

## Kendalls 341

### Chapter 341

"Kendall, you're so nice to me. Thank you! When we're an item, I'll give you a huge gift as thanks."

Kendall smiled and said, "It's you who are the one being nice to me. You even said just now that there's no need for thanks between us, but you're doing it yourself." Amelia stuck out her tongue mischievously.

"Alright, let's stop thanking each other now."

"Sure."

Seeing that Amelia was about to take another serving of dessert, Kendall stopped her, saying, "We're having dinner soon, so don't eat so much dessert. You might not be able to eat much later."

"These desserts are delicious, or maybe I'm just too hungry. When someone is starving, they will eat anything they can, and everything tastes like a delicacy to them."

"For dinner later, I'll call Dylan now and inform him about it."

As Kendall spoke, she moved to make a call.

"Wait, wait. Kendall, are we having dinner with just the two of us, or am I going to be the third wheeler?"

Kendall smiled as she looked at Amelia. "Would you like to go on a date with me, or would you like to be a third wheeler?"

"A date, of course. However, I fear that Dylan might get jealous, and I also want to see my target. Thus, I've decided to be shameless for once and become the third wheeler. I hope Dylan doesn't kill me."

"Don't worry, you're someone dear to me. Dylan won't do anything to you."

Amelia said enviously, "Kendall, you really married the love of your life by marrying Dylan. He's so amazingly good to you, and even though it's a little regrettable, everything is fine as long as you two don't mind."

"Dylan really is a good person. I married the right guy this time."

She had made mistakes in her past life, and now that she was given a second chance, she only had to correct her mistakes to live her life happily.

Kendall called Dylan up. "Darling," she spoke sweetly.

Amelia shuddered in secret. She had known Kendall for more than a year, and she always thought Kendall was a bold and straightforward person.

Amelia never thought that Kendall would be so gentle when she talked to Dylan.

"Is there anything you need me to do?" he asked in a low voice. "Speak, then. As long as I, your husband, am able to help you, I'll do it."

Even if he couldn't help her himself, he could also get another person to help her.

"Hehe, it's nothing much. I just want to treat Amy to a meal."

"What? You want to abandon your husband again and go on a date with your bestie?"

"How is that possible? Even if I do abandon someone, it'll never be my husband. It's not just me and Amy, anyway. I'm bringing her over later, and I was worried that you'd mind, so I'm just telling you beforehand."

Hearing his dear wife's explanation and having understood that she wasn't abandoning him for Amelia, Dylan curved his lips into a faint smile. He said generously, "If Ms. Taylor tags along, it just means there'll be another set of cutlery on the table. I won't mind if it's on occasion."

It should not happen too often, however.

Dylan was a possessive person, and he didn't like sharing Kendall with other people.

"Amy is an understanding person."

He gave an affirmative hum then said, "I'll finish up my work at hand first. When you come over, I'll get off work."

"Okay." Kendall ended the call considerately.

Amelia waited until Kendall ended the call before speaking up. She teased Kendall, saying, "You're always so bold; I never thought you can be this gentle too."

"Dylan willingly gave every bit of his gentleness to me, so I'll give all of my own gentleness to him."

Marriage could only last long if both sides put in effort to make it worthwhile.

If one party put in effort while the other stayed motionless, then the time of separation would come when the one who put in effort began to feel discouraged.

"I admire you two so much. I think I'll just keep a distance from you two in the future, in case your love blinds me."

As Amelia spoke, she asked her best friend, "You brought makeup, right? Can you lend me some? I have to fix my makeup and adjust my outfit, or Ronnie might mind."

"I never really liked makeup, but ever since taking etiquette classes, I always have some ready in my bag. I'll get them for you right now."

When Kendall was still in the Woods Family, she never put on any makeup, nor did she use any skincare products. After she returned to her biological family, her life was changed drastically, and she was forced to do many things she didn't like doing.

"Okay."

Kendall went and grabbed her bag before passing it to her friend. "Go ahead and fix your makeup in the bathroom."

Amelia took Kendall's bag, then darted into the bathroom to fix her makeup.

When she was done and had emerged from the bathroom, it was almost time for people to get off work.

Coincidentally, she bumped into Adam, who was leaving his office.

"Mr. Parker." Amelia greeted Adam out of courtesy.

When Adam saw that it was her, he immediately smiled. "You're here for Kendall, right, Amy? Kendall has gotten off work."

"Yes."

"You young people should have fun. I have a client to meet, so I'll be off now."

Amelia nodded hastily. "Okay, Mr. Parker. Do take care of yourself too. After all, you're so busy every day."

Adam smiled in response, then left.

...

In the general manager's office at Dynasty Hotel, Yoseph was holding a lotus flower in his hand, picking out its seeds.

On the two-seater couch opposite him, a woman supported her head with a hand as she lay on her side, looking at him.

"What are you looking at? You're the one who brought so many lotuses over here, but you're not even helping to pick the seeds."

Yoseph glared at the woman in front of him, unamused.

He knew that his peaceful days would be ruined once this feisty woman showed up.

Mary should've been keeping an eye on her, but instead, Mary allowed her to stick to him like super glue and bully him!

He knew he couldn't count on his own grandmother either.

Tilly would love more than anything to pack him up and send him into Jane's bed. Just one springly night later, Tilly could start hoping for a great grandson.

It wasn't as if Yoseph couldn't get a wife.

He wasn't in a hurry at all, so why would his grandmother get so anxious?

It was the same case for his parents as well. He was beginning to wonder if he really was their son, for they never spoke up for him.

Troubled, Yoseph couldn't help but throw a lotus seed in Jane's direction.

Jane leisurely caught the fresh seed in her hand. Then, she sat up and peeled the seed with her slender fingers, removing its core before putting the raw seed in her mouth.

"Pick out more seeds and give half of them to Kendall. That way, Kendall won't have to do the work

herself, and she can easily have enough fresh lotus seeds to make desserts for Master Dylan."

Yoseph was stunned. "Feisty, can you be any crueller? You want me, the general manager of Dynasty Hotel, as well as the Young Master Yoseph of the Coleman Family, to pick out lotus seeds for you? If any outsider sees this, I'll be shamed to no end!"

He was complaining, but his hands were still working tirelessly.

"You women are so picky. Just tell the kitchen staff if you have anything you want to eat or drink, then someone will naturally prepare them for you. Why would you get lotuses and pick out the seeds on your own?"

"You're free, aren't you? What do you have to lose by helping me pick out lotus seeds? When I've made some desserts with them, I'll give you some in return," Jane said smilingly. "It was even more embarrassing for me to carry a bunch of lotus flowers here, but was I afraid? I still went into the elevator and came up to you like it was no big deal."

Chapter 342

Yoseph recalled how she looked as she came up to him that morning while carrying a bundle of lotus flowers. He couldn't help smiling as he said, "Jane, you're the precious daughter of the Morris Family, so can't you be more mindful of your reputation? Aren't you scared that your future husband would find you too reckless? Also, Jane, we've known each other since we were young. No matter what, we've known each other for more than twenty years now, so who exactly is your fiance? Tell me, and I can judge if he's good enough for you."

If he knew who it was that would go on a blind date with Jane, he'd definitely tell that guy all the bad things about Jane so that the guy would back off. Then, that person wouldn't dare to marry Jane!

"Why? You want to figure out my date so that you can go and talk bad about me, ruining my reputation so that the person will hate me?"

Just as expected of childhood friends.

No matter what Yoseph was thinking, Jane could see through him clearly.

"I won't tell you, then. Think about it all you want."

"If you can get married, you won't come and trouble me anymore. I'll be over the moon, so why would I want to ruin it? Don't think so badly of me. Jane, just tell me, what's the man's last name?"

Jane was all smiles. "I've already said that I won't tell you, and you can guess however much you want. Just keep picking out the lotus seeds. I'll go downstairs for dinner. I quite like the delicacies in the buffet

restaurant at your hotel."

Yoseph said triumphantly, "Of course, guess who's the one managing Dynasty? Dynasty became the famous hotel it is today because of both its excellent services and its amazing delicacies, conquering guests from all over the world."

Also, his elder brother had meals at Dynasty Hotel every day, and most people came for his elder brother, hoping that they could encounter Master Dylan someday.

As Jane stood up, she gave Dylan a thumbs up.

With a boss who was especially picky and especially skilled at cooking, the chefs at Dynasty Hotel were all greatly pressured. No chef would dare to work at Dynasty without an ace or two up their sleeves.

"By the way, Dylan and Kendall should be here any minute."

Jane spoke casually.

Yoseph countered, "Are you joining them as a third wheeler?"

"Do I look that insensitive to you? Dylan is no longer our big brother; he's Kendall's one and only. We have to avoid them whenever possible."

Yoseph smiled.

Jane was a very understanding person.

Their sister, Alice, was an understanding person too. No wonder the two girls got along so well that they could share clothes.

He stopped picking out the lotus seeds.

"You're giving up?"

"Do you think I'm immortal and don't need food?"

Jane was at a loss for words.

"There are so many fresh lotus seeds here; it should be enough for both you and my sister-in-law."

Yoseph complained, "You've got me working all afternoon, so I haven't done any work."



"You picked out the lotus seeds, didn't you? That's considered work."

Yoseph opened his mouth to retort, but he felt that she had a point, so he couldn't say anything in return.

At the Parker Residence, Kelly bought her foster mother two outfits and two sets of jewelry.

As soon as she entered through the door, she called, "Mom."

From upstairs, Shirley responded, "I'm upstairs."

Kelly immediately ran up the stairs with the items in her hands.

When Shirley saw that it was Kelly, her smile faded as she said indifferently, "Oh, it's you. I thought it was Kendall."

Only Kendall would call her 'Mom' so urgently.

Kelly had been raised well by the couple, so she wouldn't act so brashly like Kendall.

"Mom, I don't have any appointments tonight, so I bought two outfits and two sets of jewelry for you. Have a look, Mom. Do you like them?"

Kelly seemed to not have heard her foster mother's words, smiles still written all over her gorgeous face. She walked over to Shirley and put down the items, then helped her foster mother take out the clothes.

Shirley said calmly, "I have too many clothes, so if you're free, you can take them back to your biological mother."

"Mom, these clothes don't suit my other mom. She works with dirt all day, so if she wears clothes like this, she'll ruin them, and she won't be able to express the clothes' extravagance."

Kelly's words were filled with contempt toward Sally.

The Woods Family was quite well-to-do by countryside standards, but when contrasted with the Parker Family, the gap was quite large.

Having grown up in the Parker Family and being spoiled by Adam and his wife, Kelly already had a concrete view of the world.

She looked down on her biological mother from the bottom of her heart.

"Also, that mom of mine doesn't need new clothes. You may not know this, but Kendall used to sneak back there to see Mrs. Woods, and she'd buy her lots of stuff every time she went back. She'd bring the stuff in cars, and she also gave them a lot of money. On the other hand, I've never seen her buying anything for you."

Shirley didn't like her foster daughter complaining about her biological daughter, so she defended Kendall instinctively. "Kendall also bought me clothes and other gifts, but you just never saw them. Kendall was raised by the Woods Family, so she feels indebted to them. Even though she's now come back to me and is living a good life, she hasn't forgotten the Woods Family; she gives them gifts and money, which means that she's a person who values affection. She is good to me and her father, and she's also good to her foster parents in the Woods Family."

Shirley didn't like to see Kendall getting too close to the Woods Family, for she feared that it would affect her relationship with Kendall she had worked so hard to build.

However, seeing how grateful Kendall was, she was even more elated.

If Kendall was a cold person and cut off ties with the Woods Family after returning to her biological family, Shirley would be upset by that as well.

Kelly said, "Mom, I don't mean it like that. Mom, why don't you try on these outfits and see if they fit?"

Shirley glanced at them, then pushed Kelly's hand away while saying indifferently, "You helped me buy those clothes, but you don't even know my size. There's no need to try them on, so just leave the clothes here."

Seeing the lack of interest, Kelly sounded a response and put down the clothes.

Soon, she smiled again and said, "Mom, come and look at these two sets of jewelry. I think they suit you very well. You'd look even more classy and elegant if you put them on, and when Dad comes back, he'll be delighted."

She opened the jewelry box.

Shirley gave it a glance, then remained nonchalant as she said, "Your dad just gave me the exact same sets of jewelry a few days ago. Just take them back. If you don't like wearing them, you can give them to your biological mother."

This time, Kelly didn't dare say anything about her biological mother not deserving those jewelry. Instead, she smiled and said, "Mom, I prepared gifts for her too. I'm waiting until the weekend so that I can go back to see her. It's been a long time since she was discharged from the hospital, so she should have recovered by now. Before she left, I gave her a sum of money and told her not to save it up. I even asked her to buy some nice food so that she can eat well and recover."

Hearing that, Shirley picked up the necklace and examined it, saying, "I already have two sets of the same thing."

"Mom, Dad gave it to you out of his own kindness, and I'm also giving it to you out of my own."

Kelly was all smiles, a little desperate to please Shirley.

Kelly was the daughter she had raised for more than twenty years, after all. The wounds Kelly inflicted on Shirley had healed halfway through.

"I'll accept them, then."

Shirley placed the necklace back into its box and closed the box. "I'll wear it when I play cards with my friends tomorrow."

Chapter 343

Shirley's extravagant life was quite boring; she'd either go shopping or play cards every day, or she'd get a few friends to come along on an impromptu trip to the hot springs.

Ever since she got her biological daughter back, she rarely went on trips anymore. She'd always stay at home to accompany her daughter, strengthening their relationship.

"Have you had dinner?"

Shirley asked, taking the initiative.

"I rushed back as soon as I got off work, thinking that I could have dinner with you. Kendall has Master Dylan now, so she can't stay with you often. She rarely comes back now, and every time she does—"

It would only be bad news, for Kendall always exposed Kelly's secrets.

"Kendall is busy, so I asked her not to come back all the time in case she tires herself out."

"No matter how busy she gets, she still has time to eat. She goes to Dynasty Hotel for dinner with Master Dylan every day, and she's never thought of coming back to accompany you."

Shirley glared at Kelly, upset.

"Fine, I'll stop talking now."

Kelly wisely shut up.

No matter what, Kendall was Kelly's foster mother's biological daughter.

After spending time together for more than a year, her foster mother would be more biased toward Kendall.

"Kelly, it's not that I'm picking sides. In terms of having meals together, Kendall accompanies me more often than you do."

Kelly was speechless.

When she thought about it, she realized that it was true.

"Mom, I'm so sorry for treating you like this. I also want to spend more time with you, but I have to go to work, and it's always busy at work. I—"

"Don't complain about others when you yourself aren't doing well either."

Kelly looked like she was learning a lesson earnestly. "Understood, Mom."

Shirley looked at her for a moment, then took her hand and patted it, saying, "Kelly, even though you're not our biological daughter, you still lived with us for more than twenty years. We always treat you like our biological daughter. Kendall grew up without us, and we feel like we owe her, so we more or less favor her more. With everything going on, we're doing our best to treat you two fairly. You don't have to be jealous of Kendall and fight with her. It would only make us sad."

Kelly sneered in her mind. After Shirley knew that Kelly wasn't a biological daughter of the Parker Family, she obviously favored Kendall more.

If Kelly didn't do anything, she might lose everything.

She had spent so much effort on Parker Corporation, so she couldn't just stand by and watch as her foster father passed Parker Corporation to Kendall.

She refused to!

"Mom."

Kelly said pitifully, "If I don't fight with Kendall, Kendall would be the one fighting me. Ever since she went to the Colemans and visited Master Dylan, cutting herself to reject marriage talks and coming back, it seems like she's been holding a grudge against me. She'd target me and trouble me whenever possible, be it at work or at home. Mom, you should know that too. When Kendall just came back, we were on very good terms with each other, and she respected me as an elder sister as well. I cared for and protected this younger sister of mine, and I always gave her the best things. Even Jackson... Mom, I admit that I've been seeing Jackson, and when we were about to announce our relationship, Kendall came along. Kendall fell for Jackson, and I didn't want to fight with her, so I backed out of my own initiative, letting Kendall be with Jackson."

Kelly came clean about her past with Jackson.

Now, she was even pregnant with Jackson's child, and her foster parents found out about her relationship with Jackson. She felt that if she kept it a secret any longer, her foster parents might think

that she was making things difficult for them.

"I don't even know what I did wrong to provoke Kendall for her to be treating me like this. Mom, I think Kendall seems to be forcing me to leave the Parker Family, to leave you two, and maybe even Orapolis itself."

Shirley let go of Kelly's hand.

Kelly could tell from this action that her foster mother was troubled.

She couldn't help but sneer again in her mind.

Shirley said that she would treat them two fairly, and when Kelly talked bad about Kendall, Shirley would stand up for the other.

Now, since everything was out in the open, Kelly decided to reveal her suspicions. Her foster mother was already mad, after all.

"Mom, there's something I've been hiding in my heart for a long time. I don't know if I should say it. If it turns out to be true, I'm worried that you and Dad would be so distraught and unable to accept the truth."

Shirley said calmly, "Speak freely if there's anything on your mind. We've lived long enough, and we've seen too many things."

While glancing at Kelly, Shirley continued, "We won't interfere in your relationship with Jackson anymore. In the future, if you ever regret it, don't blame us for not advising you earlier. You're the one

who refused to listen. Now, I'm just glad that Kendall left Jackson."

Kelly pursed her lips.

Kendall left Jackson for Master Dylan only because Master Dylan is richer than him, she thought.

Does anyone really believe that Kendall earnestly loves Master Dylan?

Master Dylan is a smart person, so how did he not notice Kendall's ulterior motives?

"Mom, I'm a grown woman now. I'll take responsibility for my own actions. However, Mom, don't you suspect that Kendall is no longer the Kendall we know?"

Shirley glared at her, a foul expression on her face as she said angrily, "Kelly, what do you mean by that?"

"Mom, don't get angry. I'll analyze it for you." Kelly hastily coaxed her foster mother as she said, "Mom, remember how obedient Kendall used to be? She was such a nice person, but she changed ever since coming back from the Coleman Residence. She sucked up to you and Dad, and she kept going against me. I'm suspecting that the new Kendall is fake, and her only motive is to destroy my relationship with you and Dad. Then, when she has pleased you and Dad sufficiently, she'll learn to manage the company so that she can take over Parker Corporation. With that, she'll claim the Parker Family's property as her own. Now, this Kendall might be fake, and everything might be a plot. When Kendall went to see Master Dylan, it was a chance to switch out the Kendalls. The real Kendall might be—"

"Kelly Parker!"

Shirley stood up right away and pointed at Kelly, shouting, "You're the one who's trying to destroy our relationship with Kendall! Kendall is our biological daughter, and she's nice to her biological parents because it's only natural. But in your eyes, she's just sucking up to us. You even said that she's going against you, but you're the one who keeps jumping on every opportunity to slander Kendall and talk bad about her in front of me."

Shirley was extremely mad.

"Kelly, I'm not scared of you blaming me. No matter how much you slander Kendall, she's my dear biological daughter!"

Kendall was the daughter she had carried for ten months in her belly, who was switched out by someone with evil intentions, causing her to be separated from her daughter for twenty-five years.

Shirley always thought that she owed her daughter, and she wanted to make it up to Kendall. No matter how bad her daughter might be, she was still her biological daughter!

Now, Kelly was suspecting that Kendall was fake. Naturally, Shirley would be mad.

"Mom."



Kelly stood up and said, "Mom, don't get angry first. Think about it properly. How did Kendall treat you and Dad when she just returned to the family, and how is she treating you now? She changed overnight. Also, she was deeply in love with Jackson, and she swore she would marry Jackson no matter what. But then, she suddenly changed her mind and avoided him. She then married Master Dylan despite everything. Mom, don't you think that everything is rather suspicious?"

Chapter 344

"Mom, I'm not doing it for myself; I'm doing it for the Parker Corporation and you guys. I'm afraid you will be deceived. If this Kendall is fake, then the real Kendall will be in danger at this very moment, and she may be waiting for us to save her. Mom, plastic surgery is getting better and better now. Maybe someone has been watching our family long ago, and they had plastic surgery to become Kendall, waiting for the opportunity to replace her. After all, it's only been over a year since Kendall was acknowledged as one of us, so it's easy to substitute her. By doing this, that fake not only can benefit from Dylan's vast wealth but also get all the assets from the Parker Family. With so many benefits, who wouldn't do it?" Charlotte's face was still ugly, and she was still very angry. However, she listened to Kelly's reasoning.

She recalled that after acknowledging Kendall as her daughter, Kendall remained estranged and polite to her and her husband, and their mother-daughter relationship was also very awkward. She tried hard to assimilate into her daughter's world, but her daughter blocked her from her world.

Kelly's words were unpleasant, but Charlotte had to admit that what Kelly said was the truth.

In fact, Jackson and Kendall's current relationship was not normal at all.

In the past, Kendall loved Jackson very much. She listened to Jackson all the time and was head over heels in love with him. Charlotte had also complained to her husband before about this and mentioned that her daughter seemed to have never seen a man before to have loved Jackson so subserviently.

When Kendall came back from the Coleman Family for the first time, in Kelly's words, she really seemed like a different person, getting close to Charlotte almost instantly.

At that time, Charlotte was surprised and delighted.

As for Jackson, Kendall became completely indifferent to him, a stark contrast to her previous mad obsession. Hence, various signs told Charlotte that this Kendall might really be fake and there was a conspiracy.

If this Kendall is fake, is the real Kendall still alive?

When Charlotte thought about it, her face turned pale, and her body trembled.

What if someone murdered my precious daughter?

"Mom." Kelly quickly supported her. Knowing that her plan was successful, she comforted Charlotte softly, explaining, "Mom, this is just my guess, and it can't be taken as the absolute truth unless we have evidence to prove that this Kendall is fake."

Charlotte looked at her and asked, "How do we prove it? If she is fake, she must have made a foolproof plan."

"Mom, have you forgotten how you acknowledged Kendall at the beginning? You did a DNA paternity test and confirmed that Kendall is your biological daughter, so you exchanged me and Kendall." Kelly reminded her adoptive mother. "Mom, when Kendall comes back, you can get a few strands of her hair, then take her hair to make a new paternity test, and when the results come out, you'll know if she's fake."

Agreeing with the plan, Charlotte nodded. "You're right. Even if someone gets plastic surgery to look like Kendall, the DNA cannot be faked. After DNA identification, it will be clear whether she is real or fake. Kelly, keep this matter a secret first. Don't let Kendall know. It will hurt Kendall to be suspected by us like this. If it turns out that you're wrong, she will definitely be sad if she knows I suspected her identity after listening to you."

Charlotte listened to Kelly's words and thought about having another paternity test with Kendall, but she was also worried that Kelly would be wrong, and that the misunderstanding would hurt Kendall.

Although Kendall returned to the Parker Family, her heart was still with the Woods Family.

If Kendall knew that her mother suspected that she was fake, maybe she would sadly go back to the Woods Family.

"Mom, I know, so don't worry. I will definitely keep it a secret, and I won't reveal the slightest bit in front of Kendall." That'd alert Kendall, of course.

Kelly had already decided that the current Kendall was fake.

She was just waiting for Charlotte and Kendall to do another paternity test, and when she got the results, she would be able to kick Kendall out of the Parker Residence. She could even send Kendall to prison.

The Coleman Family would not spare Kendall lightly either, and Kendall would be rendered disabled even if she wasn't killed.

"Mom, only we know about this matter. Don't tell Dad first, and we can tell him when the result comes out."

Charlotte pursed her lips and said, "I understand."

Kelly's beautiful eyes flickered as she took Charlotte's arm again and said, "Mom, let's go downstairs for dinner."

Kendall didn't know that Kelly had instigated her mother to do another paternity test with her. She brought her best friend and accompanied Dylan to dinner, then ordered her driver, Henry, to take Amelia back to the Taylor Residence. As for her, Dylan personally delivered her to the door of Orapolis Etiquette Institute.

"Hubby, I have to go to class."

"Yeah."

"I'll kiss you and get out of the car."

"Go ahead." Kendall smiled and kissed his cheek.

When she opened the door to get out of the car, Dylan said to her, "I'll pick you up tonight."

Knowing that he was worried that Frank would come to pester her again, Kendall did not refuse and said with a smile, "Okay, I'll wait for you to pick me up."

"Go."

Kendall waved to him and turned to enter the school.

It wasn't until her figure disappeared that Dylan asked the driver to turn the car around and return to the Coleman Residence.

...

"Young Master Dylan."

As soon as Dylan got out of the car, he heard Vivian's respectful call before he got into the wheelchair.

Dylan didn't even look at her and got into the wheelchair calmly.

Ronnie then began pushing him into the house.

"Young Master Dylan." Vivian took two steps forward and called respectfully again.

"If you have something to say, speak. If you have nothing to say, get out!" Dylan spoke coldly.

Vivian almost ran away, but she steadied herself and blurted, "Young Master Dylan, Old Madam Coleman wants to see you, so please come over now."

Dylan's face was tense, and his lips were pursed tightly. His cold aura made Vivian quietly take two steps back.

Tilly always sent her over, causing her to offend Dylan. They really should stop letting me do the dirty work.

After a long time, Dylan spat out the words coldly. "Got it."

When Vivian got the answer, she let out a sigh of relief, then said respectfully, "Young Master Dylan, I'll go back and inform her."

After saying that, she took two steps back, turned around, and walked quickly toward the main house.

Every time she came to Dylan to deliver a message, she had a feeling that she would suffer for the rest of her life. Although Dylan had become a little warmer after having Kendall around, Vivian was still very afraid of him.

Ronnie continued to push Dylan into the house.

"Young Master Dylan, you are back." Amos went forward, then smiled and said, "The kitchen has just delivered ginseng soup over. Do you wish to have it now?"

"Yeah," Dylan responded lightly.

Ronnie seemed to pause when he heard Amos' words. Soon, Dylan was sitting at the dining table, and Amos poured soup for Dylan.

"Ronnie."

Dylan suddenly stopped Ronnie, who was about to withdraw, so Ronnie came back and stood beside him, respectfully waiting for his order. Then, Dylan said mischievously, "There is too much soup. I can't finish it alone, so you can have half of it."

Soup? Ronnie was caught off guard by the sudden request.

Chapter 345

Ronnie quickly recovered from the minor shock. "Young Master Dylan, this is your soup. I dare not drink it."

"If I tell you to drink it, you can drink it. Even if you finish the soup, I won't blame you. Amos, go and bring out a bowl for Ronnie."

Dylan ordered Amos, but Ronnie hurriedly said, "Young Master Dylan, I really can't drink it."

Amos said that it was ginseng soup. He was a normal man. If he drank this ginseng soup from Dylan, he would definitely have nosebleeds.

"This is for you to replenish your health, and I dare not drink it. Young Master Dylan, please let me go."

In order not to have a nosebleed, Ronnie begged for mercy.

Dylan snorted coldly. "What did you mean just now?"

Ronnie stuttered, "I-I didn't mean anything." After a pause, he whispered again, "I'm just surprised why you would drink ginseng soup, and if you drink ginseng soup..."

He looked up at Dylan, his handsome face full of delight. Then he asked in surprise, "Young Master Dylan, are you...?"

Amos hit his head and scolded him with a smile, "You brat! It's a waste of time for you to follow Young

Master Dylan every day if you can't understand this. It seems that you really need the soup to replenish your IQ. I'll go and get you a bowl."

Ronnie touched the place where Amos had hit and said innocently, "I have no experience."

Amos was speechless. "Young Master Dylan, please excuse me."

Ronnie slipped away happily after learning that Dylan didn't insist on making him drink soup.

Since it was useful for Dylan to drink ginseng soup, of course, he should drink more. Ronnie would never take any soup from Dylan, even if he was being threatened.

"He runs faster than a rabbit," Dylan complained.

Looking at the big bowl of soup in front of him, Dylan took up the spoon and began to drink the soup.

The chef in the kitchen was responsible for making soup, and the soup was extremely delicious.

He originally planned to drink half only because he was afraid of nosebleeds, but the soup was so delicious that he drank two bowls in a row.

Amos had been standing aside, watching Dylan drink the soup with a smile.

It was as if the more soup Dylan drank, the more Little Dylans there would be.

After Dylan finished drinking the soup, he let Ronnie push him to the main house. To Dylan's surprise,

he didn't see his grandmother but only his father. "Dad."

Dylan had always respected his open-minded father. After seeing his father, the cold and hard lines on his face became gentle, and the eyes that looked at his father also became less sharp and less cold.

"You're here." Fergus looked at his son lovingly.

This was his eldest son, and he had the deepest affection for this son of his. However, after Dylan was one month old, he was taken away by his grandparents and brought up by them. Even if they lived under the same roof, Fergus was too busy with work when he was younger and spent too little time with his children then.

At the end of the day, the people Dylan respected the most were his grandparents instead of his parents.

Even if Fergus was not close to his son, his feelings for Dylan did not change. Fortunately, although Dylan was not particularly close to him, Dylan respected him.

"Where's Grandma?"

"She went to Pet Palace with Mrs. Morris," Dylan hummed.

He wanted to get up, but Fergus stopped him. "Dylan, we haven't strolled and chatted for a long time. Let me take you for a walk outside, and we can also talk."

Fergus got up, and Ronnie gave way immediately. Then, Fergus pushed his son out of the wheelchair. So, Dylan sat in a wheelchair obediently.

The father and son left the main house, and Dylan signaled Ronnie that he did not need to follow.



"Have you been working well recently?" Fergus asked mildly and caringly. "Pay more attention to your health and don't exhaust yourself. Now that you have a family and a wife, you should think about her more."

"Dad, I know. I don't work at night, so I don't feel tired." He was very efficient and got things done during the day. Of course, when Emma helped him arrange his schedule, she did not schedule anything for the evenings.

"You will also be exhausted while doing rehabilitation. Just stick to it every day, and you don't have to work too hard." Fergus knew that his son worked hard so that he could stand up and walk hand in hand with his wife in the garden.

"Dad, I want to marry Kendall within this year. If I don't work harder, I can't stand up within the time I set," Dylan said lightly.

"Sure enough, love is powerful." Fergus made fun of his son. "Since you were discharged from the hospital, you were indifferent to do rehabilitation no matter whether it was a doctor or a family member or a friend who advised you to do so. But when Kendall came, she could easily persuade you to do the rehabilitation."

Dylan's face was slightly embarrassed.

"However, I am very happy to see that you have someone you like. I am really happy for you. You were hard-hearted when you were young. I was worried that you would not be able to find a wife with your

temperament. Oh, and you're also unwilling to consider marriage."

If Dylan was willing to marry, most women would want to marry him.

"Love is really about fate. Kendall and I are fated." Dylan was able to open up in front of his father. "Actually, I didn't expect that I would fall in love with Kendall. When I got the marriage certificate with her, I thought of causing her suffering so that it would be so unbearable that she would beg me for a divorce. As a result..."

Just after doing that to Kendall once and then watching her keep running to the bathroom in a collapsed state, he softened.

He had always been a ruthless person, and this was everyone's evaluation of him. When facing Kendall, he knew that he was easily soft-hearted. Perhaps, this was the fate between him and Kendall.

Fergus smiled and said, "Love is so inexplicable. Dylan."

"Yeah."

"You asked the kitchen to make you ginseng soup today, and you drank it all?"

Dylan looked up at his father and said jokingly, "Listen to you. You seem to want me to share half of it with you. Do you and Mom want to add another brother or sister for me?"

"Ha! Do you think your younger brother isn't enough? Why would we want to add another? If we can have another daughter, I'd be thrilled, but unfortunately, there's no hope."

The relationship between Fergus and his wife was very good. It was like they first met even after many decades. After all, they were old. After his wife gave birth to Alice, there was no more news.

Of course, Fergus didn't want to have any more children either.

He was afraid of having more sons.

Dylan laughed along with Fergus.

Unconsciously, they came back to the door of Dylan's residence.

Fergus didn't push his son in. Instead, they just walked past the door, but he still glanced toward the yard and said, "In the past, I thought that it was too bleak and deserted here, but now there are more potted flowers, and it looks much better already."

"Your daughter-in-law likes flowers, so I asked Amos to buy some. At first, I hated the yard being so full of flowers, but slowly, I got used to it, and I think it's not that bad after all."

Fergus said mildly, "You are too conservative, and you don't want to try new things. Dylan, what do you think after drinking ginseng soup?"

"It's delicious."

That's it? Fergus was speechless.

Chapter 346

"Dad, you will have grandchildren of your own," Dylan announced suddenly.

Ginseng soup helps with fertility, so I bet the soup has alerted the elders at home just the way I want it.

Clearly, Tilly asked Fergus to come and test him, and Dylan was happy to give him a positive answer.

Fergus was overjoyed, but he still remained calm outside. "I will definitely have grandchildren. I never worry about not being able to have grandchildren."

I've got three sons.

Dylan smiled. "Dad, thank you."

His father was a very open-minded parent. If his father could persuade his mother, he believed that his mother's attitude toward Kendall could be slowly reversed.

Dylan didn't expect his mother to treat Kendall as a daughter and only hoped that the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law could coexist peacefully.

Kendall was not the kind of woman who was submissive.

"Thank you for what? I've never helped much."

"You helped me a lot. I know that."

Fergus smiled and said, "You are my son. It's a matter of course for a father to help his sons within his power. You don't need to thank me. It's too polite and makes our father-son relationship feel distant."

"Dad, tell Grandma that I like raising my own children, and I don't like raising other people's children, even if they're my own nephews."

Not only did he want to tell Tilly that he was normal, but he also wanted her to stop putting pressure on Yoseph and Matthew, which might affect his brothers' marriages.

Fergus knew that his mother had wished for Yoseph and Matthew to have more children in the future so that Dylan could adopt some of their children to avoid Dylan being childless.

Although Yoseph and Matthew did not refuse on the surface, they resisted on the inside.

No one would let go of their child when they were capable of raising them. Tilly's decision would also severely hinder their marriages. If the prospective wives knew that their future children would be adopted by others, could they accept it?

After listening to Tilly's words, Mary was obviously unwilling to accept them.

Fergus smiled and said, "Don't worry, I will definitely tell your grandma."

Dylan was still a normal man, so he could have children of his own, and naturally, he didn't need to adopt his nephews.

"There is another thing I want to ask you to tell her."

"Mhmm. Go ahead. I promise to bring the entire message to your grandma intact."

"Since I have married Kendall, I want to live with her for the rest of my life. My tolerance is limited, and I can't tolerate other women except Kendall!"

Dylan knew that Tilly didn't like Kendall. Even if Tilly saw that Kendall could change him, the older lady still planned to expel her from the family after she transformed Dylan into a good man. Though seemingly impossible, his grandmother planned to arrange for a well-matched woman to be his wife.

"Grandma loves me and Alice the most. So, she probably wants me to be happy. Since she wants me to be happy, don't destroy my happiness. Kendall may not be the best, but I want her, and she's the only one for me. Without Kendall, my world would be in endless darkness."

Without light, there was no happiness.

Fergus looked serious. He knew better than his son to what extent the women in the family disliked Kendall.

Others did not dare to criticize Kendall on the surface, but Tilly and Emily were enough to give Kendall a headache.

"Dylan, I will have a good talk with your grandma and your mother."

"Thank you, Dad."

"Look at you. I've said that there is no need to thank me."

Dylan laughed.

Then, the father and son talked as they walked.

After walking around for a while, they saw Emily and several of the other wives in the back garden.

"Hi, Mom. Hello, ladies." Dylan approached the crowd nonchalantly.

"Hello, Dylan."

The women responded to Dylan's greeting with smiles, and Emily also looked lovingly at her eldest son, whom she was proud of. Every time she saw the other wives trying to curry favor with Dylan, she'd feel proud.

"Fergus, Emily, I still have something to do. Let's go first." Julie quickly found an excuse to leave.

When the other ladies saw that Julie had slipped away, they quickly found an excuse to leave too, leaving space for the family of three.

"Dad, push me to sit under the gazebo and enjoy the view."

"Sure." Fergus pushed him over, with Emily following suit.

After entering the gazebo, Dylan got up by himself and sat on the stone bench. When he got up, his parents were very nervous and wanted to help him, but without his consent, his parents could not touch

him after all.

So, they waited for him to sit down.

Then, Dylan noticed the joy on his parents' faces.

"Mom, sit down."

"Okay, I'll sit."

Emily, like an obedient elementary school student, immediately sat down beside her son with a smile on her well-maintained face. She stared at her son, and those who didn't know would think she was Dylan's fan girl.

"Dylan, what do you want to tell me?" Emily smiled softly.

When Fergus saw her smiling like this, he was a little jealous of his son.

"Mom, my marriage with Kendall will not change."

Ignoring his mother's smile, Dylan looked serious, and he no longer had the ease and naturalness he had when chatting with his father just now.

Emily's smile slowly disappeared.

"I've said it many times, and I don't want to mention it again and again. When I can walk normally, I will hold a wedding with Kendall. I will give everything that should be given to her, and I will never let her

suffer any grievances."

Emily's face tightened.

If it weren't for her husband, who placed his hand on her shoulder behind her, she'd have gone berserk.

"Mom, it's time for you and Dad to meet my parents-in-law." When Dylan said this, his tone was much gentler.

"Mom, I know you're dissatisfied with Kendall. That's because you haven't seen what she's good at. If you can get along with her peacefully, you will find that she is indeed a nice woman."

Emily said with disgust, "No matter how good she is in your eyes, to me, she is not worthy of you. I just don't want to see the Parkers." Her tone changed, and with sarcasm, she added, "What? Is their family in a hurry about the marriage and putting pressure on you?"

Emily didn't have a job, but she had her own sources of information. She knew that many people were discussing privately, saying that the Coleman elders had not expressed their opinions so far, so it was likely that they were not satisfied with the marriage of Dylan and Kendall, and the marriage of the two would definitely change.

Kendall, the daughter of the Parker Family who grew up in the countryside, would find it very difficult to marry into the Coleman Family.

"Mom, I don't know how to speak nicely. I have a strong temperament, and I'm used to ordering people around. When facing you, I'm always very strong-willed. It's my fault. For my bad attitude toward you in the past, I solemnly apologize."

Dylan stood up, bowed to his mother, and added sincerely, "Mom, I'm sorry!"

Emily looked at her son in shock.

Chapter 347

"Mom, I like Kendall. I have never regretted marrying her. Being with her makes me feel very relaxed and happy. I also know that you really love me and hope I can be happy. Mom, Kendall is the source of my happiness!"

Emily looked at her son, who apologized to her. The expression on his face was gentle, but his tone was firm when he spoke.



He said that Kendall was the source of his happiness. If she broke him and Kendall up, it would be like destroying his happiness.

If, as a mother, she destroyed her son's happiness, it meant that she just didn't want her son to be happy. Emily felt heartbroken no matter how she thought about it.

Of course, she wanted her children to be happy. But facing a daughter-in-law whom she disliked and looked down on, Emily felt that life had become difficult.

"Dylan..." Emily took a long time to speak, and her voice trembled a little. But she only called out to her son and didn't say any more. At that moment, she didn't know what to say or what she could say.

Talking badly about Kendall would further arouse the conflict between mother and son. Yet she couldn't say good things about Kendall against her belief.

Fergus patted his son on the shoulder and whispered, "Dylan, it's time for you to go to rehab. I'll ask Ronnie to take you back for rehab."

"Okay," Dylan responded gently.

He knew that some words were better discussed in private by his parents.

He, after all, was just their son.

Ronnie quickly came to push Dylan away from the gazebo.

Looking at his son, who went far away, Fergus asked his wife, "Emily, do you prefer watching your son walk or sit in a wheelchair and be pushed around?"

"Of course I want him to walk again. After Dylan's accident, when I knew that his legs were disabled and he needed a wheelchair, it felt as painful as cutting off my own limbs. I didn't even know how many times I cried when I hid it from him."

Emily's heart hurt as if it was gouged out by a knife, especially when her son's usually cold temperament became more ruthless.

"Dylan is working hard on rehabilitation now. He hopes to hold a wedding this year. But, he doesn't want to hold a wedding with Kendall in a wheelchair. Emily, Kendall has a positive influence on Dylan, and you can see it too. They're developing in a good direction."

Emily pouted and demanded, "What did you two talk about just now to make you side him?"

"He didn't ask me to do this. I just think that we as parents should not hold our kids back when they

grow up. We should let them go completely, and they can do whatever they want. They can marry whomever they want to marry. Dylan has never been under our control, anyway. Before, when he was still young, we couldn't control him. Now, we can't control him either."

Emily pursed her lips and explained, "I'm not controlling him. I'm just showing my own preferences. Can he force me to like someone I don't like?" To make her point clear, she added, "You don't have to say good things on Kendall's behalf. If I hate someone, no matter how good they are, I will still hate her."

After a pause, she said, "I've already tolerated her very much. I let go of the private detective I hired after he followed her for a day. Even knowing that she was entangled with Frank, I didn't settle accounts with her. That's a lot of compassion. You can't ask me, as a mother-in-law, to bear with her in everything, right? She's not much better as a daughter-in-law, either. She leaves early and returns late every day, and she never comes to chat with me at all. She doesn't take the initiative to please me, yet you want me to please her? She's not my only daughter-in-law."

Fergus smiled. "Yes, yes, Kendall is also a little wrong, but she is swamped. She rarely has time to go back to her parents' house, and she has to take care of our son too. Since we are idle at home, we should be more tolerant of young people. When I was really busy before, we too couldn't see each other much every day either."

Emily said angrily, "Whenever I find a minor fault in her, you guys can think of countless excuses for her."

"It's a fact."

"I know it's a fact. If she is a good woman, she should stay at home. She can obviously live a good life

by staying at home. Yet, she has to go to work and deal with the company by herself. Isn't that asking for trouble?"

"Everyone has their own aspirations. Besides, her family only has one child. How can Kendall take care of the Parker Family's assets if she doesn't work hard?"

Fergus was really a good father-in-law who spoke well of his daughter-in-law all the time.

"Do you honestly want the Parker Family's assets to be inherited by Kelly instead?"

Emily immediately said, "Kendall is the biological daughter of the Parker Family, and it is only natural for her to inherit the family property. Kelly has taken Kendall's resources for so many years. She should know her place instead of putting her fingers in the family assets. How shameless is she? She should dream on!"

Not liking her daughter-in-law was one thing, but her daughter-in-law being bullied by outsiders was another thing.

Fergus smiled and said, "That's right. Since Kendall wants to inherit the family assets, she has to work hard. If she doesn't work hard to keep the billions of assets within the Parker Family, Kelly will take it all away. Therefore, we have to be tolerant of Kendall's busy schedule."

Emily fell silent.

"It's time for us to meet our in-laws. If we drag it on, it will just prove that the rumors are correct, which will affect the relationship between our son and his wife. Dylan is a cold-hearted person, and it is rare that he has a woman he likes. Even if we don't support them, we can't be the ones to destroy them."

Emily remained silent.

"Emily, if you want to meet our in-laws, I'll call Adam and ask them to meet with us. No, I think in order to show our sincerity, we should bring some gifts and go to the Parker Residence in person."

Emily looked at her husband and said with annoyance, "Dylan apologized to me for this, right? You always stand on the side of your son and use my pettiness to make yourself look better."

"Emily, what are you talking about? Isn't this all for the sake of our son? You always think that Kendall is not worthy of our son, but that's what you think, not him. Moreover, he's the one who has to spend a life with her, not us."

Emily was speechless.

"If we don't make contact with our in-laws, Kendall may let her child take her surname because you don't acknowledge her as your daughter-in-law."

"I'll see if she dares to let my grandchild take her last name!"

Emily immediately chided, and then she happily asked her husband, "Did you find out?"

Fergus smiled. "He's very normal. Let's just wait to hold our grandson."

"I don't want a grandson. I want a granddaughter. Do you remember Mrs. Fawn? I often play cards with her. Her daughter-in-law gave her an adorable granddaughter not long ago. Now, she doesn't want to play cards with us anymore, and she just talks about her granddaughter every day."

In the Coleman Family, girls were worth more.

"Fergus, tell your son that if the two of them have a girl as their first child and I can have a granddaughter, I will accept Kendall as a daughter-in-law."

Chapter 348

Fergus was speechless. "Emily, you're making things hard for them."

"Regarding the matter of having a boy or a girl, they have no say about it. It doesn't mean that they'll have a daughter just because they want a daughter. The probability is only half under normal circumstances. But in the Coleman Family, the probability of having a daughter is literally 1%. There are no girls born throughout the five generations of our family. There's only one in the form of Alice in their generation. So, the probability..."

Fergus felt a lot of pressure on his son and daughter-in-law's behalf.

After all, it was just like him and his brothers who were forced by their parents to have a daughter.

Each of the five brothers gave birth to three sons. Every time a boy was added to the family, Tilly's expression was grim. Outsiders all commented that the Coleman Family was like a monk's temple. All the descendants were boys no matter what.

It was not until the birth of Alice that it relieved their generation's pressure of having a girl and satisfied Tilly's wish to have a granddaughter.

Fergus remembered the past and felt sorry for his sons.

"I don't care. Anyway, if Kendall doesn't give me a granddaughter. I won't accept her as a daughter-in-law till death."

Emily suddenly felt that making things difficult for Kendall like this was better than being angry about Kendall all day long.

Fergus was speechless.

"Tomorrow, let's go to the Parker Residence. You can call the in-laws now and tell them that we will go there tomorrow. I don't want us to visit an empty house."

Thinking of the new way to mortify her daughter-in-law, Emily felt so wonderful that she couldn't find words to describe it, and she was happy enough to visit the Parker Family.

"Okay."

Having successfully persuaded his wife, Fergus was very satisfied with his results. As for his wife's request, it was for Dylan and Kendall to worry about.

...

"Hubby."

Kendall walked out of Orapolis Etiquette Institute and saw the familiar man leaning on the car. She trotted over with a smile.

Dylan took two steps forward, and when she was approaching, he tapped her nose. "You're wearing high heels, so don't run so fast. I'll feel bad if you sprain your foot."

"It's alright. Now I've gotten used to high heels. Hubby, why are you standing? Are you tired?" Kendall supported Dylan and asked him with concern while helping him into the car.

"I just got out of the car. You came out after I stood around for two minutes."

"My heart aches for you."

"You're always as sweet as honey."

Her words were always sweet in his heart.

Soon, the couple got into the car, and the car started slowly. Dylan handed a box of food to his beloved wife.

"Before I came out, I got this from the kitchen and brought it for you. I'm afraid you will be hungry on the way back. You can have some to fill your stomach, and then have supper when you get home."

Kendall first put her arms around his neck and then kissed him on the face before she happily accepted the box of food. "My husband is becoming more considerate."

Dylan laughed, his gaze gentle and affectionate on her. He was content to see her eating with relish.

"Kendall."

"Yeah."

"My parents will visit your house tomorrow; do you want to take leave tomorrow?"

Kendall stopped eating and turned her head to look at Dylan. She felt that the man was too handsome, and he belonged to her. It would be a waste to do nothing, so Kendall naughtily poked Dylan's lips twice. This action of hers was so stimulating that Dylan almost couldn't bear it and wanted to take her on the spot. He drank a lot of soup tonight after all.

"I don't need to ask for leave. My dad will give me a day off..."

While she was speaking, her phone rang.

She took out her phone from her bag, saw the caller ID, proudly showed it to her husband, and said with a smile, "See, I knew it would happen."

Dylan nodded solemnly. "You're amazing. You can start a fortune-telling business."

Kendall said gravely, "This proposal is good. I'll set up a fortune-telling stall soon."

Then, she was gently pinched by Dylan on the earlobe, so she shrank back.

"Dad." Kendall answered the call from her father.

"Kendall, your mother just called me. She said that your parents-in-law will come to our house tomorrow. Since we're meeting, you must be present. Tomorrow, you will take a day off and come home early."

Adam attached great importance to the first meeting of the two families. He had notified Jessie and postponed all his schedule for tomorrow.

"Dad, I got it. I'll go back early tomorrow."

"Well, haven't you come home yet?"

"On the way home."

Adam urged, "Pay attention to safety and don't drive too fast."

Kendall said, "Dad, I can't even touch the steering wheel now."

How could she drive? She could only drive in her dreams.

Adam answered, "Oh, I forgot that you were speeding and was caught by Young Master Dylan, and you are not allowed to drive again. Who told you to speed? Young Master Dylan is also right in worrying



about you. It's for your own good. Anyway, he has arranged a driver to pick you up when you get off work, so you don't need to drive."

Kendall was speechless to learn that her parents were on Dylan's side.

I only sped twice! Oh, three times.

After being caught twice by Dylan, she was deprived of the opportunity to drive.

Even her car suffered. Dylan ordered its four tires to be taken off, and the tires had not been installed back yet.

"Has Young Master Dylan picked you up?"

"Do you want to talk to him?"

"No, I'm just asking. Since he came to pick you up, then I won't disturb the two of you. Rest early when you get home."

Kendall grunted. Soon, Adam hung up the phone.

"Do you feel bad not being able to drive by yourself?" A man's low voice came from beside her.

Kendall nodded instinctively, then shook her head again, and said with a smile, "No, I don't feel too bad. Of course, it's better if I can drive by myself."

"It's too late now, so it's not suitable to buy a car. Let's get you a new car at noon tomorrow."

Hearing this, Kendall was ecstatic. Her eyes lit up as she asked, "Hubby, are you telling the truth?"

"When did I lie to you?"

"Hubby, you are so nice to me. I will be spoiled, but I like the feeling of you spoiling me. I'm so happy. You're the best."

Dylan laughed and wrapped the happy woman into his arms with a dark thought in his mind. When you see the new car at noon tomorrow, don't be disappointed.

"Hubby, what kind of car are you going to give me?"

"It's the most expensive car of its kind."

"Does it run fast?"

Dylan's answer was profound. "It depends on your driving skills."

Kendall was about to say that she could drive her car like a plane. Of course, she was very good at driving. Remembering that Dylan didn't like seeing her racing the car, she changed her mind and said, "Dylan, in fact, I drive steadily. Yes, it was really a coincidence that you caught me racing twice."

It was such a coincidence that she wanted to stab God.

"Although the car I'm giving you is relatively safe, you can't go too fast. If it overturns, it's a serious matter."

Kendall promised again and again, "Don't worry, I will never overturn the car."

It can run fast. Will it be a sports car?

Kendall began to look forward to the new car Dylan prepared for her.

## Chapter 349

The smell of food wafted from a particular bungalow with a small yard in the Coleman Residence. Young Master Yoseph, who was the manager of the Dynasty Hotel and a first-class chef, was making late-night snacks. His food was so delicious that everyone would want to come and grab the food he prepared, even if it was a mere plate of stir-fried vegetables.

Because Steve and Matthew were Yoseph's neighbors, they were the first to notice the fragrance. Steve walked to the balcony and looked toward Yoseph's yard. "Yoseph! Are you trying to lure us with food again in the middle of the night?"

There was no response from Yoseph. Steve thought perhaps it was because he was not loud enough, so he did not stop for a moment as he went back to his room, changed his clothes, took his cell phone, and left for Yoseph's yard. A few minutes later, he appeared in the hall next door, but someone was already there. It was his younger brother, Matthew.

"Steve, are you here to crusade our beloved brother for what he's doing right now?"

Steve answered with a pretentious solemn face, "Who else are we going to crusade if not Yoseph when he chooses not to rest but cook delicious food and lure everyone in the middle of the night?" As soon as he finished speaking, his straight face changed to a mischievous smile as he asked Matthew, "So, what is our brother cooking, by the way?"

"You'll know once you go in. It's quite lavish, and the big plate of grilled cajun garlic butter lobster tails is the most eye-catching food. You know I don't like lobsters, but I can't help but drool when I see them." As Matthew replied, he held his brother's arm and pulled him in the direction of the yard. "Let's go and

eat the lobsters."

"Sure, let's finish off his lobsters." Yoseph's cooking clearly tempted the brothers. Still, instead of admitting that, they justified their 'evil' plan of eating everything Yoseph made by saying that Yoseph brought this upon himself.

On the other hand, Yoseph heard his brothers' conversation in the hall. By the time the brothers appeared in his yard, he had already finished preparing the supper and was taking off his apron.

"Yoseph, you just can't let us have a good rest, can you? Luring us with your food in the middle of the night..." teased Steve.

Matthew chimed in the conversation after hearing what Steve said. "I cannot agree more... I've gained two pounds recently, so I thought of reducing social gatherings and eating fewer late-night snacks. But my beloved brother, Yoseph, has been the culprit in preventing me from losing weight. So, instead of losing weight, I have gained more weight." Matthew sounded like he was complaining but did not stop picking up the lobsters. He never liked lobsters, but if Yoseph made them, he would eat them all up, even if he would gain ten pounds by the end of the day.

"I can't sleep, so I just thought of making a few dishes. Then, if you want to eat, bring them out. I don't recall prohibiting you from eating." Yoseph was delighted with the reactions of the two younger brothers. It would be his failure as a first-class chef if he could not attract his brothers, who were living next to him, using the aroma wafting from the food he prepared.

The moment Steve and Matthew heard that they quickly brought all the cooked dishes out to the dining table, but Yoseph insisted that they bring them to the hall. The two brothers looked at each other and

instantly knew what Yoseph was really up to—it was not that Yoseph could not sleep. Rather, he deliberately cooked a few good dishes to lure the guest upstairs who was temporarily living with the Colemans. In that instant, they recalled that Jane loved spicy lobster tails the most.

The two brothers, who took the hint, followed Yoseph's order and placed the dishes on the coffee table in front of the couch. They also each brought a low stool and sat around the coffee table while Yoseph brought two bottles of wine.

"Gotta work tomorrow, so I won't be drinking tonight. If I get drunk, I'll have to work overtime in the next few days." Steve declined the drink, and so did Matthew.

"Well, my time is more flexible than yours, so I'll drink." Yoseph's work was not as busy as the brothers'. If he got drunk, he would just skip one day of work; it was not a big deal to him. He poured himself a

glass of wine, and as he watched his two younger brothers eat with relish, he could not help but cough lightly. When his brothers looked over, he pouted in the upstairs direction.

"Oh my God, these spicy lobster tails are really delicious! It's fragrant and spicy and finger-licking good!"

"That's right! Even someone like me, who doesn't like lobsters, can't help but drool at these delicious lobsters! You're truly worthy of being the first-class chef of the Dynasty Hotel. Oh no, I mean, the general manager!"

Steve and Matthew understood their brother's hint and praised the food as loudly as they could while eating. In fact, there was no need for such commotion as the room was full of the lobster fragrance that Jane would be able to smell even if she were asleep.

Jane had yet to fall asleep. She was lying in bed, tossing and turning; it was something Grandma said to her in private that had affected her sleep. Old Madam Coleman and Grandma told her frankly that Dylan would be adopting one child from Yoseph and Matthew after the brothers married and had their own child.

Jane knew she was going to marry Yoseph, but the fact that she had to accept Old Madam Coleman's request even before getting married was a bit annoying. How could anyone be willing to give their child to others?

Even if the child would still be living at the Coleman Mansion after the adoption, the child would no longer be calling her 'mommy'. Instead, the child would regard Kendall and Dylan as his parents. Jane was heartbroken just by thinking about it.

Old Madam Coleman was adamant that if Jane could not agree to this request, she could not marry Yoseph. Grandma Coleman had the utmost power in deciding every matter in the Coleman Family, and everyone had to obey her decisions, except for Dylan, who dared to resist the old lady.

It smells so good! Jane, who was tossing and turning, smelled the scent and could not help but sigh. She picked up her phone and checked the time; it was 11.00PM, and Kendall would be home by now. Could it be that the central kitchen was preparing Kendall some late-night snacks? But the kitchen was so far away that it would be quite impossible for the aroma to waft so far.

Hmmm... then the aroma is from... As soon as the thought flashed across her mind, Jane immediately rolled over and got out of bed. I can't sleep anyway. I might as well go downstairs and have a look. If Yoseph is really cooking now, I promise I will eat everything up! The moment she walked out the door, the scent grew even pungent. She could also hear Steve and Matthew bragging about Yoseph's good cooking skills downstairs. Sure enough, Yoseph was showing off his cooking skills.

This guy could have shown his skills off during the day, but he did it at night. He sure did not want anyone to sleep in peace.

"Spicy! This is so spicy!" Matthew exclaimed while eating. He could not stomach spicy food but could not resist the temptation of the lobster tails. The central kitchen made them three meals a day, strictly following the recipes arranged by the nutritionist at home. Such recipes would not contain these home-cooked dishes that ordinary people liked to eat.

As such, Matthew could only taste such delicacies at Yoseph's place, and while the lobsters were really spicy, it did not stop Matthew from continuing to eat while sticking his tongue out.

"All of you are so mean! You're having supper but didn't even bother to tell me." Jane ran downstairs the moment she heard there were spicy lobster tails and naturally chose a spot next to Yoseph. Yoseph didn't even say anything as he merely handed her a pair of disposable gloves.

"Do you want wine?"

"Nope." Jane wore the disposable gloves and started eating the lobster tails with Steve and Matthew while conveniently ignoring Yoseph's triumphant smirk.

Chapter 350

"Cravings satisfied!" Jane exclaimed in satisfaction while taking off her disposable gloves after she had finished a large pan of grilled cajun garlic butter lobster tails. "I have missed the taste of your grilled cajun garlic butter lobster tails for a long time. I know they are served in restaurants outside, but somehow, I feel like something is missing whenever I have them."

Steve teased when he heard her exclamations, "Jane, I can bet my boots that your taste buds must have been accustomed to Yoseph's cooking. That is why you will feel something is missing every time you have dishes that are not made by Yoseph."

Meanwhile, Matthew said, "I am not saying other people's cooking skills aren't good, but they surely are no match for Yoseph's."

When Jane heard Matthew's statement, she looked at Yoseph with a smile and said, "Yoseph, be sure to ask me for help the next time you have the urge and want to make some grilled cajun garlic butter lobster tails. I will always be available on hand anytime, anywhere."

Immediately after Jane finished speaking, the two brothers, Steve and Matthew, immediately declared their stands as well, "We are also glad to help—to eat."

Yoseph drank the last drop of his wine, placed the empty wine glass, and deliberately said with a snappish tone, "Return to your rooms and rest if you guys have finished eating and drinking to your hearts' content. Are you guys not aware of the time? It is late, and you guys still have to go to work tomorrow."

"I have trouble sleeping every night and can only sleep after dawn."

"Me, too."

As they still wanted to watch Yoseph bickering with Jane, both Steve and Matthew refused to leave the dining room.

Yoseph knew that his brothers were merely making excuses to stay behind, so he asked coldly, "Do you guys want to eat the breakfast I made tomorrow?"

Both Steve and Matthew became silent after they heard Yoseph's question.

Shortly after, Steve immediately yawned. While he faked a huge yawn, he stood up and said, "Yoseph, I'm exhausted, so I shall return to my room to rest first. Remember to make me some steak when you make breakfast tomorrow."

Then, he turned to Jane and said, "Good night, Jane." After he bid good night to Jane, he swiftly left the dining room.

Matthew glared at Steve as he silently scolded him for surrendering so quickly. However, he smacked his lips when he thought of Yoseph's cooking. Then, he, too, rose to his feet and said, "I remember that I have a meeting tomorrow morning. I have to get up early to prepare for the meeting, so I will return to my room to sleep. Yoseph, make me some steak for breakfast tomorrow too."

After the brothers left, only Yoseph and Jane were left in the room.

"Are you full?" he asked her.

Jane smiled. Then, with a contented expression on her face, she added, "I am almost stuffed. The lobster tails you made tonight taste better than the ones you made in the past."

"Actually, I haven't made them in a long time," Yoseph said while cleaning up the table. "If you like it, I can make it for you and solely for you so that you can enjoy it by yourself another day when I am free."

"Really? If that's the case, thank you in advance."

Afterward, Jane leaned on the couch and watched as Yoseph cleaned up the table and brought the dirty dishes into the kitchen to clean them.

Suddenly, she faced the direction of the kitchen and said aloud, "Yoseph, you are a family man who is good at taking care of the household. Therefore, whoever gets married to you in the future will certainly be very happy in life."

Moments later, his voice sounded from the kitchen. "I have always been a good family man, and if the wife I am going to marry is the woman I love, I will surely shower her with happiness for the rest of her life."

Yoseph was born into a prestigious family, so he knew that there was a chance that his marriage might end up as an alliance marriage between two families of equal social standings—not a love match. If such



a case really does occur in the future, I will only treat my wife with proper respect like a respected guest and will never give her my true feelings. It does not matter to me whether she will be happy or not. But—I know for a fact that I will definitely be unhappy.

"Do you have a woman you like?" Jane asked.

Despite the two being childhood sweethearts, neither had confessed their feelings to each other. Jane knew very well that she loved Yoseph. Alas, she did not know if Yoseph felt the same way about her.

When I returned to the country, I knew Old Madam Coleman had arranged for Yoseph to pick me up, but he refused. Eventually, it was Steve who came to pick me up even though I had just had a layover in Orapolis. Later, I came to Orapolis with Grandma and lived in the Coleman Residence. Under the Coleman Family's arrangement, I moved into Yoseph's residence. Yet, I did not spot him for several consecutive days until I followed Dylan and his wife on vacation at the horse farm. Yoseph is deliberately avoiding me. I just know it! But—I kind of understand why he avoids me. Yoseph and I are not just childhood sweethearts; we are also enemies. Yoseph has always suffered defeat at my hands, so it is normal for him to avoid me.

"Do you think the Orapolis' media will let me off the hook if I had someone I liked? The media would have highly publicized them about it the moment they found out," replied Yoseph.

Jane thought over his words for a while and agreed with him. That is true. In Orapolis, every affair relating to the Coleman Family will always make headlines. Undoubtedly, the love affairs of all fifteen young masters of the Coleman Family will be the attention of everyone in Orapolis. Scandals and rumors will spread if any of them have a slightly close relationship with the opposite gender. Yoseph has never been rumored to be involved in any love affairs yet.

"Yoseph, let me ask you a question." Jane suddenly remembered the topic of adoption that her grandmother had told her about.

"Sure. I am in a good mood tonight, so feel free to ask me any questions. I will try my best to answer

them all."

Truthfully, Yoseph did not want to admit that the reason he would personally make a few delectable dishes tonight was that he noticed Jane's bad mood tonight and tried to cheer her up with delicacies.

"I happened to hear the conversation between our grandmas the other day, and halfway through their conversation, your grandma brought up a certain topic. She said that both you and Steve would have to let Dylan adopt each of your children once you two get married in the future? Is that true? Are you willing to let your own child address your elder brother as father while addressing you as uncle?"

Yoseph stayed silent and did not answer her.

Jane patiently waited for his answer. Unfortunately, she felt rather frustrated when she did not get a direct response from him. Does Yoseph's silence mean he acquiesces to Old Madam Coleman's arrangement?

As soon as she thought of that, she remembered Dylan's status in the Coleman Family. All fourteen of his younger brothers respect him and feel sad about his tragedy. Surely, they are unwilling to see Dylan not have someone to continue his bloodline after knowing he can no longer have his own children. In their eyes, they probably think that it is not a big deal to let Dylan adopt one of their children. After all, even if Dylan has adopted them, they still live in the Coleman Mansion and can see each other daily. In fact, it will not affect the relationship between the children with their biological parents much. At most, there will only be differences in the form of address.

Even so, Jane had a difficult time accepting that she would need to let Dylan adopt the child that she gave birth to if she ever did marry Yoseph in the future.

"Yoseph, do you not think that your grandma's request is a bit too much? Is Dylan really infertile? Did he consult a doctor? Besides, he can always adopt two children from the orphanage if the doctors cannot cure his condition."

As she spoke, Jane thought to herself, Unless my siblings are willing to let me adopt their children, I would rather go to the orphanage and adopt a child than snatch their children from them if I was infertile.

Still, Yoseph remained silent in the face of her questions.

At this point, her patience ran out. She couldn't help herself as she abruptly stood up and walked over to him.

Coincidentally, he also wanted to leave the kitchen. And just like that, the two bumped into each other at the kitchen entrance—face-to-face.

The two looked at each other for a long while when suddenly, Yoseph took out a pack of tissues from his pants pocket, took out two tissues, and helped Jane wipe the grease stains around her mouth.

Jane snatched the tissue from his hand without noticing his care for her. "Yoseph, do you agree with your grandma's arrangement?"

"Are you bothered by it?"

Jane was tongue-tied by his reply.

Nevertheless, Yoseph continued, "You have your own blind date, and it is not me. I will get married and

have my own children in the future. By then, it will be my and my spouse's concern whether to let Dylan adopt our child or not. You can remain rest assured that you wouldn't be involved. Even if my grandma's arrangement sounds overboard, it is not your child that will get adopted by Dylan."

Outwardly, Jane stayed silent when she heard what Yoseph had said, but inwardly, she was hurling insults at this oblivious man, This b\*stard!

Once she was done scolding him in silence, she parted her lips and snorted, "I feel so sorry for your future wife. She has yet to marry into the Coleman Family, but someone had 'reserved' one of her children first."

"Since my future wife is going to get married into our family, I will definitely make it clear to her before our marriage. If she cannot accept it, she can always marry someone else. Considering my outstanding conditions and my background as a member of the prestigious Coleman Family, I think other ladies will still be willing to accept my grandma's request."

Jane was instantly overwhelmed with frustration at his practiced response.