

## Kendalls 381

### Chapter 381

Just then, a servant rushed in and announced deferentially, "Sir, ma'am, Miss Kendall and Master Dylan have arrived."

"Tell them to leave!" Kelly suddenly turned around and snapped at the servant. "Close the gates. We're not seeing anybody. Don't anyone dare let them in! Close the gates and shut it tight!"

No doubt all of the entertainment reporters in Orapolis were rushing over to besiege her. However, she didn't want to be surrounded or to be asked all sorts of humiliating questions.

Kelly was genuinely apprehensive and panic-stricken right then.

For someone who had been confident her whole life, this was her first time experiencing what it was like to be fearful.

She dared not face the results of her now publicized affair.

All she wanted now was to flee as far away as possible and leave this mess to her parents. She believed with her father's power, he could most certainly straighten it out for her.

She was also certain that Kendall had chosen to come home at this time to watch her humiliate herself.

Kelly only had two things in mind right then—Kendall couldn't come in, and Kendall couldn't see her in discomfiture.

Having said that, Kendall saw how Kelly had been belabored at the wedding banquet. Needless to say, Kendall had long seen her sister's discomfiture look.

Meanwhile, the servant looked to Adam and Charlotte for help, startled by Kelly's hollering.

At that, Charlotte chucked a box of tissue into Kelly's arms. "Clean your tears and snot away."

She then turned to the servant and ordered, "Lock the front gates after Kendall and Master Dylan come in. Don't open the door for anybody else after that. Keep a close eye on the situation outside. Don't let anyone climb in or call the cops straight."

To that, the servant obliged and scurried away.

At this point, even servants like them had learned of Kelly's scandal.

Does Miss Kelly really think she can stop the brewing storm from approaching by barricading people outside? We're now living in the age of the internet. Anybody can find out about anything in a snap!

"Mom, Kendall didn't even do anything to save me at the hotel. She must've come back to laugh at me. Don't let her come in. Tell her to go back to Coleman Residence. Don't let her come back until I leave for Albarife!"

"How can you blame Kendall for not helping you because Krystal belabored you for having done something so humiliating?! You consider yourself to be smarter than Kendall. She could give up and stay away from Jackson, so why couldn't you... This is Kendall's home, so she can come back whenever she wants. Why should she put up with you?"

At that, Kelly rose to her feet at once and snapped at Charlotte, saying, "Look at how partial you are toward Kelly, Mom! She's your biological daughter, so you'd naturally be partial to her. But because I'm not yours, you'd wish for nothing but the worst, don't you?! Not only that, you even mock me. You think I asked for this, don't you?!"

"Kelly Parker, how dare you talk to your mother like that!" Adam berated. "Have we not helped or advised you at all? What did you tell us, though? You told us that this is your problem, and you don't want us to get involved. We're not your birth parents, so what can we do when you want us to do nothing?! Have you not done this to yourself?! Is your mother wrong for saying this is Kendall's home, and she can come and go as she pleases? Why should she put up with you?!"

He continued, "Kelly, be honest with yourself. How have we treated you after what happened between you and Jackson last time? You turned down our well-intentioned arrangement, have you not? For all we know, you might be accusing us of throwing you far away so that we can focus wholly on Kendall!"

Adam's retort rendered Kelly speechless, making her unable to do anything but bawl.

"What can I do now, Dad? What's going to happen to me? How can I marry myself off now that they have all found out?! Brian wouldn't want me anymore now, no matter how much he loves me, would he? How can I be so stupid?! Why would I choose Jackson over Brian... Dad, Jackson is the one who used me!" Kelly wailed aggrievedly, thinking Jackson was the very reason she ended up like this.

Then, at the thought of her bleak future, Kelly cried even harder.

As Kendall and Dylan came in, they found Kelly grabbing Adam and wailing aggrievedly to him.

As soon as she footsteps, Kelly turned her head to find who else but Kendall standing behind Dylan, looking elegant, proper, and drop-dead gorgeous. Though Dylan was in a wheelchair, his innate splendor was unconcealable.

The two made a good match, with him a beau and Kendall a beauty.

Suddenly, Kendall grew beyond angry with jealousy toward Kendall.

Even when Dylan was wheelchair-bound and could never produce a progeny of his own, he was still leagues above Jackson.

At the very least, he would back Kendall up and not let her suffer any grievances or be bullied.

What about Jackson, though?

The man promised to shield her from harm's way and make her the happiest woman in the world. In actuality, he was the bringer of her misery!

Meanwhile, Kendall pushed Dylan closer.

"Mom, Dad," the couple greeted Adam and Charlotte, who replied with a hum.

At that, Kendall took a gander at Kelly before shifting her gaze to her parents, asking concerningly, "It looks like you guys have found out, huh?"

"Many of my acquaintances were at the wedding banquet," said Adam with humiliation. "It's hard for me not to know when they've been calling my phone one after another."

A hint of apology laced her eyes.

Her decision to retaliate against her foes unrestrainedly would undoubtedly hurt her parents; to them, Kelly was also their daughter. However, this woman was also the reason for their death.

Kelly had someone rig her parents' car, causing them to be killed in a terrible accident. To make things worse, the car caught on fire, burning Adam and Charlotte into ashes. Kendall never even got to see her parents one last time.

She had always assumed it was just an accident until the day her daughter died when Kelly told her she was the one who orchestrated their death.

To think what Adam and Charlotte got in exchange for treating Kelly as their own wasn't love but death.

Though Kendall's vengeance would hurt Adam and Charlotte, compared to death, this sort of pain was only temporary.

"Mom, Dad, what has been done can't be undone. Don't get too upset." Kendall comforted her parents before glaring daggers at Kelly. "You said that Jackson used you. Sure, that deserves pity, but what have you done after being used? You neither reported him to the police nor stayed away from him. Instead, you became his lover. Tell me, who's to blame for this?"

Kelly was at a loss for words.

Kendall was right. She neither reported Jackson to the police nor stayed away from him after being used by the man and instead lusted after the intimacy of a couple, having sex with Jackson as soon as

she had the chance. To seek the rush, the two even rendezvoused at the outskirts and were caught in action. Someone even recorded them on camera.

She was the very reason for her own downfall.

"Why didn't you stand up for me when Krystal belabored me, though?!" Kelly was only tongue-tied for one minute before she questioned Kendall justifiably. "Even if I'm not Mom and Dad's real daughter, I'm still a Parker, which makes you and I family. As such, you should help me whenever I'm being bullied!"

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Kendall wanted to laugh at Kelly's ridiculous logic; to think this woman could retort so justifiably.

"Why should Kendall stick up for you?" Dylan retorted coldly. "The buck stops here. You should be willing to bear the consequences of your actions. Why should Kendall help you at all?"

Intimidated, Kelly stuttered, "M-Master Dylan, w-w-with you around... and, and if Kendall could s-speak up for me, no one would dare lay a finger on me."

"Do you not deserve to be belabored?! Consider yourself lucky that the Caddels didn't mangle you." Dylan retorted mercilessly.

This was Kendall's vengeance. As if she would even think of helping Kelly!

"Also, I will shield Kendall from harm at any time and any place, but that doesn't mean you can use my name to protect yourself. Who are you to me? My sister-in-law? Do you and Kendall even share the same blood?"

Kelly was rendered speechless.

Hell, Dylan was super nice to the Woods Family! Kendall didn't share the same blood as the Woods brothers either, yet Dylan affectionately regarded them as his brothers. But to think he would disregard her as his sister-in-law!

"Mom, Dad, Dylan and I were seated at the main table," Kendall explained. "We were too far away from

Kelly, and I was still reeling in shock when Krystal lashed out. The wedding was already in chaos by the time I came to my senses, and Kelly was already gone. I didn't manage to help Kelly in time."

At that, Charlotte looked into Kendall's eyes and said, "It's not your fault, Kendall. You don't have to explain anything, and you don't have to feel bad either."

Likewise, Adam comforted Kendall, telling her not to blame herself, making Kelly green with envy.

And they say that I'm their daughter too. Look at how nice they are on their own!

"Kendall." Kelly suddenly held Kendall's hand and pleaded, "Kendall, I don't blame you for not standing up for me in time at the hotel, but you can still help me now. Straighten this out for me, won't you? Don't let it affect my name."

But to Kelly's dismay, Dylan ruthlessly slapped her hand away before Kendall could say anything.

"So many people in the hall saw that recording. How do you expect Kendall to settle it for you? Cut off their tongues and chop off their hands?"

Dylan's sub-zero gaze made Kelly shudder in fear and blurted unconsciously, "Kendall has you. With your family's influence and your measures, anyone who dares gossip will have their tongues cut off. Anyone who dares to write about this online will have their hands chopped off."

"Kelly Parker!"

The Parker couple were rendered livid with rage upon hearing Kelly's words, and Adam wanted, even

more so, to slap some sense into Kelly. But seeing how swollen her face was, he couldn't bring himself to do so anymore. He chastised coldly after withdrawing his hand with seethed rage. "You said it yourself—this is your business, and we don't have to bother ourselves with it. As you wish; your business, your problem!"

"Kendall, dear, please don't do anything stupid!" Charlotte genuinely feared Kendall would use Dylan's influences to harm others and straighten Kelly's problem for her.

"Don't worry, Mom. I won't."

Honestly, with Dylan's influences, the matter could be resolved easily. However, Kendall was the one who had engineered all of this, and Dylan even helped to sort the follow-ups. Would they consider undermining their efforts? Absolutely not!

Hence, it was impossible for Kelly to ever receive the couple's help. They were merely acting in front of Adam and Charlotte.

"Mom, Dad, Kendall, I've really learned my lesson now. Please help me. I don't want to be criticized and called all sorts of heinous names. I'm a Parker, too, am I not? Our family will also be disgraced if the public insults me."

"Kelly Parker!" Kendall flung Kelly's hand away. "What's done is done."

At that, Kelly slumped onto the couch in despair and cried with her hands over her face.

I'm done for!

Lo and behold, she suddenly held her belly and groaned, "Mom, my stomach hurts."

Charlotte turned slightly grim as she recalled Kelly's pregnancy, and she hurriedly helped the young woman up, reprimanding with an aching heart, "Is it the baby? Why didn't you listen to us when we kept telling you to forget about the child? Goodness, what are we going to do with you?"

Kelly's stomach genuinely hurt, and she could also feel warm liquid trickling down between her legs. "Mom, t-take... take me to the hospital..."

Charlotte would do so even if she didn't beg.

Adam had wanted to call 911, but Kelly stopped him despite the pain, thinking they'd draw attention doing so. Ultimately, she asked Adam and Charlotte to sneakily take her to the hospital.

She was now the number one target amongst the Orapolis' entertainment reporters. If word got out that she was pregnant with Jackson's child, Krystal and the Caddels surely wouldn't spare her.

In the end, the family of three sneakily left for the hospital, with Adam serving as the driver while Charlotte helped Kelly into the car.

Kendall and Dylan had no interest in tagging along, and Kelly refused to let the couple follow either, only because Dylan would become the center of attention wherever he went due to his illustrious status.

It wasn't until Kendall and Dylan were left in the mansion that she turned to Dylan, saying softly, "Kelly makes it look like I'm hell-bent on tagging along."

Who knows if Kelly will manage to keep this child. According to the date, she's probably only seven or eight weeks into her pregnancy. This is the easiest time for her to suffer a miscarriage when her fetus still isn't stable.

If things went according to how they were in her past life, the baby would've been fine. However, because Kendall's reincarnation changed many variables, many lives were affected. Thus, the survival of the child in Kelly's belly became an unknown factor.



"Let's go home, honey."

"Sure."

On the journey to Coleman Residence, Kendall called her mother and said she'd be sending Dylan home.

"Go home with Master Dylan first, Kendall. I'll give you a call when we know that Kelly's fine."

"Okay. You and Dad shouldn't get too upset, alright?"

What Kendall worried about most was that her parents would fall ill from anger.

Silence filled the line for a moment before Charlotte said, "This isn't our first rodeo. If anything, we're becoming numb."

Kendall didn't know what to say to that for a moment.

Adam and Charlotte's disappointment for Kelly was also a step in her vengeance.

She had to drive a wedge between Kelly and her parents so they wouldn't die in Kelly's hand like they had in her past life.

After ending the call, she leaned against Dylan, resting her head on his shoulder as she mumbled, "Dylan, I think my mom's beginning to suspect me."

She had recounted her past life in the form of a dream to her mother because she had to explain why she so suddenly gave up on Jackson and also distanced herself from Kelly.

At that, Dylan wrapped an arm around her shoulder and said, "Your mom went to a paternity testing lab to do a DNA test with your hair earlier today."

Dylan would keep a close eye on anything and everything that had to do with Kendall.

"I've already done a DNA test with my mom and dad to prove that I am indeed their daughter when we first reunited. Why would she do it again?" Kendall said in surprise.

No wonder she thought her mother was pretty aggressive with the comb the other day. Her mother had taken the chance to collect her hair, hadn't she?

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"Someone probably said something to your mother," said Dylan with a profound gaze.

Who else it could be but Kelly?

"Your change is too sudden and drastic, so it's within reason to suspect you're an impersonator."

Kendall parted her lips but didn't know what to say for a moment.

Indeed, her change had been so drastic that it still easily raised suspicions, even if she brushed it off with a strange dream.

Then again, to think her own mother could be incited so easily.

"Dylan."

"You're not using your terms of endearment again. Bad girl." With that, Dylan secured the back of her head and attacked her lips, rendering her woozy for a solid moment before coming to herself. "I still remember my question," she said while throwing a playful punch at him, leading him to chuckle with a loving gaze. "Hit me with it."

"Have you ever suspected that I'm a fake, love?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I can see through everything. I can very easily strip you bare if you're a fake." At that, he added, "Fake or no fake, you're the one I want to be with."

Kendall smiled, happy to have his trust. "Are you not afraid that I'm a fake with a big conspiracy that will leave you in a bleak state forever?"

"Back then, the people around me would remind me to be wary of you, saying your change was too sudden and drastic. You had to be using me for a conspiracy."

Kendall knew just as much.

"But you know what I would say. Do you want me to say these sweet nothings to you again?"

"Come on, those aren't sweet nothings. If you say 'Kendall, I love you to the moon and back' or 'there's not a day that I don't miss you', those are sweet nothings."

Dylan turned his head to her, riveting his gaze at her for a solid moment before suddenly pressing the back of her head to attack her lips again. It wasn't until she was nearly suffocating that he finally released her. "I prefer to do than to say," he croaked, rendering Kendall at a loss for words for a moment.

A man of action, she thought.

"Do you want to do something about the DNA test?" Dylan asked concerningly.

Charlotte's decision to do so would still hurt Kendall a little. Her own mother was doubting her legitimacy, after all.

"Kelly's now acting like a madwoman after suffering a serious setback. If she's the one who instigated my mom to doubt my legitimacy, she'll definitely do something to change the results. Just tell them to keep an eye on it and don't let her do anything to it."

Even if Kelly managed to change the results in the end, she could still do another DNA test with her mother. Then again, it was better to avoid the avoidable. Doing it again would only affect her relationship with her mother, after all.

"I promise you I won't let anyone change it."

"What will I ever do without you, Dylan!"

Dylan pulled her closer into his arms. And I, you!

"The weather's looking good today. Take me outside for a stroll, Taylor." It had been a few days since Frank, whose knee was still hurting, walked out of the mansion, only ever nestling inside Mendelson Residence. Whenever the man wasn't painting, he would only ever intoxicate himself with alcohol, and he would often choose not to eat. As anxious as Desmond was, there was nothing he could do, and whenever Frank got annoyed by his cajolery, the stubborn man would retort with, 'I'll eat as soon as Kendall comes', making Desmond shut up at once.

There was no way could he ask Kendall to come over, could he? Frank had already gotten deranged because of Kendall. If they really asked her to come over, his condition would surely worsen. There

was no way Desmond would oblige to that!

Then again, that was if they could even ask Kendall to come.

Hell, Dylan's men would chuck them out at once.

Alas, the one who had to suffer the wrath of Frank's capriciousness was Amelia, who was asked to come over to take care of him daily.

Privately, Desmond would constantly apologize to Amelia and also covertly give her handsome compensation, considering it as payment for being Frank's caretaker.

Amelia didn't stand on ceremony with Desmond either, accepting both the apology and money.

She couldn't forgive herself for not doing so when Frank had bullied her for days.

Back to the present, Amelia had just finished applying the ointment on Frank when he spoke up, leading her to look out the window in response. "What are you talking about? It's sunny as hell right now. Why go out when it's much cooler inside?!"

Though it was almost evening, the sun was still shining brightly, and the heat was still unforgiving.

Heavens, July was the hottest month of the year in Orapolis.

"Who are you to talk back? Just do as I say, or I'll cut your tongue off."

Exasperated, Amelia threatened, "Threaten me again, President Mendelson, and I'll put laxatives in your food!"

"I dare you to try. Let's see who ends up living in the bathroom." Frank scowled, then returned to his wheelchair, pushing it while saying, "You've given me an idea, Taylor."

An idea? Amelia mused.

"Desmond," Frank called out to his butler, who came in in two shakes and awaited Frank's order deferentially. "Sir."

"Buy some laxatives for Ms. Taylor. If she resists, shove them down her throat. See that she goes to the toilet until she collapses."

Sadist! Devil reincarnate! Amelia cursed.

At that, Desmond took a gander at Amelia before shifting it back to Frank and asked, "What wrong has Ms. Taylor done, sir? Wouldn't it be better to force her to stand under the sun and only allow her to leave after it goes down? Ms. Taylor's a fair young lady. She won't be able to marry herself off anymore if she gets permanent skin damage. This sort of revenge is the sweetest."

Amelia was rendered speechless. To think you're actually a can of surströmming just when I thought you're a nice guy, Desmond! Then again, there probably isn't a kind soul in this household.

"Skin damage when there's only an hour until sundown?" Frank shot Desmond a sidelong glance. Did the man think he was dumb enough not to notice he was helping Amelia?

Desmond shied away from embarrassment.

Suddenly, Amelia strode over.

Desmond thought Amelia wanted to fight Frank straight on again when he saw her grim face. He hurriedly shot her hinting gazes, hoping she wouldn't do what he thought she would. So be it that his master was capricious, but his measures were ruthless as well. Ms. Taylor would be the only one suffering if she butted heads with Frank.

However, Amelia just went behind Frank and pushed him outside.

Frank, on the other hand, didn't even glance at her but only leaned back against the wheelchair, enjoying being cared for by a beauty. Hmph, you think you can win against me? Dream on!

He was already very merciful for not mutilating her since she was Kendall's best friend. Given his patience and tolerance for others, he could just shove the laxatives down her throat if she truly pissed him off.

"Sir, should I still go and buy the laxatives?" Desmond asked somewhat dazedly, causing Amelia to glare at the man, who blinked and smacked his lips lightly at once.

"Yes," Frank replied icily.

Amelia wanted to push the man toward a wall, but in the end, she held her frustration back and pushed him out of the grand main house. She deliberately chose a shelterless cement path, wishing the late afternoon sun would fry this devil reincarnate to a crisp.

Best that he turns into charcoal so that kids will be scared of him and he can never find himself a wife!

"President Mendelson, Kendall is a married woman. She's living a very happy life with Master Dylan." Amelia suppressed her anger toward Frank, trying to make her voice sound pleasant.

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Frank turned grim in response, for he detested hearing others saying how happy Kendall was married to Dylan.

"Do you really like Kendall, or do you only think of her as a means to fight Master Dylan?"

"That's none of your business!" Frank retorted coldly as he turned around to look at Amelia with derision. "Don't go thinking you're special and have the right to lecture me just because you've been here for a few days, Taylor. You're my pawn."

Amelia sneered in response. "Geeze, you don't say. I've always been aware that I'm your pawn, and you do treat me specially—specially ruthless, that is. I'm not trying to lecture you either, President. I just feel bad for my friend, and there's no need to think so highly of yourself. As much as I'd unknowingly drool whenever I gawk at your good looks, I have a crush. I won't really fantasize about you."

"Are you saying I'm flattering myself?" Frank growled grimly.

"Are you not? Kendall clearly doesn't like you. Hell, she doesn't even feel anything for you, yet you still shamelessly cling to her. Tell me you haven't been thinking highly of yourself now. Do you think just because you're prince charming, every woman wants to dance with you at the ball?"

Frank shot up and turned around at once, standing right before Amelia. Alas, before the young woman could even register what was happening, his large hand was already squeezing her neck, causing Amelia to instantly flail and struggle from suffocation.

"Sir, sir!" Desmond had left the room to relay Frank's order to buy laxatives, only to rush back inside in fright upon seeing what his master was doing. However, he dared not forcibly pry Frank's hand away but tried reminding him, "Sir, Ms. Taylor is Miss Kendall's best friend. If something bad happens to her here, Miss Kendall will surely avenge Ms. Taylor, and by then, you and Miss Kendall will become enemies."

Desmond sure knew his master like the back of his hand as Frank loosened his grip on Amelia's neck. However, he also shoved her to the floor while doing so.

"No one can stop me from getting Kendall. She's mine!" he hissed icily.

He was just a step slower, allowing Dylan to get to her first. I will fight you to the death for stealing my wife, Dylan!

What? Dylan retorted. Who's the wife-snatcher here, you shameless, distorted b\*stard?! Yo, God, are you not going to say something?!

I know nothing. I'm blind. God played dumb.

On the floor, Amelia coughed non-stop because she really thought she was going to be a goner.

Hell, to think she had thought Frank was incomparably hot back then—even hotter than Dylan at that. But now, after knowing him personally, she realized there was a good reason he was forever second-best next to Dylan.

This man was f\*cking crazy and unreasonable!



Then again, if he could be reasoned with, he wouldn't have gotten her to take care of him, only to vent his anger at her. No doubt he was forcing her to cry about it to Kendall so that the latter would come seeking justice for her, thereby falling into his trap.

Well, too bad for you; I will never go to Kendall for this. What are you going to do, kill me?!

Frank glared daggers at Amelia for a long while before limping into the house, leaving his wheelchair outside.

He hadn't actually wanted to come out to soak up the sun; it was merely an excuse to torture her.

It wasn't until Frank went back inside that Desmond went to help Amelia up and sighed, "Ms. Taylor, you're not Miss Kendall. Please don't try to challenge Mr. Mendelson. He can really kill you if he gets serious."

Meanwhile, Amelia rubbed her neck in silence.

"Ms. Taylor, you have to hang on."

At that, she looked at Desmond, pissed off. "Desmond, does your master know you're defying him?"

"You're smart, Ms. Taylor—no wonder you're Miss Kendall's best friend. They always say birds of a feather flock together. Since you can be close with Miss Kendall, that means you two are the same kind of people—smart and magnanimous. Any man would be lucky to marry you."

Let's hope that man will be Mr. Mendelson. Desmond could already imagine his master's challenging

path to winning his beloved's heart now. To make it less daunting for Frank, he desperately tried to explain the situation to Amelia.

"If Mr. Mendelson is infatuated with an unmarried Miss Kendall, I'd pull out the fireworks to celebrate. But as reality has it, she's married to Master Dylan. Master Dylan spoils her to no end, and Mr. Mendelson has never once defeated Master Dylan. As such, Mr. Mendelson is destined to suffer. I really don't want him to bear such suffering."

Frank's misery pained Desmond. He just couldn't understand how his master would constantly dream about Miss Kendall before even encountering her at the hospital. Even more outrageously, the two had a daughter together...

Never would Desmond have believed in such strangeness if it hadn't happened to Frank and that he hadn't witnessed how suddenly Frank became infatuated with Kendall.

"Isn't he doing this because Kendall married Dylan?"

"No. Anyhow, this whole thing is very bizarre and also very depressing. Actually, Mr. Mendelson is very miserable. Of course, you're on Master Dylan's side, adversarial to Mr. Mendelson, so you can't see how miserable he is."

With different sides came different perspectives.

"Desmond, you're a good guy, and I can see you genuinely care about your master. Try and talk some sense into him, will you? See that he doesn't stray into an enraging blind alley. I won't yield either. If he really has feelings for Kendall, then he shouldn't be doing any of this."

Desmond sighed in response. "Mr. Mendelson is obstinate; you've experienced it first hand yourself. In fact, between the Mendelsons, no one but Old Master Mendelson can get Mr. Mendelson to do anything otherwise. However, the old master is getting in on age, and it's not something we want to bother him with. Ms. Taylor, can you please be a little more attentive to Mr. Mendelson? I mean, put in a tiny bit of care whenever you're forced to look after him. Mr. Mendelson's actually really piteous and unloved."

Amelia fell silent, ruminating on Desmond's words until she heard him say, "Ms. Taylor, if you can so kindly push Mr. Mendelson's wheelchair inside while I have them buy the laxative."

She was rendered speechless at once. Desmond, how can you ask me to be nicer to your master while obliging to his orders and feeding me laxatives...

"Miss Taylor, I'll secretly return your bag to you before you leave so that you can either call your family to pick you up or have the money to hail a cab instead of walking home again."

The people in the Mendelson Residence were all glad that nothing had happened to Amelia, for they all believed she had walked home for the past few nights. Little did they know that Ronnie had been 'passing by' every night to take Amelia home.

Thus, it became a time she most looked forward to whenever she was 'asked' to come over, for she'd be able to go home in her crush's car.

They could argue he was really just passing by if she encountered him once, but surely it was no coincidence when she encountered him for a few days straight.

Does Ronnie actually have feelings for me? she pondered joyously. Is this why he has been pretending

to 'pass by' and sending me home for the past few nights? Not only that, we'd pass by that restaurant every night, and he'd take me inside for dinner without fail.

However, Amelia didn't burst his bubble. Since Ronnie said he was just 'passing by', she'd just take his word for it.

Meanwhile, Desmond pulled some cash out of his wallet and shoved them into Amelia's hand, whispering, "Miss Taylor, this is compensation for scaring you. Surely Mr. Mendelson had spooked you for good just now. Go ahead and calm your nerves with this money. I'll go and buy the laxatives now."

Desmond went off to buy the laxatives joyously after giving Amelia the money, thinking he had successfully gotten Amelia feeling bad for Frank.

Alas, she was instead rendered speechless, for all his efforts had gone to waste the second he said he'd be off to buy the laxatives.

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Desmond wanted to ask someone to get the laxatives, but in the end, he decided to go and get them himself.

After Desmond left, Amelia hung out in the yard for a while until the madman in the mansion asked for her. With that, she went inside helplessly.

Frank was sketching again.

"Taylor, come and see if my family portrait looks good," he called out to Amelia, who pursed her lips, hesitating silently for a moment before going up to the madman eventually.

Naturally, Frank's family portrait consisted of him, Kendall, and the baby.

He had been working on it for a few nights and was now close to finishing it.

Amelia didn't know what to say as she looked at his so-called family portrait.

She had to admit that it was a pretty accurate sketch, for both he and Kendall were very life-like. The baby was adorable too, and she looked very much like a mini version of Kendall in terms of looks and temperament.

"You can take a picture of it and show it to Kendall or even Dylan." Frank put his pencil down and pulled his phone out to take a picture.

He was very content with this sketch of his. Kendall smiled brightly as she held their baby girl in her arms while nestling in his. One glance was all it took to know that she was happy to have married him.

"I can only do that if I have my phone with me," said Amelia plainly.

Frank had already taken a few pictures when he heard her words, and he shot her an icy glance. "Do you think I don't know that you've bought a new phone?"

Amelia fell silent at that.

The fact that he wouldn't return her bag, which contained her wallet, ID, and phone, made her exasperated and helpless.

Sure, she had gotten a new phone, but she had to borrow her brother's ID to buy a new mobile number.

"Kendall will never hear about this from me. Your sketch will only ruin her happiness and anger her if she sees it."

At that, he shot a sidelong glare at her, his eyes surging with anger.

Who'd have thought this woman was even more obstinate than he was!

She wouldn't yield no matter how he tortured her. Hell, she wouldn't even contact Kendall, let alone cry about her grievances to the latter.

She was truly a loyal friend. His Kendall sure had good taste in finding good friends.

Having said that, Amelia still pulled her new phone out to take a picture of the sketch. However, she hadn't done so to send it to Kendall or Dylan; she only wanted to admire Frank's artistic talent.

Meanwhile, Frank's eyes lit up upon seeing that she had taken a picture of the sketch.

Alas, neither imagined there would come a day when someone would beg Amelia to delete the picture.

(Oops, spoiler alert!)

Ring, ring, ring... Frank's ringtone suddenly sounded.

Frank checked it to find it was Chris, and lo and behold, he answered it in front of Amelia.

He wasn't sure why, but he trusted her very much. Perhaps her loyalty to Kendall had something to do with it, and he believed that she wouldn't disclose whatever she knew about him to others.

Amelia wasn't sure what Chris told Frank, but the latter replied monotonously, "Alright, I got it. Use this to bring Whittle Holdings, Caddel Corporation, and Zorn Holdings down."

Kendall told him their baby had died in the hands of Jackson and Kelly.

However, Kelly was in Parker Corporation, and Kendall was currently fighting Kelly for the succession to the company. Thus, he would spare Parker Corporation and let Kendall handle it instead. He trusted that Kendall could defeat Kelly, after all.

Heavens, hadn't what happened earlier that day proven that Kendall made a successful retaliation?

He would make sure the Whittles regretted ever messing with Kendall.

The Zorns had helped the Whittles, so they couldn't be spared either.

As for the Caddels, he would be merciful with them. He wouldn't tear Caddel Corporation down, doing just enough so that they would loathe Jackson.

Meanwhile, Amelia shrank when she heard his intention of bringing the three companies down like it was no big deal. Could she say that he was being merciful for leaving Taylor Group out of the picture and only tortured her?

These big shots can really end someone with just a simple order!

To think about the number of people that would be out of work if Whittle Holdings and Caddel Corporation were declared bankrupt...

On the other hand, Amelia believed that Zorn Holdings could still hang on with how financially strong they were.

After hanging up, Frank turned to Amelia and fixed his soul-stirring eyes on her, making her look away rather guiltily moments after staring into his eyes.

Wait, what's even there for me to feel guilty about?

As much of a psychopath, madman, and obstinate villain he was, he was exasperatingly hot, and

Amelia feared that she would accidentally get lost in his eyes.

Hell, she had a crush and had also declared that anyone who loved Frank was blind.

"Do you want to hear a joke, Amelia?"

"What joke?" Amelia asked out of curiosity.

"You know that Jackson and Krystal are holding a wedding banquet today, don't you?"

"I do. However, Jackson has no feelings for Krystal. That poor, foolish girl will one day regret her decision today."

"What's your impression of Kelly, then?"

"Aloof, competent, gorgeous, and a little snobbish. Anyhow, every time we meet at a party, she'd only greet me loftily and ignore me for good after I say hi. I only put up with her because she's Kendall's sister."

"But now, she's down in the mud. Haha, it serves her right!"

Kendall made a superb retaliation! I really want to get her something to congratulate her. What can I do, though? She won't accept any gifts I give her.

At that, his eyes lit up, and he decided to send it to Coleman Residence. No matter whether Kendall accepted it or not, it would be able to anger Dylan and also stir the Coleman elders. Once the elders cast Kendall out of their family, he could take her home.

"Take a look at the Orapolis news feed. Though there's a delay, the basic scoop's already out." Frank was evidently in seventh heaven.

Amelia went online and checked the Orapolis news feed, feeling doubtful.

"Sir." Just then, Desmond returned with a bottle of pills and said to Frank, "Sir, we've gotten the laxatives."

At that, Amelia looked silently at Frank.

Just when the two were interacting like friends, Desmond's appearance instantly pulled her back to reality.

There was no way she and Frank would ever become friends.

When Frank walked away, she thought the man had changed his mind, but who'd have thought he would reply to Desmond coldly, "Have her go home after you watch her down the entire bottle. I don't want her to soil my mansion."



Livid, she wanted to chuck a shoe at him. However, she didn't have the guts to do so.

"Yes, sir." Desmond obliged deferentially.

After Frank went upstairs, Desmond handed the bottle to Amelia and said with a smile, "Ms. Taylor, would you like to do it yourself, or shall I ask someone to pour it down your throat?"

"You really are a can of surströmming, Desmond—benign until opened!"

"Please forgive me, Ms. Taylor." Desmond smiled. "I'm just following orders."

With that, he deliberately lowered his voice. "You can go home right after eating them. Don't worry, you'll be fine. I've already swapped all the pills for calcium tablets."

Amelia blinked in response, unsure of whether to trust the man or not.

Desmond was most loyal to Frank. Would he dare go against any of Frank's orders?

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Desmond said quietly, "Believe me, Ms. Taylor. I won't harm you."

He hoped that his master could somehow fall in love with Amelia, then Amelia would become their master's wife in the future.

As such, he did his best to be a kind person so that his master's future wife wouldn't hold a grudge against him.

Amelia reached out and took the bottle, shaking a few tablets out. Then, she took a whiff of the tablets. They had a sweet scent to them, which resembled those calcium tablets made to taste like candy.

"Are they really calcium tablets?"

"Please believe me, Ms. Taylor. They are definitely calcium tablets."

Half-believing him, Amelia took one tablet. It tasted sweet.

"Eat a few more, then I'll have someone escort you out. You just have to cooperate and act your part, Ms. Taylor."

Amelia nodded repeatedly.

She ate a few more calcium tablets, then covered her stomach on purpose, acting like she was in pain. She even reminded Desmond, "Remember to give me back my bag."

Desmond said, "I may not be able to guarantee that, Ms. Taylor. Your bag is in Master's hands."

Amelia glared at him. He had given her hope, only to let her down again.

"Joshua," Desmond called.

Joshua came in soon after. With a grave face, Desmond then ordered, "Escort her out. She took some laxatives, and Master doesn't want her soiling the floors."

Joshua moved swiftly, and he only took a few steps forward before grabbing Amelia's hand and leaving.

"Joshua!"

Desmond hastily slapped Joshua's hand away and glared at the latter, saying, "Ms. Taylor is having a stomachache now. Master only said to escort her out, so treat her better instead of this brash behavior."

Joshua pursed his lips, then gestured politely for Amelia to leave.

Holding the bottle of calcium tablets in her hand and covering her stomach, Amelia put on a troubled expression on her pretty face. "Desmond, can I go to the bathroom first before leaving?"

"No, Master asks that you leave immediately. If you really can't hold it in, then that's too bad."

Amelia said in great pain, "Please have mercy, Desmond. Please."

"Ms. Taylor, please leave immediately, or I'll throw you out right now." Joshua was a brash person, and he didn't possess the courtesy Desmond did as he spoke quite rudely.

Judging that it was enough acting, Amelia hastily went out, holding her tummy while shouting in pain.

At the stairway on the second floor, Frank watched the scene.

Desmond only had to turn around and look up to catch sight of him.

"Master, Ms. Taylor has left after taking the laxatives."

Desmond lied calmly.

Frank sneered. "Desmond, since you've been working for us for a long time and have been so faithful to me, I won't punish you this time. I hope there won't be a second time, or you won't have to stay with me anymore. You may go back to the main house and serve the elders instead."

Desmond's expression turned sharp.

Does he know everything?

"That woman acted quite the part. It's a pity that she's not an actress."

Frank's words had a hint of mockery to them.

Desmond lowered his head, not daring to speak.

He did this for his master's own good, after all.

"Get lost!"

"Understood."

Desmond hastily left.

After being escorted out of the Mendelson Residence, Amelia immediately ran for her life.

After running some distance, she turned around to see that the Mendelson Residence was out of sight. She finally relaxed, then took out her phone to look at the time.

It was 6.00PM.

Ah, it's still too early. Ronnie won't coincidentally appear right now, will he?

Frank was quite merciful today to have let her out so early.

At the thought of Frank's cruelty, Amelia held her tummy, then let go to look at the bottle of calcium tablets she had been gripping in her hand. Fortunately, Desmond still retained his conscience and switched out the pills. If not, she definitely would've soiled her pants by now.

She was young, pretty, and also the daughter of a rich family. If she soiled her pants, she would be extremely disgraced.

She had to admit that Frank's tricks were cruel enough!

"You're so evil. How can you even compare to Master Dylan? Kendall will never fall for you."

As Amelia walked, she kept complaining about Frank.

"Desmond even said you're pitiful, but I only think you're deserving of hate! My idol is much better than you."

Amelia forgot all about Frank as she began thinking about Ronnie.

If she walked slower and waited until 11.00PM, she might still be able to meet Ronnie, right?

Inside the inpatient department of the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department at Central Hospital, Kelly lay on the bed. Her face was pale, but she had fallen asleep.

Charlotte sat by the bed, looking at her.

Meanwhile, Adam had his hands behind his back as he stood at the window. He looked outside without exchanging any words with his wife.

The only motion in the room was the liquid medicine dripping slowly into Kelly's body.

She had lost some blood and was sent to the hospital in time. She didn't have a miscarriage, but she still had to be hospitalized to ensure her child's safety.

The door to the ward was shut tight, and it was even locked from within.

Adam and his wife were both worried that the entertainment journalists, who had extensive networks, might snoop their way here.

If it were any other day, the day would've gone by fairly quickly.

However, today seemed especially difficult to endure. Even now, the sky still hadn't completely gone dark.

Summers always had long days and short nights.

But now, it was only a little past 6.00PM, and the setting sun was still visible on the horizon.

Ring...

Charlotte's phone rang just then.

Kelly, who had been asleep, suddenly jolted awake. She anxiously reached out and touched her phone.

"Kelly, it's my phone that's ringing."

Seeing her foster daughter's reaction, Charlotte still felt her heart ache.

If she had known it would come to this, she wouldn't have done it at the start.

Kelly let out a faint sigh of both relief and disappointment.

Charlotte knew that Kelly was waiting for a call from Jackson.

Even now, she was still thinking of him.

How could Jackson possibly come to her? He would be busy explaining to his new wife right now, trying to earn her forgiveness.

"It's a call from Kendall."

Seeing the incoming call, Charlotte notified Kelly before she got up and walked away to answer the call.

"Mom, have you and Dad had dinner?"

Kendall asked worriedly before continuing, "I have time now. Shall I deliver dinner to you two?"

"It's okay, I just called up Ms. Morrison and asked her to deliver some food here. Kelly needs nourishment, so I've asked her to make some nourishing soup as well."

Thinking that Kelly had a miscarriage, Kendall asked, "Did the child make it?"

"There are signs of miscarriage, and the doctor said to stop the bleeding first and prioritize the child's safety. Kelly should rest in bed for a few days, and she mustn't move too much."

Kendall gave a slight response.

That meant the child was still alive.

"Let her stay in the hospital, then. Mom, you and Dad also have to take care of your own health. Why don't I get someone to fetch you two so that you can go home to rest?"

Their foster daughter disappointed them, but their biological daughter was considerate and nice to them. It lifted Charlotte's mood considerably.

She said, "It's fine. When Ms. Morrison sends dinner over, we'll ask her to stay and take care of Kelly. Your dad and I will be home later."

After a pause, she continued, "Sally called me earlier. They found out about the incident, and Sally said that she'll be here right away. She is Kelly's biological mother, so I'll let her stay at the hospital tonight to keep Kelly company."

Kendall was silent for a bit before saying, "It caused quite a ruckus, so it's only reasonable that the rest of them have found out about it."

In Orapolis, anyone who could access the internet would know about Jackson cheating with Kelly.

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Charlotte sighed. "Kendall, try not to go out for the next few days. The entertainment journalists might swarm you."

Kendall was the biological daughter of the Parker Family. Now that Kelly had caused such a scandal, it would be normal for these entertainment journalists to swarm Kendall's place.

Moreover, Kendall even used to be deeply in love with Jackson.

"I got it, Mom. I hope you and Dad will be more gracious so that you won't ruin your health with anger."

"I understand. Ms. Morrison is here, so I'll hang up now."

"Okay."

After ending the call, Kendall moved the phone away from her ear and gripped it in her hand. She gazed quietly at the lotuses blooming outside the water pavilion.



After dinner, she went for a stroll with Dylan. They arrived at this place, so they sat in the water pavilion for a while, enjoying the evening breeze.

"Are you going to make more of that lotus seed dessert?" Dylan asked her gently.

Last time, Jane shared half of her lotus seeds with Kendall. Kendall took all of them to make lotus seed desserts, and Dylan himself had two helpings.

This huge lotus pond was just scenery to the Coleman Family. They only admired the flowers, and as for the lotus seeds and roots, they didn't care much about processing or eating those.

It was Dylan's first time having dessert made from lotus seeds, and he found it quite delicious. The cooked lotus seeds were gouged out, so there wasn't any bitter taste to them.

When Kendall lived with the Woods Family, she liked to make cooling desserts in summer—green bean soup, for example.

In other words, ever since he married his dear wife who had lived with commoners, the high and mighty Master Dylan fell from the throne and experienced some aspects of a commoner's life.

"Do you want more? I can pick some lotuses tomorrow and remove the seeds, then make some more dessert for you."

Dylan smiled. "You still have to knit my present tomorrow."

"I'll get someone to help prepare the lotus seeds, then. It'll definitely be fresh."

"Sounds good. What were you thinking about just now?"

"I took revenge and finally relieved my hatred. But when I see my parents like that, the thrill of getting revenge is greatly reduced."

Dylan reached out and caressed the top of her head, then slid his hand down the back of her neck. He removed her hair clip, causing her hair to cascade like a waterfall.

Her hair was naturally dark and smooth, and even Terence said that her hair was beautiful.

"No matter how disappointed your parents are in her, she was still raised by them; naturally, they'd still feel affection for her. Even if you told them about your dream, it was just a dream. Not many people would take dreams seriously, after all."

"Do you believe me, then?"

He pulled lightly at her hair, but she still felt pain. This was his slight punishment.

"If I didn't believe you, would I suffer your whims or help clean up after you?" After a pause, he continued, "Someone else was eager to clean up after you, but with me around, it was already too late by the time he made his move."

Kendall knew that he was talking about Frank.

Only Dylan and Frank were powerful enough to help her clean up perfectly, so much so that even private detectives couldn't trace her.

The two rivals were actually evenly matched.

If they couldn't fake being nice to each other, they could only fight.

"Is Frank still asking for Amy these days?"

Amelia never even told her, and even if she asked, Amelia only comforted her and told her that everything was fine.

However, she knew that Ronnie would follow Dylan's orders and bring Amelia home every single night.

"Yes. He's still hoping that you'd go to him on your own accord if he treats Ms. Taylor cruelly enough."

Dylan was willing to help get Amelia and Ronnie together, for Amelia had suffered in his wife's stead.

Since Amelia liked Ronnie, Dylan would help her out. He would be repaying Amelia's kindness, and it was also a good thing if the two could become a happy couple.

"He's despicable."

"Do you still hope for people like us to be gentlemen?" Dylan smiled and said, "Even I, your man, am not a gentleman. Even though I've never murdered or committed adultery, I'm definitely not a decent person. You've heard what outsiders say about me, after all."

He was simply giving her special treatment.

That was why she didn't see his worst sides; she only saw his best ones.

"I'm not a good person right now, either. We're a perfect match. Sally is coming over to take care of Kelly."

Dylan understood her immediately. He asked, "Are you worried that Kelly would use Sally to get you to resolve this matter for her?"

Kendall said confidently, "My mom won't agree to it. With such an incident, how can it be erased from the public's memory even if we resolve this matter for her? Can they pretend nothing happened simply because no one is talking about it? That's just self-deception. My mom will feel bad for her biological daughter, but she won't make things hard for me either. Also, this happened because of Kelly's own carelessness. My mom will only tell her to learn her lesson, and maybe advise her to go back to the Woods Family Village to hide for a while. It's quiet there in the countryside, and the air is fresh. It's far away from the hustle of the city too, so it's quite suitable for pregnant women."

Dylan didn't suspect Sally. Kendall and Sally lived together for more than twenty years, and they were still close to each other. Sally wouldn't take Kelly's side for no reason.

"Dylan, why don't we go back to the Woods Family Village next weekend? During this season, the orchard Roger works on would be having a harvest, so we can go back and eat our fill."

He said lovingly, "No matter where you want to go, I'll go with you as long as I have the time."

He had learned of the Woods Family before, and he knew that Nelson had taken over the training institute Kendall established, whereas Roger was the owner of an orchard and a vegetable farm.

If Roger had problems with selling his produce, he could ask his brother-in-law for help.

Ring...

Kendall's phone rang just then.

She looked at the incoming call and said in surprise, "It's Miss Finley."

Dylan's eyes glistened as he said, "She might be asking you out on a shopping trip."

It seemed like Emma didn't have real friends because of her position. She was Dylan's best secretary, and she could get close to him every day. As such, many people wanted to know his schedules through her so that they could bump into him.

However, Emma was faithful. She would rather stay lonely than expose his whereabouts.

As expected of Toddy's student, she was as capable and faithful as he was.

Kendall answered the call from Emma.

"Boss."

"I've told you before, Emma. We're friends, so you don't have to call me that."

Emma smiled and said, "I did it out of habit. Are you free right now? Let's go out for some drinks. Wait, is President Coleman with you? We mustn't let him know that I'm asking you out for drinks."

Kendall glanced at Dylan, then lied through her teeth. "He's not with me. Where are you?" she asked.

"I'm at Moonlight Glass Bar on East Street. Kendall, if you're free, please come over and have a few drinks with me. It's fine if you aren't, though. I'll just drink on my own."

"Are you feeling a little down?"

"Yeah, quite. I want to find someone to get drunk with me. I won't be going to work tomorrow anyway, so I won't have to worry about hangovers."

Kendall glanced at Dylan again.

Dylan had good hearing, so he had already overheard their conversation. He reached out toward Kendall, but she lightly slapped his hand away. He reached out again, a grave look in his eyes.

Slightly intimidated, she obediently passed her phone to him.

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"Miss Finley, I have a huge collection of good wine at my house. If you want to drink, I can provide the venue and have wine and food served. You can drink all you want, but you can't invite my wife to go to places like a bar."

Even if Kendall knew martial arts, it would still be too chaotic.

With her good looks, Dylan was reluctant to let her go to a bar.

She was now the young mistress of the Coleman Family. If she appeared at a bar and someone took a photo of her and posted it in public, it would cause trouble for his elders.

"P-President Coleman."

Emma stuttered for a bit before continuing, "A-Are you there?"

"I'm not dead, so of course I'm here."

Emma smiled sheepishly. "President Coleman, I drank some alcohol and began spouting nonsense. Please forget about everything I said to Kendall; treat it like some poop to be flushed away."

"You really did drink alcohol. Even your vocabulary is getting wild."

Emma smiled politely.

"Shall I get someone to fetch you, or will you be coming over by cab?"

Emma said hesitantly, "President Coleman, c-can I... not come?"

"Don't you want to drink? I won't stop you no matter how much wine you and my wife intend to drink when you're at my place."

"I'll go over by cab," she answered, not daring her boss to send over a car.

Kendall had lied when she said Dylan wasn't there. In the end, Dylan heard everything Emma said.

"Good."

Dylan hung up.

Emma patted her chest heavily. It was fortunate that Dylan didn't bite her head off.

With a man like Dylan, it would be difficult for Kendall to obtain freedom in the future.

Emma began to take pity on Kendall.

She had been with Dylan for many years, so she knew how domineering he was.

He was very possessive.

However, it was also true that Dylan pampered Kendall.

After getting out of the bar, Emma managed to hail a cab. She gave the driver Dylan's address and was sent right there.

Some time later, two women sat at a table which had been carried outside, sitting under the moon and in front of the flowers while they ate and drank.

Kendall had prepared the food herself.

Dylan was mumbling, but Kendall pretended she hadn't heard anything, wisely choosing not to answer him lest the selfish man stopped her from drinking.

Soon after, Alice and Jane also joined in the fun, having caught the fragrance of wine.

Thus, they had enough members to play poker.

Of course, Kendall didn't know how to play poker. She used to watch others play poker, but she couldn't understand it, nor could she learn it. She wasn't interested either.

After returning to her biological family, several daughters from rich families had asked her to play cards with them, but she declined their invitation because she didn't know how to play. After that, not many invited her anymore.

"Emma, are you drinking to forget your sorrows because of Toddy?"

Kendall looked at Emma, who was partially drunk, then asked in concern.

Of the four women, Kendall and Jane could handle alcohol the best. Alice wasn't very good with alcohol and only ate the food, drinking a small sip of wine occasionally.

Emma had something weighing in her heart, and she had drunk some alcohol at the bar before drinking so much wine here. She was obviously drunk as her cheeks flushed red, her eyes glassy.

"It's been so long, but he still didn't turn out the way I had hoped."

Emma said in embarrassment, "I sent myself countless flowers, and I know he minds the fact that someone had been sending me bouquets, but he still didn't do anything about it. Kendall, I'm tired. I want to give up, I really do."

Sending herself flowers?

Kendall and the others exchanged glances. They couldn't quite understand what Emma meant.

Emma didn't explain, either. She slumped on the table, her right hand hammering the tabletop.



"I'm so tired, so tired... Why is love so difficult?"

Alice patted Emma on the shoulder.

Jane said, "You can just force yourself on him, then he'll be yours. If he doesn't want to take responsibility, just run away pregnant. He'll definitely get mad, and he'll start chasing after you just like in the novels. Why don't you just run away while pregnant and hide somewhere to give birth to a child? Raise the child until he's a few years old, then bring the child with you when you make your grand comeback."

Alice and Kendall were speechless.

How many novels had Jane read?

Those were all typical novel storylines.

Still, novels were inspired by life, and the events in life were also written into novels. Life did imitate art, and vice versa.

Emma smiled bitterly. "I can't do that."

She still had her last remaining pride, after all.

"Forget it. Let's just drink and be merry tonight. After a night's sleep, the sun will still be rising from the east when you wake up, and the earth will still be turning on its own axis. My life will still go on. Even without him, I can still pave my own way."

The three women simultaneously gave her a thumbs-up.

"It's quite nice like this, Emma. You won't have to end up like Kelly." After Alice said that, she even glanced at Kendall, fearing that the latter might get mad.

Emma nodded. "You're right. I can't end up like Kelly. Everyone online is insulting Kelly for being so shameless and wretched for seducing someone else's husband and ruining their marriage. Why do they never put the blame on the men?"

Kendall didn't reply, but she agreed with Emma's sentiment.

Putting aside her grudges with Kelly, when it came to her issue with Jackson, Kendall felt that even though Kelly was at fault, the greater fault lay with Jackson himself. He was the one who plotted against Kelly, after all.

As such, Jane's suggestion had a high risk to it. If they really slept together, but he simply married someone else after that, she would only be digging her own grave.

"Emma, you're so outstanding. As soon as you let go, you'll definitely find a man more suitable for you," said Kendall while comforting Emma.

No matter how nice Toddy was, he wasn't a good fit for Emma. Even if they were forced together, they wouldn't find happiness.

Since she couldn't get what she wanted, she could only let go.

It would be of no benefit to anyone to force things.

"Let go of the relationship that was not meant to be, and perhaps happiness might just be around the corner," Jane also chimed in.

Toddy and Emma were different from her and Yoseph. They were childhood friends, and they had feelings for each other, but Yoseph wasn't willing to admit it just yet.

She also liked to tease Yoseph, and that was how they got along.

When they were at the horse farm, everyone could see how Toddy treated Emma.

Emma filled everyone's glasses, then raised her own wine glass and said, "Come, let's toast to my happiness, which is just around the corner."

The four glasses clinked together. Save for Alice, who dared not down the whole glass, the other three finished the wine in their glasses boldly.

Meanwhile, Dylan stood leaning against the railing on top of the roof. Amos was standing beside him.

"Young Master Dylan, Young Mistress Kendall and the others have been drinking for a long time. Are you sure you don't want to stop them?"

Amos was very worried as he spoke.

"Your Young Mistress Kendall can handle alcohol well. Ally also knows how much she can take, so she won't go overboard."

Dylan wasn't worried in the least that his sister and wife would get drunk.

Drinking wine was quite nice, after all.

Kendall would be burning with passion later, and he would be reaping the benefits, wouldn't he?

"What if Miss Finley gets drunk, then?"

Dylan looked at the four beauties in the yard, who were eating, drinking, and insulting men. He said

patiently, "When Miss Finley gets wasted, call up Toddy and ask him to come fetch her. If he doesn't come, I'll leave Miss Finley at the entrance of a bar and let someone else take care of her body."

Amos responded respectfully, "Understood."

In his heart, he was exclaiming, You're so cruel, Young Master Dylan!

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Of the four women drinking in the still of night, two ended up getting drunk. Only Kendall and Alice were still sober and in possession of their senses.

When it was about time, Amos phoned Toddy.

Nobody knew what Toddy was doing, but he sounded quite annoyed when he answered the phone.

"Mr. Heller, it's me, Amos."

"Mr. Miller?" Toddy replied in surprise. Then, he asked, "What's the matter?"

Amos explained, "Miss Finley has drunk herself unconscious while drinking with Young Mistress Kendall. I don't know the phone number of her family members, so I have no choice but to call you. Could you come over to pick her up now?"

Toddy replied angrily, "Why would Young Mistress Coleman ask Emma out for drinks for no reason? Is she... Oh, I got it. Mr. Miller, is Master Dylan still alright?" He thought that Kendall had invited Emma for drinks because Jackson and Krystal had gotten married. Despite the ugly spectacle at the wedding, Krystal still went back with Jackson to the Whittle Residence in the end.

"Young Master Dylan is fine."

"Mr. Miller, can you get someone to send Emma back?"

Amos refused right away, "No, I can't. Mr. Heller, if you're not coming to pick her up, I'll leave her outside a bar and let a random stranger pick her up instead."

Toddy was speechless for a moment. "Did Master Dylan teach you to say that?" Mr. Miller is a gentle person. How could he possibly do something so cruel? Dylan must've ordered him to do that.

"Mr. Heller, are you coming or not?"

Toddy fell silent for a moment. Then, he replied, "I'll be there in a minute." In the end, he dared not compete with his boss in terms of callousness.

After hearing his answer, Amos finally hung up the phone. Then, he called Yoseph, telling the latter to pick Jane up.

Yoseph's handsome face was as black as thunder when he came over to pick Jane up after knowing that she had gotten drunk. Kendall felt that if she weren't his sister-in-law and Alice weren't his younger sister, he'd probably have punched them.

"Let's drink... There are plenty more fish in the sea... You can live without anyone..." Jane mumbled in a drunken haze in an attempt to comfort Emma. When Yoseph tried to help her up, she pushed him instead.

"Feisty, time to go home." Yoseph held Jane up just as she was about to slump to the ground. Then, he carried her in his arms. At first, he wanted to glare daggers at Kendall and Alice, but he caught sight of Dylan from the corner of his eye. Afraid of provoking his brother, he went home with Jane in his arms without doing anything.

"Ally, could you walk back on your own?" Kendall asked Alice with concern.

Alice replied, "I'm not drunk, so I can go back by myself. It's getting late, Kendall. I'm going back to sleep, but I'll come again tomorrow to go to Wealthy Luck Street with you."

Kendall smiled. "I might not have time to go shopping tomorrow." She owed Dylan too many presents, which she had yet to make.

However, Alice insisted, "Dylan asked me to take you there to go shopping. He said that you have too few clothes, handbags, and shoes in the closet. He feels that he isn't qualified enough as your husband, so he wants to make it up to you."

Kendall was startled for a moment. Then, she smiled even more sweetly. "I dress in work attire when I go to work, so I already have enough clothes. Speaking of going shopping, I'd rather have him shopping with me."

She was somewhat disappointed deep down. Dylan still hadn't fully recovered, so he couldn't go shopping with her.

Seeing that Dylan was coming their way, Alice stood up and said to her wittily, "Dylan has come out, Kendall. Just say that to him and ask him to go shopping for clothes with you." Then, she left with a chuckle.

Kendall turned her head to see Dylan walking over. Hurriedly, she stood up to support him. "Be careful lest your feet hurt."

"My wheelchair is at the entrance, and it won't hurt my feet to walk a few steps." Dylan looked at Emma, who was plopped over the table while sleeping. Then, he remarked, "Miss Finley has never gotten drunk since she started working under me." Toddy ended up hurting this lady after all.

Kendall replied, "Mr. Heller will regret it." It's wrong of him to turn away such a nice woman like Miss Finley. She thought of Nelson and Roger, both of whom were unmarried and didn't have a girlfriend. In her mind's eye, both of them were nice guys. She wondered if Emma would take a shine to them. I can act as a matchmaker for her and Nell.

"Basically, those who only realize the value of something after losing it won't stand any chance," Dylan commented impassively before holding her hand. Staring into her eyes, he said, "Let's go. Time to go back to sleep."

"What about Miss Finley?"

"Toddy will be here in less than three minutes."

Kendall was skeptical, though.

Taking her by the hand, Dylan dragged her into the house. "Mr. Miller is still here."

As he had expected, as soon as they entered the house, Amos got a phone call from Toddy, who said that he had arrived.

Dylan dragged Kendall back into their bedroom before helping her to get her clothes.

Kendall smiled like a fool as she sat on the bed and watched how the god of Orapolis' business circles helped her get her clothes and ran her a bath.

Walking back up to her, Dylan pinched her cheek in amusement. "You're almost drooling."

"Darling, I feel so happy."

"Do you feel happy even if I can't go shopping with you?"

"You can. You'll be able to do it one day!"

Dylan smiled. "Buy some clothes for yourself when you shop with Ally tomorrow. My younger sister has such a huge closet, so it doesn't make sense that my wife's closet doesn't take up much space."

Kendall was rendered speechless. So, he thinks that I've been wronged.

In reality, she didn't think that she'd been wronged, as she and Alice were from different backgrounds. Alice was pampered by everyone as soon as she was born, and besides, the Colemans were rich, so they naturally gave her the best of everything. On the other hand, she lived with Sally after being swapped at

birth. The Woodses were nice to her, and they also gave her what they thought were the best. However, the Woodses' conditions were worlds apart from the Colemans', so she and Alice had different habits and lifestyles. After living with a wealthy family for over a year, she was still unable to get out of the habits she had gotten into over the past 25 years. As she and Alice had different habits, what they sought was also different.

She looked up at Dylan. She wasn't drunk, but she'd easily act on impulse after drinking. She took his hand and yanked him with all her might, causing him to lose his balance and pounce on her. When he fell on top of her, she passionately offered him her lips.

Dylan knew that she'd become especially passionate after drinking, and sure enough, it turned out just as he had wished.

This was a long night for lovers.

When Kendall woke up the next day, Dylan was no longer in the room.

There was a note and a bank card on the nightstand.

Kendall picked up the note to take a look. It read, 'Honey, I have something to deal with, so I can't keep you company this morning. The card's PIN number is the date of our wedding. Just have fun shopping with Ally. There's no need to help me save money—I have nothing but lots of money.' There was a red heart drawn at the end of the note.

She giggled while looking at the red heart, knowing that he left not because he really had something to deal with, but because he wanted her to go shopping for clothes with Alice with a peace of mind. What a considerate guy. I love him so much.

She then picked up the bank card, which was a black card. He's very generous to me with his money.

There was a set of clothes at the end of the bed, prepared for her by Dylan so that she could change into them as soon as she woke up without having to go to the closet. He was unwilling to let her walk even a little, fearing that it'd tire her out.



At the Whittle Residence, Jackson gently removed Krystal's slender, white arm from his waist before slipping out of bed. Then, he crept out of the room with his eyes fixed on her. After coming out of the room, he heaved a long sigh. Yesterday was chaotic, but it was finally over.

After returning from the hotel, his parents came down hard on him in front of Krystal, who didn't forgive him until he repeatedly promised that he wouldn't mess around with Kelly anymore. Krystal seemed as mad as hell last night. She won't wake up until noon, I guess.

On the other hand, the Whittle Family's public relations team took up the matter on his behalf by shifting all the blame onto Kelly.

Jackson was distressed at this. He wanted to explain himself to Kelly, but he didn't have the opportunity.

At this moment, he crept into his study and locked the door behind him. Only then did he dare to call Kelly. When the phone call was answered, he immediately asked with concern, "Kelly, how are you?"

"Jackson Whittle, how could you have the face to call Kelly? Get the f\*ck out here and see how I'm gonna beat the sh\*t out of you! How is Kelly, you ask? Do you even care about her? Do you feel sorry for her? Look at your online response!"

It was Nelson who answered the phone. After learning of what had happened yesterday, he immediately hurried to the hospital with Sally before arriving at night. He looked at Kelly, who looked as pale as a sheet while lying on her sickbed. Although he disliked her, he felt sorry and angry for her

nonetheless. After all, she was his own sister.

He couldn't wait to get even with Jackson for this, but Kelly stopped him, ticking him off by saying that her business was none of his concern.

At the moment, Kelly was still sleeping. When Nelson saw that it was Jackson calling, he answered the phone on her behalf in a fit of exasperation.

Nelson had called Kendall and learned that Kelly had been tricked by Jackson into carrying on a love affair with the latter. However, when Jackson responded to the incident on the internet, he claimed that it was Kelly who had seduced him into it. Not only that, but he even blamed her for Kendall's departure from him. According to him, Kendall had found out about Kelly seducing him, so she gave up on him and quickly married Dylan instead, knowing that she was no match for Kelly.

Nelson simply couldn't wrap his head around it. Kelly seemed so clever and was trained to be the heir to Parker Corporation. Why would she fall under Jackson's spell after all the hardships she'd been through? Now she was pregnant with the \*sshole's baby, but he married someone else instead. Even so, she still put up with it, forbidding them to meddle in her affairs even now.

Hearing that the voice wasn't Adam's, Jackson immediately asked Nelson who he was. "Who are you?" He thought that it was Brian, but upon listening carefully, he realized that the voice wasn't Brian's. Brian will probably give up on Kelly after such a thing has happened, right? In that case, she'll have no choice but to cling onto me, so she won't leave me. I can still stay married to Krystal while still carrying on with her. It's just that we'll have to be extra careful when we meet up in the future, but it's okay. We can go away on business and then meet up in another city to avoid being photographed.

"I'm her brother! Get the f\*ck out here and let me beat the hell out of you!"

"Since when does Kelly have a brother? Oh, you're one of the Woodses? She said that the Woodses aren't her family. You guys aren't her family either, so stop calling yourself her brother in front of me. Where is she? Give her the phone. I want to speak to her."

Enraged by Jackson's words, Nelson paced back and forth in the ward in anger.

Sally came back after buying breakfast. Seeing her son pacing back and forth in the room, she quickly asked, "What's wrong, Nell?"

Nelson replied, "Mom, that son of a b\*tch had the nerve to call. How I wish I could teleport myself to the other end of the line and skin that b\*stard alive!"

Jackson wasn't intimidated by Nelson's words at all. The Woodses had neither power nor influence; their lives didn't improve until the Parkers paid them a hefty sum to thank them for raising Kendall.

Therefore, he thought nothing of such a family even if there were ten Nelsons threatening to beat him

up. "Mr. Woods, give the phone back to Kelly now. I want to talk to her, and I don't have much time. If you keep on wasting my time, I'll—"

Nelson ended the phone call before Jackson could finish his sentence.

At this moment, Kelly woke up.

Nelson tossed the cell phone next to her. Luckily, the phone stayed intact thanks to the soft mattress.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Kelly asked icily. "If you want to throw a hissy fit, do it outside. Don't ruin my mood here." Who does he think he is, hurling the phone at me as soon as I woke up? Does he want to call himself my brother because we have the same blood running in our veins? Is he qualified for that?

"Kelly, your brother—" Sally said in an attempt to help Nelson explain himself.

However, Nelson said with a darkened expression, "Yeah, something's wrong with me. It's driving me f\*cking crazy to see you like this. Did you see Jackson's response on the internet? Tell me where he lives; I'll go sort him out right away!"

At this moment, Kelly realized that the phone that Nelson had tossed next to her was hers. She immediately picked it up and checked the call history. Then, she instantly blew up, saying, "Nelson, did you answer the phone on my behalf? As I said, the matter between Jackson and me is none of your business!" She yelled furiously, "If you really care about it and mean well for me, then go to Kendall instead. Ask her to plead with Master Dylan to step in and help me deal with this. Tell her to minimize the impact and damage done to me without affecting me negatively in the slightest!" After Sally and Nelson arrived at the hospital last night, she had made a request to Sally, wanting the latter to help her ask Kendall to help deal with this.

Indeed, right after returning from Hotel Whittle, she had pleaded with her parents to send her to Albarife immediately. However, after the night had passed, she calmed down and changed her mind. She didn't want to leave anymore. Kendall could help her solve the humiliating crisis.

However, both Sally and Nelson refused to help her ask Kendall for help.

Subsequently, Kelly nearly chased them away in anger. Such is my birth mother, who refuses to even help me with such a trifle!

However, Sally told her that everyone in Orapolis had learned about her love affair with Jackson, so it'd be self-deceiving to ask Kendall to help deal with it. What was more, the former even said that she had to bear the consequences of her own actions.

Not wanting to listen to her mother's lengthy sermon, Kelly cut her short, turned over, and fell asleep until now.

"Fine, I won't care about it. Do you think I want to?" Nelson said with a black look before dragging Sally out of the ward.

Sally said, "Nell, don't argue with your sister. She's in a bad mood right now." She still wanted to ease the conflict between the brother and sister.

However, Nelson dragged her out of the ward, leaving Lyla, the Parkers' servant, to take care of Kelly.

Sally stopped Nelson in the corridor. "Nell, don't argue with your sister anymore. Don't you see the condition she's in?"

The tabloid journalists in Orapolis had stayed outside for a long time last night before leaving reluctantly. Sally had never been besieged by reporters in her entire life before, so this showed how sensational her daughter's love affair was.

This was because the Parkers were involved due to Kelly's status as the first daughter of the Parker Family. The Parkers were Kendall's family, and Kendall was the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family. Thanks to these connections, Kelly's love affair with Jackson created a huge sensation when news broke out about it.