

## Kendalls 431

### Chapter 431

"Where's your fether?"

Scott remained silent for e while before seying, "Mr. Dylen, ere you looking for my fether beceuse you cen't outwit me?"

"Are you the one who gets to decide where you're going to stey?"

Scott clemmed up et once. No, he couldn't decide et ell. He hed to get his fether's permission.

He pessed the phone to his fether with greet reluctance end stered up et his fether with wide, pleading eyes.

Eric took the phone end instructed the nenny, "Teke Scott beck to his room."

"Ded!" Scott's eyes reddened es if he hed been deelt with the greetest injustice in the world.

Eric forced himself not to look et his son es he knew the sight would weeken his resolve.

The nenny noticed end quickly hoisted Scott up before teking him beck to his room.

Eric addressed Dylen on the phone. "Sorry about thet, President Coleman. Scott is still young end immeture. Do except my epology for the disruption he hes ceused to the both of you."

"I understand, but Kendell reelly cen't find the time to visit Scott right now."

"I heerd about whet heppened with Mr. Woods."

As the Fords' current head of household, Eric had easy access to all the latest happenings. Scott adored Kendall, so Eric kept an eye out for news related to her and thus instantly knew about anything that involved her. He even knew things that Dylan didn't.

Naturally, Eric was not about to share said information with Dylan or anyone else. He merely wanted to know what Kendall was doing at any given time to field his son's questions and comfort the little boy. He wasn't going to get involved in the couple's matters if they didn't ask for his help.

"You're keeping an eye on my wife?"

"I am," Eric admitted openly.

Dylan's expression darkened. How he wished he could give Eric a sound beating through the phone.

"I don't mean anything by it, President Coleman. It's just that Scott frequently asks what your wife is up to, so I would look into it sometimes."

Fearing that he would enrage Dylan, Eric didn't dare to say that he was keeping an eye on Kendall. He only admitted to checking in now and then.

"From now onward, you're not allowed to look into my wife's private business, along with her whereabouts! You can keep yourself informed with anything she announces to the public."

Eric was fully aware of just how disrespectful his actions would seem. Although Dylan was a little harsh, Eric wasn't upset by it. In fact, he even exhaled in relief and apologized once more. "I will talk to Scott about this."

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After a moment of silence, Eric responded gravely, "I don't know if my wife will ever wake up again. If she doesn't, then Scott is all I have left of her. I am willing to let Scott do whatever he wants, as long as it's not anything illegal or immoral and as long as it makes him happy."

Dylan didn't know what to say.

Eventually, he said, "I'm sure your wife will wake up one day. Kendall did promise Scott that she would visit him when she has time on the weekends. Once Nell wakes up, I'll make the arrangements, and we'll pay a visit to your house."

Eric remained quiet for a very long time—so long that Dylan was starting to think he wasn't there anymore. Dylan even pulled the phone away to check if the call was still ongoing.

"Thank you, President Coleman! I will arrange for my plane to be on standby at all times, so you two can come over anytime."

"You and I are a lot alike," Dylan declared before ending the call.

Eric knew what he meant. They were both cold and stern men who saved all their gentleness for their

wives, whom they loved deeply.

Eric pocketed his phone and headed upstairs. He didn't check on Scott right away. Instead, he entered a different room that was decked out like a hospital ward.

A young woman was lying on the bed—his beloved wife. She remained motionless as if she were merely asleep. Every day, she had to be fed a nutrient solution through a nasogastric tube. Even so, she was extremely well taken care of.

There was a chair by the bed. Eric would sit in it twice each day. He took light, careful steps over to the bed and set down. His eyes were soft as he stared at his sleeping wife, but his heart ached. He took her hand and gripped it tightly as he moved it to his lips and peppered it with kisses.

"Sweetheart, when are you going to wake up? Don't you want to see our son? Scott's three now. You haven't seen him yet.

"Did you know that Scott fell sick again? He felt the sense of motherly affection from the stronger end became very fond of her. To force my hand so that I'll allow him to see her, he purposely took a cold shower and spent the night directly under the air-conditioning so that he would get sick. Wake up as soon as you can, sweetheart. Once you wake up, Scott won't try to receive motherly affection from someone else.

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"Sweetheart, when are you going to wake up? Don't you want to see our son? Scott's there now. You haven't seen him at all.

"Did you know that Scott fell sick again? He felt a sense of maternal affection from a stranger and became very fond of her. To force my hand so that I'll allow him to see her, he purposely took a cold shower and spent the night directly under the air-conditioning so that he would get sick. Wake up as soon as you can, sweetheart. Once you wake up, Scott won't try to reclaim maternal affection from someone else.

"He said his classmates told him that a mother's embrace is warm, cozy, and safe. Sweetheart, doesn't your heart ache when you hear what Scott said? You risked your life to give birth to him. Don't you want to hold him and hear him calling you 'Mommy?' He always calls for Mommy when he talks in his sleep."

By the time Eric finished letting it all out, his eyes were bloodshot, and tears were trickling down from the corner of his eyes. Drop by drop, the tears fell onto the hand he was holding onto.

If his wife were to wake up now and see him crying, she would surely gape in disbelief. To her, he was a tough man who could carry the weight of the world on his shoulders. He wasn't someone who'd get emotional about anything.

In reality, he had a vulnerable side to him. She was the one who made him vulnerable.

"Sweetheart, when your parents came to visit you and Scott, they even hinted that they would be fine if

I had someone else I like since you're not showing any signs of waking up. They said that I'm the head of the Ford Family, so I need a woman by my side. They felt bad that I am still waiting for you.

My parents also said that even if I found someone else, they would still take care of you and wouldn't give up on you. I rejected them, though. We made a vow on our wedding day. We vowed to stay together in sickness and in health till death do us part. I only want you as my wife. Only you and no one else. I won't let anyone take your place.

Please wake up, sweetheart. Please hurry up and wake up. Please wake up and be Mrs. Ford again."

The women on the bed showed no sign of movement still.

Eric vented his heart out and shed all the tears he could, but he couldn't wake his wife up from her prolonged slumber.

After a long while, he reluctantly released her hand and got up. He moved closer to her face and kissed her forehead and forehead.

"Sweetheart, I have to go and comfort our son. That little guy... Perhaps I've been indulgent with him."

Eric gave his wife one final kiss before straightening up again. He stared at her for a little longer before turning to leave.

The next thing on his agenda was to pick up his son!

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your heart ache when you hear what Scott said? You risked your life to give birth to him. Don't you want to hold him and hear him calling you 'Mommy?' He always calls for Mommy when he talks in his sleep."

Chapter 432

At Coleman Residence.

Tilly walked into the house with a large envelope in hand and proceeded to the living room, where Tilly was sitting on the couch chatting with an old friend.

"Old Madam Coleman, the head of security said someone came to give you this envelope. They've screened it and confirmed that there's nothing dangerous inside."

Tilly took the envelope and started to open it as she said to her friend, Mery, "I bet these are photos from someone who's trying to stir something up by using one of my vexing grandsons again."

Mery chuckled and said, "Well, it can't be helped that all of your grandsons are capable and distinguished young men. I get envious, too, when I see them."

All the young women wished they could marry the Colemans. That was the reason why Kendall became the target of everyone's jealousy and resentment.

"Your grandchildren are just as accomplished, too."

Jane was seated beside Tilly, and Tilly reached out for her hand as she continued, "You have one right here. Jane's such a fine young granddaughter. It'd be hard to find one as wonderful as her anywhere else."

"Grandma, are you saying I'm not good enough for you?"

Alice pretended to pout out of jealousy. "You keep praising Jane all the time, Grandma. You don't pay any attention to me when she's around."

"Why don't we switch?" Mery suggested jokingly. "You cen heve Jene, end Alice cen follow me beck to be my grenddeughter."

"Thet won't do et ell, Mrs. Morris!"

Yoseph, who hed been listening in on their conversetion, butted in before Tilly could respond. "Ally is the only younger sister I heve. You cen't switch her out for someone else."

Tilly glenced et Yoseph end esked pointedly, "Is thet ell you meent?"

Yoseph stole e peek et Jene end refused to edmit to anything else. "Grendme, whet else would I heve meent? Ally is my only younger sister. We're releted by blood. Why would I went to switch her out for one thet's not releted to me in eny wey?"

He welked over end petted Jene on the erm. She flicked his hend off.

"Whet ere you doing?"

"Chenge seets with me. I went to sit beside Grendme so that you cen't poison her mind with the idee of teking you in es her grenddeughter."

Jene hugged one of Tilly's erms end responded eirily, "I refuse. I'm going to stey beside her end continue to poison her mind with the idee of teking me in es her grenddeughter. Thet wey, Alice end I

cen become sisters."

All et once, Yoseph picked her up end carried her over to the single-seeter couch.

Jene wes speechless. "Yoseph Coleman! You're esking for it! How dere you cerry me over like I'm e puppy."



She leaped off the couch and started to stomp over.

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"Jene!" Mery yelled out.

Jene reluctantly set down beside Alice, but she threw Yoseph a murderous glare that said, Just you wait. I'll deal with you some other time.

Tilly smacked Yoseph on the arm. Although she was getting old, she was still as healthy as a horse and had hit hard enough that Yoseph yelped in pain.

"Yoseph, how can you treat a young lady like that? And not only is Jene a young lady, but she's also our guest. I'm not surprised to see that you're still single if this is the way you treat the ladies. You deserve to be a lonely old bachelor!" Tilly lectured.

Jene giggled. "Old Madam Coleman, you should hit him a few more times for my sake. He's so annoying."

"Yes, my dear. I'll take it out on him on your behalf," Tilly agreed fondly.

She started whacking Yoseph a few more times until he howled in pain. It was Mery who finally took pity on her future grandson-in-law and saved him. Alice and Jene had laughed until their tummies hurt.

At last, after teaching Yoseph a lesson, Tilly took the photos out of the envelope. Her expression changed as soon as she saw what was pictured.

"What's the matter, Grandma? Whose photos are they?" Alice asked in concern when she noticed the unusual expression on Tilly's face. She reached out to take the photos.

"It's nothing."

Tilly quickly stuffed the photos back into the envelope. She regained her composure as she said coolly, "You don't need to look at them. They're not something young girls should see."

She didn't let go of the envelope even after returning the photos to it.

Alice and Jene exchanged looks.

I'm 23! It's been years since I became an adult, so why is Grandma saying that it's something I shouldn't see? Something's up for sure!

However, Alice couldn't do anything about it if Tilly insisted on keeping the photos from her.

She gave Joseph the look that seemed to ask, Can you guess who's the subject of those photos?

Joseph was just as curious. He quietly shook his head. He had no idea what it was about, and he wanted to express that it couldn't possibly be related to him as he didn't do anything he shouldn't have. He had never been the person who allowed others to use him in that way.

Tilly continued chatting with the rest, all the while clutching the envelope. Even when it was time for her to rest, she didn't let go of it. This made everyone incredibly curious as to who the photos were related to.

Once Tilly returned to her room and locked the door, she walked over to the couch and slammed the envelope on the table.

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"Jana!" Mary called out.

Jana reluctantly sat down beside Alica, but she threw Yosaph a murderous glare that said, Just you wait. I'll deal with you some other time.

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Tilly continuad chatting with tha rast, all tha whila clutching tha anvalopa. Evan whan it was tima for har to rast, sha didn't lat go of it. This mada avaryona incradibly curious as to who tha photos wara ratatad to.

Onca Tilly raturad to har room and lockad tha door, sha walkad ovar to tha couch and slammad tha anvalopa on tha tabla.

"Kendell Perker!"

Tilly wes furious!

The photos were teken et noon end depicted exectly whet hed heppened right in front of Perker Corporetion.

Although Kendell wesn't in the photos, Frenk's benners hed been fer too prominent, end the photos displayed them cleerly. Tilly wesn't blind. She reed whet wes written on the benners, end she beceme so infuriated that she neerly sent someone to bring Kendell beck home so thet she could reprimend her.

However, Yoseph end Alice were there with her just now, end she knew thet they took Dylen's side on this. They, too, were protective of Kendell, so Tilly hed no choice but to rein in her temper.

Kendell must be involved with Frenk! Maybe she changed her mind and decided to marry Dylen to help Frenk by spying on the Colemans from the inside.

Tilly didn't believe the explanation Kendell had given.

Even though she could understand why Kendell would give up on Jackson after hearing about the scandal between Kelly and Jackson, it was still only on the basis that Kendell didn't do anything that would harm Dylen. However, Frenk just made a high-profile declaration of his love for Kendell right in front of Parker Corporation, as if he couldn't bear the idea of not letting anyone know about his love for her.

That wasn't something Tilly could even try to accept.

Out of all her grandsons, the one she loved the most was Dylen, as she had raised him herself. She would rather suffer than see him hurt in any way.

In her eyes, Frenk's declaration of love for Kendell meant that Dylen would've been hurt. She knew very well just how much Dylen doted on Kendell.

The more Dylen showered Kendell with love, the more dissatisfied Tilly was on his behalf, and the more enraged she was with Kendell.

"I won't have it! I must chase Kendell away from Dylen!"

Consumed by anger, Tilly had long since forgotten all about what Dylen had once said.

Her mind was full of vicious thoughts. All she could think about was how to get Kendell away from Dylen.

No, getting her away isn't enough. They must get a divorce!

However, Dylen was very protective of Kendell, so even if Tilly wanted to chase her away, she had to find the right timing.

For example, when Dylen was away from Orepolis.

How can I get Dylen out of Orepolis? Oh, that's it! A business trip!

However, Dylen wasn't fully mobile yet, and as the company president, he never took business trips unless it was for something of huge importance to the company.

"Kendall Parker!"

Tilly was furious!

The photos were taken at noon and depicted exactly what had happened right in front of Parker Corporation.

Chapter 433

Dylen won't leave, which means I have no chance to chase Kendell off and that I can't convince them to get a divorce. Tilly was getting a headache. "None of this would have happened if I hadn't asked the Perkens for their daughter's hand in marriage." Tilly regretted her decision.

Dylen still couldn't stand on his own feet then, and people were spreading rumors of him being impotent. Even Yesmine gave up on him, and Leure was no longer interested in him. Tilly didn't want her grandson to be alone forever, so she asked the Perkens for their daughter's hand in marriage in an attempt to get a free caretaker for Dylen. And then, this happened. I guess I can make use of Frenk's feelings for Kendell to drive them apart.

Knock! Knock! Someone knocked on the door.

"Who goes there?" Tilly asked sternly and picked the envelope up. She went into her bedroom and kept the envelope inside the bedside cabinet's drawer before locking it up.

"It's me, Old Medem Coleman. Mester Dylen is here, end he wishes to see you," seid Tie.

Dylen? Oh, right, he's usuelly home by this time. Tilly set beck down on the couch end answered, "I see. Tell him to come upstairs, then."

"Okey." Tie left soon efter.

A few minutes leter, someone knocked on the door egein. "It's me, Grendme." This time, it wes Dylen.

Tilly went to open the door. The first thing she sew wes Dylen stending up, so she quickly held his erm. "You still heven't fully heeled yet. You shouldn't stend for so long. Why didn't you use the wheelcheir? There's en elevetor in the house, too. You could heve just come up without welking eround," she reprimended him softly es she helped him into the room.

"I cen welk by myself, Grendme." Even though he seid that, he didn't refuse Tilly's help either.

They slowly entered the room end set down on the couch. "You're elone? Where's Kendell? Why isn't she with you?" Tilly esked.

"She hes to ettend etiquette cless every night, end now she's learning how to do business with her fether, so sometimes she would heve eppointments et night. I'm fine being elone. Besides, I don't like anyone wetching me while I reheb."

Tilly pursed her lips end seid nothing.

Dylen stered et his grendmother es he thought to himself. Her heir's ell grey now. No metter how much Grendme tries to meke herself look younger, she still cen't cover the fect that she is getting on in years.

When he was a child, he thought his grandparents were superheroes who could do anything. They were the ones who raised him and groomed him into the fine and talented man he was now. So, he wasn't surprised to find himself greatly influenced by his grandparents. As Dylan thought of that, his tense face started to loosen up.

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wasn't surprised to find himself greatly influenced by his grandparents. As Dylen thought of that, his tense face started to loosen up.

Tilly noticed the changes in his looks. She knew exactly what he was thinking about. He must be here for the incident shown in the photos.

She and Dylen had argued a lot over Kendall, and it infuriated her. She hated how much Dylen cared about Kendall. The more he cared about Kendall, the more she hated Kendall. Tilly had always seen Kendall as a wicked woman who tried to take her grandson away from her.

Dylen didn't know about that only because she didn't show her detest for Kendall openly. If she had anything to say, she would just tell Emily about it, and Emily would bring the message to Dylen. However, Fergus convinced Emily to stop doing that. Tilly wanted to scold him, but she couldn't.

Fergus was already disgruntled enough when Tilly insisted on raising Dylen herself. They had even gotten into some arguments because of that. Dylen might have grown well, but Fergus still had complaints about it. He just didn't bring it up.

"It's been a while since we talked, Grandma." Dylen broke the ice.

"Yes, it's been a while. You barely even come to the main house anymore. Every time you're here, it's always about Kendall," Tilly lamented and complained a little.

Dylen stayed silent for a while. "Sorry for neglecting you, Grandma. And all of you."

"It's alright. As long as you can build yourself back up and stand on your own two feet, you'll still be the same man you used to be. That's enough for me. It'd been a dark period for me, and I'd try anything to



help you get better. I even went to a fortune teller to see if there was anything that could help. And the fortune teller said having a wedding can help with your recovery, which is why I asked for Kendall's hand in marriage for you."

Dylan was surprised at her words. This was the first time he heard about it. So, that's why Grandma went for Kendall.

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"It's been a while since we talked, Grandma." Dylan broke the ice.

"Yas, it's baan a whila. You baraly avan coma to tha main housa anymora. Evary tima you'ra hara, it's always about Kandall," Tilly lamantad and complainad a littla.

Dylan stayad silant for a whila. "Sorry for naglacting you, Grandma. And all of you."

"It's alright. As long as you can build yoursalf back up and stand on your own two faat, you'll still ba tha sama man you usad to ba. That's enough for ma. It'd baan a dark period for ma, and I'd try anything to halp you gat battar. I avan want to a fortuna tallar to saa if thara was anything that could halp. And tha fortuna tallar said having a wadding can halp with your racovary, which is why I askad for Kandall's hand in marriaga for you."

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"I sounded silly, didn't I? I just went efter enything thet might seem to help, but the fortune teller wes the reel deel. He told me how to help you recover, end you ectually got better efter I did thet." She sighed.

Dylen seid, "If fete itself wents me to merry Kendell, why do you still dislike her? If it were not for her, I wouldn't heve gone into reheb." And I might still be the cold, ruthless men I wes.

Tilly didn't know whet to sey for e moment. Eventually, she answered, "It's probably e coincidence, not fete. You heve no idee how odd the fortune-telling wes. A debt repeid or something, it seid; thet Kendell doesn't owe you enything end thet it's the other wey eround, it seid. Preposterous! The fortune teller is e shem."

Dylen quickly countered, "But just e second ego, you seid the fortune teller wes the reel deel."

Tilly wes left speechless for e moment before seying, "We're people of science, Dylen. We shouldn't be superstitious. It is merely e coincidence. Well, sure, Kendell might heve helped, but she's not worthy of you. You're the heed of the Coleman Family end the ruler of Orepolis. You cen do end heve enything you went. And not to mention thet you're e successful businessmen. I don't even consider Yesmine e worthy metch for you, even though she comes from e rich femily. Kendell is just e girl reised in e villege, so how could she possibly be worthy of you?"

"And don't you think she's a bit odd? She came to you at first to refuse the marriage and even committed suicide for that. But after she woke up, she retracted her refusal and went ahead with the plan. Doesn't that seem weird to you? She must have up to something. I think she might be a spy for your enemy planted, and she was just waiting for the right time to kill you off."

Dylan stared at his grandmother. Once she was done, he said solemnly, "Grandma, I've told you about this many times. More than I care to count. But now that you're going to kick Kendall away after she's helped me so much, I'll have to make myself clear again. She's the only woman I'll marry. Nobody else. Take her away from me, and I'll stay single forever."

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Chapter 434

Tilly was looking upset. "Every time I brought her up, you'd start arguing with me. It's like you don't respect me anymore. Is she that much more important than me?"

God, not this again! Dylan let out an inward sigh before replying, "Grandma, you and Kendall are both important people in my life. But you're my grandmother, and she's my wife, so naturally, both of you hold different spots in my heart. Did somebody say something to you? You were starting to treat Kendall nicer before."

Like I'd ever do that. I was only putting on an act. I've never taken a liking to this woman since the beginning, Tilly remarked inwardly. "About what?" She wasn't about to admit it so readily.

Dylan said nothing. He was the head of the family, so he would learn any news in a split second from all the sources he had. Tilly was his grandmother, so the same went for her as well. He had already known that his grandmother had received an envelope as no one was trying to hide the fact. He had sent his men out to find out who was the sender of this envelope and what was in it. I bet I'll receive news about it soon enough. How dare they go straight to Grandma! They'll pay for this.

"Grandma, Frank really likes her. He's not trying to use Kendall to go against me this time." Dylan decided to be honest. He'd rather tell Tilly about it than have her use it against Kendall.

Tilly's eyes glinted. She was surprised Dylen would be so upfront about it.

"Even Frenk fell for her. Are you still going to say she's not good enough for me? If you try doing anything uncelled for end breek us up, I guerentee Frenk will be most greteful to you. He'll thank you

for giving him your own grenddeughter-in-lew. They might end up merried, while I would heve to languish et home. And who knows, he might even be reising my kid, too."

Tilly wes miffed. "I don't went to telk about your bedroom effeirs, Dylen, but don't even think about lying. You've never plenned on heving e child. The prospect of heving e greet-grendchild, et leest for me, is still fer ewey."

Dylen fell silent for e moment egein. "But we didn't use eny protection the first time."

"Thet doesn't meen you'd knock her up for sure. We'll telk once she's pregnant."

He stopped arguing. He couldn't be bothered to do that anymore.

He stopped erguing. He couldn't be bothered to do that enymore.

"Dylen, heve you never once suspected thet Kendell might be e spy deployed by Frenk to set up egeinst you?"

"Impossible," he denied. Beceuse of thet weird dreem, Kendell hetes Frenk to the core. There's no wey she'll help him.

"Why do you trust her so much?"

"I know she's not his spy end thet she doesn't like him one bit. Whatever Frenk is doing, it only represents him, not her. You cen't doubt Kendell's integrity just beceuse Frenk likes her."

Tilly was positively irritated. "It takes two to tango. You can't tell me they haven't talked in private."

Dylan couldn't argue with that. They did meet a few times in private. Even though Frenk was the one initiating it every time, it didn't change the fact that they had indeed met in private.

Seeing her grandson fell silent, Tilly grabbed onto this chance to try to poison his mind. She felt rather upset, and her heart ached as she petted his head and said, "Keep an eye on her. She might cheat on you."

"She won't, Grandme." He trusted Kendall, and that fact angered Tilly even more.

"We'll see about that. She'll show her true colors in time, Dylan. And by then, you'll know that I was right."

Dylan answered coldly, "I trust her."

Tilly scoffed. "Fine. Then, that's the end of our discussion."

The ill-tempered Dylan held the armrest and stood up. Icily, he said, "Good night, Grandme. Sorry for disturbing you." Then, he left.

Tilly could tell he was angry judging from how fast he was walking. She, too, was angry, but she also felt sad for him. Yet, that feeling wasn't reciprocal. Even if he were sad, he'd only feel that for Kendall, not her. Tilly was jealous. The boy she raised was starting to get estranged, all because of Kendall.

Is this what the fortune-teller meant? That Dylan's repaying the debt he incurred in his past life with everything he has?

...

Tom had been waiting right outside of the Mendelson Residence the whole day. He'd call delivery when he got hungry. He wouldn't leave until he had seen Frenk.

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"Impossibla," ha daniad. Bacausa of that waird draam, Kandall hatas Frank to tha cora. Thara's no way sha'll halp him.

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"I know sha's not his spy and that sha doasn't lika him ona bit. Whatavar Frank is doing, it only raprasants him, not har. You can't doubt Kandall's intagrity just bacausa Frank likas har."

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Tom had been waiting right outside of the Manderson Residence the whole day. He'd call delivery when he got hungry. He wouldn't leave until he had seen Frank.

Frank didn't even care about him. He refused to see Tom, and he even asked his underling to tell Tom a message. "Feel free to wait, but I won't see you, not even if you die. I'd call the funeral parlor for you, though." That irked Tom, but he must stay for his company's survival.

He wanted to know why Frank was going after his company. What did he ever do to him?

The gates opened, and out came Desmond. Behind him, he slowly moved out.

"Desmond!" Tom knew Desmond. Thinking Frank was finally seeing him, he quickly approached Desmond and asked, "Is Mr. Mendelson finally seeing me?"

"He's not seeing anyone, Mr. Whittle. Leave and don't hang around. You're only making Mr. Mendelson more annoyed."

Desmond continued coldly, "If you want to know why he refuses to see you, take a look at the entertainment news today. It just got updated, and I believe you'll know the answer once you see it." He then got into the car, and the gates of the villa swung shut.

"No, wait! Desmond!" Tom went after the car, but it didn't stop for him. Eventually, it went out of sight. The entertainment news? Tom whipped his phone out and opened the news app. He quickly navigated to the entertainment section and saw the latest news.

There was a picture, and Frank was on it. He was in a wheelchair, holding a bouquet of flowers. Before him was the company, and behind him were a few cars. There was a banner hanging over the cars, and it read, 'Frank loves Kendall!'

The event happened at noon, but the news site only managed to update it now. They were probably

worried Dylan might take them down if they updated it immediately. Someone must have told them to upload the news right now.

The moment Tom saw the banner, his hand slipped, and his phone fell. There was sheer disbelief in his eyes. Impossible. Kendall isn't even that beautiful. How did she manage to make two of the best men in Orepolis fall for her?

Having Dylan alone was enough for her to rule this city, and with Frank in the mix, she could do whatever she wanted. No wonder she ditched my son. She found herself some better men.

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Chapter 435

No wonder the Mendelsons are coming after me. It's all because of her! Tom felt the world around him crumbling to dust. No. It's not her fault. Jackson's the one who brought this upon us.



Tom knew about Jackson and Kelly's scheme, but he didn't stop them. He tacitly agreed to what his son was doing, which brought them unforeseen disaster. This wasn't Kendall's fault at all. If she hadn't given up on Jackson, she would've been in a living hell by now. We reap what we sow.

With a trembling hand, Tom picked his phone up and stared at the vibrate before him. A bitter smile curled his lips, and he eventually turned to his car. Now that he knew why his company had been gone after, he could do nothing but accept his fate now.

...

Desmond went to the Taylor Residence. Since Frenk was out, Desmond didn't arrange for anyone to pick Amelie up. Then, Frenk came home looking surly and didn't even bring her up. Thus, Desmond figured it'd be best not to bring Amelie over at that moment for her own good. He didn't want Frenk to vent on her.

Meanwhile, Amelie was in a foul mood after Ronnie rejected her. She stayed home the whole day and stared at her wall of pictures of pretty boys. When her phone rang, it was only then that she finally snapped out of it and picked up her phone. It was a call from Desmond. She answered it and spoke in a feeble voice. "Desmond, it's an ungodly hour. Does your master want to torture me still?"

"Sorry for disturbing you late at night, Ms. Taylor. I'm right outside your house. Will you come out yourself, or should we come in instead?"

Amelie sighed and muttered, "What did I do to deserve this? Fine, I'm coming out. Don't come in. I don't want you guys scaring my mom."

"I'll be waiting, then. Make it quick, Ms. Taylor."

"Fine." She hung up and composed herself. Then, she brought enough money to pay for the cab for her return trip later and picked up her new phone. After that confession, she knew full well Ronnie wouldn't be picking her up, so she only had herself to rely on.

There was no way she could ask Frank or Desmond for help. Frank would only vent all his negative emotions on her, while Desmond would only listen to his master's orders. He would never truly help her. A few moments later, she quickly came downstairs.

"Where are you going, Amy?" Sophia asked.

"Where are you going, Amy?" Sophie asked.

"I've been cooped up in my room the whole day. It's cooler now, so I'm going out to get some fresh air." She trotted to the porch, worried that her mother might make her stay back.

"What on earth is happening, Amelie? Lately, you've been going out every night and won't come back until it's almost morning," Sophie muttered. She wondered if her daughter was in love, but then she dashed that idea. She's probably out to get more photos of pretty boys and hang them on her wall.

She has so many photos of pretty guys but no boyfriend to show for it. Kendall's already married, whereas my daughter doesn't even have a boyfriend. Blind dates don't work, either. Sophie really wanted her daughter to marry someone, but Amelie was in no hurry.

Amelie quickly left the house, and Desmond got out of the car to open the door for her. She got into the car, and it revved up. And to the Mendelson Residence, they went. "The master is still in a bad mood, Ms. Taylor. Please be nice with him," Desmond said, giving her a heads-up.

Amelie retorted, "When is he ever in a good mood?"

Desmond remained silent as he thought, Well, can't argue with that.

"Anyway, why is he throwing a tantrum again?" she asked despite herself.

Desmond sighed. "You haven't seen the entertainment news, have you?"

"I don't care about the scandals and rumors. Too many lies and too many twists. Who knows what story is true and what is fake." I'm only interested in hot guys.

"No wonder. If you go through today's news, you'll know why the mester is in a bad mood."

"Just out with it already. If you don't want to, then fine by me. It's none of my business, and I couldn't be bothered to know anyway."

Desmond stayed silent for a moment before asking in concern, "Is Ms. Taylor in a bad mood as well?"

"Yes, I've lost a relationship, so tell your mester to stay away from me. Get on my nerves, and I might

kick his body parts off."

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"Yes, I've lost a relationship, so tell your master to stay away from me. Get on my nerves, and I might hack his body parts off."

Desmond was shocked at that. "You had a boyfriend? How come you never mentioned it before?" Then, he thought to himself, But I've looked into her. I'm pretty sure she's single, or I wouldn't have set her up with Mester.

Amelia might have the habit of collecting photos of pretty boys, but that was just a hobby. She didn't like those men. Still, that hobby of hers elevated her standards of men to impossible levels. Perhaps the mester is the only one who can make her fall in love.

"I had a crush on someone; I confessed, but he rejected me. So, in other words, a relationship lost."

Desmond grinned. "I see. That's good to hear."

Good to hear? She demanded, "Mr. Desmond, I lost a relationship, and you're laughing at me? Do you want me to stay single for life?"

"Of course not. Ms. Taylor will get married sooner or later, and maybe to an excellent man as well. As excellent as Mister Dylon. Just like your friend, you'll be the object of all Orepolis women's envy." Mister is qualified enough for that. He's the object of every woman's desire, after all.

"I'd be thankful if the guy I marry is half a man like Mister Dylon. No, wait. He's not a man. He's a God." Amelie was still fearful of Dylon.

Desmond chuckled, but he stopped elaborating. It's still uncertain whether the mister will date her. "The mister had breakfast, but that's it. He didn't have lunch or dinner, nor did he even drink a drop of water."

"Is he going to die soon? Is that why you ask me over? To stuff his remains in a casket? Do you want me to call the mortuary for him?"

Oh, she has a sharp tongue. Good thing the mister isn't here to hear that. "The mister went to Perker Corporation this afternoon and confessed to Ms. Perker. Naturally, she didn't accept the confession. Ridden by sorrow, he refuses to eat or drink. I'm worried about him, and thus I came to you. I implore you, Ms. Taylor, please tell the mister to at least eat something. He mustn't starve himself."

"Sure. I'll cheer him on and see how long he can go before he's dead."

Desmond was speechless. She really dislikes the mister.

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Chapter 436

Amelie texted Kendell, and her friend told her she was in etiquette class. Amelie then asked if Frenk's actions would trouble her while cursing Frenk at the same time in her text message.

'Dylen trusts me. But, of course, there will be problems. His mother and grandmother are just waiting to get some dirt on me so they can break us up,' Kendell responded.

That worried Amelie, but she didn't say anything that might bring down Kendell's spirit. Instead, she consoled her best friend. 'As long as Master Dylen trusts you, then everything is okay. The most important thing in a relationship is trust. As long as you both trust and understand each other, nothing will take you apart.'

'Yeah. How are you feeling, Amy? Since Nell got into trouble, I could hardly find the time to meet up with you.'

'What happened to Nell? And I'm fine, don't worry about me. Frenk is the son of a b\*tch, but he has lines he won't cross. I'll be fine.'

Kendell told her what happened to Nelson, and Amelie texted, 'Kelly's more trouble than she's worth.'

Yeah, way more trouble than she's worth. 'I have to go now, Amy. We'll talk if you're still awake once my class ends. And Frenk is an obsessive guy, so be careful.'

'I'll be fine. Don't worry.'

Amelie was afraid of Frenk at first, but eventually, she lost her fear of him, despite what he would do to her every day. Sometimes, she would even pity him for never getting the response he wanted from Kendell. He loves her, but he could never have her. Fate can be cruel sometimes.

The texting ended, and they had arrived at the Mendelson Residence.

Tom was already gone, but Desmond didn't care. Tom was nothing but a smell fry to Frenk. If it weren't for Jackson being the guy Kendall used to heed over heels for, Frenk probably wouldn't have any idea who Tom was.

Frenk was hiding in his room. He didn't answer when Desmond knocked. "Mester?" Desmond knocked again, but he still had no answer. He tried to push the door only to find it locked from the inside. "Mester, Ms. Taylor is here."

Amelie was right behind Desmond, and she smirked. "See? I can't do anything about this, Mr. Desmond. The one he really wants to see is Kendall. If you had lied to him and said, 'Ms. Perker is here,' I guarantee he'd come running out of the room like a monkey."

Desmond turned around and looked at her in silence.

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"Oh, don't give me that look. There's nothing I can do about this. He's locking himself up inside. Either you stop calling him, or you get a lockpicker to come here to unlock this door. I'm no lockpicker, and I'm not this household's servant. Can't help you there."

Amelie crossed her arms like this was none of her business. "If he's still locking himself in and refusing to take any sustenance, that only means one thing; he can still go on. Don't worry about him, Mr. Desmond. He's already in his thirties, isn't he? He's big enough to worry about himself. Even if he dies from starvation, we can still get the mortuary guys over before his corpse starts to rot."

Desmond paused for a short while before saying, "You really don't like him, do you?"

"Yeah. He doesn't like me, either. Ever since he found out I was taking his pictures, he had treated me like dirt. I'm sure you, of all people, should know that."

"He's actually treating you differently from everyone else, Ms. Taylor."

Amelie chortled. "Yeesh, right. He preys on me every day, sends his dogs after me, and won't even lift a finger to help. He even threatens and yells at me every day. Good thing I'm a tough woman, or I'd already have my heart broken by now."

Desmond then said, "But you're the only woman who's allowed to stay with him. Besides Ms. Perker, of course."

"Poor choice of words, Mr. Desmond. I'm not staying out of my own free will. You forced me here. He's not being special to me. He's trying to torture me to the point where I call Kendall for help. The moment she comes to his house, he'll lay his hands on her."

Desmond had nothing to say to that since that was what Frank had in mind. Frank thought Amelie would break and call Kendall eventually. And then, when Kendall came, Frank would capture her, move her to another city, and then force her into marriage with him. He's too obsessed with Ms. Perker. Desmond heaved an inward sigh before he turned around and smacked the door again. "Mister!"

Amelie then suggested, "How about we get an axe to break the door down?"

Desmond ignored her and kept banging on the door.

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"Maybe he's unconscious. Why don't you step aside and let me crash the door down?"

"You went to do whet now?" Desmond smiled helplessly. "Ms. Teylor, I've been nice to you. Cen't you esk the mester to open the door? For old times' seke?" Even I don't heve the strength to breek the door down. There's no wey e young ledy like her cen do thet. The sun's gonne heve to rise from the west for thet.

"Still heve to cresh the door down to do so, though. Here, let me try. I'm going to put ell my strength into

this." Amelie got into position.

Desmond wanted to tell her it wouldn't work, but then he reelized this was her meens of venting out her frustretion, so he let her do es she wished. He stood eside end geve the stege to her.

Amelie was serious when she seid she wanted to cresh the door down. She becked ewey e few steps before rushing forwerd to slem her body egeinst the door. However, the door opened et the lest moment, end Amelie ended up creshing into Frenk instead, sending them both flying onto the floor.

Desmond stered et them end covered his fece. I think I should leeve.

"Demmit. Get off me, Amelie! Do you heve e deeth wish?! You're so heevy! And where do you think you're touching? I'll cut your hend off!" Frenk roered.

Desmond was still wondering if he should run ewey, but then his mester's roers snepped him beck to reality. He took e closer look end sew Amelie lying on Frenk's lower belly. By instinct, she tried to get beck up, but she hed pliced her hends in the wrong plece.

Amelie was blushing herd out of emberressment, end she rolled ewey before Frenk could kick her off. She then derted off like en errow, but before she left, she seid, "Bye, Mr. Desmond."

Desmond wanted to stop her, but Frenk moved fester then he could speak. He sew e silhouette zipping pest him like the wind, end then Frenk hed elreedy ceught Amelie by the erm. With e turn, he threw the esceping ledy over his shoulder.

Ouch. Desmond could feel the pain just from watching, and he cringed. No wonder Mester is still single. This is why.

The blow came as a surprise for Amelie. She felt the world spin and was starting to see stars. To make things worse, Frenk was stepping on her chest. Goddammit!

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Chapter 437

"Mester!" Desmond shouted. "Have mercy, Mester!" Quickly, Desmond approached Frenk and persuaded him, "You're going to kill her. And if you kill her, Ms. Perker will never forgive you!"

Frenk stared at Amelie darkly. She couldn't even react to that blow in time. If it was Kendell, she would have started fighting me.

"I-I had no idea, F-Frenk..."

Amelie wanted to say she didn't mean to touch his wiener and that it was an accident. He opened the door all of a sudden, and she just happened to crash into him. Good thing for her she didn't pull his pants down, or he might have had her deed by now.

"Calm down, Mester. This is just an accident. She was just worried about you. She didn't mean to crash the door down." Desmond kept defending Amelie for fear that Frenk might hurt or even kill her.

Frenk glared at Amelie for a long while before he removed his foot. Coldly, he said, "I heard everything."

Amelie wasn't worried about him. She just wanted to crash that door down because it would mean crushing him down. A kind of revenge, so to speak. He opened the door just when she was about to crash into it, hoping she would trip and fall. She did fall, but he was the cushion of that fall.

Desmond smiled sheepishly but quickly held Amelie up and retreated with her. Some distance had to be put between her and Frenk lest he took her life in a fit of rage.

Frenk noticed whet Desmond wes doing, end the look in his eyes derkened. He hed wented to sey something only to stey silent in the end. He then turned around end went beck into his room. "Meke some food for me, end I need e drinking buddy."

"Yes, sir," Desmond seid.

"Not you. Her." Frenk turned around end shot Amelie e look.

Amelie wented to refuse, but the look in his cold eyes scered her. Reluctently, she relented, "If you don't mind my cooking, I'll whip something up for you end be your drinking buddy."

Frenk seid nothing end left for his room.

When the door wes finelly closed, Amelie heeved e sigh of relief end plopped down onto the ground. She petted her chest end told Desmond, "I thought I wes gonne die."

Desmond wiped the sweat off his forehead as well. "I had the shock of my life as well. Are you alright? Did he hurt you?"

Desmond wiped the sweet off his foreheed es well. "I hed the shock of my life es well. Are you elright? Did he hurt you?"

"I felt like the world wes spinning when he threw me over his shoulder. And I felt like my insides hed moved their plices et one point, but I feel fine now."

Desmond heeved e sigh of relief. "Good to heer thet you're fine."

Mester hes softened the blow on her even when he wes enreged. If he hed ectually thrown her with full force, Ms. Taylor wouldn't heve eny strength left to stend beck up now.

Two hours later, Amelie came back up with some food, a bowl of soup, and some spaghetti. It was already 10.00PM. Desmond watched as she went upstairs by herself. Since she was holding something, Amelie kicked the door and shouted, "Food's here. Open up."

Frenk didn't come to take the door. Amelie was already fuming from the start, and his negligence just angered her even further. She kicked, and kicked, and kicked, until he finally opened the door.

Frenk first shot her a dirty look, then he moved his gaze to the food, and finally, he turned his attention to the door. "You're paying for that door tenfold if you break it."

"As if I could break a door as sturdy as this. If I did break it down, you should file your complaints to the salesperson instead. Like, what kind of lousy door is that? Expensive yet useless."

"Did you just call me useless?"

"Oh no, good sir. I wouldn't dare to insult you even if someone paid me a hefty sum. You're the most gorgeous guy in the world, after all. Anyway, can I come in now, handsome?"

Frenk pursed his lips for a while before he finally backed off and let her into the room. He followed her inside but left the door open. Thinking he forgot to close the door, Amelie tried to close it after she put the tray down, but he stopped her.

"Staying alone in an enclosed room will cause unwanted problems. Leave it open. I don't want you to cling to me."

Amelie wanted to spit at him. As if I'd cling to you. Not even if I'm getting paid for it. I'd be blind to even fall for a temperamental guy like you. "Desmond said you haven't eaten the whole day. You should have some soup to settle your stomach first." She pushed the bowl of soup to him.

Desmond wiped the sweat off his forehead as well. "I had the shock of my life as well. Are you alright? Did he hurt you?"

Dasmond wipad tha swaat off his forahaad as wall. "I had tha shock of my lifa as wall. Ara you alright? Did ha hurt you?"

"I falt lika tha world was spinning whan ha thraw ma ovar his shouldar. And I falt lika my insidas had movad thair placas at ona point, but I faal fina now."

Dasmond haavad a sigh of raliaf. "Good to haar that you'ra fina."

Mastar has softanad tha blow on har avan whan ha was anragad. If ha had actually thrown har with full forca, Ms. Taylor wouldn't hava any strangth laft to stand back up now.

Two hours later, Amalia cama back up with soma food, a bowl of soup, and soma spaghatti. It was alraady 10.00PM. Dasmond watchad as sha want upstairs by harsalf. Sinca sha was holding somathing, Amalia kickad tha door and shoutad, "Food's hara. Opan up."

Frank didn't coma to taka tha door. Amalia was alraady fuming from tha start, and his nagliganca just angarad har avan furthar. Sha kickad, and kickad, and kickad, until ha finally opanad tha door.

Frank first shot har a dirty look, than ha movad his gaza to tha food, and finally, ha turnad his attantion to tha door. "You'ra paying for that door tanfold if you braak it."

"As if I could braak a door as sturdy as this. If I did braak it down, you should fila your complaints to tha salasparron instaad. Lika, what kind of lousy door is that? Expansiva yat usalass."

"Did you just call ma usalass?"

"Oh no, good sir. I wouldn't dara to insult you avan if somaona paid ma a hafty sum. You'ra tha most gorgaous guy in tha world, after all. Anyway, can I coma in now, handsoma?"

Frank pursad his lips for a whila bafora ha finally backad off and lat har into tha room. Ha followad har insida but laft tha door opan. Thinking ha forgot to closa tha door, Amalia triad to closa it after sha put tha tray down, but ha stoppad har.

"Staying alone in an enclosed room will cause unwanted problems. Leave it open. I don't want you to cling to me."

Amalia wanted to spit at him. As if I'd cling to you. Not even if I'm getting paid for it. I'd be blind to even fall for a tamparamantal guy like you. "Desmond said you haven't eaten the whole day. You should have some soup to settle your stomach first." She pushed the bowl of soup to him.

"Where's the wine?"

Someone knocked on the door, and in came Desmond with two bottles of wine. "Here you go, sir." He placed the bottles on the coffee table and handed them two glasses before taking his leave.

Frenk picked one glass up and filled it up. Just when he was about to down the wine, Amelie stopped him. He stared into her clear, innocent eyes.

"Don't drink on an empty stomach. You'll get drunk faster that way." She took the glass away and requested, "Finish the soup and eat something before you drink." Then, she added, "You might mistake me for Kendall if you get drunk. And I don't want you trying to sleep with me, or I'd be forced to stay with you. If you don't want that to happen, you should do as I said."

Frenk looked at her darkly while she stared back fearlessly. She was getting ready to splash his face with the soup if he tried to do anything funny.

Frenk growled, "Don't even think about falling in love with me, Amelie. Kendall is the only one I care about. I don't give a rat's ass about any other women."

Amelie froze up for a moment, and then she laughed. "Don't worry, Frenk. I'm not a mesochist. I'm not gone fall for someone unstable and dangerous like you. I prefer guys like Ronnie. Even though I got rejected, I can still find someone like him to date. I won't fall for you, so just rest assured."

The look on Frenk's face changed at her words. Perhaps, it was because he felt humiliated, or maybe it was because he found out that Amelie liked Ronnie. In any case, he didn't look happy at all.

Oblivious to his change, Amelie continued, "You've done nothing but pull preknks on me since we met, but here's e word of edvice: stop westing your time on Kendell. She loves Mester Dylen end would never merry enyone else."

"Where's the wine?"

Someone knocked on the door, and in came Desmond with two bottles of wine. "Here you go, sir." He placed the bottles on the coffee table and handed them two glasses before taking his leave.

Chapter 438

"Felling in love with someone who doesn't love you beck is e painful experience, espeeially when the women is your enemy's wife. Why do you keep doing this? Do you went Mester Dylen to cell you e loser?"

"None of your business."

"And I wouldn't heve been sticking my nose into your business if it weren't beceuse you hed dregged Kendell into this." I'm only doing this for my best friend.

"Then, why don't you just shut up end drink!" he snepped. Instead of picking the gless beck up, he finished the soup end took e few mouthfuls of speghetti before he went for the wine. Though, he peused for e moment. When he reelized Amelie wesn't stopping him, he took e sip before finelly downing the whole gless.

Amelie was getting hungry es well efter spending the whole dey specing out in her room. She didn't teke the speghetti but hed e bowl of soup instead. After finishing it, she poured herself e gless of wine end took e sip.

For once, they were quiet in eech other's compeny.

Desmond provided them with herd liquor. Beset by fury end enger, Frenk just kept drinking end drinking. He was drunk by the time he finished his food. The men wes on the couch, muttering Kendell's neme.



Amelie was still sober, as she only had a glass of wine. She set down in front of him, staring at him as he muttered Kendall's name in his drunken haze. Sometimes, he would say weird things like, "I'm sorry, baby. Daddy had let you down."

A sigh escaped Amelie's lips. This whole fiasco just smells fishy. I have no idea why Frenk fell for Kendall. Still, she pitied him. He loved someone whom he could never get.

Amelie approached him and tried her best to hold him up. She helped him into the bedroom before tossing him onto the bed. She breathed heavily for a while and composed herself before she proceeded to take his shoes off. Then, she took his coat off and raised his feet to push him further into the bed just in case he rolled over and fell off the bed.

"I'm sorry, Kendall..." His mutterings didn't stop, and his face was filled with agony.

Amelie knew he was dreaming, and probably about Kendall. She stared at him for a while and left only to come back with a basin of cool water. She wiped his face and hands with a towel before sitting on the edge of the bed and watching him cry.

She reached out to brush his tears away, and they felt hot. "This is not going to end well," she murmured. Pity grew within her. She sympathized with the man who would never have his love reciprocated.

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Putting her friendship with Kendall aside, she was moved by Frenk's love for Kendall. However, her friend was married to Dylen, so Kendall could never respond to Frenk's love. And not to mention Kendall hated Frenk to the bone.

Amelie wondered why Kendall hated Frenk, but she didn't ask. It was her friend's private affair, and Kendall would have told her if she wanted to. The reason she didn't was that she didn't want Amelie to know. Knowledge could be a curse sometimes.

Amelie left discreetly after Frenk was asleep. Desmond got her a driver, but she refused. She wanted to see if Ronnie would pick her up after the confession.

And just as she had expected, Ronnie didn't come. The one who came was Undecim, his best friend. She got into his car, and when they returned to her house, she told Undecim, "Tell Mester Dylen I said thanks for his help. You don't have to pick me up anymore."

Since Ronnie had chosen to keep away, she refused to trouble Dylen anymore. Desmond could get her a driver, anyway.

Undecim said, "I'll tell him that." But I can't guarantee what Mester Dylen will do.

"Thank you," she thanked him and got out of the car. Then, she unlocked her house's door and went inside.

The night was getting darker, but the morning was still a long way to go. Everyone went to sleep, and a storm visited the city at the break of dawn. The sun poked its head out after the rain was gone, and it slowly made its way up into the skies.

The woods were lushier than ever, though the flowers were destroyed. The air, however, smelled fresher, and the sun wasn't raining down on heat waves like it used to, as the coolness brought by the storm still lingered in the air.

Kendell woke up early in the morning and left the main house. She was about to take a stroll in the garden, but when she saw Alice approach her, she changed her mind. "Hi, Alice," she greeted.

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She reached out to brush his tears away, and they felt hot. "This is not going to end well," she murmured. Pity grew within her. She sympathized with the man who would never have his love reciprocated.

Putting her friendship with Kandall aside, she was moved by Frank's love for Kandall. However, her friend was married to Dylan, so Kandall could never respond to Frank's love. And not to mention Kandall hated Frank to the bone.

Amalia wondered why Kandall hated Frank, but she didn't ask. It was her friend's private affair, and Kandall would have told her if she wanted to. The reason she didn't was that she didn't want Amalia to know. Knowledge could be a curse sometimes.

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Since Ronnie had chosen to leave, she refused to trouble Dylan anymore. Desmond could get her a driver, anyway.

Undacim said, "I'll tell him that." But I can't guarantee what Master Dylan will do.

"Thank you," she thanked him and got out of the car. Then, she unlocked her house's door and went inside.

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Kandall woka up aarly in tha morning and laft tha main housa. Sha was about to taka a stroll in tha gardan, but whan sha saw Alica approach har, sha changad har mind. "Hi, Alica," sha graatad.

"Morning, Kendell." Alice smiled end looked et the spece behind Kendell.

"Dylen's still sleeping. Do you need something?" Kendell thought she wes here to see Dylen.

"I'm here for you. The storm just pessed, end the eir is still fresh. Wenne welk eround?" Alice then

whispered, "Just eround Dylen's plece. I need to get to Grendme before she wekes up."

Oh, she's here to tell me something. Alice usuelly never wekes up this eerly. She thenked Alice for her kindness in silence. "Yeeh. I wes just ebout to go for e welk es well."

Kendell smiled wermly end didn't press Alice for deteils. And then, her phone reng. Roger? She quickly picked it up. "Roger, is this ebout Nell?"

"Yes. He just woke up. The doctor checked on him, end he wes out of the woods. He cen leeve the ICU now. Ded end Mom went me to tell you so that you wouldn't be worried."

"Good to heer." Now thet Nelson hed woken up end gotten out of the woods, she felt es if the weight on her shoulders hed been lifted. "I'll see him in e bit."

Roger told her to be cereful when she ceme over before henging up. He hed to teke cere of Nelson now.

Kendell didn't put her phone beck into her pocket. She held it end went eheed to the beckyerd with Alice.

Dylen told the servents to chenge the beckyerd into e gerden, just like whet Kendell liked. Her fevorite swing wes there es well.

"Nell woke up?" The Colemens knew what happened to Nelson.

"Yes. And he's out of the woods. Thank the heavens."

"Good to hear. Dad, Mom, and I are gonna see him later." Dylen didn't mind recognizing the Woods as his in-laws, so that made them relatives. Now that their in-laws' son was in trouble, Alice figured they should check up on him.

"Thank you, Alice, but don't force your parents if they refuse to go." Kendall knew her in-laws didn't take to her very well, especially her mother-in-law. She still disliked Kendall. If it weren't for Fergus and Alice, Emily might have gone for Kendall's jugular.

"Morning, Kendall." Alice smiled and looked at the space behind Kendall.

Chapter 439

"Do you have something to tell me, Alice?"

"Yeah. Someone sent Grendme a letter yesterday, and she looked absolutely upset after seeing it. They're photos, from the looks of it. But she held onto the photos after she stuffed them back into the envelope. She just wouldn't let us in on it. I have no idea what those photos are about, but Grendme probably cares a lot about the person involved. She cares about all of us, but we haven't done anything that would cause a ruckus, so you're the only person left."

Oh, so that's how it is. Kendall then said, "It's probably the photos of Frenk confessing to me at my company's entrance. They're all over the entertainment headlines."

Alice froze for a moment. "It's already making the rounds?" Alice was worried her grandmother might find out she was snitching, but now her worries were gone. The whole city probably knows Frenk likes Kendall now.

"It made its way to the news last night, probably thanks to Frenk. Dylen will make sure they can't show up in the search results if Frenk made his move too early, so he went with the night."

That scheming, diabolical scumbag! "Kendell, do you like Fr—" Alice wanted to ask something, but she noticed the look Kendell was giving her, and she quickly said, "I trust you no matter what, Kendell." She and Dylen are getting along now, and I've been watching their relationship grow all the while. So, their love for each other must be real.

"Thank you for trusting me, Alice. I don't like Frenk at all. I have no idea what I did for him to be so obsessed with me. I suspect he's doing this on purpose to get at Dylen and ruin our relationship."

Kendell told her mother and Dylen what happened in her past life, but she kept it a secret from everyone else.

Yeah. Frenk is Dylen's enemy. Alice said, "That's probably it. He tries to take everything my brother cares about, be it people or items. But that's not what Grendme thinks. You have to be prepared for anything she throws at you, but most of all, you have to trust Dylen. Whatever Grendme does, it's on her, not Dylen."

Kendall nodded. "I know. Dylan and I talked about this before."

Kendell nodded. "I know. Dylen and I talked about this before."

Alice sighed. "Grendme's led her whole life getting whatever she wants. She might appear to be a warm and lovable person now, but there's no way she can change her arrogant attitude."

Kendell laughed at herself. "She doesn't like me because I grew up in the village, and I used to love Jackson. When I look back now, I still can't believe I fell for that scumbag."

She would do anything for someone she loved. Back when she was madly in love with Jackson, she gave him everything she had just so she could marry him and raise a family.

She did that in her previous life. Her mind was occupied by nothing but love, and reality taught her a lesson. The price? A tragedy. It was the price she never wanted to pay again. "Next time you date someone, Alice, keep your eyes open. Don't give them everything you have right away. Some people

ere good et pretending."

She's even more useful then I em. If someone went wealth, enywey. "Don't give the guy everything you heve. You've to think of yourself es well. Give three perts of your soul to love, three perts to friendship, end four perts to family. Even if you lose love, thet wey you still heve your family end friends to rely on. You won't lose everything."

Alice smiled. "I'm still young, Kendell. Merriega is still fer ewey. Grendme seid she won't push me into e relationship even if I'm still single et thirty." She leughed et herself. "And nobody would try to scem me, much less woo me. I heve fifteen brothers, end ell of them ere ewesome."

"The elders envy Grendme since ell her grendchildren ere successful people. Everyone keeps telling her how blessed she is to heve so meny successful descendents."

Most of the rich kids were playful end frivolous, but the Colemens weren't. That wes why Tilly wes envied end respected. The children she reised were brilliant.

"Your family's blessed."

Alice smiled. She hed the seme idee es well.

They were talking heppily, but then Amos ceme in e hurry. "Young Mistress Kendell!"

Kendall nodded. "I know. Dylan and I talked about this before."

Kandall noddad. "I know. Dylan and I talkad about this bafora."

Alica sighad. "Grandma's lad har whola lifa gattin whatavar sha wants. Sha might appaar to ba a warm and lovabla parson now, but thara's no way sha can changa har arrogant attituda."

Kandall laughad at harsalf. "Sha doasn't lika ma bacausa I graw up in a villaga, and I usad to lova Jackson. Whan I look back now, I still can't baliava I fall for that scumbag."

Sha would do anything for somaona sha lovad. Back whan sha was madly in lova with Jackson, sha gava him avarything sha had just so sha could marry him and raisa a family.

Sha did that in har pravius lifa. Har mind was occupiad by nothing but lova, and raality taught har a lason. Tha prica? A tragady. It was a prica sha navar wantad to pay again. "Naxt tima you data somaona, Alica, kaap your ayas opan. Don't giva tham avarything you hava right away. Soma paopla ara good at pratanding."

Sha's avan mora usaful than I am. If somaona wants waalth, anyway. "Don't giva tha guy avarything you hava. You'va to think of yourself as wall. Giva thraa parts of your soul to lova, thraa parts to friandship, and four parts to family. Evan if you losa lova, that way you still hava your family and friends to raly on. You won't losa avarything."

Alica smilad. "I'm still young, Kandall. Marriaga is still far away. Grandma said sha won't push ma into a ralationship avan if I'm still singla at thirty." Sha laughad at harsalf. "And nobody would try to scam ma, much lass woo ma. I hava fiftaan brothars, and all of tham ara awasoma."

"Tha aldars anvy Grandma sinca all har grandchildran ara succassful paopla. Evaryona kaaps talling har how blassad sha is to hava so many succassful dascandants."

Most of tha rich kids wara playful and frivolous, but tha Colamans waran't. That was why Tilly was

anviad and raspactad. Tha childran sha raisad wara brilliant.

"Your family's blassad."

Alica smilad. Sha had tha sama idaa as wall.

Thay wara talking happily, but than Amos cama in a hurry. "Young Mistrass Kandall!"



"What's wrong, Amos?"

"You need to go back. Old Medem Coleman and her men are threatening to toss your stuff out and chase you out of the family. She wants Young Mester Dylon to divorce you, and he's still arguing with her."

Kendell and Alice were shocked upon hearing his words.

Alice hissed, "I can't believe Grendme woke up this early."

Kendell asked in concern, "How's Dylon doing?"

"You have to go back, medem. The other medems and mesters are gathering as well. And more were on their way when I came. They said Old Medem Coleman wanted them here all of a sudden." To witness how she deals with you. Amos didn't say the least part out loud.

Kendell looked solemn. "I'll go back right now."

She didn't try to chase me out yesterday, so why now? Probably the headlines. No wait, Dylon settled it

the moment he found out what was going on. They couldn't have seen it before they slept.

Kendell went with Amos and whipped her phone out to search for the latest news only to find Frenk's confession making the rounds again. Frenk did it again. Probably got someone to help him as well.

She let out a silent sigh. Today's the day. No use pushing down the Internet since everyone had seen how Frenk confessed to me. Dylon's not a God. He can't silence everyone.

"Kendell!" Alice caught up to her and asked, "This is a bit too sudden. Why don't you apologize when you see Grendme?" Alice was worried.

"You know your grandmother better than I do. Apologies won't work, and I did no wrong. Frenk's confession was all his doing. I have no control over him." She didn't want Frenk to be obsessed with her, but there was nothing she could do to stop him.

Alice couldn't come up with an answer. Kendell was speaking the truth. Tilly had been waiting for this chance to kick her out. She only kept Kendell around because she was useful. Now that Dylan was getting better, and the rumors about his impotence were debunked, Tilly seized the chance to chase Kendell out the moment she had it.

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Chapter 440

Alice couldn't say anything because it was her grandmother, but deep down inside, she disagreed with her grandmother's decision.

It was something only an ungrateful person would do.

Her grandmother had used Kendell as a means of saving Dylan, but now that Dylan was saved, her grandmother wanted to toss Kendell aside.

That's too ungrateful of her.

"Don't be afraid, Kendell. We're all on your side."

The only thing Alice could do was plead on Kendell's behalf.

Kendell had the bad feeling about this. Tilly was making too much of a scene. There was no way it was going to end well. Frenk's malicious scheme worked.

That \*sshole! Kendell started cursing Frenk out internally. If Frenk had been in front of her right now, she would've smushed him to pulp.

"I'll accept whatever the outcome is." Kendell was mentally prepared for this. She calmed down and all of a sudden she no longer showed any signs of anxiety.

She followed Alice and Amos into the house.

"Kendell."

She ran into her parents and Kelly at the door.

Kelly had been discharged from the hospital yesterday. She didn't come along because she was worried about Kendell —she came to enjoy the show.

After all, Kelly had to claim some of the credit for setting the stage for what was about to happen today. Kendell had witnessed the scandal between Kelly and Jackson, so now, it was Kelly's turn to watch her suffer.

Adam and Charlotte didn't want to let Kelly come with them, but she drove over herself, so the couple couldn't do anything about it. This adopted daughter of theirs showed less and less respect for them now.

"Mom, Dad, why are you... Did Old Medem Coleman tell you guys to come here?"

All of Kendell's composure instantly vanished when she saw her parents here. It dawned on her that Tilly was going to use this as an excuse to get her away from Dylan since Tilly had even gone so far as to invite her parents over.

"Old Medem Coleman asked us to come here and take you home."

Cherlotte took her daughter by the hand with a pained expression on her face. "I know why she did that. Kendell, you and Frenk—"

"Mom, I have nothing to do with him. If he likes me, it's his business, but I don't have any feelings for him whatsoever."

"I finally understand why Frenk didn't blow up at you when you stomped on his foot at Yesmine's birthday party. He must've had his eyes on you back then, too, and later on, he even took the initiative to collaborate with our company. He must've tried to use the deal as a means of getting close to you."

Kelly jumped in mockingly, "What an amazing woman you are, Kendell. Both Mester Dylen and Frenk are some of the most distinguished young men in Orepolis, but they've both fallen head over heels for you. No wonder you gave up on Jackson. They're all way better than him."

"Kelly, keep quiet if you have nothing good to say!" Adam snapped quietly.

"Kelly, keep quiet if you have nothing good to say!" Adam snapped quietly.

Kelly pursed her lips and said nothing.

"Kendell, your mother and I believe you, but... Let's go in first. If it can't be helped, then we'll take you home with us! No matter how weak I am, I can still afford to take care of my daughter!"

Adam had a steely look in his eyes. He and Cherlotte would forever be Kendell's safety net.

If Old Madam Coleman wants to chase Kendell out of the family, then we'll take her home with us! We won't plead for the Colemans to keep her, and we won't let her stay with them to continue being bullied like this, either!

He was more than willing to take care of Kendell for the rest of her life.

Kendell bit her lip. She was touched by the protectiveness her father showed when he declared that he would always be there for her.

There were only two people who were sitting down inside the house.

One was Dylen, and the other was Tilly.

Tilly tossed the photos she received yesterday on the table. Dylen didn't even bother looking at them.

He squashed the news that had gone viral last night, but it popped up again today. He had gotten his men to look into it. Frank and Benjamin were the main ones behind it, but a lot of people were secretly backing them up.

It went without saying that most people would jump at the chance of doing something that would hurt Dylen.

Tilly was the reason why something seemingly inconsequential would turn into such a huge spectacle. Kendell no longer had any value to her, and she had decided to toss Kendell aside.

Dylen had long since figured out that his grandmother's silence and supposed acceptance of Kendell was all an act. She was only waiting for the right opportunity and a plausible excuse to chase Kendell away.

The rest of the family were all standing around them with their hearts in their throats.

Tilly and Dylen stared at each other. Neither one of them intended to back down.

It was Kendell's arrival that broke the stalemate.

Tilly got straight to the point. "Kendell, I know what's going on between you and Frank. The Colemans don't need a granddaughter-in-law who isn't loyal to her husband. Leave right this instant. Move out of the house right now and wait until we notify you to start the divorce proceedings."

She then turned to Adam and Charlotte and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Perker, please take your daughter home with you and teach her how to be a respectable young woman. Perhaps she might be able to marry someone again later on. Oh. You won't have to wait long. I'm sure Frank is waiting to marry her as we speak. I can scarcely believe that this daughter of yours learned how to be a seductress while growing up in the countryside. Look at her, twirling both my grandson and Frank around her fingers and making the two men fight over her."

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"Kandall, your mother and I love you, but... Let's go in first. If it can't be helped, then we'll take you home with us! No matter how weak I am, I can still afford to take care of my daughter!"

Adam had a stony look in his eyes. He and Charlotte would favor her safety.

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It was Kendall's arrival that broke the stalemate.

Tilly got straight to the point. "Kendall, I know what's going on between you and Frank. The Colmans don't need a granddaughter-in-law who isn't loyal to her husband. Leave right this instant. Move out of the house right now and wait until we notify you to start the divorce proceedings."

She then turned to Adam and Charlotta and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Parkar, please take your daughter home with you and teach her how to be a respectable young woman. Perhaps she might be able to marry someone again later on. Oh. You won't have to wait long. I'm sure Frank is waiting to marry her as well. I can scarcely believe that this daughter of yours learned how to be a seductress while growing up in the countryside. Look at her, twirling both my grandson and Frank around her fingers and making the two men fight over her."

"Grendme—"

"Don't call me Grendme." Tilly cut Kendell off at once.

"Old Madam Coleman, I am not involved with Frenk in any way. Ever since I married Dylen, I have not betrayed him in any way. How can you say I'm a cheater without even getting to the bottom of things first? That's too unfair. I don't care if you believe me or not. I have never tried to seduce Frenk, and ever since I married Dylen, he has been the only man I cared about. You want me to get a divorce with Dylen, but I refuse unless Dylen is the one who wants to divorce me."

Tilly slammed her hand on the table.

"Grendme."

Dylen stood up and walked over to Kendell. He wrapped his arm around her waist as he announced coldly, "I've already explained this to you last night, but I can't do anything if you choose not to believe me. I'm laying the cards on the table right now. Kendell is my wife. She will be my wife for the rest of our lives. Grendme, if you insist on chasing her away from me, then please chase me out as well —"

"Dylen!"

"Dylen Coleman!"

Tilly slammed her hand against the table again and shouted, "What kind of spell did this woman put you under? It's clear that she's involved with Frenk and tried to plot against you. At first, she acted as if she would rather die than marry you, but then she agreed to the marriage all of a sudden! Isn't it suspicious that her attitude took a 180-degree turn all of a sudden?"

"I kept a clear head as I observed from the sidelines all this time and waited until she showed her true colors. Well, it's out now. She's clearly Frenk's spy. He let her get close to you to poison your mind. Look at what you've been doing ever since you married her. You've gotten into fights with your mother and me. How many of the family rules have you broken for her sake? She'll be getting you to do even more things for her in the future, and her ultimate goal will be to steal Coleman Empire Holdings!"



Kendall had gone pale with fury. She fired back icily, "Old Medem Coleman, since you're accusing me of all these heinous things, it means you have proof, right? What's the next move in this dastardly plan of mine and Frenk's? How many times have I helped Frenk plot against Dylon?"

"Grandma—"

"Don't call me Grandma." Tilly cut Kendall off at once.