You're always speaking in such a sarcastic tone, and you're always so rude with your words. No one in their right mind would enjoy talking to you!" he replied.

"I'm nice to others, and I have tons of friends. But, I'm only sarcastic when I'm with you, so I wonder... is it my problem or yours?" she hissed.

"...Do you see the way Kendall treats Dylan? You should learn a thing or two from her," he retorted. After that, he left her behind and took large strides ahead. I'm also polite when I'm with others. But it's almost as if I lose all my morals whenever I'm with Jane! So, whose fault is it? How dare she complain about me?!

Jane stared at the couple in front of her. Kendall had plucked a lotus flower and gifted it to Dylan earlier—Jane noticed their actions while she had been walking with Yoseph. After she heard what Yoseph said, she was utterly speechless. That whiny brat. He can just tell me if he wants a lotus flower himself. I can pluck one for him too! I can get him as many as he wants! If Old Madam Coleman blames me for

it, I'll put the blame on Yoseph.

Yoseph had no idea how Jane was plotting to turn him into the scapegoat—he was walking in the direction of the couple. "Good morning, Dylan and Kendall." He greeted them with a smile. "Good morning, Yoseph. Where's Jane?" Kendall asked. She knew that Jane stayed in Yoseph's place while Mary lived in the main house. "I'm not her shadow. I don't know where she is," Yoseph replied coldly.

Kendall could immediately tell that the couple fought again. They grew up being close friends but were also each other's greatest enemies. For a while, they would be the most loving couple, and moments later, they'd seem like they were about to strangle each other. In Kendall's opinion, both Yoseph and Jane were amazing people, yet they seemed to show their ugliest sides when they were with one another.

Dylan gave his brother a side-eye. "You shouldn't get yourself so worked up early in the morning," he commented.

"I was exhausted, but Jane knocked on my door early this morning and forced me to accompany her for a walk. She doesn't get lost around here, so why did she need me to come out with her? I couldn't be bothered to join her at first, but she went to the kitchen and got a pan before slamming it against my door. She's so annoying. I wanted to continue ignoring her after that, but she threatened to light up some fireworks in front of my room! What sort of guest is she, Dylan? She doesn't act like one at all. How dare she treat the owner of the place like this?" Jane was the one who had forced Yoseph to wake up. Otherwise, he would've slept past lunchtime.

Just the thought of that scene made Kendall laugh. "Are you exaggerating, Yoseph? Jane's a really carefree and fun girl, and she knows her limits. So she wouldn't do such a thing," she said.

Yoseph scoffed. "She's nice in front of you guys, but she's horrible when she's just with me," he complained. "She dragged me out for a walk and even told me to prepare her some nice breakfast after the walk. She's speaking as if I owe her my life." Yoseph wouldn't stop complaining about Jane.

Dylan, who rarely made comments about anything, spoke in an icy tone then. "How dare she do such a thing? She doesn't respect you at all. I'll get Ronnie and Randy to go over and throw her luggage out. I don't want her anywhere near the Coleman Residence from now on." He pulled his phone out and pretended to call Ronnie after that.

"Dylan!" Yoseph immediately reached over to stop his brother from making the call. Dylan shot him a cold glare. "Hehe..." Yoseph responded with a bashful chuckle. "Hehe... I-It's fine, Dylan. Mrs. Morris is still here, and she's been good friends with our grandmother for many years now. Grandma is going to be mad if you do that to Jane."

Dylan continued in an aggressive tone. "Well, it was Jane's fault to disrespect you, wasn't it? It sounds like she keeps torturing you, so I thought that I'd stand up for you by chasing her out. I can help you talk to Grandma about it. No one should have the guts to bully my brother! Who gave her such courage?" Dylan brushed Yoseph's hand off before he tried to make a call again.

Once more, Yoseph tried to stop his elder brother from making the call. "She didn't bully me, Dylan. To be honest, I woke up before she came around. I just didn't want to speak to her—that was why she was so rude to me. Technically speaking, I was at fault too. If anything, I made a mistake first. I'm a man! I shouldn't be so petty over such things. Grandma is already mad at you after what you did for Kendall, so you shouldn't do anything else for me. It'll only make Grandma angrier. I'd feel bad if that happened," Yoseph insisted. He even turned to look at Kendall. "Please help me to advise Dylan, Kendall."

Kendall was enjoying herself. She knew that Dylan wouldn't actually chase Jane out of the house. As Yoseph said, Mary and Tilly had been good friends for tens of years, and it'd be wrong to ruin their relationship over such petty matters. Furthermore, Yoseph and Jane grew up being best friends. Since Dylan was only a year older than Yoseph, he probably spent a lot of time with Jane as well. If they were such close friends, it wouldn't make sense for Dylan to chase Jane out. Dylan was clearly fooling around with Yoseph.

"Yoseph!" Jane called from afar. The three turned their heads to see Jane walking toward them with a bunch of lotus flowers in her arms. "Should I tell her off now?" Dylan asked.

"Dylan!" Yoseph cried.

Dylan scoffed. "You're the one who's spoiling her, so you should deal with the consequences of that. I don't want to hear you complaining about this again."

Yoseph stared at his brother speechlessly. "Bring me back to the main house so I can greet Mrs. Morris, Kendall. We can go back for breakfast after that." Dylan was a thoughtful man—he wanted to give Jane

and Yoseph the space to reconcile since Jane was walking toward them. "Okay." Kendall beamed as she pushed Dylan back to the main house. Dylan still had the lotus that Kendall gave him in his hands.

The couple walked past Jane, and Jane stopped to greet them before stepping aside so that Kendall would have the space to push Dylan along the pathway. When Kendall saw the bunch of lotus flowers in Jane's arms, she grinned and stuck her thumb out. Jane's face turned pink immediately. I... Hmm... I might have gone a little too far. After Kendall and Dylan left, Jane brought the bunch of lotus flowers over to Yoseph.

"Jane! You plant-murderer! Why did you pluck out all those flowers!" Yoseph could easily guess that Jane had plucked the flowers for him, and he was secretly happy about it. However, he continued to speak to her in the same rude tone. He picked on her the moment she walked over.

She stuffed the bunch of flowers into his arms. "Sure. I'm a plant-murderer. Do you feel bad about the plants? You can stick them back to their roots if you have the ability to do so."

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Yoseph put on a gloomy face intentionally. "You're right. I can't stick them back."

"Well, I've already plucked them out, so if you don't like them, you can just throw them away," she muttered.

"It'd be a shame to throw these away. Well, I guess I have no choice but to keep them. However, I don't have a vase that's large enough to keep all these flowers," he said.

Jane shot him a glare. "What's this? Do you expect me to give you a vase as well?"

"You're too stingy—I know you wouldn't do such a thing," he replied. She reached her hand out to pinch his handsome face. "I know what you're doing—you're trying to trigger me. It's no use. Let's go. I want to visit the Pet Palace. The pets there are adorable, and I love the place!" This time, it was Yoseph who had an armful of flowers as he walked beside Jane.

"Do you want to buy a few dogs and leave them in the Pet Palace? Then, when you get bored, you can always visit them there. You can bring them out if Dylan's not around," Yoseph suggested. The people in

Coleman Family would only keep their pets in their own households if they lived a distance away from Dylan. Anyone who stayed near him would have to keep their pets in the Pet Palace, where professionals would take care of them.

Yoseph himself had a dog and a cat there. Both his pets had a full coat of white fur and were extremely adorable. "Don't you have pets? From what I remember, you've had a pet dog and a pet cat for a really long time now, right?" Jane asked.

"It has been a while," he replied.

"Haven't you gotten any puppies or kittens from them?" Jane asked again.

"...No." Jane was silent for a while and mumbled something after that, but Yoseph couldn't hear what she said. "Feisty," he said after a few seconds.

"Yeah?"

"I can gift you a few dogs from Pet Palace," he offered.

Jane smiled at his words. "Thanks, but no thanks. I like playing with them, but I don't have the patience to care for them. If I were to have a pet, I'd have a pet tortoise. Tortoises are easy to care for, and we don't need to feed them during winter. So that's easy," Jane reasoned.

"You're just lazy!" Yoseph replied. "Kendall likes pets a lot, so Dylan gave her a pet dog and a Ragdoll cat. Still, I believe they had a few arguments over this issue of having pets at the start."

"Who gave in in the end?" Jane was interested.

"Did you not hear what I said? What do you use your pretty ears for? Are they just for decoration?" he growled. Yoseph's harsh words disrupted their momentary peace once more. Then, Jane took the bunch

of lotus flowers out of his arms before carrying them and walking toward Pet Palace. "Feisty," Yoseph called. "Jane. Jane Morris!" Yoseph called her thrice, but she didn't respond at all. He rubbed

the tip of his nose as he watched her petite figure walking away. Fine. Maybe it's my fault. I guess I'll go home and prepare some yummy breakfast for her.

Dylan and Kendall saw Tilly and Mary chit-chatting with each other when they arrived at the main house. The two old ladies talked the most about their children and grandchildren. "Both Yoseph and Jane are getting old. I wonder if they'll get married this year," Tilly said.

Mary responded with a smile. "Look at how much they bicker! I don't think they're ready for marriage this year. It's July now, and the new year is happening soon," Tilly pointed out. She was in no rush. "Jane just came back a while ago, too. They'll need some time to get used to each other," she added. "You already have grandchildren, so you're probably in no rush. I haven't had one of my own. Dylan might be married, but he..."

The smile on Tilly's face disappeared upon the mention of her eldest online. "We've been friends for tens of years now, Mary. There's something that I'd like to tell you about. Perhaps you can tell Jane about it, so she's mentally prepared." Mary's face turned stern when she saw the serious look on Tilly's face. "Go ahead, Tilly. Regardless of how tough or extreme the situation is, we can always talk about it. As you said, we've been friends for so long."

Tilly responded with a sigh. She clearly found it hard to talk about this matter. After Mary stared at her for a long while, she finally managed to put together a few sentences. "I'm sure you know about Dylan's current situation, Mary. There's hope for his legs, and he's now dedicated to doing physiotherapy daily. He can walk a few yards at once! But when it comes to his reproductive abilities... He doesn't want to see a doctor, and we don't know if he'll ever recover. I spoke to Yoseph and Matthew about it and told them to have more babies so they could each give one of theirs to Dylan. I don't want Dylan to end up all alone—he wouldn't have someone to care for him once he got old."

Mary was silent for a while after that. "I like Jane, and I've always treated her as my granddaughter-in-law. I'm trying my best to make things happen between her and Yoseph, so I thought I'd just let you know so that you can prepare Jane for this matter." A child was their mother's flesh and blood, so it was naturally hard to have a mother hand her child to someone else.



Mary knew there wouldn't be much difference after handing the child to Dylan. If anything, the child might have more of a chance to become the head of the Coleman Family in their generation. But Mary was just a grandmother, and she felt like she had no right to say yes on behalf of her granddaughter.

"Dylan's reproductive struggles are not confirmed, are they, Tilly? These are just our speculations so far. I think we should convince him to see a professional and get some advice on this. Then, we can plan things out if he really can't function in that manner," Mary suggested. "Jane is my granddaughter, but she's an opinionated woman. She'll have to provide consent before we ever allow Dylan to adopt a child of hers. Perhaps I can bring this up with her someday."

Tilly knew it wouldn't be right to talk about adoption before Jane was even officially a part of the family. "Dylan's a cold and distant man, but he's really nice to Kendall. If he were really functioning in that aspect, we would've probably received good news by now," she lamented with a sigh.

"You don't like Kendall, so you probably don't want her to have Dylan's kids either, right?" Mary asked.

Tilly nearly choked. If Dylan were a regular and healthy man, she wouldn't want Kendall to be the mother to her grandchildren. The couple standing at the entrance heard this entire conversation between the two old ladies. Kendall didn't mind this—she knew that the seniors of the Coleman Family didn't like her from the moment she entered the family. If they don't like me, why did they arrange a marriage with the Parker Family?

Dylan, on the other hand, seemed highly annoyed. "Let's go home, Kendall," he whispered in an icy tone. "Aren't we going in?" she asked. "No," he said firmly.

Kendall knew he was angry, so she didn't try to talk any sense into him. She simply pushed him out of the house. "Young Master Dylan, Mrs. Coleman." Tia happened to return to the house at that very moment, and she greeted the couple with a smile when she saw them. Kendall nodded politely, but Dylan simply ignored Tia. He didn't even look her in the eye. Tia was used to Dylan's icy attitude. She entered the house after the couple had left.

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"Who were you talking to outside?" Tilly asked when she saw Tia coming in.

"Young Master Dylan and Young Mistress Kendall," Tia answered, but she found the old madam's question rather weird. Didn't Young Master and Young Mistress come out from inside the house?

When she heard that, Tilly exchanged a glance with her dear friend, who said nothing but sighed.

Tilly didn't know what to say either.

She had never brought up adopting a nibling to Dylan for fear that he would oppose it.

Plus, the adoption would infer that Dylan wasn't a normal, healthy man; it would be rubbing his nose in it. As such, even though she had plans to do so, she never mentioned it to Dylan.

Nonetheless, surely the man knew of it as nothing in this household could escape him.

Meanwhile, Dylan stayed silent the entire journey home, and Kendall could relate to his feelings.

At the very beginning, she had thought about adopting a nibling as well. She even suggested adopting in general to him, but he said he wanted no child except for ones who shared his blood.

At that time, she even thought to herself, How will you have a child of your own when you can't even pull your weight?!

Come to think of it, she felt like an idiot at times. He had hinted at her so many times, yet she never understood what he implied once.

When they returned to Dylan's residence, Amos happened to be heading out for who-knew-what.

"Young Master Dylan, Young Mistress Kendall," Amos greeted with a smile.

"Where are you heading off to, Mr. Miller?" Kendall asked casually.

"I'm going to grab some ingredients from the central kitchen," Amos answered, to which Kendall hummed a response.

There would be times when Amos and the others didn't feel like eating in the central kitchen. As such, they'd ask for some ingredients to cook it here, deciding for themselves whatever they wanted to have for the day.

The meals the central kitchen prepared for them were practically cafeteria food, and all the meals were decided in advance. Since the food was either this or that all year round, it wasn't a surprise that the guys would get sick of the same food, no matter how delectable they were.

Amos snuck a peek at Dylan and could tell that the young master wasn't in a good mood. However, he didn't ask any questions, for he knew Kendall could hold down the fort even if the world would end tomorrow.

Kendall didn't push Dylan into the house but to the swing bench in the backyard.

"Is the great Master Dylan allowed to be tardy for work?" Kendall asked teasingly as she helped him to the swing.

At that, Dylan riveted his gaze at her, saying in a deep voice, "I can do whatever I want."

You're the one who can't be late.

"It sure is nice to be a boss." Kendall wrapped her arms around his and rested her head on his shoulder.

"It isn't nice to be a boss either. It's super stressful, and when business isn't looking up, your employees' wages alone are enough to give you a good headache." Dylan wrapped an arm around her. "You'll experience the stress of being a boss once you become the matriarch of the Parker Family."

Even when the Colemans were a huge family and the massive Coleman Empire was running smoothly, they still had to work hard. Between Dylan, his siblings, and his cousins, they had to be conscientious no

matter which industry they took up, for their peers would try to eliminate them as soon as they slacked a little or fell short.

Kendall smiled in response. "Every industry and every job has its own pressures. Also, it's not like you really can't pull your weight. There's no need to take your grandmother's words to heart."

Dylan fell silent for a moment before saying, "My grandmother had already thought about the possibility after my accident; she just never talked to me about it. I guess she's still holding out hope. Also, Yoseph and Jane won't get married or have kids before you get pregnant."

Those most affected by it would be Yoseph and Matthew. Then again, Matthew still hadn't gone steady with anyone yet, so it wasn't too big of a deal for him.

At that, Kendall sat upright and looked him in the eyes. "Are you not going to talk to Yoseph about this?"

Dylan felt a little speechless. "And how am I supposed to put it?" Am I going to tell him that my manhood is functioning perfectly fine?

Kendall was at a loss for words too.

She wouldn't want to talk about their sex life to anyone else either.

She and Jane might get along pretty well, but it didn't mean that she could bring herself to tell Jane about their nighttime activities. Sure, she acted all shameless when she first latched herself onto Dylan, but that was between them, and they were a married couple.

"Just go with the flow, I guess." At that, she rubbed her flat belly. "Who knows, I might already have Dylan Junior in my belly."

They hadn't used proper protection on their first night, and if they really hit the jackpot, she'd surely keep the little guy.

Then again, there was her dream. In the dream, the baby wanted her to carry them, but she couldn't do so in the end. From a superstitious point of view, it would mean that the baby still wanted to be her daughter. However, because they had been careful, the baby had no chance even if it wanted to.

With that in mind, Kendall no longer wrapped her head around the issue.

"I'll talk to Yoseph about it when the time is right. Our issue shouldn't disrupt his future with Jane."

The fellow had been waiting for Jane's return for years. Now that the wait was finally over and she wouldn't leave the country for good anymore, it was time the childhood sweethearts had an ending of their own.

All in all, Dylan felt bad for his brother, unwilling to see Yoseph's love life being affected because of him.

"Okay."

"Go on, get to work. You don't want to be late. You still need to have a good work attitude and lead by example, even if you're the real daughter of the Parker Family."

Kendall's face flushed with embarrassment, for she kept asking for leaves.

"What about you?"

"I'm going to sit here for a while longer."

"Alright, I'll head off then. See you at lunch." With that, she gave him a peck on the cheek. "See you, dear."

Dylan watched her leave with a smile.

Moments later, Amos came over. "Young Master Dylan."

Dylan happened to be swinging in silence. In his formative years, he had never played on the swing.

It wasn't that the Colemans didn't have one at home; in fact, they had a massive playground. However, it wasn't somewhere he could spend his time. He had the greatest burden among his brothers, and he would either be learning or taking up arduous training.

"Young Master, Ronnie and the others are waiting for you." Amos had come to remind Dylan that it was time to head to work.

After the swing gradually stopped, Dylan stood up on his own. Amos wanted to support him, but Dylan turned him down, taking firm steps under Amos' nervous gaze before sitting down on the wheelchair.

With that, Amos pushed him away.

"Mr. Miller."

"What can I do for you, Young Master?"

"Have the central kitchen boil some ginseng soup for me. I'll drink it when I come home tonight."

Amos turned nervous reflexively. "Are you having some trouble, Young Master?"

The old man was in seventh heaven, knowing that his master could very well produce a progeny, wholly wishing that Kendall would be eating for two soon. That way, she'd truly have a firm foothold in the Coleman Mansion.

Though the Colemans need not worry about keeping the family name alive, the elders would still be happy to know that their young ones were expecting.

This was especially the case for Dylan. After he was met with a terrible accident, everyone just assumed that the eldest young master of the Coleman Family would never be able to produce a child of his own.

It would definitely be sensational, good news if Kendall fell pregnant.

Meanwhile, Dylan was at a loss for words. Having trouble? I can have Kendall begging in tears beneath me.

"I went a little overboard last night," said Dylan as awkwardness rose to his face. Alas, for the sake of his dear brother's happiness, he even resorted to drinking ginseng soup this once.

He would have to call his dear father-in-law later in the evening and ask that he'd give Kendall a day off to rest the following day.

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Amos understood at once and grinned. "Indeed, the soup will help. I'll make another trip to the kitchen myself, then. Do you want to keep this a secret, Young Master?"

"There's no need for that. Best that you can let everyone hear you."

Amos was stumped for a second before realizing what Dylan's true intentions were.

As if the young master actually needed to replenish his energy. He was merely using the soup to let the elders know that they needn't worry, for he was doing just fine.

"However, don't disclose it to the public just yet. That will have to wait until Kendall's really pregnant."

"Understood."

Out of the blue, Amos reminded, "Young Master, your birthday's coming up."

Dylan was born on Valentine's Day, and it was said that those born on the day of romance were lovestruck fellows, loyal to the ones they loved.

"That's still a month away."

Dylan wasn't a man of festivity, and he never held any sort of parties to celebrate his birthdays either. If anything, it would just be a celebration over a meal with family, for he wasn't one for excitement.

"We can already start making the arrangements," said Amos with a smile.

He'd have to remind the young mistress about this. After all, she had to make the preparations.

"Just do what we usually do," said Dylan plainly. "No need to hold a party of any sorts. It gets really noisy."

"Young Master Dylan, who rules the roost between you and Young Mistress Kendall?"

Dylan fell silent for a moment before answering, "Kendall has the final say here in my place."

"That's good."

Dylan took a gander at Amos in response and found the man grinning, but he no longer continued the birthday topic.

Then again, his beloved spending his birthday with him would be a delightful idea. As such, Dylan relaxed his brows and made nothing of Amos' nosiness.

The weather in summer was like a child's mood, changing however it pleased.

Alas, just when it was bright and sunny at around 9.30AM, a storm came not a few minutes after.



"Thank heavens for the rain. It's been so hot lately that I thought I was going to melt," Jessie blurted to Kendall as she looked at the storm outside the window.

Meanwhile, Kendall had just ended a call with Scott.

The little guy wouldn't need to go to school since his summer break had begun.

He called her jubilantly, saying that he wanted to persuade Eric to let him 'seek shelter' with her with his kiddie luggage, vowing that he wanted to be with her all summer break.

Kendall was amused. She didn't mind that the child came, but she still had to work and wouldn't have the time to look after him.

Besides, Dylan was a possessive guy. Even if Scott was just a three-year-old, he was still a male in Dylan's eyes, and for that, the child was forbidden from clinging to her.

"It has been hot. Looks like it's quite a storm out there."

Ring, ring, ring... Jessie's intercom rang just then, which she answered in two shakes before making a call to Cameron, telling her that Adam wanted to see Kelly.

Cameron and the others began resigning one after the other after apologizing to Kendall, and they were now in the midst of handing over their work to others.

As Kelly was used to having Cameron as her secretary, she was displeased when she was forced to change to a new secretary so suddenly. Because of this, the new secretary was quite apprehensive, braced for the fact that her boss would give her a hard time.

After ending the call, Jessica turned to Kendall. "Kendall, President Parker wants to see you too."

"Oh, okay." With that, Kendall went over.

She couldn't help guessing her father's purpose for calling her and Kelly into his office at the same time.

Kendall knocked on Adam's office door before entering. "You wanted to see me, President Parker?"

Adam hummed a response but didn't look up at his daughter, only saying softly, "Take a seat first."

"Okay."

Kendall walked up to the desk and sat across from him.

Seeing the piled-up documents in front of her father, she felt somewhat terrible. Though she had been doing her best since her first day at work, she still couldn't help him deal with these documents even until now.

"You've familiarized yourself with the company's operations, haven't you?" Adam asked while dealing with the documents.

"I have. At the very least, I'm no longer at a loss for what to do compared to my first few days here."

"I'm well aware of the effort you've put in. Why don't you start following me out for business engagements tomorrow? I'll let you do it independently after you've gained enough experience. I can only rightfully transfer you to a different position after you've proven to everyone what you've got."

"Okay." Kendall didn't oppose the idea. "I can even follow you now."

While she shared an office with Jessie, she was also her father's assistant, so she naturally knew his everyday schedule; he'd be leaving to meet a client later that day.

Adam looked up at her daughter with a smile. She sure had changed a lot in the last one and a half months.

"You still need to tell Dylan about it."

Seeing that the couple's love was growing increasingly stable, Adam thought he could now let go and have Kendall learn to manage Parker Corporation; there was no need to deliberately free up some time for her to strengthen her relationship with Dylan.

Kendall blushed in response. "I can just tell him over the phone."

But after some thinking, she changed her mind. "Actually, we should start tomorrow. I promised to have lunch with Dylan later."

Adam smiled. "Try and spend some time with your mother too—even if it's just over a meal."

"I will."

"Have your in-laws been good to you lately?"

Since Kelly had yet to show up, Adam put his work aside and took the chance to check up on Kendall's situation with the Colemans.

"I'm busy with work and don't really spend a lot of time at home, so I seldom interact with them," Kendall said honestly. "I guess you can say they don't really like me."

Adam hummed a response, seemingly pondering for a moment before finally speaking up. "Though you and Dylan have already made your relationship public, there's still no news from the Colemans. Your mother's very concerned about it. Knowing your mother's temper, she'd have long called off the marriage had it not been for Dylan."

When Kendall was unwilling to marry Dylan, the Colemans came proposing a marriage, specifically asking for Kendall's hand in marriage on behalf of Dylan.

But now that she was married to Dylan, the elder Colemans began despising her. Even until now, both families rarely interacted with each other.

As concerned as Adam and Charlotte were about this, they were hell-bent on waiting for the Colemans to come to them about the marriage.

"Dylan has long been preparing the betrothal gifts."

Adam looked brokenhearted at his daughter. "This isn't about the betrothal gifts, Kendall. It's that the Colemans made no stance about this. Both families should at least meet each other, don't you think so?"

Kendall pursed her lips. She knew it was because Emily and Tilly despised her.

"I'll remind Dylan about this later. Don't do anything about this, lest your relationship with your mother-in-law and grandmother-in-law worsens."

Kendall hummed a response. It was indeed better that Dylan pressed his parents about this.

Plus, even if she brought this up, the elders wouldn't give a d\*mn.

"Dad, Dylan's pretty busy too, and he often has to take time off from work to help me. Plus, things are pretty tense between him and his parents because of me. So..." She was worried that her father was still blaming Dylan for it.

"I know. I didn't say it's his fault." Adam smiled. "To be honest with you, your mom and I are pretty scared to face him."

Adam was well aware of how well Dylan treated Kendall. He believed that this man wouldn't mistreat his daughter.

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"You guys don't have to feel intimidated. He might look aloof, but he's actually pretty benign." Kendall tried to put in a good word for Dylan, causing Adam to chuckle.

That was because Dylan had fallen in love with her. Even so, he was only benign toward his daughter. Then again, it was good like that, for he needn't worry the man would cheat on his daughter.

Knock, knock... A rap came at the door.

"Come in."

Kelly entered. Seeing that Kelly had arrived before her, she shifted her gaze away for a split second before sauntering in nonchalantly.

"You wanted to see me, Dad?"

To that, Adam hummed a response, then gestured for Kelly to take a seat.

Kelly pulled the chair closer and sat next to Kendall. After taking a gander at the woman, she drifted her gaze to her father, beaming. "What is it, Dad?"

"Kelly, are you certain you want to keep the baby?"

Kelly's smile froze for a second upon hearing so. However, she still nodded and said softly, "It's still a life, after all. I can't bring myself to lose it."

"Have you told Jackson about your decision to keep the baby?" Adam asked grimly, fighting back his urge to blow a fuse.

After a moment of hesitation, Kelly nodded.

"What did he say?"

"He wants me to keep the baby too. Dad, Jackson and I—he doesn't actually love Krystal. He only married her because..." Kelly couldn't continue on.

She wanted to defend Jackson, but what he did made it hard for her to even go against her conscience to do so.

"That wretched b\*stard!" cursed Adam as he slammed his palm on the desk, pretty disappointed with Kelly as well.

Meanwhile, Kendall left the room to return with a glass of water. "Here, Dad. Have some water. Don't get too upset."

After taking the glass of water from Kendall, Adam looked toward Kelly, who also happened to be staring at him. Both of their gazes burned ablaze, on the verge of entering a fight.

"Dad, Kelly's an adult. She has the ability to bear the consequences of her actions. Since she has chosen to keep the baby, she must have prepared herself to be a single mother and is also ready to face the world's criticisms. There's no need to be upset over her."

"Stay out of my business, Kendall!" Kelly felt nothing but animosity for Kendall at this point.

If that woman hadn't told their parents about her pregnancy, she wouldn't have clashed with them, broken their hearts, and caused them to be disappointed in her.

People sure acted differently after they found themselves a solid backer. The old Kendall wouldn't even dare raise her voice at her, and she barely knew anybody either. But now, that woman just needed to whisper to her backer, and someone would eagerly dig into whatever she wanted to know.

Kelly knew well that her nausea in the elevator made Kendall suspicious, and she only used her backer's power to obtain proof of her pregnancy.

Kendall sniggered in response. "Don't worry, I'm not a fan of poking my nose into other people's businesses. I don't even want to bother myself with your business even if I'm asked to. I just feel bad for my parents, and I don't want them to be upset over you."

Kendall was rendered at a loss for words.

"Kendall, please let us speak in private."

Adam didn't want his girls to get into a fight. Even if Kelly wasn't their own, they had raised her like their own daughter in the past twenty-plus years, after all.

How could he favor one and not the other?

Kendall obliged and left the office in two shakes.

"Kelly, Kendall's right about one thing. You're already an adult, so you have to bear the consequences of your actions. I won't force you to drop the child either, but hand over your work to someone else in the next couple of days. I want you to pack up and oversee our sub-company in Albarife."

Kelly's face tensed upon hearing so. "Dad—"

"Albarife is miles away from Orapolis," Adam interjected. "Even flying will take about four hours. Our company has just begun planting ourselves there. No one knows who you are there, so you can give birth with peace of mind. Don't worry, I'll arrange for two experienced helpers to take care of you. Jackson knows well that you're bearing his child, yet he still wants to marry Krystal. I don't know what blandishments he used to sucker you, but this alone proves that he's no decent man."

He added, "Kelly, you might not be my birth daughter, but your mom and I have loved you like one of our own all these years. We really want the best for you. But looking at things now... You entered the company earlier than Kendall and learned a lot more than her, but even she could wake up and cut her ties with Jackson, yet you... Forget it. Since you say that you can handle it, we won't intervene anymore."

He continued, "We haven't abandoned you by asking you to go to Albarife. Instead, we want to protect and prevent others from pointing their fingers at you. Your history with Jackson will become inglorious following his marriage with Krystal. It might not be a big deal for him. If anything, people will just say that he's adulterous, but what about you? The girls are nearly always the ones to suffer the drawbacks. All the gossip and scandals will be thrown at you. People will even call you a vamp and curse you for being shameless. The legal wife might even bring a group of people with her to tear you apart... No one will stand with you or think you're right because you're the homewrecker."

Kelly's face blanched in response.

"Your mom always taught you to treasure yourself... There's no point in saying all this anymore. Just do as I say. You can come up with another plan after you've given birth to the child. If you want to find a man to marry off to, find one in Albarife. Don't come back to Orapolis, lest someone finds out you have a love child. Even if you find a man in Albarife, be honest with him about the child's existence. As for the story, you can make it up however you want. You said you don't want us to get involved, so we won't. The only thing I can do as your father now is to send you to Albarife before this gets out of hand."

Kelly knew her adoptive father had her best interests at heart, but she couldn't bear to leave.

If she left now and returned a year later, Kendall would've already taken a firm root in the company. By then, what else was there for her to fight for?!

She had poured her heart and soul into Parker Corporation, thinking that she'd be taking over the company in the future. She'd flip out if all of her efforts ended up being a massive gift to Kendall.

"Dad, I don't want to go to Albarife." Kelly turned down Adam's well-intentioned arrangement. "People will still eventually find out even if I move to Albarife. Do you think Kendall wouldn't tell the world about Jackson and me? Dad, that woman isn't as innocent as you think she is. She keeps attacking me and treats me like an enemy. I know she loathes me for hogging her parents, but it's not my fault that we were switched!"

Adam frowned in response. "When has Kendall ever attacked you? What has she ever done to you? Do you have any proof?"

His words rendered Kelly speechless.



"You really don't want to go to Albarife? Are you really choosing to face people's slanders?"

Adam's disappointment for her deepened when not only had she rejected his well-intentioned arrangement, but she even went as far as slandering Kendall.

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"Dad, my history with Jackson happened before he married Krystal. The entire Orapolis knows how long we've known each other. If word really gets out, people will only pity me."

Adam looked silently at her. When she finished speaking, he asked in pain, "You really don't want to go to Albarife?"

"I don't. Let Kendall go. It's a good chance to train her."

"Our sub-company in Albarife only took off recently, whereas Kendall is a rookie who just entered the workforce. Do you really expect her to oversee the sub-company? Kelly, is this how you should make arrangements after learning for so long?!"

Great, wrong again, Kelly mused.

"Dad, I—"

"That's it, say no more. Since you don't want to go to Albarife, I'll arrange for someone else to go. If you insist on staying in Orapolis and facing the oncoming storm, so be it! You can go back to your work now."

Kelly parted her lips and wanted to say more, but seeing that her father no longer wanted to speak to her, she could only stand and apologize. "I'm sorry for disappointing you, Dad."

To that, Adam faced away from her, leading her to walk away with gritted teeth.

After leaving the president's office, Kelly bore into Kendall for a moment before walking away grimly when she arrived in front of Jessie's office.

"Kendall, the way Vice President Parker stared at you looks super terrifying. Have you two fallen out?" Jessie asked with concern.

"I guess you can put it that way. She already had a bone to pick with me after I signed the deal with Prestige Electronics, or the Cameron episode wouldn't have happened. She wanted me to spare Cameron after the latter slandered me, but I didn't let her have her way and insisted that Cameron apologize publicly and leave Parker Corporation. It shouldn't be surprising that she resents me." With a pause, she then asked, "Jessie, do you think I'm evil and unreasonable?"

"No, you did the right thing. Not everyone can be reasoned with. Some people not only won't be grateful that you spared them, but they will hate you even more for it and find the chance to kick you when you're down," Jessie opined. "You and Vice President Parker have imperceptibly become rivals—better known as enemies. You'll only doom yourself if you're merciful to your enemy, and death will befall you imminently if you don't make a move."

Adam only had one child, and Parker Corporation could only belong to one successor.

Kelly was just an adopted daughter. Even as capable as she was, there was no reason for Adam to give his company to her if Kendall could very well take up the role, was there?

Thus, once Kendall entered Parker Corporation, it would be inevitable that she would become Kelly's rival.

"Thank you, Jessie," Kendall said with a smile.

"There's no need for that. I've never really helped you anyway. You might not have any experience, Kendall, but you have tons of advantages. If you work hard—coupled with your advantages—you'll surely get what you want."

"You're right. I'll do my best."

Ever since reincarnating, Kendall had been mentally prepared to fight a long battle with Kelly.

She didn't mind how long it would take, just as long as she would see that Jackson and Kelly were disgraced. Seeing the two b\*stards being treated like garbage by the public would give her the exhilaration of a successful revenge.

Jessie signed a 'fingers crossed' to Kendall, leading her to nod her head firmly.

Meanwhile, at L.E. Boutique's main store, the store manager put her work aside and went out with a smile the moment she saw a red sports car parked in front.

Yasmine entered the store with her head held high, dressed in a red maxi dress, sunglasses, and a limited edition Hermès bag, leading the shop assistants to see her as a dazzling ball of fire.

Yasmine was inherently decent-looking, and she was born in purple. Plus, she had an innate elegance. As long as she didn't do anything stupid, she was actually a bombshell.

"Miss Zorn." The store manager approached Yasmine with a smile and complimented her red dress,

saying, "Miss Zorn, your outfit looked absolutely fabulous!"

It was showy.

Then again, Yasmine had always been showy.

"You look like Aphrodite herself, Miss Zorn. You've really gotten mortals like us swooned," the store manager kept gushing like it was the only thing she knew to do.

However, Yasmine reacted indifferently to the compliment, for she was long immune to them.

"Is President Evans in today?"

"She is," answered the store manager. "She's in her office. Would you like me to escort you?"

While heading straight for the elevator, Yasmine turned down the store manager's offer.

It wasn't until Yasmine entered the elevator that the store manager tucked away her smile and went back to her work despite the shop assistants' gazes at her.

Yasmine didn't stay in Laura's office for long, leaving in less than half an hour with two exquisite shopping bags, a set of new outfits in each one.

"Have a nice day, Miss Zorn." The store manager saw Yasmine out of the store and watched her get into the red sports car. Just like that, the beauty sped away from L.E. Boutique in her red sports car like a ball of fire.

Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you... It was Kendall's phone.

Jessie couldn't help wanting to laugh every time she heard Kendall's ringtone and very naturally recalled the music video.

Meanwhile, Kendall answered the call skeptically after seeing it was an unknown number.

"Parker." A somewhat familiar voice came from the other end of the line, leading her to quirk a brow.  
"Miss Zorn?"

To think that Yasmine would call her.

"It's me."

"What's the matter?"

Yasmine fell silent for a couple of seconds before asking, "Are you available right now?"

"No, I'm working. You can just tell me over the phone."

Yasmine quirked her lips. Who do you think you're trying to fool, pretending to be busy? As if no one knows you're just a rookie who just entered the workforce.

Having said that, she was envious of Kendall, for she could still work or do whatever she pleased even when she had married Dylan and had become the young mistress of the Coleman Family.

The Colemans' plethora of rules seemed to not have restrained Kendall at all.

Yasmine wasn't an idiot, after all.

She naturally knew Dylan's protection spared Kendall from being restricted by the Coleman Family's rules, free to do whatever she wanted.

Master Dylan's decision to do so...

Jealousy and mockery surged beneath Yasmine's eyes.

To think that someone as smart as Dylan didn't see through this issue. The more he shielded Kendall, the harder Kendall's days would only be in the Coleman Mansion. As if affluent women like Emily would allow the exception known as Kendall Parker to live peacefully.

Just wait. Kendall will one day be sick of dealing with the difficult in-law relationship and leave Dylan on her own accord.

"I'm at the R&R Cafe near your company. Come and join me for a cup of coffee. I won't take much of your time. If you really don't have the time to come, I'll go to you. What would you like to drink? I'll get one for you."

Yasmine's thoughtfulness got Kendall alerted. It sounded very much like a Greek gift.

Chapter 330

"Please just get straight to the point, Miss Zorn," said Kendall monotonously. "Your affability scares me."

Yasmine was rendered somewhat speechless. "Kendall, do you like... people who are mean to you?"

She nearly asked Kendall if she liked being a b\*tch.

"I like people to treat me nicely, but you're not in the mix. I'm well aware of the ideas you have toward me. Your affability only makes me suspicious of you. You're not trying to throw me to the bottom of the ocean, are you?"

Beyond livid, Yasmine really wanted to just walk away. However, she held back the urge when she recalled how Benjamin had been running everywhere, looking utterly troubled lately.

It was only after 'interrogating' Brian that she learned their family business was now facing attacks from Coleman Empire Holdings and Mendelson Group. It was as if the two big shots had made a pact to crack down on Zorn Holdings with their best efforts.

If Zorn Holdings hadn't been powerful enough, they'd long be in a financial crisis.

However, it didn't mean that the company was doing comfortably either, or her ever-lofty brother, Benjamin, wouldn't humble himself and seek Dylan and Frank time and time again, even going as far as making a trip to Parker Corporation to alleviate the tension with them.

Alas, all of this was her fault. If she hadn't asked Benjamin to seek revenge for her, their family business wouldn't have ended up in such a difficult position.

"Think however you want of me, Kendall, but I'm not here to cause you trouble today. I'll ask you again, do you want to come out, or do you want me to go in?"

"You said you're in R&R Cafe, right?" Kendall agreed to meet up after some thought. "Okay, I'll meet you there."

Letting Yasmine into the company might disturb everyone else from their work if this headstrong chick suddenly got willful.

"I'll be waiting. What would you like to drink? I'll order it for you."

"An americano will do. Thanks."

"You like Americano too?" Yasmine asked in surprise. She liked drinking Americano as well.

"You too? Huh, who would have thought we'd have something in common." Kendall chuckled self-deprecatingly.

She never really acquainted herself with Yasmine in both lives, and her perception of this woman remained bratty, unreasonable, blindly assisting Kelly, and humiliating her. As such, this caused others to ridicule her.

"Don't do that. That laughter of yours makes me want to snap at you. I hate people who sneer like that."

"Do you really expect people not to do whatever you hate? No one owes you anything, Miss Zorn. They don't have to humor you unconditionally."

Yasmine fell silent briefly before toning down her voice. "I'll be here waiting."

With that, she ended the call, for she feared things would go south if the conversation went on, and Kendall would decide not to meet up.

Then, she picked up her cup of coffee and took a big sip with narrowed eyes, feeling that the anger Kendall stirred was successfully doused by the sip of Americano.

Following that, she made a second call.

"Jeffrey," she said sweetly after the person answered the call.

A smile spread across Jeffrey Schubert's face when he heard Yasmine's sweet voice, and he asked dotingly, "What's up?"

"The operation I told you last night can commence now."

Jeffrey smiled in response. "Alright, then. I'll be sure to capture all your whereabouts and the people you meet today on camera."

"Thanks, Jeffrey. I'll buy you lunch some other day," Yasmine thanked him with a smile.

The Schuberts and Zorns used to be neighbors, and their social status used to be on par. But with time, Zorn Holdings got better, leaving Schubert Holdings behind to become the biggest corporation in Orapolis, only second to Coleman Empire Holdings. With that, the Zorns moved away and were no longer neighbors with the Schuberts.

Jeffrey and Brian used to be schoolmates, and since they were neighbors, Jeffrey would often hang out at the Zorn's and was exceptionally fond of Yasmine, who was four years younger than him.

Even after the two were no longer neighbors and he rarely visited the Zorns after their move, he still kept in touch with Yasmine.

"Why not today? The last time I saw you was on your birthday. I've been missing you since," Jeffrey said half truthfully.



The Schuberts' social status in Orapolis remained as it was decades ago, long extruded from the high society.

Yasmine smiled in response. "Alright, we'll meet up for lunch later. Where's your new company at? Send me your address, and I'll pick you up."

"Sure, I'll send it to you in a bit."

Apart from helping his father manage their family business, Jeffrey was also starting his own company. He didn't want to take over the family business, which he would only resort to if his start-up failed horribly.

Yasmine received Jeffrey's location pretty quickly after the call ended, and she replied with an emoji.

"Excuse me."

A server approached Yasmine and asked politely, "Hello, what can I do for you?"

"Another cup of Americano, please."

"Of course. Right away, miss." With that, the server walked away.

Seconds later, Kendall arrived.

"Here." Yasmine beckoned, leading Kendall to walk to her table.

Although R&R Cafe wasn't big, the interior design was pretty stylish, and they were doing pretty well since it was located near Parker Corporation and other small businesses.

"Miss Zorn." Kendall pulled out the chair across from Yasmine and sat down.

"I've already ordered a cup of Americano for you. They have quite an array of delicate desserts here, but the question is if they're good. Would you like to try some?"

However, Kendall only stared straight at Yasmine, thinking the woman didn't look any different from her usual self apart from the overly showy red dress. The limited edition Hermès bag was placed on the table, and there were two exquisite shopping bags on the chair next to Yasmine.

Kendall took a perfunctory glance at the shopping bags and found the L.E. Boutique logo printed on them.

No doubt Yasmine had gone to Laura's before coming here.

"Miss Zorn, we're barely even acquaintances, so please just get straight to the point. There's no need to beat around the bush."

"I'm beating around the bush just because I want to treat you to some dessert? Kelly used to say you're hard to get along with, and I thought she was just bad mouthing you. Looks like I've been wrong about her."

Kendall quirked her lips in response. "Since you want to treat me to some dessert, don't mind if I do, then."

She couldn't be bothered to bicker with Yasmine. She'd have some dessert since she was given the offer. I'd like to see what you have up your sleeves, Yasmine.

With that, Yasmine beckoned a server over and ordered a few desserts before excusing herself to go to the washroom.

Kendall hummed a response, and Yasmine went away with her bag.

The latter was actually trying to talk herself into controlling her temper and not fall out with Kendall. She had to make it look like they were on good terms.

After taking a few deep breaths, Yasmine cheered toward the woman in the mirror but couldn't help biting her lip as jealousy and unwillingness laced her eyes.

She was the spoiled daughter of the affluent Zorn Family, and she had never deliberately paid court to Alice Coleman. However, who'd have thought she now had to deliberately pay court to the country bumpkin, Kendall Parker?!