

Kendalls 411

Chapter 411

"Kendall Parker, mind your manners. You're wrong if you ever think you can be impudent in front of me just because you're Dylan's favorite!"

Kendall answered in all innocence, "I am behaving, Grandma."

"Don't call me 'Grandma'. You have no right to do so! I've never acknowledged you as my grandson's wife!"

It was after a moment of silence that Kendall began, "Grandma, are you trying to pressure me into divorcing Dylan? Is it because I'm no longer helpful to Dylan in his recovering state, so I don't deserve him and have to divorce him? "

Tilly choked on her words because she indeed was hoping the two would divorce.

Kendall was right about that. As Dylan would be recovering soon, Tilly thought that he didn't have to endure Kendall anymore and could find a better woman to become his wife.

As a matter of fact, there were a lot of women dreaming of becoming Dylan's wife.

However, afraid that Dylan would make a fuss over it, Tilly could never be frank about her opinion.

It was a rare opportunity to see him soften up and back down with his well-known domineering personality.

"Grandma, you might be quiet about it, but I know what you are thinking, though. As long as Dylan sees me as his wife, I don't mind whether you'll acknowledge me as your granddaughter-in-law or not. After all, I'm married to him, not you. It's an ideal situation if you like me, and I'll be glad to fulfill my duties with him. However, it's not a big deal to me if you don't like me, and I also won't stop him from being your filial grandson."

Tilly stared at the young woman with a cold look. "I'm expecting fifteen granddaughters-in-law with my fifteen grandsons. Why would I care about your filial piety? What a shameless woman. Do you think you're popular and lovable? I had enough of your nonsense! I don't want to see you anymore, so get lost."

Kendall's words were making Tilly uneasy. Even if Tilly wanted to take her anger out on the younger woman, she had no right to do so.

Kendall had a clear stance on the issue. She only cared about how Dylan would think of her the whole time. As for others' opinions, she couldn't care less.

She then rose to her feet. "Well, Grandma, you have a kind and lovely look, just like a saint. I wish you a good night."

As she finished her words, she turned on her heel and left immediately.

At first, Tilly was taken aback by the compliment.

After a while, she finally processed the deeper meaning of Kendall's words. Raging, she was hoping to throw something at the younger woman to unleash her anger but found nothing suitable around her.

Meanwhile, Kendall quickened her steps as she left for the entrance and blended in with the night.

"Where are your manners? How dare you mock me!"

If Kendall had ever paid attention to the commotion behind her, she would defend herself on the spot, I didn't say that. You said so yourself.

Once she left the main house, she raised her head to look into the dark sky. Everything will be fine.

"Young Mistress Kendall."

Kendall didn't make it far before noticing Amos walking toward her.

"Amos, why are you here?"

"Young Master Dylan asked me to pick you up."

She smiled at his kind gesture. "He worries a lot. Old Madam Coleman was only asking for me here to learn about Nell's injury and tell me she would provide help if needed."

Amos shot Kendall a meaningful look and didn't expose her for defending Tilly. On the surface, Mrs. Coleman is the only person who doesn't see eye to eye with Young Mistress Kendall. Little does she know that she is only a pawn of Old Madam Coleman to get rid of Young Mistress Kendall, because Old Madam Coleman has never taken a liking to Young Mistress Kendall from the beginning.

In fact, Kendall was never Tilly's first choice of a wife for Dylan. The Coleman Family eventually suggested an alliance marriage with the Parker Family only because none of the young daughters from

the other families were willing to marry Dylan, who was injured in the accident and rumored to be unable to function as a man at that time. Back then, everyone thought he would only be able to have a marriage that existed only in the name.

"Young Mistress Kendall, I'm sorry." He made a sincere apology to Kendall out of nowhere.

She was taken aback by him as she asked in confusion, "Amos, what is that apology for? I don't remember you doing me wrong."

In her opinion, not only was Amos a kind man, he was also a loyal butler for Dylan. She couldn't understand what was making him apologize to her.

Amos then explained in guilt, "This afternoon, I saw Young Master Dylan going after you as you rushed out of the house. I misunderstood the situation and thought you two were fighting, which ended up in you leaving Young Master Dylan. I couldn't suppress my worries, and the news reached Old Madam

Coleman. I should've fulfilled my responsibility as Young Master Dylan's butler in the first place. I must have his permission before allowing anything to get to the others, including Old Madam Coleman. However, I made a mistake in my job, which is why I should take the responsibility for her scolding you."

Kendall took a moment to collect herself before she spoke, "Amos, you don't have to blame yourself. Grandma wasn't scolding me at all! She's merely teaching me how to become a better wife for Master Dylan. Let's go, Amos. Dylan is still waiting for me to join him for supper."

Amos responded respectfully, "Alright."

Once Kendall was back at her home, the familiar layout finally soothed her frayed nerves.

Even if she wasn't afraid of getting scolded by Tilly, she tensed up every time she was meeting the older woman. She was afraid that Tilly, who was hoping for her to divorce Dylan, would manage to set her up one day and drive a wedge between Dylan and her.

Kendall could tell Tilly was holding mixed feelings toward her. On top of all, Tilly indeed despised Kendall. Sometimes, Kendall could also see the elderly woman struggling to accept Kendall as one of the Colemans.

The Coleman Family was aware of how important Kendall was to Dylan.

After all, the fact that Tilly was Dylan's biological grandmother would never change. Besides, he was raised by his grandparents since his youth. There was no doubt Dylan and his grandmother had a close relationship.

Kendall wouldn't want to talk badly about the older woman in front of Dylan and divide the two due to a mere scolding.

"Dylan, I'm back." She walked into the house with light steps, which someone would mistake as a signal that she was in a good mood.

Dylan watched her in silence as she came over and sat down next to him. She can't possibly be in a bright mood as Nelson has barely escaped the jaws of death.

"What did Grandma want from you? She's still up at this hour?" Dylan served Kendall some stew as he asked in a casual tone.

"Yeah, she's not resting yet. She thought we fought this afternoon, so she was asking me about it. Besides, she taught me the ways to love you back," Kendall answered in feigned relaxedness before she chuckled. "I heard that your grandfather used to spoil Grandma with a lot of care, too. I wonder if a Coleman spoiling his wife is written in the family gene."

He spooned her some food as he commented, "Grandpa and Grandma are married because the two fell for each other. It wasn't an alliance marriage. By the way, what did Grandma teach you?"

She smiled. "I'll tell you later. Let's have dinner first. I haven't eaten since this afternoon."

Once she finished her words, she repaid his gesture by spooning some food for Dylan too.

Understanding that she wasn't feeling like telling the truth, Dylan let it slip. "Darling, I didn't have the chance to make something for you today, but I promise you'll get them next week."

After dinner, the duo took a stroll in the courtyard to help with digestion. Dylan was leaning on her as he practiced walking.

Kendall apologized, "I've already owed you many presents."

Even though she promised to spoil him with gifts, she broke the promise.

Moreover, he didn't like the ready-made presents she bought from the stores. He preferred the ones she made by herself.

"You have your whole life to prepare the presents for me, so there's no need to rush. Don't worry, Nell will be fine."

Kendall agreed with a soft voice, "He will." Nell's a good man and God will bless good people. Nell will be all right and wake up soon.

Stopping in his tracks, Dylan held her in his arms. Kendall complied and leaned on his chest without a word as she felt his warmth seeping through her.

She was grateful to live a worthwhile life with Dylan as the perfect husband.

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Meanwhile in the Mendelson Residence, Frank had mostly recovered from the injury with a few days of rest after being beaten up by Dylan and Kendall. However, his knees were healing slowly and he could only walk around the house in a limp.

In the past few days, he had ordered his man to "invite" Amelia over to the residence and look after him.

He racked his brain to find thousands of ways to prank her, so she would eventually complain to Kendall whenever she couldn't bear him anymore.

Much to his disappointment, she never succumbed to his will.

No matter the tricks Frank pulled on her, she responded with a fearless attitude and never for once thought of telling Kendall about it. Frank eventually lost his appetite and tossed and turned at night at her opposition. The urge to strangle her occurred to him every time he saw her face.

It was already late at this moment, but he wasn't letting Amelia leave. Even if he wasn't asking anything from her, she wasn't allowed to sit as she watched him peruse the documents.

There were many tasks pending to deal with in the company in his absence.

Once he got into a better mood, Frank asked Chris to send the urgent cases to him at the Mendelson Residence and began to deal with them at home.

Amelia was watching him work at the side.

This demon might be a bad guy, but he really looks good. If he would ever reincarnate as a woman, she might even become the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Stop staring at me!" Even if Frank wasn't raising his head, he could feel her gaze resting on him, so he threatened impatiently, "Watch out. If you keep looking at me, I might gouge your eyes out."

Knowing he would never take his threats too far and jeopardize her life, Amelia was no longer afraid of him like before. Hearing his threats, she only chuckled. "President Mendelson, you're as pretty as a flower. As a fan of flowers, I can't help but admire you."

She used to steal glances at him in the past, but the experiences of the past few days had given her the opportunity to look at his handsome face from up close.

Amelia didn't bother to pay attention to his words. She knew that as long as Frank cared about Kendall, Amelia would always be safe. He wouldn't dare harm Amelia and challenge Kendall's impression of him.

At first, Amelia thought Frank was only interested in Kendall due to his hate for Dylan. In Orapolis, every resident would know that Frank would steal away everything Dylan cared about as his arch-nemesis.

However, the longer Amelia stayed beside Frank, the more she understood him. Frank sincerely cared about Kendall, and it wasn't another act to go against Dylan. He had never thought about getting on Kendall's good side to turn her against Dylan.

Therefore, with her knowledge of Frank's true feelings, Amelia couldn't help but wonder when the man fell for her friend.

I remember that the two didn't see each other frequently. Is it love at first sight?

Amelia doubted a man like Frank would fall in love with another woman at first sight.

He would most probably be the one others would fall in love with at first glance.

Frank shut the folder with a thud before slamming it on the study table. Keeping his silence, he only glared at her with a gloomy look.

Amelia wavered under his gaze, but she quickly stated, "Oops, President Mendelson! I shouldn't have said that. I shouldn't have described you as a flower. I'm sorry! President Mendelson, you are the most handsome, elegant, capable, gentle, and unmatched man in the world. You're the most good-looking man I've ever seen in my whole life."

Frank could feel the corner of his lips twitch involuntarily as he listened to her compliments.

Amelia was indeed getting bolder day by day.

Does she think I will let her off like that without consequences just because she is Kendall's friend?

"Desmond." Frank raised his voice as he called out.

He didn't have to wait long before the man he was looking for knocked on the door and came in. "Sir."

As Desmond walked over, he addressed the younger man respectfully. He eventually stopped before Frank and waited for his order.

"Find me a knife, and then ask for some strong men. I need help to pin her down when I carve the flower on the back of her hand."

Didn't she say she likes flowers? A fan of flowers, yes? Then I'll carve one for her on the back of her hand!

Desmond turned to the side and saw Amelia gawk at Frank's words.

Has Ms. Taylor managed to provoke him again?

"What are you waiting for?" Frank's scold dragged him out of his thoughts.

Desmond hastily answered, "All right."

At that, he turned on his heel and hurried out of the study room.

"F-Frank? A-Are you serious about that?" Afraid that he would lunge at her at any time, Amelia hid her hands behind her as she took a few steps backward.

When she was sure that he couldn't reach her, she rushed for the door with a shocking speed and out of his sight within a few seconds.

She didn't have the courage to test his words. He might really do that.

Even if she was trapped in the residence, she couldn't just sit around and wait for her end.

Frank watched her leave without a word, as he knew Amelia would never be allowed to walk out of the Mendelson Residence without his permission.

A moment later, Desmond returned to Frank as he held a few knives on a tray with four bodyguards in tow. He sighed in relief when he found Frank alone in the room with no sign of Amelia.

He was glad to see her able to run away.

Even so, he fulfilled his responsibility as a butler as he informed, "Sir, the knives are here."

Noticing Frank gestured for him to come over, Desmond took a few steps forward and stopped before the man.

Frank picked up a sharp knife from the tray and studied it as the blade reflected the cold light.

"Find her."

"Sir, it might not be a wise choice to carve it on her hand as there are many veins." Desmond tested the water by phrasing his words cautiously. "If Ms. Taylor died from loss of blood, Ms. Parker will never forgive you. She will even loathe you."

"Kendall is already loathing me. Look, she never visited once since I'm injured. There's not even a call from her! I don't understand! Didn't we have a daughter together? How come she's only being cruel to me? I'm envious of how she treats Dylan with love and care."

Frank's words indicated his denial and hurt.

The man who suffered was always the one who held an unrequited love, rather than the one who never understood the meaning of love.

Frank never saw himself as a man capable of love, yet he fell for a woman who would never love him back.

Therefore, he would have to suffer as long as he pined for her love.

Desmond only grumbled to himself, She's the one who beat you up in the first place. Why would you still expect her to visit you after that? She might even regret not hitting you harder until you have to stay in bed.

"Go and find Amelia. If the back of her hand is a no go, I'll find somewhere else. After all, there's plenty of space for me to leave the mark."

Desmond began with caution, "Ms. Taylor isn't married, nor does she have a boyfriend. Sir, if you force the clothes off her and see her naked, I suppose you'll have to take the responsibility."

Frank's expression sank at that. "Why would I carve it on her torso? What about her arms? What about her legs? I'll just leave it on her calf. Are you satisfied?"

"Sir, I think the flower will look better on her body."

Frank glared at Desmond in quiet anger for a while before he ordered, "Get lost."

Desmond quickly put the tray on the table before he led the bodyguards out of the study room.

The bodyguards kept their silence and held their breath the whole time in an attempt to lower their existence to the minimum.

It was until Desmond shut the door of the study room that the bodyguards finally let out a deep breath.

"Mr. Desmond, do we really have to look for Ms. Taylor so that Mr. Mendelson can peel off her clothes and carve a flower on her?"

Desmond glared at the outrageous suggestion. "Are you out of your mind? Mr. Mendelson is merely trying to teach her a lesson, not harm her! It's meant to scare Ms. Taylor!"

"Even so, we have to pretend to look for Ms. Taylor around the house. Once Mr. Mendelson has cooled down, we can send Ms. Taylor home." Desmond knew his master too well.

"Woof!"

"Help!"

Suddenly, they could hear the bark of dogs mingling with the cry for help from a distance.

Blood drained from Desmond's face as he realized the direction the cry was coming from. "Oh dear, Ms. Taylor walked into the dogs' territory by mistake!"

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Desmond instantly rushed downstairs.

The bodyguards exchanged awkward looks with each other and followed suit upon noticing that Desmond was very concerned about Amelia's safety.

The group of men were in such a hurry that they created quite a loud commotion that Frank, who was in the study room, frowned as he headed to the window to look outside.

There were three windows in his study room; one was on the left of the room, the other on the right of the room, and the last one was behind him. The reason for this design was so that he could look out of the window and enjoy the view outside anytime to ease his weariness.

At that moment, Frank stood in front of the window that faced the backyard.

The backyard was peppered with street lamps as both the front and backyard were lit up very brightly. Unaffected, he continued to enjoy the delightful night view.

He saw Amelia, who had just fled his study room, accidentally barging into the wolfhounds' territory.

Though the wolfhounds were extremely vicious, they were normally fed and cared for by specific handlers. Therefore, they would not usually attack at random as they were well-trained.

However, this only applied to the people staying at Mendelson Residence. Since the wolfhounds had been reared for a few years now, they were naturally familiar with everyone in the household. Now that

they suddenly encountered an unfamiliar figure, they assumed the person to be an intruder. As such, as soon as they saw Amelia, they instantly chased after her.

Amelia had never encountered such vicious wolfhounds in her entire life. The pet dogs she had at home were miniature breeds that were rather tame.

Frightened, she was now faced with several wolfhounds that were unleashed, so she turned around instantly and ran for her life!

The wolfhounds were even more convinced that she was an intruder as soon as they saw her running from them after which they tailed her relentlessly.

Amelia shouted for help as she ran for her life. At that moment, she would rather have Frank carve a flower at the back of her hand than to be chased by a pack of wolfhounds to be ripped apart.

Frank is a madman! Why did he rear such vicious and humongous wolfhounds without even keeping them on a leash?

She had heard of wolfhounds devouring humans when they were in a starved state.

Meanwhile, Frank did not stop the wolfhounds from chasing after Amelia despite seeing her in such a flustered state. On the other hand, he seemed to relish the sight of that. Furthermore, he quite happily recorded some video footage of her flustered state while being chased relentlessly by the wolfhounds.

"Ah!" Amelia stumbled and fell to the ground, hurting her quite badly. However, she could not bother about the pain as she quickly got up and continued her run. Recalling all the hours she had spent on

her daily workouts, she was thankful that she was swift on her feet and managed to escape the jaws of the wolfhounds without suffering any bitemarks.

Still, after falling to the ground, she was held up and the wolfhounds caught up to her despite getting up immediately. The leader of the pack suddenly leaped at her and pounced on her back. The humongous wolfhound landed on her and Amelia found herself back on the ground again.

Just as she thought that she would be ripped apart by the wolfhounds, there was suddenly a whistle coming from behind before she felt the weight behind her lift. The wolfhound that had pounced on her finally released its hold on her clothes from his jaws and jumped off her body.

The handler in charge of the wolfhounds ran over quickly and he whistled as he ran in their direction. Shortly after that, the wolfhounds raced toward the handler and circled him.

"Ms. Taylor!" Desmond rushed over with the bodyguards.

The wolfhound handler stopped whistling and came over with the wolfhounds.

"Desmond, who's she? Why did she provoke the wolfhounds? I went for a short toilet break and found them all gone," the handler asked Desmond.

Fortunately, he came out earlier and noticed the wolfhounds all gone, prompting him to search for them immediately. Otherwise, the girl on the ground would definitely have sustained serious injuries from being bitten by them.

The wolfhounds were well-fed, so they were never starved. They would not generally attack for food, but their innate nature would result in them severely injuring the girl on the ground.

"Ms. Taylor is our master's guest." Desmond gave a brief reply and quickly stepped forward to help Amelia up from the ground.

Amelia's clothes on her lower back were torn from being shredded by the wolfhound and her skin was revealed.

Desmond then turned around and instructed one of the bodyguards, "Remove your top and give it to Ms. Taylor."

The man agreed and took off his top before handing it to Desmond.

Subsequently, Desmond took the top and handed it to Amelia while saying, "Ms. Taylor, your clothes are torn. Take this and cover up."

"Desmond..." Suddenly, Amelia clung tightly to his arm and burst into tears.

She had been thoroughly frightened out of her wits; had the handler or Desmond arrived one second later than they had, she would not have lived to see tomorrow's sun.

Desmond felt slightly uncomfortable as Amelia clung to his arm and sobbed. He realized that she had suffered a harrowing ordeal and he could not exactly shove her aside at the moment, so he awkwardly watched as she cried. In the meantime, he also remembered to cover Amelia's back with the bodyguard's top.

Amelia sobbed for a short while before she finally collected herself. Perhaps it was the fright or

excessive running, she found herself wobbly on her feet.

She stopped crying and let go of Desmond's arms abashedly. Subsequently, she clutched the top tightly against herself and made sure that her lower back was covered to prevent it from being exposed.

"Ms. Taylor, are you okay?"

"I was frightened out of my wits, Desmond! Do you think that I would be fine after such an ordeal?" Amelia lifted her hand to wipe her tears.

Even a grown man would be frightened beyond words to be chased by several wolfhounds, what more to say a helpless lady like her. As such, Desmond could certainly empathize with her.

"Yes, yes. I forgot to tell you that we have several wolfhounds reared in the backyard as we need them to guard the compound. They are familiar with the people in this house, so they don't usually come chasing after any of us here. I guess they were triggered by an unfamiliar face..."

Apologetic, he added, "I'm really sorry for giving you such a fright, Ms. Taylor."

Generally, even when there were guests over, they would not usually wander off the backyard alone, so Desmond had never considered the situation of a guest being pursued by the wolfhounds ever occurring.

For Amelia's case, she had to escape from Frank's clutches and avoid having a random flower carved on the back of her hand. She ran out without his permission, so she had no way of getting out of Mendelson Residence at all to begin with. Freaking Frank has been sending his men to invite me over

every day!

In order to prevent her parents from worrying unnecessarily, she had been waiting outside for the Mendelson bodyguards to come and get her. At night, Ronnie would be the one who escorted her back home.

At Mendelson Residence, Frank had ordered her around like a maid and she was expected to do everything. Despite fulfilling his requests, he would always find fault with it. Even if she completed her tasks perfectly, he would always be able to come up with some criticism.

Sometimes, Amelia was so tempted to beat up the 'devil' while his feet were still hurt and he remained immobile. If it was not because of his despicable action, she would not have run off in a haste and went into an unknown direction, which landed her into a trap of wolfhounds. I almost got ripped into pieces, God dammit!

Desmond noticed the resentful look in Amelia's face and he lamented about it to himself too, Master's gone too far. He keeps asking for Ms. Taylor every single day, yet he keeps coming up with different ways to make life tough for her. Just like what happened earlier! Master must have known and seen all about it; he could have just whistled from the window to prevent her from being pounced on and she wouldn't have holes in her shirt now.

"Ms. Taylor, I'm so sorry. I feel extremely bad about this."

"Desmond, it's not your fault."

In reality, Amelia had received great care in private from Desmond and she was very thankful for his kindness. As such, his repeated apologies managed to diffuse her anger slightly because she realized that it was not actually his fault.

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"Ms. Taylor, why don't you head back into the house and I'll seek Master's permission to arrange a ride for you to the hospital to get the wound dressed."

Though Amelia had not actually been bitten by the wolfhounds, there were some graze wounds left on her skin when the wolfhound was biting on her shirt; that also explained why Desmond had seen the scratch marks on her lower back.

"After getting the wound dressed, you need to get a rabies shot as soon as possible too."

The wolfhounds reared by the Mendelsons did not actually have rabies and they were vaccinated too. However, she had some open wounds, so it was safer to get a shot just in case.

"Thanks, Desmond," Amelia expressed her gratitude.

Thank God for Desmond; otherwise, I don't know how I will survive in the Mendelson Residence. He's such a kind-hearted butler, who sometimes helps me out too!

If everyone was as callous and indifferent as Frank, then it was quite likely that she would be left to fend for herself if she encountered trouble.

"I'll wait outside, then. I won't be heading in."

Amelia took a few steps forward and suddenly changed her mind. There was no way she would be going in again.

Although the main house was furnished lavishly, there still lived a devil inside.

Perhaps being in such a disheveled state might not be a punishment enough for the devil to change his mind, so it was much safer if she stayed out of the place. If things went wrong, then she would have more time to run away this time.

Knowing what her concern was about, Desmond did not pressure her either. Instead, he instructed some men to stay with her and keep her safe before he entered the house.

Frank, who had been a seated audience by the exclusive window spot, felt his spirits lifted significantly. He was just coming down the stairs as Desmond walked into the house.

"Master." Desmond moved forward swiftly to help Frank.

"I can get down by myself."

Frank's knees were indeed hurt, but it did not affect his mobility at all; there was just a slight limp in his steps.

Being a narcissist that he was, he did not want to walk with a limp unless it was in front of Kendall. After all, she was the only one whom he wanted to garner sympathy and attention from.

However, if Kendall were here, she would honestly think, Like I would have a soft spot for you! Even if you break your leg, I will not even bat an eye.

As such, Desmond had no choice but to walk beside Frank and escort him while Frank took his time and steps. Desmond looked on as his stubborn master held the stair rails and walked down slowly.

"What's Kendall up to recently? I haven't seen her for days now and I miss her so much."

Desmond kept silent for a moment before replying, "Ms. Parker has been quite busy lately. This morning, she kept her mother-in-law and sister-in-law company. They went shopping and bought a lot

of clothes. In the afternoon, she stayed at home, but we don't know what she did inside Coleman Residence. After that, she rushed off to the hospital. Something happened to the eldest son of the Woodses and the hospital informed Ms. Parker, so she rushed off to there. Master Dylan went over as well later on and they stayed overnight. After they entered the Coleman Family's territory, our men were unable to follow them."

Ever since Frank's men found out that Dylan had instructed extra protection for Kendall, they had to take careful measures whenever they tailed Kendall. Otherwise, who knew whether they would be accosted and beaten up by the bodyguards the next second?

"What happened to Nelson?" Frank asked calmly, "Is he in a critical condition?"

He recalled that Kendall and Nelson had a close relationship.

The first time Frank had met Kendall and found her to be the girl in his dreams, he suspected that they had hidden his child from him, so he tried to probe Nelson and his mother for information before nearly getting beaten up by him. Without a doubt, Nelson was a very protective older brother.

"Nelson wanted to seek justice for his sister, so he went after Jackson. When the two of them grappled with each other, Krystal took out a fire extinguisher from her car to help, but Nelson was attacked from

behind and Jackson took the chance to grab the fire extinguisher before assaulting Nelson with that. He ended up badly injured and he was in a critical state when he was sent to the hospital."

"So, is he out of the woods now?" Frank inquired. After all, that was his future brother-in-law, so he had to show some form of concern.

If Nelson knew that, he would be fairly disgusted. Bullsh*t! I'm not your brother-in-law, you shameless man!

As for Dylan, he would surely stare at his rival coldly, Are you trying to steal my brother-in-law too?

Frank did not bother to wait for Desmond's response as he muttered to himself, "Kendall's gone back to Coleman Residence, so her brother's condition must have stabilized."

"No, his condition hasn't stabilized, but the doctors have managed to resuscitate him and he's been transferred to the ICU. He would only be considered in a stabilized condition once he regains consciousness. Right now, his father and brother are keeping vigil in the hospital and Master Dylan has instructed two men to keep guard there."

Frank pursed his lips and they moved forward as they spoke. Soon enough, they arrived at the lower ground and Frank headed to the couch to take a seat.

"Send someone to the hospital tomorrow morning. If Nelson has regained consciousness and been transferred to the normal ward, then give me a call. I want to visit him."

"Master..." Desmond hesitated, but he seemed to have something to say.

"You don't have to say a thing. Throughout my life up till now, I haven't yet failed in obtaining anything that I'm after, be it an object or a person."

"Master, are you doing all this because of Master Dylan?"

Frank glared at Desmond angrily. "Desmond, right now, Dylan's the one who stole the mother of my child. I'm not the one snatching his woman!"

"Master!" Desmond reckoned that Frank had hit a dead end and yet he refused to turn back. Frank was stuck in a rut and Desmond felt very worried.

"Master, Ms. Taylor went into the backyard by accident and caught the attention of the wolfhounds. She was chased by them and was significantly frightened by the ordeal. One of the wolfhounds pounced at her and she fell to the ground. She went through some rough handling by the wolfhound and she needs to head to the hospital. Should I arrange for transport to send Ms. Taylor to the hospital to get her wound dressed?"

I should just change the topic since I can't convince Master to stop obsessing over Ms. Parker. Right now, Ms. Taylor's the only woman, other than Ms. Parker, whom Master allows to get close to him. Miss Zorn pops by every other day, but he doesn't even allow her into the house.

Desmond hoped that Frank would become more focused on Amelia with the hopes that Frank would finally emerge unscathed from the unrequited love he harbored for Kendall.

Frank remained silent and took out his phone to play the video he took from before.

Then, the sound of dogs barking and Amelia's cries for help reverberated in the living room.

Meanwhile, Desmond was at a loss for words. Master actually stood there and saw the entire process, but didn't even bother to whistle and save Ms. Taylor? Is Ms. Parker the only person exempted from his ruthlessness? He's not one to easily fall in love, but once he has fallen for someone, he's fixated on that person only. However, he's fallen for the wrong person.

It pained Desmond to see Frank in such a state, but there was nothing Desmond could do about that. After all, he had already said what he could and even risked offending Frank, but Frank stubbornly refused to heed his advice.

"It's too bad that she wasn't ripped apart by the wolfhounds." After Frank enjoyed the video, his mood seemed to be lifted as he mentioned that sentence slightly regretfully.

Desmond maintained his silence.

"Hey, send her inside. Let me see how badly she's wounded. If it's just a slight graze, then there's no need to head to the hospital and disrupt the doctors on the night shift."

Hearing this, Desmond silently sympathized with Amelia, but he affirmed respectfully and turned around to get her.

As soon as Amelia saw Desmond walk out, she turned around and attempted to run off.

"Ms. Taylor," he instantly called out her name, "Master won't carve a flower on the back of your hand anymore."

Amelia paused in her tracks and stopped trying to flee the scene. She turned around and tugged at the

male top she had on tightly as she asked in an apprehensive tone of voice, "Desmond, that madman— Oh, I mean what did your master say? Am I allowed to leave now?"

Honestly, she did not mind whether there was any transport to send her to the hospital as all she wanted was to leave Mendelson Residence as soon as possible. It was now about the usual time that Ronnie arrived to pick her up.

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Amelia was in such a disheveled state, on top of that, there were wounds on her lower back. Therefore, if Ronnie saw that, he might even show concern for her and send her to the hospital personally to get her wound dressed and herself vaccinated.

Ronnie adhered to Dylan's instructions that he would always turn up at night and pretended to meet her by chance just to send her home. However, he did that out of duty and his attitude toward her remained the same. He did not raise his formalities, but he maintained his politeness.

"Master wants to see you inside, Ms. Taylor. Come on." Desmond intentionally disregarded Amelia's special nickname for Frank.

Madman? So in Ms, Taylor's eyes, Master's a madman? However, as soon as Desmond recalled the things that Frank had done, he realized that Amelia's description was quite apt. Still, he thought, Shh. Don't say that too loudly! Master will kill me if he hears this.

Amelia asked in trepidation, "Desmond, I don't want to go inside, is that alright?" That madman will not take pity on me at all! He would be happier if he saw me in a troubled state. He relishes seeing me in a tormented situation.

"Ms. Taylor, please don't offend Master, otherwise you might not be allowed to go home tonight."

Frowning, she muttered in a low voice, "If I stay the night here, don't blame me if others speculate an illicit relationship between me and your master."

Hearing that, Desmond could not help chuckling as he urged her, "Ms. Taylor, hurry up and go in. Master's in a good mood and he won't attempt to carve the back of your hand."

It was evident that Amelia was trying to stall as she trailed after Desmond and entered the house unwillingly.

"Master, Ms. Taylor's here."

"You can leave now," Frank responded calmly.

Desmond affirmed respectfully and abandoned Amelia before turning around to leave the room.

She secretly tugged at his shirt to make him stay and help her; despite Desmond's kind gestures all this while, he was after all only loyal to Frank, unfortunately.

Soon, Frank and Amelia were the only ones left in the living room.

He lifted his head to look at her and realized that her hair was messy while her clothes were ripped and she was left with only one shoe. At that moment, Amelia looked like a mess and she was in quite a sorry state.

However, Frank was unhappy to see her clutch so tightly at the bodyguard's top, so he instructed her with a cold expression, "Throw away that shirt!"

Momentarily stunned, she soon came back to her senses and she responded in chagrin, "My lower back was grazed by your wolfhound and my shirt's torn, so I need his shirt to cover myself with."

"No one would ogle at your lower back, so what's there to be shy about?"

Instantly, Amelia's face flushed bright red from his words. Indeed, her lower back was not worth ogling, but she was still a single lady after all, so covering herself up was a totally logical move to do.

"Discard it!"

"No!"

Frank stared at her with a cold, scary look in his eyes.

At that point, Amelia felt a cold run down her spine. Still, she refused to give in and clutched to the top tightly.

A couple of moments later, Frank stood up abruptly and strode over to stand before Amelia. He then reached out to grab the bodyguard's top and tugged hard.

"Frank!"

Never in Amelia's wildest dreams did she expect Frank to strip her away from that bodyguard's top.

She knew she could not resist his action at this point. In the end, he managed to snatch the top, which he then forcefully ripped into two in front of her. Amelia was angered beyond words; if she was skilled in martial arts like Kendall was, then she would definitely have given this guy a thrashing.

Ripping the top in half, Frank then roughly grabbed Amelia by the wrist and dragged her in front of the

couch. Subsequently, he shoved her onto the couch with her back in the air so that he could check the wound on her lower back.

Indeed, there were some scratch marks with hints of blood.

After checking out the wound on her lower back, he finally released his grip on her and Amelia could finally sit up. She turned her back on him in a haste and stared at him with a guarded look in her eyes.

"Don't stare at me like I've taken advantage of you."

Frank expressed coldly and purposely pinched her on the chin as he revealed a cold sneer. "I would be able to have my way with you anytime if I wanted to."

"You b*stard!"

"You really want that carving on your hand, do you?"

Instantly, Amelia backed off and she turned silent upon pursing her lips tightly.

Frank stood up straight and glared at her domineeringly from the top of her head. Amelia felt as if he was about to shoot daggers at her from his eyes when he finally made the next move and reached out to unbutton his shirt.

What's he trying to do? Amelia trusted that Frank would not take advantage of her as she could clearly see his deep infatuation for her best friend. However, she was not quite sure why he was removing his shirt then.

Does he want me to change his dressing? But then, the wounds on his body have healed except for his knees. The bruises on all the other parts of his body have already faded after ointment was applied, so he doesn't have any wounds that need tending to.

Soon enough, she caught on to Frank's intention. He removed his shirt and flung it on top of her, covering her entire head with it. His shirt had just been removed from his body. so the warmth of his body and his scent were still attached to it.

Stunned, she hastily tugged at the shirt covering her head.

"I'll bestow you my shirt for you to cover your lower back just because you're Kendall's best friend. Don't act as if I haven't come across a woman before and want to take advantage of you. Do you really think that I enjoy ogling at your lower back?"

At that moment, Amelia retorted in her mind, I didn't say a single thing. You're the one making up the story as you go!

"Desmond." Frank turned around and took a seat on the couch as he called for Desmond in a low voice.

In reality, Desmond had been waiting patiently by the doorway all this while, so he knew exactly what was going on inside the room but did not dare to make a sound. As soon as he heard Frank call for him, he hurriedly entered the room.

"Send her to the hospital to get her wound tended to. She needs a rabies shot just so she doesn't turn into a rabid dog and bite the hell outta me."

Desmond tried hard to stifle his laughter. Since when did Master ever have to worry about karma?
"Sure." He heaved a sigh of relief.

Similarly, Amelia breathed a sigh of relief too. She became decisive and put on Frank's shirt instantly. Next, she fled the living room with Desmond under Frank's dark, moody gaze.

From time to time, Desmond turned around to look at the shirt Amelia had on. He saw that the bodyguard's top had been ripped into two before Frank removed his shirt and gave it to her. Could Master have been jealous? he deciphered.

That was actually the reason why Desmond heaved a sigh of relief. As long as Frank was able to divert his attention to another woman, then he could finally be at ease. With that, Frank would not be fixated upon winning Kendall's attention only.

"Desmond, I'll head to the hospital myself, so you don't have to send any escorts."

Once Amelia was sure that she was at a safe distance from that madman, she rejected Desmond's offer to the hospital.

"Ms. Taylor, you didn't drive today and it's quite late now, so it would be difficult to hail a cab around this area. How are you going to get to the hospital if you refuse to let me arrange for a ride for you?"

Desmond realized that Frank seemed to pay some slight attention to Amelia, so there was no way he was going to allow her to leave alone this time unlike previously.

"Ever since your master has been inviting me over everyday, I have been going back by myself every night, haven't I?"

Taken aback by her words, Desmond finally replied after a pause, "That's all in the past. Tonight, Master gave specific instructions to do so; please don't make things difficult for me, Ms. Taylor."

"No, I really don't need that," Amelia rejected him insistently.

In fact, she wanted to let Ronnie see her in such a sorry state so that she could evoke a sense of sympathy within him. Perhaps that could bring her and Ronnie closer. She wanted to give it a go, but if he remained indifferent to everything, then she had made up her mind to give up. She would then just regard him as a beautiful moment in her life and cherish that. After all, she had given it her best shot and regardless of the outcome, she was happy enough to move on with no regrets.

Chapter 416

"Ms. Taylor—"

"Desmond, I'd better get going. Goodnight and thank you for saving my life. I'll buy you a meal some other day." As soon as Amelia finished her words, she scurried away as though Desmond would shove her into the Mendelson Family's car if she was too slow.

Once she left Mendelson Residence, she heaved a sigh as she finally felt safe. However, she did not stop there and kept running so that she would not miss the chance to meet Ronnie.

She was well aware that their encounter was not pure coincidence; after all, Dylan had arranged it on purpose. She figured she should seize her opportunity since her best friends were helping her out.

After running for a while, she sensed something amiss. She then looked down at her feet, only to see she was running with only one shoe.

I have been running on the street while looking like this the whole time?

Amelia felt embarrassed after she realized that. Fortunately, it was in the middle of the night, and there was no one else around but herself and the street lights that lit her way in silence.

She took off the shoe and threw it into the trash bin by the road before heading on her way.

Meanwhile, Ronnie, who was waiting for her at the same old place, alighted from the vehicle and leaned against it. With his hands delved into his pockets, he stared at the entrance of the villa area. No

matter what he and Dylan were up to that day, Dylan would always ask him to drive Amelia home around this time.

He was clueless about Dylan's intention at first, but he slowly figured it out as time passed.

Is Amelia a fine person?

Aside from her hobby of collecting pretty boys' pictures, she was a decent person. Unlike the other pretentious, rich young ladies, she was true to herself. She already had a bad reputation amongst the upper class due to her pastime, so she had no need to behave properly.

Although Ronnie did not hate Amelia, he bore no romantic feelings for her. As long as she did not confess, he decided to play dumb. And once Frank stopped venting his anger on her, Ronnie needed not to send her home anymore.

When their encounters dwindled, he reckoned that the admiration she had for him would wane as time passed.

What she has is pure admiration. I doubt that it's love.

At long last, he caught sight of the familiar silhouette, yet he did not budge. It was not until Amelia came out that he entered the car to drive toward her.

When the car stopped, she hopped into the vehicle and he glanced over her out of habit.

"What happened?"

She was wearing a man's shirt without buttoning it up and revealing her attire underneath it. Her hair was a mess and she was barefooted.

He frowned. "Did something happen? You're a mess."

"Don't bring it up. I mistakenly barged into the dog house and ticked off some fierce wolfhounds. They chased after me and bit off my clothes. My back is injured in the process too. Could you please take me to the hospital, Ronnie? I gotta clean my wounds and take a vaccine for rabies."

Ronnie started the car engine and hit the road toward the hospital. He did not question whose shirt she was covering herself with, and she did not mention it either.

Amelia had been receiving 'invitations' from Frank's subordinate these days, and both of them were aware of it. Still, they did not broach the subject and took it as a mere midnight coincidence.

Once they arrived at the hospital, she had her wounds disinfected and received a jab of rabies vaccine. By the time they were leaving, it was already 1.00AM. Ronnie then drove her home.

"Ronnie." Before she got out of the car, she asked, "What's your real name?"

She already knew his basic information through Kendall, but she wished to know if he was willing to tell her.

After a moment of silence, he replied nonchalantly, "You may call me Ronnie, Ms. Taylor."

That one single sentence of his was enough to tell her that they did not become closer for the past few nights, let alone having sparks fly between them.

"Ronnie, what kind of girlfriend are you looking for?"

"Smart and knows how to fight. She doesn't need to have a strong character, but she's not frail as well. No Mother Teresa syndrome, yet kind. Family background and looks are not that important."

Amelia's heart sank when she heard that. She had a feeling that it was his implicit way of telling her that she was not his type.

"Why does she have to be smart and know how to fight?" That was the bar she could not reach—she could not fight. Even if she started learning to fight right now, it was too late since she was already twenty-six.

He turned his head to gaze at her and explained solemnly, "My household is kinda complicated. There's unforeseen danger everywhere. If a woman without self-defense skills married me, she could die at the hands of the enemies at any time. Even though I can protect my partner, I can't stay by her side 24/7. So, it is important for her to be able to protect herself."

Amelia was stupefied. Kendall had told her about Ronnie's family history, which sounded no less different from other families. However, she did not expect it to involve so many perilous imponderables.

She met eyes with Ronnie and asked in a straightforward manner, "Is this the reason why you've been staying single?"

"That's one of them. The other reason is that I still haven't met the person that strikes my fancy."

A chill shrouded her heart as she heard those words.

He doesn't like me.

She bit her lip with downcast eyes before raising her head to look at him seriously. "Ronnie, I like you. Could you consider it? No matter how your family is, we can stay in Orapolis forever."

He did not mention their residence after marriage with her since it was something so far-fetched. Not to mention the fact that he did not have feelings for her.

"Thank you, Ms. Taylor. You are a nice person, but I'm not a good match for you. I hope that you'll meet someone better that will treat you better. It's late now. You should head inside and take a rest."

Amelia's head hung low as she stared at her feet, which was wearing a pair of sandals. He bought them from a convenience store nearby the hospital.

Despite taking pictures of so many hot guys, he was the only man who made her heart flutter in a completely different way. Yet, she had to stop her feelings without ever starting it as he did not even give her a chance.

Ronnie knew that his refusal would upset her, but it was for the best instead of dragging it longer. Before she fell deeper for him, he should refuse her coldly and make her relinquish him in order to mitigate the pain. Then, she would be able to get over it in the shortest possible time and it would not be awkward the next time they met.

Besides, he was very clear of his feelings; he did not like her. Since he could not give her hope, it would be best for him to be honest.

"Ronnie, we can try dating each other for a period of time. If you still have no feelings for me after that, we can break up and I promise not to get in your way again," suggested Amelia as she lifted her head to meet his eyes once again.

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"Ms. Taylor, I don't hate you, but I don't love you either. There's no future ahead of us. So, why should we start a relationship when we know perfectly well that it's not going to work to begin with? You'll still get hurt no matter how cool you are with the breakup situation. So, I'm sorry, Ms. Taylor," Ronnie apologized once again. "I won't go out with you."

Amelia bit her lower lip before lifting her legs to take off the shoes he bought. Then, she alighted from the car and placed them on the passenger seat. "Thank you for driving me home, Ronnie. Just pretend that I said nothing."

Having said that, she closed the door and waved him goodbye before wheeling around to walk toward her house. Even after she entered the building, she did not turn around to see him off.

It was her first love, yet it ended before it even started. Although it hurt, the pain was still bearable. She was grateful to Ronnie for his downright refusal, which hampered her from falling deeper into her feelings.

Furthermore, he had protected their pride so that it would be less awkward when they met again in the future. After all, the crush happened not too long ago; it was short-lived, and so was the misery.

Amelia raised her head, gazing at the somber sky.

Nevermind. I will find my Mr. Right someday.

At the same time, she wished for Ronnie to find his perfect match. After she entered the house, Ronnie

started his car engine and drove away.

The night continued. When the darkest hour passed, the sky was slowly illuminated as the sun emerged from the east which symbolized another brand new day.

Kendall had a restless night which led to a headache in the morning. However, she did not tell Dylan about it, worrying that he would force her to stay at home to rest.

She gave Roger a call first thing in the morning. Once the line got through, she asked with concern, "Roger, has Nell woken up?"

"No, but he's in a stable condition. The doctor said he might wake up in two days."

"What a relief." Hearing that Nelson's condition was improving, she heaved a big sigh of relief. "Roger, I'll bring breakfast to you and Dad later."

"There's no need for the hassle, Kendall. You gotta go to work too, right? Besides, we've already had our breakfast. Young Master Dylan's bodyguard had bought us food. Also, you don't have to rush here. Nell is still in the intensive care unit. You can't do anything even if you're here anyway. So, don't tire yourself out by moving around so much. Nell cares about you the most. If he knows that you're exhausted from all the traveling, he'll feel guilty once he wakes up. I'll phone you once he wakes up. You can come by then." He knew his sister very well, so he pointed it out beforehand to stop her from rushing to the hospital early in the morning.

"You don't have to worry about Dad and I either. With the bodyguards around, we'd be fine. So, don't worry and focus on your work."

"I'll stop by just for a while before going to work." She insisted on going to the hospital.

"Kendall, are you worried that I'm lying? I'm telling the truth. Dad and I can put up with it. We're not pushing ourselves either."

"Roger, I know that you'll never lie to me, but I wanna see Nell. I gotta hear it from the doctor in person so that my mind will be at ease."

"Fine, but no breakfast for us." Roger relented helplessly.

"Okay."

After Roger caved in, they conversed for a moment before ending the call.

In the meantime, Dylan had taken a shower and changed into his clothes. He even brought over Kendall's working attire and placed it next to her.

"How's Nell?" he inquired with concern.

"The doctor said he's in a stable condition. He should be able to wake up in two days."

"Hmm, he's a kind person. He'll be fine."

He sat by the bed and pulled her into his embrace to give her a squeeze before letting her go. In a gentle voice, he said, "Get changed. I'll be walking around outside. Let's have breakfast at the gazebo in a short while."

"Sure."

Dylan gave her a peck on the cheek and rose to his feet. He then left the room on foot while pushing the wheelchair. When he was moving around in the room, he basically did not need to use a wheelchair anymore. But since he was taking a walk outside, he figured he should bring along the wheelchair just in case. However, he would only use the wheelchair once he felt that his legs could not take it anymore.

Feels great to be able to walk again.

If he did not give up on himself and agreed on rehabilitation earlier on, he could have completely recovered by now. Still, he would not be able to meet Kendall that way, let alone luxuriate in the happiness as he was at the moment.

After walking out of the room, he told Amos, "Prepare a cup of coffee for Kendall."

As the person sleeping next to Kendall, how could he not know that she did not sleep well? And he knew that she would not stay at home for a rest even if he asked her to. Thus, all he could do was to wake her up with caffeine.

"Understood."

Dylan seated himself on the wheelchair and beckoned Ronnie over to have himself pushed outside. The morning at Coleman Residence was tranquil, peaceful and beautiful with the foliage greeneries and scented flowers.

"How is Ms. Taylor doing lately?" he asked nonchalantly.

Ronnie answered politely, "She mistakenly barged into the dog house at Mendelson Residence and injured herself last night. Afterward, I took her to the hospital to have her wounds tended and jabbed with a rabies vaccine."

Dylan hummed. "It must be hard for her."

He decided to ask Toddy to be considerate to the Taylor Family in business affairs.

"Did anything else happen? Something seems to be on your mind." Ronnie had been working for him for many years, so he could sense the change no matter how little it was.

"No," denied Ronnie before he continued, "Young Master Dylan, Ms. Taylor confessed to me."

Dylan was not surprised in the slightest. The fact that Amelia and Kendall were able to become best friends proved that they were similar in character; they would confess if they came to like someone.

"Are you hesitating?"

"No, I turned her down immediately."

"Oh. Is it because she's a bad person? Or are you worried that your family won't accept her repulsive hobby?"

"No. It's just that we don't share mutual feelings. I don't love her, so I don't wanna hurt her by giving her false hope. It hasn't been long since she has a crush on me. So, she'll be able to get over me soon."

Dylan looked at Ronnie with a helpless expression. "I see you're still as straightforward as ever, huh? Then, are you going to drive her home tonight?"

"I think it'll be better if you send someone else for the task. I can still do it if there's no one else."

Dylan hummed in response. "Amelia is a cool person, the type who doesn't dwell on the past. Since it hasn't been long since you guys know each other and you've turned her down to not give her hope, she won't have any inordinate thoughts on you even if you continue to drive her home."

Ronnie remained silent as he acknowledged Dylan's impression on Amelia.

Chapter 418

"Young Master Dylan, Ms. Taylor is Young Mistress Kendall's best friend. Now that I've turned down Ms. Taylor, will she—"

"She won't blame you. We did give you guys the chance, but everything depends on your fate. To make sure you guys get married isn't the matchmaker's job, is it?"

Ronnie held his tongue as he thought, Phew. It's fine as long as the Young Mistress Kendall doesn't blame me.

Dylan had a soft spot for Kendall, hence the last thing his subordinates wanted was to infuriate her. Ticking Dylan off was fine, but angering her was a big deal.

The conversation stopped right there as Ronnie informed Dylan about it merely because of Kendall and Amelia's relationship.

Meow.

In a nearby bush sat a Ragdoll, which meowed once it noticed someone was coming. However, the innocuous meow surprised Ronnie.

He halted and marched toward the feline with the intention to drive it away because Dylan hated animals with fur.

Regardless of who its owner was, pets were off-limits in his vicinity. If he caught sight of it, those pets

would have to face inevitable death.

Whose Ragdoll is this? Why didn't the owner keep an eye on it and let it come here?

"Ronnie, bring it to me," ordered Dylan.

Ronnie's eyes exuded sympathy as he thought of the fate awaiting the adorable cat. Even so, he could not disobey Dylan's orders.

The cat was obedient and friendly around strangers. When he approached it, it kept meowing instead of escaping. It even rubbed its head against his hand adorably as he reached out to the cat.

"Why did you run all the way here, little thing? I can't save you either."

Unless Kendall happened to be here, no one would be able to get it out of trouble. With the cat in his arms, he returned and stood before Dylan. However, Ronnie dared not stand near him or give him the cat due to the worry that he would strangle it to death.

Dylan stared at the furball in Ronnie's arms. "It somehow seems familiar to me."

Ronnie did not utter a word.

"Give a call to the Pet Palace. Ask them if Kendall's pet has escaped." Dylan guessed it was the very cat that he had gifted to Kendall.

He despised pets with fur and they were prohibited in his territories. Everyone who knew of that would make sure to keep an eye on the pets so that they would never cross paths with him.

Kendall wished to have a pet back then, and they fought because of it. In the end, when she was about to give up, he relented.

He gifted her cats and dogs, which she left in Pet Palace where she could visit them whenever she was free. Thus, Dylan had a deep impression on these little furballs that had once 'ruined' their relationship.

No matter how long it had been since he last saw them, he could still recognize them.

Ronnie quickly made the call with the hope that the cat truly belonged to Kendall. Once someone from the Pet Palace picked up the call, he introduced himself, "I'm Ronnie."

Thud!

It was the sound of the phone falling onto the ground.

He kept quiet as he waited. Then, the person picked it up and asked gingerly, "Mr. Ronnie, why did you call?"

"Is Young Mistress Kendall's cat still there?"

Thud!

Again, it was the sound of the phone falling onto the ground.

Word failed him as he cottoned on the situation. The person was panicking because Kendall's cat had escaped, and he was completely flustered by Ronnie's call.

A couple of moments later, someone else answered the call. It seemed like the previous one was so shocked that he could not speak anymore.

"Mr. Ronnie, Young Mistress Kendall's cat... has escaped. We're searching for it right now, and we'll find it."

"The cat is here with me. Young Master Dylan saw it."

"What?!" The person shrieked. "How did it run so far away? Young Master Dylan saw it? I-Is it still alive? Young Mistress Kendall really, really, really likes them, though."

We're doomed. The cat is going to die because it barged into the wrong place due to our negligence! If Young Master Dylan kills the cat, Young Mistress Kendall will be sad and it'll surely affect their relationship. She is the person he loves the most. If they fight...

They would not be able to bear the repercussions.

Ronnie hung up the phone. Since it was confirmed that it belonged to Kendall, it would be fine.

"Young Master Dylan, it is really Young Mistress Kendall's pet. It is the one you gave to her." He deliberately emphasized the final sentence.

Looking at the little furball, Dylan said indifferently, "They must be missing Kendall. She can't visit them because she's been busy these days. So, it has run all the way here."

"Yes, that must be it." Ronnie went along hurriedly as he was desperate to save the cat.

"Let's take it back in."

"Huh?" Ronnie was stupefied.

I must've heard him wrong. Is he asking me to carry it into the house?

When Dylan shot him a glare, he came back to his senses and moved toward Dylan with the cat in his arms. Initially, he intended to carry it with one arm while pushing the wheelchair with the other, but Dylan suddenly scooped the meek cat out of his arms.

Ronnie thought he was seeing things because Dylan, who disliked furry animals, was holding a cat!

Back then, Alice brought along her pet, which was then beaten to death as soon as Dylan saw it. It upset her for a long time. Since then, she kept an eye on her pets very cautiously.

She was the princess of the family, as well as the only younger sister Dylan doted on. If her pet ended up like that, there was no doubt that others' pet would meet with a similar fate if not worse.

That incident had served as a good warning to everyone to look after their pets carefully, and thereafter no pets were found around Dylan's residence anymore.

Young Mistress Kendall is amazing! He loves her so much that he even tolerates her pets. He's literally loving her all.

Excited, Ronnie pushed Dylan into the house. Needless to say, anyone that witnessed him holding a

cat gaped. Even Amos was riveted to the spot at the rare sight.

He was only brought back to his senses when a joyful Kendall scurried over to hug the cat. He closed his eyes and rubbed them profusely, only to open them and see the exact scene. The sight elicited a genuine smile on his face.

Has Young Master Dylan overcome his fear of furry animals? Thank you so much, Young Mistress Kendall.

Amos always credited Kendall for every positive change in Dylan, which was the truth. Because of his love for Kendall, he spared the cat's life and carried it back home. Of course, it was also because it was the very present that he gave to her.

It was the couple's token of affection. So, of course, it should be treated differently.

Chapter 419

"You went to the Pet Palace, Dylan?" Kendall held her pet cat while stroking its head.

Looking at her merriful expression, Dylan rejoiced at the fact that he did not get rid of it on impulse. It would have upset her so much. He wished her to be happy all her life, or at least be happy whenever they were together.

"I was strolling outside when I saw it. I realized that it was yours, so I brought it back."

"It ran out?" she questioned in surprise.

She initially presumed that he went to Pet Palace to bring back the cat himself. It had been a long time since she last visited her pets. Had he not brought the cat home, she would have forgotten them due to her busy schedule.

Kendall was feeling guilty; she got into a fight with Dylan when she wanted to have pets back then. Yet, she did not pay much attention to them after he gave in.

He hummed. "Luckily, it bumped into me."

Amos was rendered speechless as it was fortunate that the cat was the present Dylan gifted her. Otherwise, it would be an unlucky day for the cat, and it would have lost its life to Dylan.

While she was playing with the cat, the staff from Pet Palace arrived. They entered the house under Amos' guidance before apologizing profusely to Dylan. It was their dereliction for failing to keep an eye on Kendall's cat, which resulted in its intrusion on his turf.

The moment they stepped over the door, they felt instant relief when they saw the cat resting in Kendall's arms. Things did not go out of hand as Dylan spared its life in the end.

"Dylan doesn't like furry pets, so look after them properly. Don't let them run around," she chided before Dylan could say anything.

The staff responded with their heads hung low. Feeling nervous and afraid, they were scared that Dylan would rebuke them.

Kendall handed the Ragdoll to one of them. "I'm busy lately, so I don't have the time to visit them. Bring it back first. I'll come over some other day when I'm free. Do not repeat the same mistake you've made today."

Her man would not be that nice and forgiving all the time. Although he did not flip out and ask someone to get rid of her cat, it would be a dead meat if he failed to recognize it next time.

She did not wish to put him in a tough position; she did not want to coerce him into something he disliked, and she did not want the pets to lose their lives either. In order to keep them safe, it would be best for them to live freely in Pet Palace as usual and keep them out of Dylan's sight.

"Don't worry, Young Mistress Kendall. We promise that there'll be no next time!"

"Hmm. That's all from us. You should get going." She made them leave after a few forewarning.

They sneaked a few peeks at Dylan, who did not seem to be stopping them. As though they escaped from death, they made themselves scarce instantly.

Along the way here, they thought the punishment would be either as light as a pay cut, or as severe as losing their job and being told off by Dylan.

Now that nothing had transpired and they could leave with the cat so effortlessly, the floaty feeling felt surreal to them.

It was not until they were far away from the residence that they finally believed that they were safe and sound. Dylan did not spare a word to them until the end.

Even though Kendall chided them, her tone was much gentler than Dylan. The fact that she preempted him was to save them from trouble. Therefore, they were sincerely grateful to her.

Kendall washed her hands and face before returning to Dylan's side. "Dylan, are you angry because I let them off just like that?"

He lightly tapped the tip of her nose. "Do I look like I'm angry? This is your house. It's your call."

"Thank you, honey, for being so generous and forgiving."

"As if your husband is that petty. You should be punished."

She giggled. "Dylan, should I change my clothes? I mean, since I held the cat."

There were furs on her clothes, and he hated them.

"No. I can still accept this." As long as she's happy.

Kendall stared at him for a moment, after which she bent over and wrapped her arms around his neck to kiss him on the lips.

Right before he could react to it, she retreated with flushed cheeks as she had just recalled that Amos was still present. Meanwhile, Amos was looking at the ceiling as though he saw nothing.

After several minutes had passed, a sumptuous breakfast was then served on the table under the gazebo. It had been a long time since they last had breakfast such as this, and now everything had finally returned to normal.

Kendall pushed Dylan into the gazebo. While they were enjoying their breakfast, he told her about Amelia's love confession.

She gazed at Ronnie standing outside of the gazebo. "Is Amy alright?"

"Amelia is a cool person. It's normal to feel sad at the beginning, but she'll be fine."

She hummed in reply as she thought, They haven't even started yet, so Amy hasn't fallen deep for Ronnie. Since he has turned her down without giving her false hope, she should be fine.

"Amy will be able to meet someone that's right for her." Kendall figured that she should give Amelia a call after arriving at work.

A cup of hot coffee was placed before her as Dylan gently claimed, "You didn't sleep well last night.

And I know you won't rest at home even if I tell you to do so, so I asked Amos to make you coffee. Still, you can only have one cup of coffee. You mustn't drink another cup of coffee at work or you won't be able to take a nap later."

His consideration for her warmed her heart immensely. He even knew that she did not get a good night's sleep.

"Later on, I'll accompany you to the hospital before going to the office."

"But you're busy. Nell is in the intensive care unit, so we can only see him for a few minutes even if we're there. Besides, he won't even know that we're visiting him. You should go straight to work first. We can visit him together when he's awake."

Dylan caressed her cheek as his eyes softened. He cooed, "It won't take that long anyway. He's your brother and my family. It doesn't matter if he knows I'm there."

Kendall did not turn down his offer since he said that.

I hope Nell wakes up soon.

After the couple visited Nelson at the hospital, they headed to work together since Coleman Empire Holdings was along the way to Parker Corporation.

As soon as Kendall entered the lobby, a receptionist pointed at the VIP room and said, "Miss Parker, Mrs. Whittle is here to meet you. She has been waiting for about half an hour."

Mrs. Whittle?

Having a hunch of the reason for Rosemi's arrival, she replied indifferently, "Tell Mrs. Whittle that I'm too busy to meet her."

With that being said, she was about to leave.

"Kendall Parker." Rosemi came out of the VIP room as soon as she noticed Kendall. She scuttled over while calling Kendall's name. Then, she stood before Kendall to stop her from leaving.

Chapter 420

"Kendall, can we talk?"

Kendall watched Rosemi with eyes of scrutiny. Ever since Jackson was taken to custody upon hurting Nelson, Rosemi did not sleep a wink. Judging from her haggard visage, she probably had been crying her eyes out since they were red and puffy like peaches.

Not feeling an ounce of pity, Kendall answered coldly, "We have nothing to talk about, Mrs. Whittle."

Why should I? My brother is still in the ICU.

Having said that, she bypassed Rosemi.

"Kendall." Rosemi grabbed her arm to stop her from leaving, but she swung it off as though it was poisonous.

"Kendall, I know what Jackson did is wrong, but it's not entirely on him. We consulted with the police about the whole incident. Your brother started it first, and Jackson was only defending himself."

Kendall sniggered. "Who told you that it was self-defense?"

Rosemi was not the only one who consulted with the police about the entirety of the incident, Kendall did too. It was true that Nelson flung the first punch, but Jackson countered too. It was literally a fist fight since they fought with their bare hands.

However, when Krystal struck Nelson's head with the fire extinguisher, the pain had stopped him from attacking Jackson. And Jackson had seized the chance to pounce on Nelson, after which he snatched the fire extinguisher from her before whacking Nelson with it.

Had Nelson not protected his head with his hands out of reflex, he could have died on scene because of Jackson. Despite that, Nelson was seriously injured and his life was still in danger as of now.

It was no longer self-defense on Jackson's part; it was an intentional tort and he should face the legal consequences. Even if Kendall wished to get rid of him, she would never kick him when he was down. Still, he should bear the responsibility and face the punishment!

Rosemi gulped, but she soon added, "Kendall, we'll compensate for everything. We'll pay your brother's hospital bills. So, please forgive Jackson. Don't sue him. He's still young. His future shouldn't be ruined because of this. Seeing that you've dated each other for a year, can't you bring yourself to forgive him? I'm begging you! Please tell Master Dylan not to kill Jackson. Jackson knows that he's wrong. I'm sure he didn't do that to your brother on purpose. Your brother hit him first, so he made a big mistake unconsciously."

Kendall's face darkened as she growled, "Mind your language, Mrs. Whittle! Since when does Dylan want your son dead? It has nothing to do with Dylan at all! Look at how my brother ended up because of Jackson. How dare you want us to let him get away with it! What do you take my brother's life and the law for? Jackson should bear the consequences of his actions. Don't even think of running away from it. We do things overtly, and we're protecting our own safety rights. If the Whittles think that we're going overboard, you may get Jackson a lawyer. We shall meet each other in the court."

Kendall had received another tug in the arm from Rosemi, but she flung it off once again. "Kendall,

please. Please issue a letter of understanding to lighten Jackson's sentence. We'll be very grateful to you. Nelson isn't your biological brother either. The blood running in him isn't the same as yours, but Jackson is your ex-boyfriend—"

"Keep your dignity, Mrs. Whittle." Rosemi's shameless acts almost had Kendall laughing. To think that she would assume that Jackson had more importance than Nelson to Kendall.

I wonder which part of Jackson is better than Nell.

"Nell is my brother and he will always be! Jackson is a complete loser. A scumbag like him doesn't deserve to be mentioned next to my brother's name! And what? Ex-boyfriend? I seriously hate myself for being blind back then. I even wished that I never knew him in the first place!"

If it were not for Jackson and Kelly, she would not have ended up so miserably in her past life. Even if part of it was her fault, they were the main cause for everything.

"Mrs. Whittle, I'm telling you. I will never write a letter of understanding unless pigs fly. Please call the security guards to bring her out." Not wanting to deal with Rosemi any longer, Kendall informed the receptionist to call the security guards.

"Kendall, please." Rosemi clasped tightly onto Kendall's hand. No matter how Kendall tried to shrug her off, she would not let go as she cried, "Kendall, I know that it's all Jackson's fault. He's wrong, but he only acted rashly at the spur of the moment. If your brother didn't find him in the first place, such accidents wouldn't have happened! Kendall, please! Please show him mercy. I'll get on my knees for you."

Just as Rosemi was going to kneel, Kendall raised her hand and bit Rosemi's hand, causing Rosemi to wail in pain and let go of her instinctively.

"Even if you kneel until the day ends, I will never issue the letter! Jackson beat Nell to a pulp and he's still in the ICU. How dare you come beg me to have mercy on Jackson! Whether he's Jackson or a jack*ss, he ain't more important than my brother. Get her out of here at this instant!" ordered Kendall to the security guards, who arrived at the scene.

"Kendall. Kendall Parker!" Two security guards dragged her as she attempted to wriggle free from their clasp, but it was all in vain. Eventually, she was hauled out of the building.

In the meantime, Kendall went upstairs without turning her head. Despite starting her day with a good mood because of Dylan, Rosemi totally rained on her parade.

After being driven away, Rosemi wailed at the entrance for a while before leaving in grievance. When she arrived home, her husband was nowhere to be seen and so she asked the maids, "Where is President Whittle?"

"He went to work."

Rosemi's hackles raised immediately. "His son is in trouble, and yet he's off to work? Work, work, work. Is work that important? If it wasn't for the company, my boy wouldn't have to sacrifice so much and end up like this."

The person her son loved had always been Kendall. However, he kept making mistakes and finally sacrificed his marriage life by marrying the woman he did not love just for the company's sake. Yet, after going through a series of trouble, her son was now dragged away by the police!

The maids stood aside and kept their mouths shut. Madam is in a bad mood.

After scolding her husband, Rosemi started raving about Kendall, "And that country bumpkin. How dare she treat me that way just because she married someone of higher status?! Let's see how far she can go. I wonder how long she can stay as a 'widow'. That stupid bumpkin, b*tch! My son is like this because of her and her sister! I have even condescended myself and pleaded with her, but she doesn't budge at all! That b*tch!"

The maids hung their heads low as they dared not respond to the acrimonious statement.

She's weird. Whether she condescends herself or not, it's still up to others to decide if they want to accept her pleas or not, isn't it?