

Kendalls 441

Chapter 441

"Don't worry. I'll find the proof," Tilly sneered.

She didn't have any on hand.

Kendell's voice grew even icier. "So, this means you don't have any proof that I betrayed Dylen, right? You don't have any proof that I'm in cahoots with Frenk, right?"

"I don't care if the two of you are in cahoots. You and Frenk are involved in some way or other, so you can't stay by my grandson's side."

Tilly was hell-bent on making something out of the fact that Frenk liked Kendell.

Kendell's face turned from ash to scarlet in anger. "Old Medem Coleman, I know you don't like me, but it doesn't mean you can make up false accusations about me. How can you say that I'm involved with Frenk? I said it before, and I'll say it again. Ever since I married Dylen, I have never done anything to betray him."

Emily wanted to say that she had evidence of Kendell having something going on with Frenk. When she hired a private investigator to tail Kendell, she found out about Frenk's obsession with Kendell.

However, her husband had talked her out of it and destroyed the photos, so she couldn't tell Tilly about it.

Now that it was the perfect time to get rid of Kendell, Emily wanted to bring it up, but her husband

stopped her.

She looked at him.

Fergus shook her head and muttered, "Emily, don't make things worse."

Emily opened her mouth as she thought, How am I making things worse by proving that Kendall is involved with Frank? What's so good about Kendall anyway? She was in a relationship with Jackson, and she had something going on with Frank now. She was a succubus! I can't let her stay by Dylan's side!

She agreed with Tilly. Ever since Kendall joined the family, Dylan started getting into fights with her and Tilly.

I can't let Kendall stay in this family!

"Mom."

Joseph and Matthew both pressed their mother's hand quietly to warn her not to fan the flames.

Emily was angry and upset. She glanced at Dylan and saw the grim, menacing expression on his face. Her heart jolted.

Although they were mother and son, she didn't raise Dylan herself, and she didn't have the guts to bet and see whether she was more important to him than Tilly.

In the end, Emily chose to stay silent and not make things worse.

"Kendall, I don't want to hear your excuses. I only have one last thing to ask. Are you leaving or not?" Tilly questioned coldly.

She was afraid that everything she had done today would be wasted if things carried on like this. Even though this was going to affect her relationship with Dylan, given time, she was certain that Dylan would understand why she was doing this.

Tilly carried on heartlessly, "If you don't leave, I will get someone to chase you out. If you leave, I'll allow you to keep your dignity. I've informed your parents to come and pick you up. You can gather your things now and leave with them."

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"Who dares to force my wife to leave?" Dylen yelled out. He leveled and hardened his gaze at Tilly, and his voice was as cold as ice as he declared, "Grandma, Kendall is my wife. I know very well whether or not she's involved with Frank in any way. No one will ever be in a position to betray me. If Kendall betrayed me, I would've been the first to make her life a living hell. I wouldn't need you to help me punish her. If you insist on chasing Kendall out, then chase me out as well. If this family doesn't welcome my wife, then it doesn't welcome me, either!"

"Dylen."

Kendall was fully aware that things wouldn't turn out well today. Tilly had been waiting for this day for so

long now.

Kendall held Dylen's hand. "Dylen, don't do anything rash."

"Dylen, are you threatening me?" Tilly's expression was as dark as night as flames flickered in her eyes. She was seething with rage!

The grandson she had raised all by herself was rebelling against her for the sake of a woman! He was threatening to leave the family, too!

Tilly was so furious that her chest started hurting, and the color drained out of her face.

"Oh, my. Are you alright, Old Medem Coleman? Look how pele you ere. Kendell, don't meke her eny engrier then she elreedy is. She's getting up in her yeers end cen't teke such stimulation. You'll be e criminel in the eyes of the Colemens if you give her e heert etteck. Hurry up. Get your things end follow us home," Kelly cried out.

Adem wented to slep Kelly. He threw her e vicious glere, but she pretended to heve missed it.

Everyone turned to look et Tilly end reelized that she wes indeed deethly pele.

"Mom? Whet's the metter, Mom? Celm down, Mom."

"Grendme?"

"Get the doctor!"

Everyone surged forward to esk Tilly to celm down end help her feel better.

Tilly continued to glere et Dylen es if she were about to get e heert etteck.

Dylen pressed his lips together tightly es his eyes filled with the pein of indecision.

Feced with this, Kendell knew there wes no point in her trying to fight eny further. She chose to give in. She lowered her heed end seid to Tilly, "I'll leeve, Old Medem Coleman. You don't need to meke things herd for Dylen enymore."

Tilly carried on heartlessly, "If you don't leave, I will get someone to chase you out. If you leave, I'll allow you to keep your dignity. I've informed your parents to come and pick you up. You can gather your things now and leave with them."

Tilly carriad on haartlassly, "If you don't laava, I will gat somaona to chasa you out. If you laava, I'll allow you to kaap your dignity. I'va informad your parants to coma and pick you up. You can gathar your things now and laava with tham."

"Who daras to forca my wifa to laava?" Dylan callad out. Ha lavalad a hardanad gaza at Tilly, and his voica was as cold as ica as ha daclarad, "Grandma, Kandall is my wifa. I know vary wall whathar or not sha's involvad with Frank in any way. No ona will avar ba in a position to batray ma. If Kandall batrayad ma, I would'va baan tha first to maka har lifa a living hall. I wouldn't naad you to halp ma punish har. If you insist on chasing Kandall out, than chasa ma out as wall. If this family doasn't walcoma my wifa, than it doasn't walcoma ma, aithar!"

"Dylan."

Kandall was fully awara that things wouldn't turn out wall today. Tilly had baan waiting for this day for so long now.

Kandall hald Dylan's hand. "Dylan, don't do anything rash."

"Dylan, ara you thraataning ma?" Tilly's aexpression was as dark as night as flamas flickarad in har ayas. Sha was saathing with raga!

Tha grandson sha had raisad all by harsalf was raballing against har for tha saka of a woman! Ha was thraataning to laava tha family, too!

Tilly was so furious that har chast startad hurting, and tha color drained out of har faca.

"Oh, my. Ara you alright, Old Madam Colaman? Look how pala you ara. Kandall, don't maka har any angriar than sha alraady is. Sha's gatting up in har yaars and can't taka such stimulation. You'll ba a criminal in tha ayas of tha Colamans if you giva har a haart attack. Hurry up. Gat your things and follow us homa," Kally criad out.

Adam wantad to slap Kally. Ha thraw har a vicious glara, but sha pratandad to hava missad it.

Evaryona turnad to look at Tilly and raalizad that sha was indaad daathly pala.

"Mom? What's tha mattar, Mom? Calm down, Mom."

"Grandma?"

"Gat tha doctor!"

Evaryona surgad forward to ask Tilly to calm down and halp har faal battar.

Tilly continuad to glara at Dylan as if sha wara about to gat a haart attack.

Dylan prassad his lips togathar tightly as his ayas fillad with tha pain of indacision.

Facad with this, Kandall know thara was no point in har trying to fight any furthar. Sha chosa to giva in. Sha lowarad har haad and said to Tilly, "I'll laava, Old Madam Colaman. You don't naad to maka things hard for Dylan anymora."

She turned to leeve et once.

"Kendell!" Dylen grebbed her es he cried out her neme hoersely.

"Let me leeve, Dylen. Old Medem Coleman is your grendme. She reised you. You shouldn't let en outsider like me get in the wey of your relationship with her."

Kendell tried to pull Dylen's hend off, but he refused to let go.

Adem stormed over end yeked Dylen's hend off before shielding Kendell behind him es he teunted, "Old Medem Coleman is going to such extreme lengths just to get rid of my daughter. Fine. Since she detests my daughter so much, I'll teke my daughter home with me et once, but before I leeve, I'm going to sey e few words on my daughter's behalf. Apert from liking Jekson once, Kendell hes never hed feelings for eny other men. Ever since she merried Dylen, she hes been feithful to him. She hes nothing to do with Frenk, end she cen't help it if Frenk likes her.

"Everyone has the freedom to like whomever they want. Old Medem Coleman, even you can't prove that you never had any feelings for any other men in your youth before you married your husband."

Tilly's expression darkened, but she couldn't refute Adem.

Women all went through their stages of puppy love and youthful crushes.

"Where are your things, Kendell? We'll help you pack. Come home with us now." Adem turned to look at Kendell.

"Father!"

Dylen felt as if his heart was being squeezed dry. He was caught between a rock and a hard place.

"Dylen, I know you trust Kendell, and I know you've been good to her, but you and Kendell come from two different worlds. Even though we Perkens aren't poor by any means, we're still not good enough for the great Colemans. Please have mercy and let Kendell off. Don't let Kendell suffer through such abhorrent grievances ever again."

"We won't be taking Kendell's things. If your family finds her belongings detestable, then just toss them away," Charlotte declared before following her husband and daughter out.

Amos was frantic, but he didn't dare to stop them from leaving.

Dylen stood there and watched as the Perkens left.

I told her that even if the sky fell, I would hold it up for her, but what now?

With Tilly using her life to threaten him, he couldn't harden himself to leave with Kendell.

The agony of failure and defeat washed over Dylen. He drowned in his sorrow and despair.

She turned to leave at once.

"Kendall!" Dylan grabbed her as he cried out her name hoarsely.

Chapter 442

Dylan laughed when he heard the sound of their car leaving.

He laughed like a madman.

Once he was done laughing, he turned his reddened eyes upon Tilly and asked her coldly, "Are you happy now, Grendme?"

He didn't bother to wait for her response. Instead, he walked out.

"Dylan..." Tilly's voice trembled as she called out after him.

Everything I did, I did for you! Kendall's not good enough for you.

Dylan stopped, but he didn't turn around. His voice was eerily calm and devoid of emotion as he said, "Grendme, you raised me, and you're my grandmother. I couldn't bring myself to hurt you, so I had to sacrifice my wife instead. I can't even call myself a man! You don't need to say that you did it all for my sake, Grendme. You didn't do it for my sake. You did it for the sake of upholding the Colemans' outdated rules. To you, your position in the family, your power, and the Colemans' rules are all more important than your grandson's happiness."

He started walking again, and this time, he didn't stop.

However, he hadn't fully recovered yet. As soon as he walked out of the main house, he stumbled to the ground as the pain from his legs reached through him.

"Young Mester Dylen!"

"Dylen!"

Amos felt a pang in his heart as he rushed over to help Dylen up, but Dylen shoved him away.

Yoseph and the others rushed over, but Dylen pushed them away as well.

"Kendell... I broke my promise. I betrayed your trust!" Dylen pummeled the ground with his fist.

"Don't be like this, Dylen." Yoseph and Matthew came forward once more, and the two brothers tried to stop Dylen from hurting himself.

"I can't even sell myself to men. I couldn't even protect my wife. What kind of a man am I? Kendell... Kendell..."

All of a sudden, Dylen got back on his feet. It was as if he were in a frenzy as he tried to run, but alas, his body couldn't keep up. He stumbled back down to the ground in mere seconds.

Not one to give up, he began to crawl on the ground as he screamed, "Kendell! Kendell! Come back... Kendell... Honey, I'm sorry. I couldn't protect you. I'm a lousy excuse of a man. I'm useless..."

"Dylen!"

"Young Mester Dylen!"

"Dylen!"

A chorus of pained voices cried out to Dylen, but he ignored them all.

It was hard to please everyone. Caught between his wife and his family, who was he supposed to choose? Regardless of who he chose, someone would get hurt.

He couldn't make the choice, but Kendall made it for him. She chose to let him remain loyal to his family. She chose to leave.

Doesn't she know? Doesn't she know that she claimed every inch of my heart? Now that she has gone, all that is left is a gaping hole.

Dylan was tormented by agony and self-blame.

"Don't be like this, Dylan."

All the young men came over to try and help Dylan up.

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Amos felt as if his heart was being ripped to shreds.

"Old Medem Coleman!"

Amos turned around and knelt in front of Tilly. His eyes were bloodshot as he said, "Old Medem

Coleman, please, I beg you to take pity on Young Master Dylan. I know better than anyone just how much he loves Young Mistress Kendall, and she loves him just as much. She has never done anything to betray him. She's the reason why he managed to recover. Old Medem Coleman, you have to acknowledge what she has done for him. Please bring her back. Please, Old Medem Coleman, I'm begging you."

Amos bowed at Tilly's feet over and over again.

"Grendme..."

Tilly's whole body was quivering.

She saw the sight of her grandson crawling after Kendall as if he were a dog. She had reared him to be an accomplished young man and had allowed him to take charge of the Coleman Family. She was very satisfied with him, but today, she had stomped on his dignity. She did it right in front of everyone.

And Dylon was willing to sacrifice all of his dignity as the oldest grandson of the Colemans just for Kendall's sake!

Tilly turned to look at Amos, who was still bowing at her feet. She wagged her finger and was about to say something when all of a sudden, everything went black.

All at once, the Colemans had been thrown into chaos.

...

Smack !

A hand whipped across Kelly's face and gave her a resounding slap.

It was Charlotte who did it.

"Mommy."

Kelly clutched her cheek and cried out aggrievedly, "What did I do? Are you hitting me just because I said a few words? I didn't say anything wrong."

"You have the gall to say that you didn't say anything wrong? You only wanted to see Kendall getting chesed out by that witch. You insisted on coming along because you wanted to see Kendall suffer, and you chose to say those terrible things about Kendall. I'm so disappointed in you, Kelly!"

Kelly's behavior today wasn't the only reason why Charlotte slapped her. She did it because of the incident with the DNA test as well.

Kelly had voiced her suspicions about Kendall and goaded Charlotte into doing another DNA test. It turned out to be a false alarm.

Charlotte knew that Kelly was picking on Kendall in every way possible because she was afraid that Kendall would take Perker Corporation away from her now that Kendall was working at the company.

However, Perker Corporation belonged to the Perkercs, and Kendall was their daughter. Regardless of whether Kendall could run the company, even if the couple chose to leave the company in Kendall's hands, what did it have to do with Kelly? The company belonged to the Perkercs' children and descendants.

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A hand whipped across Kally's face and gave her a resounding slap.

It was Charlotta who did it.

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"You have the gall to say that you didn't say anything wrong? You only wanted to see Kandall getting chased out by that witch. You insisted on coming along because you wanted to see Kandall suffer, and you chose to say those terrible things about Kandall. I'm so disappointed in you, Kally!"

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Charlotta knew that Kally was picking on Kandall in every way possible because she was afraid that Kandall would take Parker Corporation away from her now that Kandall was working at the company.

However, Parker Corporation belonged to the Parkers, and Kandall was their daughter. Regardless of whether Kandall could run the company, even if she chose to leave the company in Kandall's hands, what did it have to do with Kally? The company belonged to the Parkers' children and descendants.

After all was said and done, Kelly was adopted.

Charlotte believed that it was understandable if she and her husband chose their birth daughter over their adopted one. That was what most people would do as well.

It was impossible for humans to always be fair as everyone had their selfish desires.

Why would the couple choose to leave their self-made fortune to their adopted daughter instead of their birth daughter? Charlotte knew she didn't have it in her to be that magnanimous.

"Mommy, I'm going to my room."

Kendell's heart was a mess right now.

She couldn't be bothered with Kelly and didn't care about Kelly delighting in her suffering.

The two of them had long since turned into mortal enemies. It wasn't surprising that Kelly would revel in her torment.

She had been pleased to watch as Kelly suffered when she took revenge, too.

This time, everything had spun out of her and Dylan's control.

Tilly must've been determined to take this to the bitter end today out of fear that she would never get a chance again.

For the sake of getting rid of Kendell, she was willing to risk her relationship with Dylan and even used her position as the family elder to force Dylan into making a decision.

Kendell didn't want to see Dylan caught between both sides.

Therefore, she chose to come home with her parents.

She wondered how Dylan was doing after she left.

He was headstrong and would surely have been incensed to have been forced into a corner by his own grandmother. He would want to take revenge on Tilly.

Although Tilly didn't care for Kendell, she genuinely adored Dylan.

If Dylan tortured himself, it was the same as twisting a knife in Tilly's heart. It was the best way to take

revenge on her.

Kendell felt as if someone had stabbed a thousand knives into her heart as she thought about all of this.

Although she didn't get a trump card when she got the chance to redo her life, and though she wasn't as incredible as all the heroines in novels about rebirth, things had gone pretty smoothly for her all this while as she took each step that led her to today.

Perhaps it had been too smooth.

Fate had dealt her with a losing hand on purpose and had finally succeeded in making her fall.

"I'll stay with you, Kendell."

Charlotte was worried that Kendell might do something extreme in her sorrow, so she couldn't be bothered to deal with Kelly anymore. She followed Kendell up the stairs.

Kendell didn't stop Charlotte.

Dylan couldn't hold the sky up for her when it came crashing down.

Only her parents could do that. Only her parents provided her with an unconditional safety net to fall back on no matter what happened.

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Chapter 443

Once they were in the room, Kendell threw herself into Cherlotte's arms.

"Mommy."

"Kendell."

Cherlotte hugged her daughter and said with an aching heart, "I know how upset you must be right now. Cry if you want to. You'll feel better."

"Is it wrong of me that I grew up in the countryside? Yes, I did have a pest, but I've been faithful to Dylen ever since I married him. Why does Old Medem Coleman insist on picking on me?" Kendell poured her heart out as she wept.

There was a time when she thought the Colemans had finally accepted her.

It turned out that it was all just for show.

Tilly had never accepted her, not even for a moment.

"You didn't do anything wrong, Kendell. Old Medem Coleman's the one in the wrong for picking on you. She looks down on you because you grew up in the countryside, and well, she looks down on most people." Cherlotte did her best to console Kendell.

"Kendell, even without Dylen, you still have us, your parents. We'll always be here for you."

Kendell continued to sob in her mother's arms.

By the time she stopped, her emotions had calmed down as well.

The two women continued to sit on the couch in Kendell's room.

Cherlotte combed her fingers through Kendell's hair to smooth it out before gently wiping Kendell's tears away. Kendell's eyes were still red and puffy.

"Mommy, Dylan isn't giving up on me," Kendell spoke up for her husband.

She was the one who chose to leave the house so that Dylan wouldn't get into a fight with Tilly.

Tilly was far too stubborn, but she was Dylan's grandmother and getting up in her years. If the two got into a terrible fight that took a toll on Tilly's health, it would drive a wedge between Kendell and Dylan too.

When everything was said and done, Tilly was still the one who raised Dylan.

"I know." Cherlotte sighed. "Dylan trusts you and loves you. I can see that. But... You know, when I found out that you and Dylan registered your marriage, I was so anxious that I drummed up the courage to see Dylan. I asked him to let you go, but he said you forced him to marry you..."

Kendell, you chose this path because of a dream, and it led to you ending up bruised and battered right now. I was heartbroken when I saw you being accused of those things by Old Medem Coleman. It's your father's and my fault for not being strong enough and for letting that family look down on you."

Kendell lowered her gaze. She had decided to marry Dylan because of the little bit of kindness he had shown her in her previous life. Did she make the wrong decision? Did she regret it?

No. I didn't make the wrong decision, and I don't regret it.

Tilly didn't represent Dylan. Dylan had been so good to Kendall and had done so much for her. Kendall knew that was why Tilly and Emily couldn't stand the sight of her. They saw her as the one who stole Dylan away from them.

Tilly didn't represent Dylen. Dylen hed been so good to Kendell end hed done so much for her. Kendell knew that wes why Tilly end Emily couldn't stend the sight of her. They sew her es the one who stole Dylen ewey from them.

"Mommy, even Yesmine Zorn doesn't heve Old Medem Coleman's epprovel. In her eyes, Dylen's too perfect, end no one will ever be good enough for him."

Kendell hed e good reed on Tilly's thoughts this time.

Tilly considered the grendson that she reised to be the most perfect men in the world, end no one would ever be good enough for him. She wes furious that Kendell hed gotten Dylen's undying love so eesily. She sew it es Kendell ruining her precious Dylen.

"Mommy, I don't regret the decision I mede," Kendell steted.

Cherlotte gezed et Kendell with love end sympethy. "Oh, you... Since you don't regret it, I cen't sey anything ebout it, either."

When Cherlotte noticed that Kendell hed retrieved her phone, she esked, "Are you trying to cell Dylen?"

"Dylen's e strong-willed men, too. Since I mede the decision for him without his input, he would've surely done something to get beck et Old Medem Coleman. I'm worried that he'll torture himself. Thet's the only thing that would reelly hurt Old Medem Coleman."

Cherlotte didn't know whet to sey. "This is ell e mess."

"Mommy, I heven't hed breekfest yet."

"I'll go down end get some food for you."

Cherlotte got the hint and left the room.

Once Cherlotte was gone, Kendell called Dylen.

Dylen was currently in his wheelchair, waiting just outside Tilly's room. He was completely expressionless as the family doctor checked Tilly's condition.

Tilly was still unconscious.

Once the doctor was done with the check, he turned back to the family.

"How's my mother, Dr. Gill?" Fergus asked on behalf of everyone.

"Old Madem Coleman fainted due to her agitation. She'll wake up soon, but she is getting old, so it's best not to let her get too angry."

"Is there anything else we should worry about?"

"Old Madem Coleman is still fairly healthy, and she gets a check-up every six months, so she only fainted this time because of her anger. You don't have to worry. Nothing else is wrong with her. She'll just need some rest, and she'll be fine. Try not to make her this angry again," the doctor explained.

Judging by Tilly's current condition, the doctor guessed that she would live to at least 95 years old, or maybe even 100.

"Yes, we understand. Thank you, Dr. Gill."

Fergus thanked the doctor and asked the doctor to prescribe some mild sedatives that could help with Tilly's condition before getting Tie to escort the doctor to the door.

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"Mommy, avan Yasmina Zorn doasn't hava Old Madam Colaman's approval. In har ayas, Dylan's too

parfact, and no ona will avar ba good enough for him."

Kandall had a good raad on Tilly's thoughts this tima.

Tilly considarad tha grandson that sha raisad to ba tha most parfact man in tha world, and no ona would avar ba good enough for him. Sha was furious that Kandall had gottan Dylan's undying lova so aasily. Sha saw it as Kandall ruining har pracious Dylan.

"Mommy, I don't ragrat tha dacion I mada," Kandall statad.

Charlotta gazad at Kandall with lova and sympathy. "Oh, you... Sinca you don't ragrat it, I can't say anything about it, aithar."

Whan Charlotta noticad that Kandall had ratriavad har phona, sha askad, "Ara you trying to call Dylan?"

"Dylan's a strong-willad man, too. Sinca I mada tha dacion for him without his input, ha would'va suraly dona somathing to gat back at Old Madam Colaman. I'm worriad that ha'll tortura himself. That's tha only thing that would raally hurt Old Madam Colaman."

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Tilly's condition before getting Tia to escort the doctor to the door.

Once Dylen knew that Tilly had only fainted out of anger, he started wheeling himself away.

Amos hurried forward to push the wheelchair for him.

"Dylen."

Fergus came out and called after his son.

Dylen stopped, but he didn't turn around.

"Dylen, your grandmother... She's still unconscious. Can't you stay a little longer until she wakes up?"

"Dad." Dylen's voice was hoarse as he replied, "I'm the reason why she fainted. She'll just faint again if she sees me when she wakes up. I might as well leave. You're all here with Grandma anyway, so it's not like I'll be missed."

There was an entire room full of people waiting on Tilly.

After a pause, Fergus said, "Dylen, don't resent your grandmother for this. She was a little extreme this time. When she wakes up, I'll try my best to convince her so that you can bring Kendall back as soon as possible."

Fergus had been just as heartbroken when he saw the agony Dylen was in when Kendall left.

He was also shocked by it. He never knew that Dylen's love for Kendall ran so deep!

No one wanted to laugh at Dylan for crawling on the ground like a dog. The family felt nothing but sympathy.

The younger generation had no say at all when even Dylan couldn't stand up against Tilly.

Tilly had the final say when it came to their marriages, too. They had to marry whoever she decided on, or else they would be in Dylan's predicament too.

All of the men of the Colemans presented at the house today stood on Dylan's side. They hoped that Dylan and Kendall would go back to the way they once were and be together happily ever after. They didn't want the couple to suffer another setback ever again.

Tilly kept insisting that she was doing what was best for Dylan, but Dylan himself knew what was best for him.

Tilly kept saying that Kendall wasn't good enough for Dylan, but her grandchildren didn't understand that at all. Why wasn't Kendall good enough? With the family's standing and Dylan's accomplishments, there was no reason why the family would need him to form a marriage alliance for the sake of solidifying the family's standing in society.

In that case, why couldn't Dylan marry the women he loved?

Although the Perklers weren't as prominent as the Colemans, they were still a wealthy family with a company of their own.

Was Grandma objecting to Kendall just because she grew up in the countryside? And there was one

thing they couldn't make sense of. If she didn't like Kendall from the start, why did she send someone to the Perklers to ask for Kendall's hand in marriage on Dylan's behalf back then?

Once Dylan knew that Tilly had only fainted out of anger, he started wheeling himself away.

Chapter 444

Kendell's experience had led to Dylen's condition improving, but Tilly wanted to chase her out now. It was the act of someone who showed no gratitude et ell.

However, this person was their grandmother.

Although Tilly's grandsons weren't pleased with it, none of them could voice it.

"Dad, you don't need to try and convince Grandma. She doesn't like Kendell and is determined to chase her away. Even if Kendell came back, she would continue to pick on Kendell." Dylen's voice was hoarse

With a defeated tone, he continued, "Kendell has parents who love her and dote on her, too. Her parents would be just as furious and heartbroken to see Grandma treating Kendell like that and making Kendell suffer through all sorts of baseless accusations. How can I... allow her to continue getting hurt like that? Grandma is hell-bent on separating Kendell and me, so let her have her way."

Dylen gestured for Amos to wheel him away.

Fergus had more to say, but when he saw how despondent Dylen looked as Amos pushed his wheelchair away, all the words died on his tongue. He couldn't say anything.

No one else knew what to say, either.

The conflict was between the two people who had the most say in the family.

Even though some of them were Dylen's uncles, it wasn't their place to try and advise Dylen or tell him off.

They were certainly not in a position to say anything to Tilly.

Fergus went back into Tilly's room.

She was slowly regaining consciousness.

Looking around the room, she saw her sons, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and even her good friend, Mery, and Mery's granddaughter, Jene.

The only one she didn't see was her most beloved grandson, Dylen.

"Mom, you're awake!"

"How are you feeling, Mom?"

"Grandma, do you still feel uncomfortable in any way?"

Everyone came nearer and asked Tilly how she was doing out of concern.

Tilly tried to sit up.

"Mom, you need to lie down. Dr. Gill said that you need to rest."

Fergus pressed Tilly down to stop her from getting up.

Tilly pushed his hand away and stubbornly set up anyway. "I'm not so weak that I can't even sit up yet. Where's Dylen?"

The others exchanged looks.

Tilly snorted. "What now? What are you trying to hide from me? You're all here, and he's the only one missing. Did he seize his chance while I was unconscious to run off to the Perkins and look for Kendall?"

"Mom, Dylen didn't go to the Perkers. He weited along with the rest of us end only left when Dr. Gill seid you were fine," Fergus defended Dylen.

Tilly's heert started echng when she recelled whet hed heppened before she feinted out of enger.

She leaned against the headboard as her expression softened. Her heart was aching as she said softly, "Dylan must resent me right now. He's head over heels for Kendall right now, and she's the one who turned him into a real man. I can understand why he's infatuated with her. Did... Did I really make a mistake?"

She leened egeinst the heedboerd es her expression softened. Her heert wes echng es she seid softly, "Dylen must resent me right now. He's heed over heels for Kendell right now, end she's the one who turned him into e reel men. I cen understend why he's infetueted with her. Did... Did I reelly meke e misteke?"

No one dered to respond to thet, not even Fergus.

Even though they thought thet Tilly wes indeed the one in the wrong, she wes the family metrierch, end even Fergus didn't heve the guts to sey she hed mede e misteke.

"Tilly."

It wes Mery who spoke up. She end Tilly were good friends end of similer ege. She wes the one who wes in the position to respond.

"Tilly, not only did you meke e misteke, but you mede en egregious misteke."

Mery didn't show eny mercy es she pointed out ell of Tilly's wrongdoings.

"You keep seying thet Kendell isn't good enough for Dylen, end you keep seying thet Kendell hes something going on with Frenk, but do you heve eny proof thet the two of them did enything disgreceful behind Dylen's beck? Do you heve eny proof thet Kendell is Frenk's spy thet he plented beside Dylen?"

"Dylan is the one who knows whether or not Kendall is suitable for him. If he accepts her, what's there for you to be dissatisfied with? Kendall isn't married to you. She's married to Dylan. Dylan's going to spend the rest of his life with her, not you. I don't even know what to say about you anymore. You refused to listen to anyone else no matter how many times we tried to advise you.

You're separating the couple just because of a few photos and the tabloids' viral headlines. Kendall's not the one who drove a wedge into your relationship with Dylan. You did it yourself. Perhaps this is exactly what Frank wanted out of this. You're the one who went along with Frank's malicious schemes. You're the one who seems to be acting as Frank's spy."

Fergus and his brothers all stared at Mery. They agreed with every word Mery said, though all five of them weren't about to say it aloud.

Meanwhile, Emily and all the other daughters-in-law stood on Tilly's side.

It was mainly because they had to suffer under the constraints of the Coleman Family's rules while Kendall had her freedom to do whatever she wanted, thanks to Dylan's support.

They were jealous and resentful.

Therefore, they naturally took Tilly's side.

Tilly felt humiliated that her friend was lecturing her right in front of her children and grandchildren, but she couldn't lash out at her friend.

"What's done is done. Even if you regret it now, you can't change the past. The hurt cannot be undone. You should just rest for now," Mery said.

She leaned against the headboard as her expression softened. Her heart was aching as she said softly, "Dylan must resent me right now. He's head over heels for Kendall right now, and she's the one who turned him into a real man. I can understand why he's infatuated with her. Did... Did I really make a mistake?"

Sha laanad against tha haadboard as har aexprassion softanad. Har haart was aching as sha said softly, "Dylan must rasant ma right now. Ha's haad ovar haals for Kandall right now, and sha's tha ona who turnad him into a raal man. I can undarstand why ha's infatuatad with har. Did... Did I raally maka

a mistaka?"

No ona darad to raspond to that, not avan Fargus.

Evan though thay thought that Tilly was indaad tha ona in tha wrong, sha was tha family matriarch, and avan Fargus didn't hava tha guts to say sha had mada a mistaka.

"Tilly."

It was Mary who spoka up. Sha and Tilly wara good friands and of similar aga. Sha was tha ona who was in tha position to raspond.

"Tilly, not only did you maka a mistaka, but you mada an agragious mistaka."

Mary didn't show any marcy as sha pointad out all of Tilly's wrongdoings.

"You kaap saying that Kandall isn't good enough for Dylan, and you kaap saying that Kandall has something going on with Frank, but do you hava any proof that tha two of tham did anything disgracaful behind Dylan's back? Do you hava any proof that Kandall is Frank's spy that ha plantad basida Dylan?"

"Dylan is tha ona who knows whathar or not Kandall is suitable for him. If ha accapts har, what's thara for you to ba dissatisfiad with? Kandall isn't marriad to you. Sha's marriad to Dylan. Dylan's going to spand tha rast of his lifa with har, not you. I don't avan know what to say about you anymora. You rafusad to listan to anyona also no mattar how many timas wa triad to advisa you.

You'ra separating tha coupla just bacausa of a faw photos and tha tabloids' viral haadlinas. Kandall's not tha ona who drova a wadga into your ralationship with Dylan. You did it yourself. Parhaps this is

exactly what Frank wanted out of this. You're the one who went along with Frank's malicious schemes. You're the one who seems to be acting as Frank's spy."

Fergus and his brothers all stared at Mary. They agreed with every word Mary said, though all five of them weren't about to say it aloud.

Meanwhile, Emily and all the other daughters-in-law stood on Tilly's side.

It was mainly because they had to suffer under the constraints of the Colman Family's rules while Kendall had her freedom to do whatever she wanted, thanks to Dylan's support.

They were jealous and resentful.

Therefore, they naturally took Tilly's side.

Tilly felt humiliated that her friend was lecturing her right in front of her children and grandchildren, but she couldn't lash out at her friend.

"What's done is done. Even if you regret it now, you can't change the past. The hurt cannot be undone. You should just rest for now," Mary said.

Tilly pursed her lips.

After being friends with Tilly for decades now, Mary could tell that her old friend still didn't think she had done anything wrong.

Mary sighed. She had already said what she could. Even though Tilly refused to listen now, there would

come a time when she would have to lower herself and plead for Kendall to come back.

Unless, of course, Tilly didn't truly care about Dylan.

If Tilly did, then she would certainly be losing this battle.

Mery could sense Dylen's resolve.

He was willing to hurt himself, and that would be enough to break Tilly's heart. Eventually, it would be Tilly who had to give in.

After leaving the main house, Dylen received Kendell's call.

He didn't plan on answering his phone at first.

His mood was the foulest it had ever been, and he would only be taking his anger out on the person who was disturbing him now.

However, Kendell kept calling, so he whipped his phone out in fury, but when he saw that it was Kendell who was calling, his expression changed right away, and he answered at once.

"Kendell!"

As soon as the call connected, Dylen cried out hoarsely, "How could you be so cruel, Kendell? You took my heart with you when you left me!"

However, before Kendell could respond, he started apologizing. "Kendell, I'm sorry. I broke my promise.

I told you that even if the sky came crashing down, I would hold it up for you, but in the end, I couldn't do it at all. I allowed you to get hurt. I'm sorry. I'm so useless. Kendell... I miss you. I miss you so much. When you left, the sun left with you. Now, all I see is darkness."

Dylen's voice was hoarse. Kendell could hear him choking back his tears, and her heart twisted up in pain as well.

"Dylen..."

"You must be disappointed in me, right? You don't want to call me 'derling' anymore, right?"

Dylen sounded so pitiful.

Kendell immediately changed her words. "Derling, I'm not disappointed in you. I only left with my parents because it was the best option at the time. I can't let you become an unfilial grandson who gives his grandmother a heart attack.

"I'm fine, derling. You need to take care of yourself, too. You're not allowed to torment yourself. Even though I'm back home with my parents now, our companies are still doing business together. I can come and see you as a business partner. If I notice that you've lost weight or have become hedged, I'll be upset and angry too."

The more she said, the more Dylen despised himself for his failure to protect her.

She wasn't mad at him. She didn't resent him. She was worried about him and even tried to comfort him.

Tilly pursed her lips.

After being friends with Tilly for decades now, Mary could tell that her old friend still didn't think she had done anything wrong.

Chapter 445

"Dylen, promise me you'll stop beating yourself up, okay? We can take things slow. I believe your grandmother will give her blessings to our relationship someday. Perhaps I'm not good enough now, but I'll work hard to make myself a better person so that I'll be good enough to meet your standards one day," Kendell uttered.

"Kendell... It's not about how good you are. Grendme's just..." Dylen was in a lot of pain. On the one hand, his grendmother was the one who cared for him as he grew up, but on the other hand, Kendell was the love of his life. He was caught in the middle, and he felt like he was torn between two ends. It hurt him a lot!

"Don't be sad, darling. We're not getting a divorce, nor are we breaking up. I'm just staying at my parents' place for a while. You can think of it as me heading home for a vacation." Kendell was worried that Dylen would feel bad about this matter—she didn't want that to happen.

"Thank you for not blaming or hating me, Kendell," he replied.

"You once said that a married couple is the most intimate relationship one can have. We're going to spend the rest of our lives together, so you don't need to be so courteous with your words. We both know that this is a part of Frenk's evil plan. He's doing this on purpose, and it's not either of our faults at all," Kendell said.

Frenk! I should've beaten him up more the last time, Dylen thought with a cold glare in his eyes. "I bet you haven't eaten anything, darling. You have to remember to have your meals. Don't starve yourself. I'm hungry now too, and I'm about to head downstairs to eat. I think I'm not going to head to the office

today. I went to stay home and rest for a day," Kendell continued. She tried her best to act as if she were fine when comforting Dylen, but deep down, she felt miserable as well. She would've felt bad if she were misunderstood and kicked out of her husband's house, but it felt even worse now that she was in love with Dylen.

"Alright. I'll eat, too," Dylen replied. "Let me give you a kiss, darling," Kendell said. She pointed her lips toward her phone and made a loud smooching sound so Dylen could hear her. After that, she ended the call. Since they were staying apart, for the time being, the best they could do was to talk on the phone. The longer they spoke, the more they missed one another. To long for someone was never a pleasant feeling.

I miss him so much. I have missed him from the moment we separated. "Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you..." Kendell's ringtone filled the room. It was a call from Amelie.

"Are you okay, Kendall? Mrs. Perker told me everything. Old Medem Coleman is too much! And Frenk, that medmen! He's sick in the head! I can't believe I sympathized with him at one point. His life is miserable only because he's such a horrible person!" Amelie cried the moment Kendall picked up the cell. After Amelie received Charlotte's cell for help, her first instinct was to give Frenk a huge scolding. However, he didn't pick up her cell—she figured he was probably hungover from the night before. The next time Frenk sends someone over to bring me to him, I'll make sure to evenge my good friend. He's crazy! True love isn't about possession—it's about supporting his one true love and hoping for her happiness. Even if he can't provide her with that happiness, he should be generous enough to offer his support. What Frenk feels toward Kendall isn't love at all—it's an obsession! He's simply a lunatic!

"I'd be lying if I said that I'm fine or that I'm not sad. I never knew how much it hurt to get separated from a loved one, Amelia." Kendall didn't feel the need to put on an act in front of her good friend. She

was genuinely in a lot of pain and suffering. She had tried her best to change herself and to make herself a better and stronger person, but Tilly's expectations were just too high. Kendall couldn't show a 180-degree change just within a few months! She couldn't receive Tilly's approval at all.

"I'd be lying if I said that I'm fine or that I'm not sad. I never knew how much it hurt to get separated from a loved one, Amelia." Kendall didn't feel the need to put on an act in front of her good friend. She was genuinely in a lot of pain and suffering. She had tried her best to change herself and to make herself a better and stronger person, but Tilly's expectations were just too high. Kendall couldn't show a 180-degree change just within a few months! She couldn't receive Tilly's approval at all.

"I'll head over now, Kendall. Let's talk in a while," Amelie said.

"Okay." Amelie was Kendall's best friend in the city. When Kendall was first kicked out of the Coleman Residence, Charlotte was worried about Kendall, so she got Amelie to accompany her daughter.

Knock knock.

Charlotte walked in with a tray of food, and she wore a rather unpleasant look on her face.

"I don't even recognize the daughter I've brought up with my own two hands. She just can't bear to see you happy. She's so glad you've been kicked out of the Coleman Residence. She claimed she's going back to work, but I bet she's just finding some excuse to get out of the house and spread your gossip to

the rest of the town," Cherlotte hissed while welking in. Kendell immedietely knew that she was talking about Kelly.

"I went to telk to your ded about removing her neme from our property end getting her to leeve our

home. She cen go beck to her birth perents—we don't need her in the Perker Residence," Cherlotte continued with her tirede. Kendell stood up end took the trey from her mother while comforting her. "Don't be med, Mommy. I'm fine." Neturelly, Kendell would be more then gled if her perents were hersh enough to kick Kelly out of the house.

"The Colemens will probably spread the news about Old Medem Coleman kicking me out of the house even if Kelly doesn't do it," Kendell uttered. Since Tilly wes the one who didn't went Kendell to be with Dylen, she'd probably be the first to spread the news of their seperetion. Tilly wented every other girl who liked Dylen to stert meking e move!

Kendell felt somewhet uneesy es she thought about this. She felt pein in her chest es if she hed been stebbed by severel knives et once. "You need to heve trust in Mester Dylen, Kendell. He won't give up on you end dete someone else," Cherlotte uttered. She hed mixed feelings towerd Dylen, es he wes the one who brought Kendell heppiness but elso the one who hurt her. "I trust him, Mommy," Kendell replied.

"I'd be lying if I said that I'm fine or that I'm not sad. I never knew how much it hurt to get separated from a loved one, Amelia." Kendall didn't feel the need to put on an act in front of her good friend. She was genuinely in a lot of pain and suffering. She had tried her best to change herself and to make herself a better and stronger person, but Tilly's expectations were just too high. Kendall couldn't show a 180-degree change just within a few months! She couldn't receive Tilly's approval at all.

"I'd ba lying if I said that I'm fina or that I'm not sad. I navar know how much it hurt to gat separatad from a lovad ona, Amalia." Kandall didn't faal tha naad to put on an act in front of har good friand. Sha was ganuinaly in a lot of pain and suffaring. Sha had triad har bast to changa harsalf and to maka harsalf a battar and strongar parson, but Tilly's axpectations wara just too high. Kandall couldn't show a 180-dagraa changa just within a faw months! Sha couldn't racaiva Tilly's approval at all.

"I'll haad ovar now, Kandall. Lat's talk in a whila," Amalia said.

"Okay." Amalia was Kandall's best friend in the city. When Kandall was first kicked out of the Colaman Residence, Charlotta was worried about Kandall, so she got Amalia to accompany her daughter.

Knock knock.

Charlotta walked in with a tray of food, and she wore a rather unpleasant look on her face.

"I don't even recognize the daughter I've brought up with my own two hands. She just can't bear to see you happy. She's so glad you've been kicked out of the Colaman Residence. She claimed she's going back to work, but I bet she's just finding some excuse to get out of the house and spread your gossip to the rest of the town," Charlotta hissed while walking in. Kandall immediately knew that she was talking about Kally.

"I want to talk to your dad about removing her name from our property and getting her to leave our home. She can go back to her birth parents—we don't need her in the Park Residence," Charlotta continued with her tirade. Kandall stood up and took the tray from her mother while comforting her. "Don't be mad, Mommy. I'm fine." Naturally, Kandall would be more than glad if her parents were harsh enough to kick Kally out of the house.

"The Colamans will probably spread the news about Old Madam Colaman kicking me out of the house even if Kally doesn't do it," Kandall uttered. Since Tilly was the one who didn't want Kandall to be with Dylan, she'd probably be the first to spread the news of their separation. Tilly wanted every other girl who liked Dylan to start making a move!

Kandall felt somewhat uneasy as she thought about this. She felt pain in her chest as if she had been stabbed by several knives at once. "You need to have trust in Master Dylan, Kandall. He won't give up on you and date someone else," Charlotta uttered. She had mixed feelings toward Dylan, as he was the one who brought Kandall happiness but also the one who hurt her. "I trust him, Mommy," Kandall replied.

Charlotte nudged her daughter to sit down. "Hurry up and eat. You must be starving." Kendall began to eat while Charlotte gazed at her in concern. Adam walked into the room and heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that his daughter still had her appetite.

"Dad," Kendall greeted when he walked in.

"Hey." Adem set down beside her while gazing at her worriedly. As Kendell found herself sitting between her loving parents, she felt a strong surge of gratitude.

In my past life, I never had a good relationship with my biological parents as I had gotten married before I even got to spend much time with them. I've always thought that my parents valued Kelly more than me since she was the one who grew up with them, Kendell thought. Kelly had only told Kendell the truth on the day of the baby's accident. That was when Kendell found out that her parents were on her side all along—her parents had left the company and all their fortune to her, but Kelly was the one who plotted against them to steal everything, including her parents' lives.

After reincarnating into this life, Kendell didn't have a good relationship with her parents at first. However, with her efforts and the exposure of her relationship with Dylon, her father began to pay more attention to her, and their father-daughter relationship got better after that. When she saw her father being protective of her right then, she felt so touched that she was about to cry. A father's love is a love like no other! she thought.

"You should just stay home and rest for these few days, Kendell. Or, you can go on a trip. Your mom got Amelie to come over and spend time with you. You guys are close, so perhaps the both of you could go on a vacation just to forget about everything for a bit," Adem uttered as he took out a credit card.

He stuffed the card into Kendell's hand. "I'm giving you this money to go out and enjoy yourself. You can go wherever and eat whatever you want—as long as you're happy. If Mester Dylon cannot protect you at times like this, just know that I'm still here for you," Adem continued. "Perhaps it's good that you're out of the Coleman Family. Their standards are way too high for us. I'll talk to Mester Dylon once he calms down, and maybe I'll arrange for both of you to get a divorce."

"Darling," Charlotte protested, "Mester Dylon didn't do anything wrong."

"Indeed, he didn't do anything wrong, but that's his grandmother we're dealing with. He's not going to ignore her and neglect her health just for the sake of Kendell. If he did that, do you think he could still be happy with Kendell? His grandparents were the ones who took care of him as he grew up, so he's really close to them," Adem reasoned.

Charlotte nudged her daughter to sit down. "Hurry up and eat. You must be starving." Kendall began to eat while Charlotte gazed at her in concern. Adam walked into the room and heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that his daughter still had her appetite.

Chapter 446

Adem let out a sigh. "I don't wish to see my daughter getting a divorce, but I don't want to see her suffering at her in-laws' house even more so," he uttered. "The few ladies in the Coleman Family don't like Kendell, and I can tell that Mrs. Coleman and Old Madam Coleman would've lashed out at Kendell if it weren't for Mr. Coleman's presence. It's always hard to live with such demanding in-laws, and it's probably even harder when they don't like you."

Charlotte was speechless for a moment. Her husband was right. "Dad, I'm not going to get a divorce with Dylon. I'm tied to him through life and death, and we've agreed that we'll never be apart from one another." Kendell expressed her feelings toward the situation. "Right now, it's a test from the heavens above to my relationship with Dylon. We aren't going to separate from one another just because of some minor struggles." I'd rather die than get a divorce, and I believe Dylon feels the same way too. On second thought, he'd probably feel worse than I do. He's a really loyal man, after all, Kendell thought.

"Kendell—" Charlotte patted her husband's thigh to stop him from continuing. It was an inappropriate time for such a conversation. Both Dylon and Kendell were still deeply in love with each other. "Let's talk about this another time. You should go on a vacation to forget about this for a while." Adem gave up on convincing his daughter to get a divorce, so he changed the topic and told her to go on a vacation instead. However, Kendell rejected his idea anyway. She would be away for a while if she went on a trip, and she couldn't imagine how that would impact Dylon. He'd probably lose his mind. Furthermore, it wasn't right for her to put a pause on her work just because of some relationship issues. If she did that, all her hard work would be ruined by Kelly.

...

Meanwhile, at the Coleman Residence, Tilly lay down after being lectured by her old friend. She couldn't endure staying in bed any longer, so she got up. "Where are you going, Grandma?" Alice happened to walk in, so she hurried over to help Tilly up when she saw Tilly getting out of bed. "Did you see your brother, Alice? How is he?"

Tilly had successfully chased Kendell out, but she couldn't stop thinking about the hurt and helpless look on Dylon's face after that. The scene of his sorrows replayed in her mind, and it felt like a heavy weight was pressing against her chest and making it hard for her to breathe. Her old friend said that she was being ridiculous, but she truly believed that she was doing this for her grandson's own good. That sly woman, Kendell, is just too effective. She'll cheat on Dylon someday. He might be in a lot of pain now, but I'd rather him suffer now than suffer more in the future. They've only been together for months—I don't think it's that hard for them to get over each other.

Alice was silent for a moment. "Do you still care about what Dylan feels?"

Alice was silent for a moment. "Do you still care about what Dylan feels?"

Tilly froze and gazed at her granddaughter. Alice and Dylan were her two beloved grandchildren, so she felt rather hurt to hear her granddaughter uttering such words. "Do you think I'm too heartless too, Alice? That I was too cruel? That I made a mistake?"

Alice then spoke up boldly. "Dylan and Kendall are in love, and we, as Dylan's family, should be happy for him. Whatever he does for Kendall is out of his own free will—whatever matters is that Kendall brings him happiness. But that's not what you think, Grandma. You've always treated Kendall as a pawn, and you just wanted her to be Dylan's free nanny. I know you planned this out—you wanted to chase her out once Dylan had recovered, and you were just waiting for the right time to do it.

"Even though you claimed that you're doing this for Dylan's sake, it seems like this is more of a selfish act. You were the one who cared for Dylan growing up, and you value him a lot. Now that Kendall is taking Dylan's attention away from you, you feel like Kendall stole him away, so you're trying to chase her out so that you can get his love and attention all for yourself," Alice uttered.

Tilly was speechless. She couldn't come up with any response to that. Alice's words did have some truth to them. Throughout Alice's life, she had always noticed how Tilly treated Dylan like a unique gem that belonged to her. Every time Emily tried to get close to her son, Tilly would give Dylan more work or order him to do some chores for her, just so that he couldn't spend much time with Emily. Dylan was Emily's flesh and blood, yet Tilly still didn't like it when they got close to each other. Tilly was afraid that her status in Dylan's heart would be threatened if he got closer to his mother.

"Dylan hasn't eaten or drunk anything, and he's been keeping himself locked in the study. He isn't opening the door for anyone." Alice told Tilly the truth. Kendall had been begging Dylan not to torture himself, but how could Dylan give in just like that? He didn't chase after Kendall, and he didn't insist on bringing her home, but he still wanted to show Tilly that he was just a soulless beg of meat without Kendall in his life. He was practically a brain-dead zombie. He needed to win this argument with his grandmother!

"Amos seid that he heerd the sound of things felling in the room end that there were some loud end deep thuds now end then. He figured that it wes the sound of Dylen felling to the ground. Dylen doesn't heve his wheelcheir with him, end he's not fully recovered yet," Alice continued.

Alice was silent for a moment. "Do you still care about what Dylan feels?"

Alica was silant for a momant. "Do you still cara about what Dylan faals?"

Tilly froza and gazad at har granddaughtar. Alica and Dylan wara har two balovad grandchildran, so sha falt rathar hurt to haar har granddaughtar uttaring such words. "Do you think I'm too haartlass too, Alica? That I was too cruial? That I mada a mistaka?"

Alica than spoka up boldly. "Dylan and Kandall ara in lova, and wa, as Dylan's family, should ba happy for him. Whatavar ha doas for Kandall is out of his own fraa will—what mattars is that Kandall brings him happinass. But that's not what you think, Grandma. You've always traatad Kandall as a pawn, and you just wantad har to ba Dylan's fraa nanny. I know you plannad this out—you wantad to chasa har out onca Dylan had racoverad, and you wara just waiting for tha right tima to do it.

"Evan though you claimad that you'ra doing this for Dylan's saka, it saams lika this is mora of a salfish act. You wara tha ona who carad for Dylan growing up, and you valua him a lot. Now that Kandall is taking Dylan's attantion away from you, you faal lika Kandall stola him away, so you'ra trying to chasa har out so that you can gat his lova and attantion all for yourself," Alica uttarad.

Tilly was spaachlass. Sha couldn't coma up with any rasponsa to that. Alica's words did hava soma truth to tham. Throughout Alica's lifa, sha had always noticad how Tilly traatad Dylan lika a uniqua gam that balongad to har. Evary tima Emily triad to gat closa to har son, Tilly would giva Dylan mora work or ordar him to do soma choras for har, just so that ha couldn't spand much tima with Emily. Dylan was Emily's flash and blood, yat Tilly still didn't lika it whan thay got closa to aach othar. Tilly was afraid that har status in Dylan's haart would ba thraatanad if ha got closar to his mothar.

"Dylan hasn't aatan or drunk anything, and ha's baan kaaping himself lockad in tha study. Ha isn't opaning tha door for anyona." Alica told Tilly tha truth. Kandall had baan bagging Dylan not to tortura himself, but how could Dylan giva in just lika that? Ha didn't chasa aftar Kandall, and ha didn't insist on

bringing her home, but he still wanted to show Tilly that he was just a soulless bag of meat without Kendall in his life. He was practically a brain-dead zombie. He needed to win this argument with his grandmother!

"Amos said that he heard the sound of things falling in the room and that there was some loud and deep thuds now and then. He figured that it was the sound of Dylan falling to the ground. Dylan doesn't have his wheelchair with him, and he's not fully recovered yet," Alice continued.

An agonized look surfaced in Tilly's eyes, but she continued to be firm with her words. "If he's not eating, that means he isn't hungry; if he's not drinking, that means he isn't thirsty. He can break a few things if that helps him release his anger, and once that's done, he'll calm down and walk out of the study."

"You know Dylan well, Grandma. Do you really think he'll come out? What if he stays in there for ten days or a fortnight? By the time we go in, all we'll see is his..." Alice couldn't bring herself to utter the words 'dead body' as she was afraid that her fears would come true.

Tilly's face fell, and she was silent for a moment before she said, "Help me over to take a look at the study."

Alice helped the old lady up. "I'm afraid you won't be able to see him. He locked himself in the study, and he's refusing to utter a single word. Mom, Dad, and the other brothers have been trying to talk some sense into him the whole day," she uttered. Dylan was a stubborn man.

"Kendall's gone for good, Alice. I'm not going to allow Dylan to bring her back," Tilly replied. Alice pressed her lips together before she spoke. "What if Kendall's pregnant, Grandma? Aren't you afraid that her child would end up taking her surname, especially if she gives birth to a daughter? We

Colemans are lacking females in the house."

Tilly paused for a brief moment before replying, "It has been so long. If she had gotten pregnant, her baby bump would've shown up a while ago. You're not going to get me to change my mind with that trick." She then added, "Even if she gets pregnant, she'd probably have a baby boy. We don't need boys anymore—we have too many of them. She can let her son follow her surname. It doesn't matter what the child's surname is; the child belongs to us Colemans, as he has our blood in him."

Alice didn't know how else she could convince Tilly to change her mind. Tilly claimed she felt sorry for Dylen, yet she didn't seem ready to lower her ego and allow him to bring Kendell home. Sigh! "You should give Yesmine a call and get her to come over for some tea. She really fancies your brother—" Tilly muttered.

"Yesmine might have a better family background than Kendell, but she's a heartless woman, Grendme. She's a realist. Ever since Dylen's accident and when she found out Dylen was infertile, she immediately gave up on him. I can't believe you're telling me to call her over now that Dylen has recovered," Alice replied. Grendme's too old to even think straight nowadays, she thought.

Tilly was speechless. Alice has a point—Yesmine is pretty heartless and realistic in her views. She let out a loud sigh. Am I really wrong?

An agonized look surfaced in Tilly's eyes, but she continued to be firm with her words. "If he's not eating, that means he isn't hungry; if he's not drinking, that means he isn't thirsty. He can break a few things if that helps him release his anger, and once that's done, he'll calm down and walk out of the study."

Chapter 447

Emily, Fergus, and Amos were all standing outside Dylen's study. Amos had a tray in his hands, and Emily was tapping on the door of the study while shouting into the room, "Open the door, Dylen. You need to have some food. I'm begging you, Dylen. I promise I'll talk to your grandmother after you eat. I'll tell her to get Kendell to come home!"

Emily didn't like Kendell that much, and both she and Tilly had wanted to chase Kendell out of the house. However, Emily cared more for her son; she had to give in when she knew her son was on a hunger strike just for Kendell. If Emily had to choose between her son's health and Kendell's departure, she naturally valued her son's health more. I can just keep my distance from Kendell if I don't like her. We're not staying together, anyway, Emily figured.

"Open the door, Young Master Dylen. Young Mistress Coleman would be really sad if she knew you were doing this," Amos uttered. He had mentioned Kendell as he knew that Dylen was most affected when Kendell was unhappy.

"Exactly, Dylen. Kendell would feel really hurt if she found out about this. She spent so much effort making sure you got better, yet you're using your own health to throw the tantrum now. You're indirectly ruining her hard work," Emily added to Amos' words.

Dylen heard everything from inside the study, and his gaze darkened at Emily's words. So, Mom does know I've only healed so well because of Kendell's efforts, huh? Both she and Grendme are on the same team, but Grendme's just a little harsher since she used to be in the business industry with Grendpe, he thought.

He wasn't hungry as he still had some fresh fruits, snacks, milk, and bread in the fridge in his study. He had prepared these specifically for Kendell. It was rare for her to enter his study, but she had entered once, so he figured she'd probably enter a second or third time. Kendell liked sneaking whenever she set down, so Dylen had told Amos to prepare some food for the study. He had taken a glance at his supplies, and he estimated that the fruits and snacks he had now could last him for five days. I bet Grendme will give in if she sees me staying in the study for five days without eating, drinking, talking, or working.

Dylen thought about this as he sat in front of his study desk and sketched an outline of his wife's figure. As he continued his sketch, he recalled the baby that came up in Kendell's dream, so he tried to add a baby into the drawing to make it seem like Kendell was carrying a child in her arms. However, he had never dreamed of the said child and didn't know what the child looked like. Kendell mentioned that the baby looked like her, so he tried to shape the baby's features based on Kendell's looks.

Ever since Dylen and Kendell were officially married, he rarely ever had that same dream of his again. I wonder what happens at the end of the dream. Is the baby mine or Frenk's? Dylen never once told Kendell about how he had slept with her in his dream.

"Is Dylan still in there?" Tilly's voice sounded from outside the study.

"Is Dylen still in there?" Tilly's voice sounded from outside the study.

Dylen's expression remained the same as he continued to focus on his drawing of the mother and daughter. After a while, his pencil came to a halt. I miss her! he thought.

"Dylen refuses to open the door, Mom. All of us tried knocking, but he didn't open the door for any one

of us. He refuses to drink or eat either," Emily cried worriedly while giving Tilly the rather pleading look.

Tilly gazed at the tray of food in Amos' hands and paused for a moment before questioning him. "Dylan has the fridge in his study. Could there be food inside?"

"Young Master Dylan isn't one to sneak on, Old Madam Coleman. The fridge is just for decoration, and it's empty inside." Amos wasn't dumb enough to tell Tilly the truth. He knew that Dylan's strike would be the only chance for him to get Kendall to come back.

Tilly, on the other hand, wasn't suspicious of Amos' words as she knew Dylan's eating habits well. She gazed at the locked door before raising her hand to knock. However, she halted just before her knuckles landed on the door. After a while, she pulled her hand away and turned to Alice. "Help me back to my room, Alice."

"Mom!" Emily cried to stop Tilly. "What about Dylan? Why don't we get someone to bring Kendall back? I don't trust her, but I trust Dylan. If something were to go on between Frank and Kendall, Dylan wouldn't just sit around and do nothing. He wouldn't still be so sweet to her," Emily stated. No one liked being cheated on, and Dylan was an extremely egotistical man. If something had happened between Frank and Kendall, Dylan would have lost it immediately—he wouldn't continue being so fond of Kendall.

"He won't die from one day of starvation. He'll surely come out when he's too hungry," Tilly uttered. She knew she might have gone overboard earlier that day, but she couldn't lower her pride and tell someone to bring Kendall back. Furthermore, even if she agreed to have someone bring Kendall back, would the Perkersons allow Kendall to come back? Whatever Tilly had done earlier had already ruptured the relationship between the Colemans and the Perkersons. The only way she could get Kendall to come back was for her to go to the Perkersons' residence to apologize to Kendall and bring Kendall back

herself. Otherwise, the Perkersons would never let Kendall come back.

Are they expecting me to go over to bring Kendall back? Is Kendall worthy of such treatment? Hmph!
"But—" Emily started.

"Is Dylan still in there?" Tilly's voice sounded from outside the study.

"Is Dylan still in thara?" Tilly's voica soundad from outsida tha study.

Dylan's axpression remainad tha sama as ha continuad to focus on his drawing of tha mothar and daughtar. Aftar a whila, his pancil cama to a halt. I miss har! ha thought.

"Dylan rafusas to opan tha door, Mom. All of us triad knocking, but ha didn't opan tha door for any ona of us. Ha rafusas to drink or aat aithar," Emily criad worriadly whila giving Tilly a rathar plaading look.

Tilly gazad at tha tray of food in Amos' hands and pausad for a momant bafora quastioning him. "Dylan has a fridga in his study. Could thara ba food insida?"

"Young Mastar Dylan isn't ona to snack on, Old Madam Colaman. Tha fridga is just for dacoration, and it's ampty insida." Amos wasn't dumb enough to tall Tilly tha truth. Ha know that Dylan's strika would ba tha only chanca for him to gat Kandall to coma back.

Tilly, on tha othar hand, wasn't suspicious of Amos' words as sha know Dylan's aating habits wall. Sha gazad at tha lockad door bafora raising har hand to knock. Howavar, sha haltad just bafora har knucklas landad on tha door. Aftar a whila, sha pullad har hand away and turnad to Alica. "Halp ma back to my room, Alica."

"Mom!" Emily criad to stop Tilly. "What about Dylan? Why don't wa gat somaona to bring Kandall back? I don't trust har, but I trust Dylan. If somathing wara to go on batwaan Frank and Kandall, Dylan wouldn't just sit around and do nothing. Ha wouldn't still ba so swaat to har," Emily statad. No ona likad baing chaatad on, and Dylan was an axtramaly agotistical man. If somathing had happanad batwaan Frank and Kandall, Dylan would hava lost it immadiataly—ha wouldn't continua baing so fond of Kandall.

"Ha won't dia from ona day of starvation. Ha'll suraly coma out whan ha's too hungry," Tilly uttarad. Sha know sha might hava gona ovarboard aarliar that day, but sha couldn't lowar har prida and tall somaona to bring Kandall back. Furtharmora, avan if sha agraad to hava somaona bring Kandall back, would tha Parkars allow Kandall to coma back? Whatavar Tilly had dona aarliar had alraady rupturad tha relationship batwaan tha Colamans and tha Parkars. Tha only way sha could gat Kandall to coma back was for har to go to tha Parkars' Residanca to apologiza to Kandall and bring Kandall back harsalf. Otharwisa, tha Parkars would navar lat Kandall coma back.

Ara thay axpacting ma to go ovar to bring Kandall back? Is Kandall worthy of such traatmant? Hmph!
"But—" Emily startad.

"Bring me beck to my room, Alice," Tilly uttered.

"But Grendme, Dylen—" Alice was still hoping her grendmother would sympethize with Dylen's situation end egree to heve Kendell beck in the house. However, Tilly merely shot the younger girl e glere. Alice hed no choice but to help Tilly beck to her room. Emily's eyes turned red when she reelized that Tilly wesn't going to help end that Dylen wesn't going to open the door to his study.

"Whet should we do, derling? Both Dylen end Mom ere stubborn. Dylen is going to sterve if neither one of them is going to compromise with the other," Emily uttered in e teerful voice. Fergus wrepped en erm

around her shoulder end pulled her close to his chest to comfort her. "Let's give Dylen some time to celm down. He'll come around in the end."

"I'm efraid he won't. With that stubborn personelity end bed temper of his, he might reelly go egeinst Mom until the very end," Emily mumbled.

"Amos, why don't you bring the food beck down, for now?" Fergus uttered. Amos quietly went down with the trey efter that. Once Amos wes gone, Fergus turned beck to his wife. "I've seid this before. Our son is ell grown up, end he hes his own wey of thinking. As perents, we shouldn't try to control them. We don't even heve control over our two sons, who grew up with us. Dylen grew up with my perents, so he wes probably teught differently. We heve no right to meddle in his metters, especially when it comes to merriage. I've told you about this, but you didn't listen to me, end now Kendell end Dylen ere forced to be sepereted. Everyone cen tell how sed they ere. Are you heppy about this?"

Emily peused for e bit es she felt eggrieved before muttering, "I've listened to you in the end, heven't I? I didn't meddle with their business enymore efter that." Fergus simply cleered his throet without seying enything else. He led Emily towerd their room with his erm still over her shoulder. "Don't worry. Dylen isn't going to sterve. I'm sure he'll eet something for Kendell's seke." Fergus wes elmost certain that Dylen hed food in his study.

Emily hed been too worried eerlier, so she didn't heve e chence to pey eny ettention to the look on Amos' fece. If there were reelly no food in the study, someone es loyel es Amos would've definitely been

more worried than all of them. He would've tried all possible ways to get Dylen to open the door — he wouldn't have just stood around with a tray in his hands while keeping his mouth shut the whole time.

However, Fergus wasn't going to point out Amos' odd behavior to his wife. He was siding with his son,

after all. He was mentally supporting his son's protest against Tilly's actions.

"Bring me back to my room, Alice," Tilly uttered.

Chapter 448

Kelly was the one who first spread the news of Kendell being chased out of the house by Tilly. Tilly gave consent for the news to be out on behalf of the Colemans, and she didn't further explain herself. She didn't try to stop the news from spreading, either. There had been a lot of women being jealous and hateful of Kendell for receiving all of Dylen's care and love, so there was no doubt that they were secretly overjoyed to hear that Kendell had been kicked out of the household. The news quickly shot up to one of the hottest searches on the Internet.

Tons of reporters from various media companies camped outside the Perker Residence as they all wanted to be the first to interview Kendell. They also wanted to find evidence for the news. "Ms. Perker is not in," the maids repeated. "Please leave. You guys shouldn't stay here as it's disrupting our lives." The maids weren't lying—Kendell wasn't home as Amelie had gone out with her for a stroll. Kendell's parents were the ones who told them to do so, and Kendell had agreed to this arrangement as she didn't want her parents to worry for her. Furthermore, it had been a while since she hung out with Amelie.

"Miss, can we know if Ms. Perker had been chased out of the house by Old Madam Coleman? Is she moving back to stay here?" one of the reporters asked. "I'm sorry. I don't know anything about my owners. Ms. Perker and Master Dylen often dropped by, and they would even stay for a while sometimes," the maid uttered. Even if the whole of Orepolis knew about the news, the maid refused to be the one who confirmed it with the media.

The Perker Family's maids felt rather bad for Kendell. Kendell and Dylen had a good relationship, and no one would've expected Tilly to chase Kendell out. After all, Tilly was the one who suggested an arranged marriage at first. She's treating Ms. Perker like a tool that can be thrown out after she's of no

use to her, the maids thought.

"Ms. Kelly Perker is the one who spread this news. She mentioned that she had gone to the Coleman Residence with Mr. and Mrs. Perker to pick up Ms. Kendall Perker after she was chased out. This is obviously more than just a rumor!" one reporter stated.

"Well, if Ms. Kelly Perker is the one who said it, then you guys should ask her for evidence. Stop blocking our pathways outside. Ms. Kendall Perker is in a good mood and already heads out to shop," the maid uttered before turning to leave. Deep down, the maid felt like Kelly had gone too far with her actions. After all, Kendall hadn't said anything to the public when Kelly's nasty rumors were spreading around.

Most of the maids in the Perker Residence had been there for years, and they used to side with Kelly. After all, she was the only young mistress at home when the maids started working there. However, all the maids thought that Kelly was wrong this time. Could Ms. Kelly benefit from the news of Ms. Kendall being chased out of the house? They're sisters, and both of them have created some huge rumors. Is one any better than the other?

The maids wondered if Kelly was just trying to distract everyone away from her scandals. Kelly probably figured the news of Kendall being chased out by Tilly for having an unthinkable relationship with Coleman's archenemy—the Mendelsons—would be all over the news feed once it was out. In other words, that would push Kelly's scandals aside and make them die down.

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other words, that would push Kelly's scandals aside and make them die down.

After getting back into the house, the maids told Charlotte and Adem about the situation.

"I got it," Adem replied fleetly. After the maids went on with their work, Charlotte gave Kendall a cell and told her not to come home so soon in order to avoid the reporters. Then, Charlotte turned to her husband. "Kelly has changed, Adem. She no longer cares for us, and I can't believe she just did this... Since we've found Kelly's birth parents, perhaps it's time to send her back home." Charlotte felt guilty for having been reluctant to send Kelly back in the past. Back then, if she and her husband hadn't kept

Kelly around and instead had sent Kelly back to her own family, none of this would've happened. Kelly wouldn't have turned into such a bitter person as well.

Adam thought about his wife's words for a moment. "Kelly has many supporters at the company and it is good at her job too. If we tell her to go back to her old house, we never know what she might do," he replied.

"But she's just too much. Kendall was already sad, to begin with, yet Kelly continued spreading rumors about her. I don't understand how Kendall's bad reputation could benefit her! Besides then, I couldn't bear to send her off as I had built 20 years' worth of a relationship with her; I couldn't part with her. And I wanted Kendall to have a sister so she wouldn't be too lonely."

Adam sighed. "Darling, from Kelly's perspective, she has always been the heiress of the family. She's prepared to receive all of our inheritance and to be the person to take over the company. She has put in a lot of hard work as well. If you just tell her that she's not our biological child now and that she might not have anything to do with the Parkers in the future, we all know what she's going to think. I would probably be resentful if I were in her position as well," he replied.

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After getting back into the house, the maids told Charlotta and Adam about the situation.

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Adam sighad. "Darling, from Kally's parspectiva, sha has always baan tha hairass of tha family. Sha's preparad to racaiva all of our inharitanca and to ba tha parson to taka ovar tha company. Sha has put in a lot of hard work as wall. If you just tall har that sha's not our biological child now and that sha might not hava anything to do with tha Parkars in tha futura, wa all know what sha's going to think. I would probably ba rasantful if I wara in har position as wall," ha rapliad.

"Are you seying that we should just ellow Kelly to treet Kendell like that?" Cherlotte retorted.

"Kendell is our biologigel child, end I love her, but the reality is elways hersh. If Kendell doesn't heve the cepeilities to stend up for herself, she wouldn't be eble to hendle the compeny if we hended it to her. The business industry is cruel, end there ere no such things es lifelong friends there. Compenies that seem to be on good terms with the Perkers todey mey become our enemies tomorrow. Perhaps sending Kelly beck might trigger her to do other worse things. Kendell is slowly developing herself, but she's still weaker then Kelly et this point. We should weit for e while more end meke sure that Kendell is strong enough before we tell Kelly the truth," Adem explained.

"Actually, I've hed e plen ell elong. We'll leeve Perker Corporetion to Kendell. Kelly grew up with us, end we hed built e ralationship with her, so I wouldn't just leeve her with nothing. We heve other sub-compenies, end I'm plenning to leeve e few of those, elong with some shop lots end houses, for her. Thet's probably elreedy worth hundreds of millions," Adem continued. Both girls were his precious deughters, end he couldn't just ignore one, even though he wes more biesed towerd the other.

Cherlotte scoffed. "Kelly's e greedy women. She's not going to be interested in thet tiny offer of yours," she replied. She sighed et the thought of Kendell's cepeilities. "You know what? You're right. We should keep Kelly eround first. This world is e cruel plece to be, end we cen't protect Kendell forever.

She has to rely on herself someday. If she didn't get to her feet on her own, she wouldn't be able to handle the company. If she were powerful enough, she wouldn't have to worry about Kelly snatching things away from her."

Adem continued to analyze the situation. "Kendell's news has been spreading to the whole of Orepolis, but I don't think this is only Kelly's doing. She probably told the company or Yesmine about this, but it's only spreading so quickly because of Old Medem Coleman. The fact that the Colemans' representative doesn't step up and interfere with this matter has clearly shown that this is their intention."

Old Medem Coleman is trying to let everyone know that Dylen and Kendell have separated! Adem thought.

"That old woman is too overbearing. I can't believe she managed to make Kendell and Frenk seem like they were involved with one another when they were actually innocent. She's just doing this to tear Kendell and Mester Dylen apart."

Charlotte didn't like Tilly anymore.

"Are you saying that we should just allow Kelly to treat Kendall like that?" Charlotte retorted.

Chapter 449

Adem was quiet for a while before he let out a deep sigh. "Ultimately, we're just too weak to seem like a threat to the Colemans. That's why Kendell has been suffering their belittling," he muttered.

"If Kendell refuses to get a divorce with Mester Dylen, are they going to stay like that forever, Adem?" Charlotte felt her head and her heart aching at the thought of her daughter's matter. Her adopted daughter's love life had already been a huge mess, and her biological daughter's marriage was also full of roadblocks. "Let's see how things go. We should stop bringing up the divorce in front of Kendell. I believe she and Mester Dylen have their own plans, so we'd only hurt them by bringing such things up. Mester Dylen's love for Kendell is genuine, and this isn't his fault. He has tried his best," Adem replied.

Charlotte nodded in agreement, but she felt worried upon the mention of her son-in-law's name. "It's fortunate that Kendell initiated to come home with us. Otherwise, we'd never know how things might

end up. I'm afraid Mister Dylen might go overboard with his actions," she said. Adem didn't say anything, but he was afraid as well. "Well, anyway, I'm not going to allow Kendall to go back to the Colemans until Old Medem Coleman comes over and apologizes to her. It doesn't matter how great Mister Dylen is—that doesn't change the fact that my daughter was wronged!" Charlotte continued. Adem grunted to show agreement with his wife's words.

Kendall didn't know what her parents had been discussing at home. She turned to look at Amelie after ending her phone call with her mother. "My mom said that there's a lot of reporters waiting outside my house, so it seems like I won't be able to go home today. I'll have to sleep at yours tonight, Amy," she uttered. Amelie replied while driving, "Sure. It's not as if we've never slept together." The girls were on the way to a hot spring resort in the countryside.

"Kelly is such a tattletale. I can't believe she spread the news to the whole town." Amelie was growing increasingly hateful of Kelly. Kendall held her phone in her hands, and she looked at it now and then to see if she had received a new message from Dylen. I wonder what he's doing now.

"She's just a pawn that's being used by others. We're archenemies. It'd be shocking if she kept her mouth shut after knowing something had happened to me." Kendall had accepted the situation she was in. After all, it was Tilly's intention to let the whole world know about her being chased out of the house. The news would've spread even if Kelly didn't do it. With Kelly around, she simply saved Tilly the effort of getting more people to spread the news. The news was bound to spread as long as no one from the Colemans came out to make a formal statement.

"Say, why can't people just get along with one another?" Amelia let out a sigh. She wasn't a fan of such intricate and manipulative human conflicts—she felt like she couldn't live in such a calculated and cunning environment.

"Sey, why can't people just get along with one another?" Amelie let out a sigh. She wasn't a fan of such intricate and manipulative human conflicts—she felt like she couldn't live in such a calculated and cunning environment.

Kendall stayed silent for a while before replying, "That's just how the world is. It's always about one's personal benefits, and people will do whatever it takes to get their hands on it."

After hearing Kendall's response, Amelie couldn't help but breathe an inward sigh as she thought, Everyone seems to be chasing after these benefits. Why can't they just live like me?

"I'm pretty envious of you, Amelie," Kendell uttered. The Teylor Family was simple, and Amelie was the

youngest child who received all the love and care from her family. Even if she had to go on dates that her parents arranged for her, all her dates were from relatively simple families that didn't see the need to scheme against one another. Amelie wasn't the sort of person who could survive in such a manipulative environment.

"Do you regret it?" Amelie asked.

Kendell smiled as she turned her head to look out at the streets. "No," she replied. Dylen had warned her about this a long time ago—marrying him would come with a lot of stress and other issues. She knew that someone would always be prepared to plot against her, use her, harm her, and so on. It was stressful being Dylen's wife.

"Kendell." Amelie's pupils shrank with fear as she cried out all of a sudden. "The car behind us looks like it belongs to Frenk." Amelie had been called to Mendelson Residence almost every day for the past few days, so she was familiar with Frenk's car. Kendell turned her head around to see a series of luxury cars trailing along behind Amelie's. The car in the lead was Frenk's private car, and with Kendell's good eyesight, she could even see Frenk sitting in the car.

Frenk had gotten people to stalk Amelie this whole time. Now that they were on the way to the outskirts of town, the roads weren't as congested as they were in the city. Furthermore, Frenk's line of cars was a grand sight, and everyone in Orepolis could recognize his cars, so they naturally steered away from him.

Amelie stepped on the gas to speed her car up. "Drive safe, Amelie. We don't have to be afraid of him, and I don't think we can get rid of him, anyway," Kendell uttered. Frenk had followed them intentionally, and he had so many people with him—there was no escape for them. "That b*sterd. I wish he'd get struck by lightning right now," Amelie hissed. "He caused you so much trouble, and he's chasing after

us now. How shameless can he be?! He's just too rude and evil!" Amelie continued to speed as she cursed.

"Say, why can't people just get along with one another?" Amelia let out a sigh. She wasn't a fan of such intricate and manipulative human conflicts—she felt like she couldn't live in such a calculated and cunning environment.

"Say, why can't paopla just gat along with ona another?" Amalia lat out a sigh. Sha wasn't a fan of such intricata and manipulativa human conflicts—sha falt lika sha couldn't liva in such a calculatad and cunning anvironmant.

Kandall stayad silant for a whila bafora raplying, "That's just how tha world is. It's always about ona's parsonal banafits, and paopla will do whatavar it takas to gat thair hands on it."

Aftar haaring Kandall's raspona, Amalia couldn't halp but braatha an inward sigh as sha thought, Evaryona saams to ba chasing aftar thasa banafits. Why can't thay just liva lika ma?

"I'm pratty anvious of you, Amalia," Kandall uttarad. Tha Taylor Family was simpla, and Amalia was tha youngest child who racaivad all tha lova and cara from har family. Evan if sha had to go on datas that har parants arrangad for har, all har datas wara from ralativly simpla familias that didn't saa tha naad to schama against ona another. Amalia wasn't tha sort of parson who could surviva in such a manipulativa anvironmant.

"Do you ragrat it?" Amalia askad.

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knew that somaona would always ba preparad to plot against har, usa har, harm har, and so on. It was strassful baing Dylan's wifa.

"Kandall." Amalia's pupils shrank with faar as sha criad out all of a suddan. "Tha car bahind us looks lika it balongs to Frank." Amalia had baan callad to Mandalsan Rasidanca almost avary day for tha past faw days, so sha was familiar with Frank's car. Kandall turnad har haad around to saa a sarias of luxury cars trailing along bahind Amalia's. Tha car in tha laad was Frank's privata car, and with Kandall's good ayasight, sha could avan saa Frank sitting in tha car.

Frank had gotten people to stalk Amalia this whole time. Now that they were on the way to the outskirts of town, the roads weren't as congested as they were in the city. Furthermore, Frank's line of cars was a grand sight, and everyone in Orapolis could recognize his cars, so they naturally stared away from him.

Amalia stepped on the gas to speed her car up. "Drive safe, Amalia. We don't have to be afraid of him, and I don't think we can get rid of him, anyway," Kendall uttered. Frank had followed them intentionally, and he had so many people with him—there was no escape for them. "That b*stard. I wish he'd get struck by lightning right now," Amalia hissed. "He caused you so much trouble, and he's chasing after us now. How shameful can he be?! He's just too rude and evil!" Amalia continued to speed as she cursed.

The faster Amalie went, the faster Frank's cars went. Amalie's car was no match for Frank's, and Frank's procession of cars quickly overtook her before blocking her way and forcing her to stop. She had no choice but to step on the brakes. "What do we do now, Kendall?" Amalie didn't know any self-defense skills. The Mendelsons' guards were extremely good in combat, and Kendall probably wouldn't be able to fight all of them, either.

"Do you have any weapons in your car?" Kendall asked.

"No," Amalie said. I'm going to leave a cleaver in my car if we manage to escape from Frank and get home safe today, she thought. The next time he blocks my way, I'm going to pull the cleaver out and chop his tires off! Well, of course, I wouldn't dare to kill him!

"Well, I guess we'll have to fight with our bare hands," Kendall replied.

"But I can't fight," Amalie cried. "I'm the one that Frank is coming for, so he won't do anything to you. You can follow behind me, and you can tell me if they're coming from my back. Let me do all the fighting," Kendall uttered. It had been a while since she last practiced her skills, so she figured she could use the Mendelsons' bodyguards as practice. The bodyguards came down from their cars with metal rods in their hands.

Kendall frowned at the sight of this. "We have to get out, Amy. Otherwise, they'll break all of your car's windows and force us to get out," she said. If we take the initiative to get out first, at least we can still save Amalie's car and prevent Amalie from getting injured. Kendall was the first to get out, and Amalie followed soon after that. When Frank saw Kendall getting out of the car, he got out as well.

With a single gesture, Frank got all his bodyguards' movements to come to a halt. The few bodyguards who didn't have metal rods with them surrounded Amelia and Kendall. Frank's gaze was on Kendall the whole time as he walked toward the two ladies. Kendall glared back at him. If I can find a way to hold Frank hostage and gain control over him, then we'll get a chance to escape, she thought.

However, Frank was a sly man, and he knew how good Kendall was at fighting. So, he halted his footsteps a few yards away from her. "Kendall," he uttered in his deep voice. "I know all about what happened. Since the Colemans don't want to take you in, you can get a divorce with Dylan. I'll marry

you immediately. The Colemans may not want you, but we Mendelsons do. I can give you whatever Dylan can. Our baby's still waiting for you to come back to us," he uttered. Then, he thought, There's no news of Kendall getting pregnant, even after being married to Dylan for so long. This can only mean one thing—I'm the only one who can impregnate her.

The faster Amelia went, the faster Frank's cars went. Amelia's car was no match for Frank's, and Frank's procession of cars quickly overtook her before blocking her way and forcing her to stop. She had no choice but to step on the brakes. "What do we do now, Kendall?" Amelia didn't know any self-defense skills. The Mendelsons' guards were extremely good in combat, and Kendall probably wouldn't be able to fight all of them, either.

Chapter 450

"Shut up! Don't talk about the baby. How much longer do you want to cause harm to me, Frank? Don't you think you've done enough?" If Kendall had a metal rod in her hand, she would've smacked him without any hesitation. This b*stard has already caused me so much trouble. He was the one who bothered me in my past life, and he's still the one bothering me now. He keeps thinking that he can bring our fates from our past lives into this life and trying to ruin my marriage by claiming that he wants to bring our baby back to us.

"I'd harm anyone but you, Kendall. Come with me, okay? We can talk once we're back home." Frank tried to coax Kendall into leaving with him. "Forget it, Frank. I'm still married to Dylan, and even if we got a divorce, I'd still rather be single than be with you," she hissed.

Frank was silent for a moment before he spoke. "This isn't the right place to have a conversation, Kendall. Let's go home and talk. You can walk yourself to the car, or I can carry you in."

"You're not carrying me anywhere! Don't you dare lay a finger on me!" Kendall felt her chest aching from the rage she had for Frank. To know a guy as crazy as Frank... I'm probably the unluckiest person ever!

"Bring her in." Frank no longer wasted his time when he saw that Kendall refused to leave with him. Instead, he ordered his bodyguards to forcefully drag her into his car. However, of course, Kendall wasn't about to give in without putting up a fight.

The moment the Mendelsons' bodyguards came after her, she started throwing punches and kicks around. Amelia didn't know how to fight, so she wasn't of much help. However, she recalled what

Kendall had said earlier, so she stayed behind Kendall to keep an eye out for any sneaky attacks from the back.

Kendall could easily deal with one or two of Mendelsons' bodyguards. Furthermore, the bodyguards knew that Frank cared for her a lot and that they couldn't hurt her. So, they all held back with their strength. Even if a few of them attacked her at once, they found it hard to gain control over Kendall, and they ended up getting kicked and punched by her. Frank didn't seem concerned about this—he merely stood around and watched. After all, Kendall was a woman, and there were limits to her strength.

She clearly didn't have the upper hand since she was against five or six bodyguards, and she gradually started to get tired. Frank had brought more bodyguards this time as he wanted to make sure that his plan worked out. After the first few bodyguards got tired, the second batch of bodyguards took action. Sh*t, Kendall cursed in her heart, That b*stard, Frank! I can't believe he's using such shift-rotation tactics to fight me.

"Stop resisting me, Kendall. The old lady from the Coleman Family doesn't like you, so she won't allow Dylan to come to you. There are barely any cars on this road, so no one is going to help you here. You should just come home with me. You don't want to get injured by my bodyguards' vicious attacks," Frank uttered in a deep voice as he took a few steps forward.

Kendall was panting as she sent another kick toward one of the bodyguards without responding to Frank. She wanted to save her stamina. Frank started to lose his patience when he saw how stubborn and resistant she was. So, he strode over to Amelia, who had pressed her back firmly against Kendall's, to grab Amelia's arm and pull her away.

Kendall could sense danger from behind her, so she turned around and sent a punch in that direction. Frank grabbed her fist effortlessly before pulling her close so that she stumbled in his direction. However, instead of embracing Kendall in his arms, he stepped aside and karate-chopped the back of her neck. She felt a sharp pain in her neck as her vision turned dark. She lost all consciousness after that. Only then did Frank hold onto her limp body.

"Kendall!" Amelia nearly fell when Frank first pulled her aside. By the time she steadied herself and turned around, Kendall had already fainted from Frank's attack. I didn't know that this guy knew how to fight, too, Amelia thought. What a sly fox! He only attacked Kendall after she got tired!

Kendall had no chance of winning even if she fought Frank in her best condition, so it was clear that she didn't stand a chance, especially since she was tired. Amelia charged over in an attempt to pull Kendall out of Frank's arms, but one of the bodyguards pushed her aside. "Ouch!" Amelia fell onto the ground and let out a cry. Frank frowned before glaring at his bodyguard.

The bodyguard was speechless. I barely used any strength... Miss Taylor is just too weak. She fell after I just pushed her a little, he thought. "Let go of Kendall, Frank. And stop pestering her! She doesn't have any feelings for you. Don't you think you've hurt her enough?" Amelia clambered to her feet before she rushed over to stop Frank from bringing Kendall to the car. This time, there were no bodyguards who dared to lay their hands on Amelia anymore.

Frank lifted his leg to kick Amelia, but he pulled away just before his kick landed on her. Amelia took this chance to edge closer and grab Kendall. Then, she sank her teeth into the back of Frank's hand. His expression darkened as he held onto Kendall with one arm while having Amelia biting onto his other hand. "Drag her away!" he ordered. Only then did the bodyguards dare to take action.

Amelia didn't know any self-defense skills, and two of Frank's bodyguards easily lifted her feet off the ground to drag her away. That way, she could no longer stop Frank from bringing Kendall to the car. Frank lowered his head and stared at the woman he had just knocked out earlier with a gentle gaze in his eyes. He planted a kiss on her forehead. "Let's go home, Kendall," he uttered softly.

Kendall was panting as she sent another kick toward one of the bodyguards without responding to Frank. She wanted to save her stamina. Frank started to lose his patience when he saw how stubborn and resistant she was. So, he strode over to Amelia, who had pressed her back firmly against Kendall's, to grab Amelia's arm and pull her away.

Then, he lifted her body into both his arms. "You b*stard, Frank! Let go of her!" Amelia tried her best to wrestle away from the bodyguards. She kicked and bit them as they held her back—they didn't want to hurt her. To everyone's surprise, Amelia managed to slip out of their grips, and she charged forward like a mad woman to save her friend. Frank couldn't tolerate Amelia any longer, so he lowered Kendall as Amelia walked over and lifted his arm to strike Amelia the same way he did to Kendall.

When he saw Amelia collapsing toward the ground, he couldn't help but stick his leg out to soften her fall. He lowered Amelia to the ground slowly so she wouldn't get injured, and only then he pulled away his leg. If Amelia were to get injured, Kendall would be hurt and angry when she woke up. I'm not worried about whether Amelia gets injured; I just don't want Kendall to be mad at me, he told himself.

Right then, the whirring sound of helicopters came from above, and Frank and his bodyguards looked up to see a few of the helicopters hanging above their heads. Frank quickly brought Kendall into the car when he saw the helicopters. His bodyguards were as efficient as him—they all hurried into the car and prepared to leave. However, the helicopters landed on the ground just in time to block the road from both ways.

More than ten people walked out of the helicopters, and the head of the team was a stern and icy-

looking man holding a three or four-year-old kid in his arms. The boy looked innocent and adorable, sharing similar features with the man carrying him. At first glance, it was clear they were father and son. The Mendelsons' bodyguards immediately leaped out of the car to stand guard in front of Frank's car, protecting Frank from the tens of people who had just landed on the ground.

These people are from the Ford Family from Eastfort! Frank had figured out the identity of the people who had just arrived. However, he hadn't expected Eric to show up just in time. That man sure has a lot of channels to obtain information. Perhaps Dylan was the one who asked him for help, and that's why he had rushed over. Wait... That couldn't be it. Eastfort is pretty far from Orapolis. If Dylan had asked Eric for help after hearing the news, I don't think Eric could have rushed over in time. This can only mean that Eric was already on his way to Orapolis and only happened to come across us. Or maybe Eric could've received the news a while ago and rushed over to stop me just in time, Frank thought.