

Kendalls 471

Chapter 471

"Why isn't Adam letting him in?" Tilly asked. How dare he refuse to let Dylan in? She was angry and also sad for her grandson.

Ronnie stayed silent for a moment before responding, "Because of Young Mistress Kendall."

Tilly didn't say another word upon hearing that. She went too far that day. Any parent who cared about their daughter would never forgive them that easily. Adam was Kendall's father, and Dylan loved Kendall. He wouldn't blame Adam for refusing him entry, which was why Adam had the guts to do this.

"Dylan went there to apologize and take their daughter back, but they won't even let him in? What's the meaning of this? Do they not wish for her to come back with Dylan?" She growled. She only relented for Dylan. After all her friends' persuasion, she decided to let the young ones do what they wanted. Besides, she saw how heartbroken Dylan was. Even her daughters-in-law came to talk to her.

Tilly wasn't someone with a heart of stone. She raised Dylan herself, so she never wanted to see him so heartbroken. However, now that she finally relented and permitted him to take Kendall back, the Parkers gave them attitude. She wanted to tell them to piss off.

Ronnie didn't dare to tell her that Adam wanted her to apologize, so he remained silent.

Though, she could already guess Adam's true intention even without being told so. "Adam wants me to apologize, isn't he? He wants me to take her back myself? That's how anyone would react if their children had been treated that way, after all."

Ronnie said nothing, but his silence was as good as an answer.

Tilly harrumphed, "Ronnie, take Dylan back. By force if necessary. If they're giving us attitude, then they can keep Kendall. It's not like I want her anyway."

"But Young Master Dylan wants her, Madam," he answered quickly.

Tilly's face was black as thunder. "Just take him home. The sun's scorching hot. I can't believe they're letting him stand under the sun. Do they want to kill him?"

She then hung up and hurled the phone.

Jane got up to pick up the phone that was thrown onto the floor. She then handed it to Tia before sitting back beside Tilly. And then, she wrapped an arm around the old lady's shoulder. "Deep breaths, Old Madam Coleman. Don't be mad. Master Dylan loves her, and we can see that. Ronnie can't take him back, no matter how much they try. This is mission impossible."

Tilly hissed, "I only permitted him to take her back because I love him. He loves her, and I love him, but those credits do not transfer. Adam thinks he can get me to apologize? Dream on. His daughter isn't worth my time. She can rot out there for all I care."

Jane let her rant. Eventually, she said, "Old Madam Coleman, if we're viewing things from the Parkers' perspective, I honestly don't think they're out of line."

Tilly shot her a glare.

"Well, you've said so yourself; this is how most people would react. Just saying, but if Alice were to be treated like how you did Kendall, what would you do?"

Tilly's response to that question came almost immediately. "I will tear their family apart if anyone ever does that to Alice!"

"That's right. You care about Alice. And the same goes for Mr. Parker. He cares about Kendall as well."

Tilly did not argue about that. The old bat was a selfish prick who only cared about herself. She would demand her daughter's husband never to let her daughter do any chore, but if her son's wife slacked off on even one chore, she would call the wife indolent.

"It's a hot day. Standing outside for too long might cause heatstroke," Jane added.

And that did it for Tilly. She shot up and said, "Jane, come with me. We're going to the Parker Residence."

Jane stood up as well. "Of course."

"Where's Fergus and Emily? Tia, get them here. Also, tell Amos to prepare the best gift he can get and make it quick. I need to bring it to the Parkers."

Since she was relenting anyway, she would do it until the bitter end. Only when Dylan was happy could the family be happy. The old bat might be discriminatory toward people of lower status, which included Kendall, but her love for Dylan was genuine. She would do anything for his sake.

Tia quickly sought Fergus and Emily out. They were at Julie's house and came back a moment later

with Julie and her husband tagging along.

Amos prepared a big gift as soon as possible, and Tilly's motorcade made its way to the Parker Residence. She rarely left the house since she got older. Nobody expected her to leave in this weather, not to mention without having her lunch, too. They never thought she was going to apologize to Kendall and bring her home personally.

The whole household found out about her departure soon enough. Kendall was already as respected as Dylan in the first place. Now that Tilly was relenting, they knew Kendall's position as young mistress was firm now.

At the Parker Residence, Charlotte was fidgeting while Adam looked calm. She couldn't help but comment, "Adam, he's still outside. His legs haven't fully recovered yet, and he's been standing out there for the whole morning. And under the scorching sun, too. What if something happens to him? Kendall might not blame us, but she's gonna feel bad."

Adam looked at her. "You have told him he could leave, but he refused. It ain't my fault if anything happens to him. If he doesn't care about himself, why should I?"

She chided, "Yeah, keep doing that. If something does happen to him, things are gonna get ugly." She then got up and opened the door. However, the moment she came out of the house, she saw Dylan collapse. Shocked, she screamed, "Master Dylan!" Then, she quickly trotted to him.

Hearing his wife's sudden cry, Adam's composure was lost. He, too, emerged from the house, and the Coleman bodyguards quickly came to Dylan's aid.

Ronnie held Dylan up, and Randy tried to take him back into the car, but Dylan grabbed his hand. "I'll

just sit in the wheelchair." His legs couldn't support him any longer. "I need to wait until Father lets me in." Even in this state, he insisted on waiting for Adam's approval.

"Master Dylan!" Charlotte came to him, with Adam following behind.

"Father. Mother." Even when he was in the wheelchair, his legs were trembling, and his face was drenched in sweat.

Charlotte's heart went out to him.

"I'm sorry. I failed to protect her. I let her down," Dylan apologized.

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Adam was stubborn, but he wouldn't let Dylan suffer anymore. "We'll talk inside." He turned around and headed back to the house.

Charlotte quickly said, "Take him inside, Ronnie."

Dylan might not have received a response from the Parkers for his apology, but he knew they had relented since they were now allowing him inside.

"Take me inside, Ronnie," he ordered.

Ronnie pushed him inside quietly, following Charlotte.

Once inside, she poured Dylan a glass of warm water and served him a hot meal herself.

Adam cleared his throat a couple of times to warn her, but she ignored him. He's not the one at fault. Taking it out on him will only make Kendall feel worse.

Dylan finished the water. Charlotte gave him a look of encouragement, and he started eating as well.

"Ronnie, get everyone else in and have some water. I'll send someone to get a few watermelons. You can have them after you eat. Watermelon's good in this kind of weather."

"We're fine with water and a meal, Mrs. Parker. We don't need the watermelons," Ronnie declined.

However, she asked her servant to get some anyway. She also told the chef to make something soothing for Dylan. Standing under the sun for a long time might cause problems.

Adam was looking at Dylan darkly. I didn't even have an appetite, but this brat seems to have no problem eating his fill.

Dylan felt alive after that meal, though his legs still hurt. They felt like lead, and they were still trembling. Good thing Kendall's not here. She doesn't need to know about this.

"You had your fill. Now take your men and leave, Master Dylan. Stop blocking the entrance." Adam was chasing him away. Charlotte wanted to say something, but Adam shot her a look, so she kept her lips tight and looked away.

"Father." Dylan stood up. His legs were still hurting, and he wobbled when he stood. Fortunately, Ronnie held him before he fell.

"Don't push yourself too hard. Your legs are still recovering," Charlotte remarked.

With Ronnie's help, he approached Adam. Then, he kneeled.

"Young Master Dylan!" Ronnie shouted quietly.

"Master Dylan!" Charlotte was shocked as well.

Adam said nothing but stood up and tried to hold Dylan up.

"I'm sorry, really," Dylan apologized sincerely once more. "This is my fault. I failed to protect her. She had to face those insults because of me. And my grandmother kicked her out of the house. This is all my fault."

"Nonsense. All this time, you've treated Kendall well. She left of her own volition," Charlotte responded. "Don't blame yourself anymore."

"She just didn't want to make it difficult for me." Agony showed in his eyes. "I told her I'd face anything for her. I promised I'd love and protect her forever, but I broke my word. I failed her. I came here to apologize and beg for forgiveness. I've talked it out with my grandmother, and I swear on my life that I won't let anything like this happen again. Please, give me another chance. Let me take her home."

Adam used to think Dylan was unapproachable as he was a proud and mighty person. And he was not someone that anyone—including Adam—could meet up with, no matter how much effort they put into it. Yet, that same man was now kneeling before Adam for Kendall. He gave up his pride for her. At this point, Adam couldn't stay mad anymore.

Dylan had tried his best, after all. Kendall only left so he wouldn't have to be stuck between her and his family.

"Get up." Adam pulled him up. "She's not here, and you know that. If you want to take her home, this is not where you should come." He accepted Dylan's apology.

Dylan let Adam pull him up.

Ronnie quickly held Dylan and helped him back into the wheelchair.

"I know, but I have to ask for your forgiveness first, or else, there's going to be a wedge between Kendall and me even if I take her home." This was why he wanted the Parkers' forgiveness. He would even kneel for it.

Adam stayed silent for a while. "I don't want the same thing to happen again. If it does, I will never let you take her home, no matter how long you kneel."

Dylan quickly promised, "Don't worry, Father. There won't be a next time."

He and Tilly had talked about this. He believed she wouldn't do anything to Kendall unless she wanted to kill him. Kendall was the love of his life. Without her, there was no meaning to his life anymore.

A servant hurried in. "Sir, madam, Old Madam Coleman is here."

Everyone was shocked upon hearing that.

Adam looked at Dylan and mocked, "I think your grandmother found out what you did. She's here to stir up a storm again."

Tilly thought lowly of them, and he knew that clearly after that fateful day. It was also why he was livid. When Dylan was a cripple, the Colemans came to ask explicitly for Kendall's hand in marriage. However, the old bat kept insulting her after she was married off. Does she think my daughter is something she can use once and toss away?

Dylan wanted to defend his grandmother, but not when he didn't know why she was here.

"I should take a look." Charlotte had to welcome Tilly since Tilly was the elder of the Colemans. No

matter the reason she was here, she was a celebrated woman. Refusing entry would be rude.

Adam remained seated. If Tilly were here to stir up a storm, he would never allow Kendall to return to the Colemans, no matter what.

Tilly's motorcade didn't go into the villa. They were all parked outside, taking up one section of the street. Dylan was nowhere to be found, and the door was open. Yet, Tilly didn't feel relieved. In fact, she felt even more worried. The fact the Parkers made him stand the whole morning meant they were livid. The only reason they let him in must have been because he fell.

It made her heart ache. Even though she felt she was wrong at first, in her heart of hearts, she still thought she was right. That changed now, however. If she hadn't been stupid and obstinate enough to ruin her grandson's relationship, he would never have had to suffer like this.

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"Old Madam Coleman," Charlotte greeted curtly. And then, silence ensued. She's the one who broke my daughter and Dylan up. Charlotte's heart went out to Dylan, but she had no good opinions of this old bat. She only greeted her out of courtesy.

The other Colemans got out of the car as well, and when Charlotte noticed that Fergus and his wife had come too, her face darkened almost immediately.

"We're not here to demand any explanation, Mrs. Parker," Tilly quickly explained.

Charlotte retorted, "I should think not. You have kicked my daughter out of your house, after all."

Tilly didn't say anything to refute that.

"Let me guess. You came because Dylan came to us. And before you ask anything, no, we didn't ask him to do that. He did it himself," Charlotte said coolly.

Fergus and Emily tried to say something, but Tilly stopped them. She asked gently, "Is Dylan alright?"

Charlotte relented slightly when she saw Tilly's attitude and simply replied, "His legs hurt from standing too long. Now he can't walk, but he's bounced back after a bit of rest."

Dylan had a strong body.

If it weren't for you, I'd have been a grandmother by now, Charlotte thought. She's married to him for months. I wonder when the good news will be coming.

Dylan and Kendall did their protection well. Aside from their first time, they always did it with the protection on. No way the baby could come with that kind of protection in its path.

Tilly quickly said, "That's good to hear." She turned to the bodyguards and ordered, "Unload the presents." She then wore a gentle look as she turned her attention back to Charlotte. "Mrs. Parker, we're here to apologize."

"Huh? You're here to apologize? Did I hear that right?" The arrogant Tilly? Here to apologize?

Just then, a lot of cars showed up. It belonged to the reporters who had gone hiding in the shadows for the past two days. Tilly had asked them to show up and witness the moment where she would apologize to the Parkers. She made a scene when she kicked Kendall out, so now she would make a scene out of her apology. And she would take Kendall back after that.

She wanted to make it clear that Kendall was Dylan's wife, and nobody could take Kendall away from Dylan. "I have been impetuous, Mrs. Parker. I have been led to a misunderstanding. But I have since calmed down and realized I've fallen into an enemy's trap. I've hurt Kendall and Dylan, and I'm sorry." She bowed slightly as she apologized.

Seeing that Tilly was sincere in her apology, Charlotte quickly asked the servant to summon Adam.

When the servant relayed the message to Adam, he was having a hard time believing that Tilly was here to apologize, and he remarked, "Holy smoke. Did the sun rise in the west by any chance today?" She's here to apologize, and she even summoned the reporters.

A few minutes later, all the Colemans who came with Tilly were invited into the living room. The bodyguards took all the gifts inside, filling the living room up.

Only a few news outlet representatives were allowed to witness this scene.

Tilly made a genuine apology and promised she would never meddle with Kendall and Dylan's relationship again. The Parkers couldn't possibly fault her after that.

"Where's Kendall? Is she still angry at me, Adam?" Tilly called Adam by his name. She wanted to know where Kendall was.

"She cried a lot after she returned. It had been painful for her. After our numerous attempts in consoling her, she finally stopped crying. Though, she was still depressed and refused to work. So, we asked her to take a vacation. She's in Eastfort now."

He didn't tell her Kendall was forced to leave for Eastfort because of Frank, lest Tilly might get annoyed.

Guilt was written all over Tilly's face. "This is my fault. I'm growing senile." She looked at Dylan. "Dylan, get some rest and head to Eastfort. Seek Kendall out and bring her home."

Dylan said softly, "Of course, Grandma."

Two days ago, something big happened in the Coleman household. Angered by Frank's conspicuous confession to Kendall, Tilly kicked her out of the house.

The perfect couple was then torn apart, and news spread through the city like wildfire. Everyone talked about it.

Some pitied Kendall, but most laughed at her. Dylan had too many admirers. Most could never have the chance to marry him, and they envied Kendall because Dylan loved her. Her getting the boot was something they very much liked.

Some of the ladies even thought of taking over Kendall's place. However, they never expected that things would take a drastic turn in just one day.

Tilly, her son, and her daughter-in-law came to the Parker Residence themselves and apologized to the Parkers. They even gave them a mountain of gifts. They would also accept Kendall back into the fold and they promised the Parkers they would never meddle in the young ones' relationship.

It was a twist the crowd never saw coming. They couldn't believe Tilly would relent so easily. Did Dylan do something for her to change her tune?

Dylan did lock himself in the study for a whole day and refused to eat because of what happened. The crowd thought that must be why Tilly relented. Either that or Kendall must be pregnant.

Tilly wouldn't want any Coleman child to live apart from them, so she relented. Thus, that brought her to apologize and take Kendall back.

At the same time this was going on, Kendall was hit by PMS, and she ended her vacation early. She was now resting in the Ford Residence.

Emma came in holding something hot. She noticed Kendall still lying on the bed and rolling around in pain, so she quickly approached her. "Why don't I get the Fords' family physician to prescribe you something?" She placed the brown sugar syrup on the bedside cabinet. "I made this for you. It should help."

"Doctors can't help. This has been a long-time problem. All they can do is prescribe me some painkillers. It'd only stave the pain off for a few months, and it'd come back."

Her severe PMS had been going on for many years. She consulted all kinds of doctors, even ones who specialized in alternative medicine. She had all sorts of medications, but none helped. Even the doctor who did her ultrasonography said her womb was shaped like a crescent moon. Naturally, her PMS would hurt.

Everyone said giving birth would help, and Kendall believed them. However, after she gave birth in her previous life, her period came back while she was still lactating. And the pain returned as well. Was it because I had the C-section?

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Kendall sat up, and Emma passed her the brown sugar syrup.

"Thank you, Emma. Good thing I still have you."

Emma smiled. "Thank Master Dylan. He assigned me to you, after all."

Kendall sipped the syrup. "Wonder if he's doing as I say. He never does anything I tell him to. I bet he's starving himself right now."

"No, he listens to you. Don't worry too much. He won't starve himself. He still has to take you home."

Emma smiled with a hint of envy in her eyes. "I envy your relationship. I've worked for him for many years, and he's an aloof man. But once he loves, he loves deeply. You're fortunate and brave. You managed to make him fall for you all through your work."

Yeah, right. It's all thanks to me being reborn. Wouldn't have clung onto him otherwise, and none of this would have happened. I was blind in my last life. "Sometimes you gotta fight for your happiness."

She did fight for her happiness in this life. She clung to him without fear and did her best to learn and grow until she could stand by him. Thanks to him, even without any cheat system helping her like most protagonists in novels like this, she managed to live well.

Even though there were some blips now, she knew they could work through it together and gain Tilly's approval. Now that she wasn't working or attending any etiquette classes, she had time to think about

her marriage life, and she realized she spent too little time with her husband's family.

If she never gave anything to them, she had no right to expect anything from them. She had to shoulder a bit of the responsibility for what happened. Marriage was a two-way street, and in their community, marriages involved families, not just individuals. Both families had to merge for the marriage to work.

A forlorn Emma said, "Sometimes, you still can't get any happiness even if you fight for it." She did fight for her happiness, but in the end, she had to force herself to forget about Toddy. Someday, I will move on from him, she lamented in silence.

"Do you know anybody who's super loyal? Except for Master Dylan. And I need it to be a guy."

Kendall looked at her and smiled. "You want me to play matchmaker?" Just what I wanted. I've always wanted to match her up with Nelson. But he's not as good as Toddy. Wonder if she'd think he's not a good match. Nelson was still in the hospital. She never told him things were going bad between her and the Colemans just in case it would affect him.

"I see you have someone in mind. I need a new relationship to forget about the pain brought about by the last one. I'd like to try."

Kendall finished the syrup soon enough. For some reason, the pain in her belly subsided. Perhaps it was nullified by the excitement of playing matchmaker. "Are you sure you and Toddy are over?"

"I'm over him."

"What about him?"

"He never cared about me."

Kendall didn't think so. She had a hunch that Toddy had feelings for Emma, but he just couldn't bring himself to admit it. "I think Nelson's a good guy. And Roger, too, but they're not as good as Toddy, so you might not like them."

Kendall thought her brothers were good men, but she wasn't Emma. She couldn't control what Emma thought about them.

"I've seen Nelson before, haven't I?"

"I think so? But maybe not."

Emma smiled. "I don't remember him. Probably never officially met. Toddy's an ideal man, but he's too ideal for me. I should find someone around my level. Trying to go after someone out of my league is a tiring endeavor. So, how's he doing?"

"Getting better."

"He'll heal."

"Would you give him a chance? I'll hook you up after he gets better if you want."

"Sure," Emma answered without hesitation.

She had no idea what kind of man Nelson was, but if the Woods could raise Kendall well, they could raise their other kids fine, too. The Woods was a fine family, after all. She wasn't after a life of wealth. All that mattered to her was a stable relationship. Toddy is in the past now. No, we haven't even dated. Not like he can be my past.

And then, her phone rang. She took a look and froze.

Kendall noticed the look on her face. She smiled. "It's Toddy, isn't it?" Speak of the devil.

"Yes." The smile was wiped off Emma's face. She said coolly, "There's nothing to talk about but work."

"Well, why don't you pick it up and find out?"

Emma stayed quiet. He knows I'm assigned to Kendall. There's no way he's gonna call for work. Still, she took the call.

While Emma went out to take the call, Kendall picked her phone up and noticed Orapolis' news on her feed, and it was related to her.

She clicked on the news article and read through all the gossip. Man, the netizens sure know how to make a story.

Look at this. Tilly apologizes and accepts me back into the fold because I am pregnant with Dylan's child? Yeah, right.

She then rubbed her belly. Ouch. The pain was still tormenting her. I wouldn't be going through this torture now if I were pregnant. She and Dylan had talked about it and agreed to not make any babies

for the time being. Every time they talked about kids, she would be reminded of the one she had in her past life. I couldn't raise her last time, and this time, I can't even get to see her. I hope she finds herself some good parents.

The apology came as a surprise. No matter what, Tilly still loves Dylan. She wouldn't relent otherwise.

How long did he stand outside the house? Can his legs hold up? She started missing him. She would have flown back into his embrace and kissed him a thousand times if she could.

Emma ended the call and stayed quiet for a long while. Toddy didn't talk about work. All he did was make small talk, and she could see he was trying to make conversation. Emma hung up first, and she noticed the reluctance in his voice as he said goodbye. She finally returned to Kendall's room a long, long while later.

Kendall noticed the dour mood and asked in concern, "What happened?"

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Whila Emma want out to taka tha call, Kandall pickad har phona up and noticad Orapolis' naws on har faad, and it was relatad to har.

Sha clickad on tha naws articla and raad through all tha gossip. Man, tha natizans sura know how to maka a story.

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Sha than rubbad har bally. Ouch. Tha pain was still tormanting har. I wouldn't ba going through this tortura now if I wara pragnant. Sha and Dylan had talkad about it and agraad to not maka any babias for tha tima baing. Evary tima thay talkad about kids, sha would ba ramindad of tha ona sha had in har past lifa. I couldn't raisa har last tima, and this tima, I can't avan gat to saa har. I hopa sha finds harsalf soma good parants.

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Kendall noticed her sour mood and asked in concern, "What happened?"

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Emma told her what had happened during the call.

Kendall smiled. "I think he realizes he's fallen for you."

"Nah, he'd have confessed if he really loved me. But all he did was talk and talk." Emma then smiled bitterly. "I've spent too much time on him. Way too much. Even if he does like me, I'm not going back anymore. What if it's a waste of time?"

"True. Don't think about him, then. You can come to see Nelson after we go back. Try dating him." Kendall wouldn't pity Toddy. She would help Nelson win the lady, not Toddy. He can compete if he wants to, but no help will be given. Though, I have absolute faith in Nell that he will win Emma's heart.

If Nelson were here, he'd be moved.

If Toddy were here, he'd complain to Dylan, "Boss, your wife is trying to steal my lady away from me. Help me out."

If Dylan were here, he'd say, "No. I want her to be happy. I'd even help her steal Emma away if it pleases her."

And Toddy would be speechless.

"Miss Parker," Scott called out to Kendall cutely.

She beamed. "Scott's home!" She got out of bed and approached the room's entrance.

Scott trotted over to Kendall and held her calf. Then, he climbed up like a little monkey.

She quickly picked him up. "Are you alone, Scott? What brings you home?"

Ever since Margaret woke up, Eric and Scott had been staying by her side all the time. She regained consciousness thanks to Eric's relentlessness. It connected to Margaret, and she clawed her way back out of the darkness.

"Dad's back, too. Mom told us off. She wants us to get showered." He hugged Kendall's neck and rubbed his cheek against her. "And she says she'll only let us see her after we get some good rest at home. So, Dad does as she says."

His eyes lit up every time he mentioned his mother. Eric and Scott were elated that Margaret had woken up.

Kendall smiled. "Your mother's right. You two need to get showered and rest for a bit. You need the energy to take care of your mother."

"I heard you have a stomachache, but you won't call the doctor. Does it still hurt?"

"I'm better now." Can't tell him I have PMS. That's gonna open a can of worms.

Once Eric found out she was unwell, he asked his cousin and his wife about her condition. The truth made it awkward for him to even see Kendall. He was going to tell a servant to serve her some brown

sugar syrup, but since Emma had done that, he didn't say much anymore. His job was to take care of Kendall for the time being. The more intimate things should be left for Dylan.

Kendall and Scott had fun for a while before the nanny took him away. He needed some rest. Sleep had been a luxury since he started taking care of Margaret.

"Scott's a cute boy." Emma loved Scott as well.

Kendall stared in the direction where Scott had left. She agreed with Emma's comment. "He is. And he's smart."

Scott had died horribly in her previous life. The kidnappers had no heart at all. They tossed him into the river and drowned him. Fortunately, she was reborn, and she managed to save him before the kidnappers tossed him into the river. She changed his life and the lives of many others.

At least Eric wouldn't vent his fury upon the whole of Orapolis. And now Margaret was awake. With his parents by his side, Scott would live a happy life. She knew he would have a great future as well.

"You and Dylan can consider getting a baby. You're both beautiful and smart. I bet your baby's gonna be as smart and beautiful as Scott."

Kendall rubbed her belly, which was still aching. "PMS says no, I can't have a baby yet."

Emma paused for a moment before responding, "Next week, then. It's almost Dylan's birthday. Wrap yourself up like a present, give yourself to him, and you'll have a baby."

Kendall patted Emma's shoulder and grinned. "Emma, something tells me that was a dirty joke."

"Nope. You only think that's a dirty joke because that's all you think."

"And how do you know dirty jokes are all I think of? Unless all you think of are dirty jokes as well."

The ladies kept teasing each other.

"So, when's his birthday? Is it the one on his ID?"

Kendall would have forgotten about it if it weren't for Emma. Good thing Dylan wasn't here, or he'd complain that she didn't care about him. No, she just wasn't used to celebrating birthdays. She wasn't one to celebrate anything.

She didn't even celebrate her birthday, let alone someone else's. Though, she did see Dylan's ID number during their marriage registration. She remembered the date he was born.

"It's on Valentine's Day," Emma answered. "Toddy said they'll gather every Valentine's Day to hold a party for him. Kendall, you suck as a wife. You don't even know your own husband's birthday. He's gonna get angry, you know."

If Amos were here, he'd blame himself. He had wanted to inform Kendall about it so she could prepare the present, but he had forgotten all about it.

"I don't celebrate my birthdays. So, I don't remember anyone's birthday."

"He's not just anyone, though. He's your husband."

Kendall grinned. "He's not here. He won't know. As long as we don't tell him, it's fine." She quickly added, "Seriously, don't tell him. I'd be in deep sh*t if he finds out."

He's gonna f*ck me for three days and three nights. "So, Valentine's Day, huh? What day is it today? I think I can get back home in time for his birthday. Oh, and Yasmine asked me to take a trip to her resort or something."

Kendall checked the date and noticed there were still a few days before Dylan's birthday. And she heaved a sigh of relief. I still have time to get something for him. But I wonder what I should give him. I haven't even finished knitting the things he wants.

Guess I gotta go back to the Woodses to pick a few of my best works there and give them to him. All he wanted was the things she made. Anything she made was a treasure to him.

Emma touched Kendall's forehead. "Hmm, no fever."

Kendall pulled her hand away. "Duh. I have PMS, not a fever."

"So, why do you talk about a vacation at Yasmine's resort? She has eyes for your husband. Have you forgotten what she did to you?" Emma harrumphed.

Kandall would have forgotten about it if it weren't for Emma. Good thing Dylan wasn't here, or he'd complain that she didn't care about him. No, she just wasn't used to celebrating birthdays. She wasn't one to celebrate anything.

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"So, why do you talk about a vacation at Yasmina's rasort? Sha has ayas for your husband. Hava you forgottan what sha did to you?" Emma harrumphad.

Chapter 476

"She tried to sabotage me a few times, but I got back at her." Kendall smiled. "She's not a good person, but she's not evil either. Arrogant, yes, but that's because of the environment she grew up in."

Not everyone could be as calm and humble as Alice. Yasmine was the center of everyone's attention, and she was spoiled rotten. She was arrogant and annoying, but now she was slowly mellowing out and heading in a better direction.

"I took the invitation for the banquet just to annoy her. She gets triggered super easily, like a Karen. But I'm the manager of my own life, so I can tell her to suck it up, and she can't do anything about it. It's quite entertaining if you ask me."

Kendall wasn't a saint, and she admitted it. In her previous life, Yasmine would embarrass her all the time just to help Kelly out, so in this life, Kendall would annoy her for fun.

Woah... Emma didn't even know what to comment.

Kendall lay back down on the bed. "I should try coming up with a gift for Dylan."

"Well then, I'll be leaving now. Get some rest."

Emma was a little out of it. Probably because of that call. Kendall knew that much, but she didn't bring it up.

...

After the apology, Dylan didn't go to Eastfort to pick up his wife straight away. He rested for a day and led a team of bodyguards to the Mendelson Residence the next morning.

It was the first time he had done this since he and Frank became enemies.

At the same time, Frank was having a nice dream. He was standing in a church, wearing a crisp suit. Kendall was in a wedding gown, holding her father's arm as she slowly walked toward him, a smile tugging at her lips. Dylan was in his wheelchair, watching the wedding go on helplessly.

Hah, this is a good dream! And then, the dream changed. This time, he saw the baby, and she was as beautiful as he had imagined. She looked just like Kendall. The baby smiled the moment she saw him. And he could even see her little teeth. She extended her arms at him as if she wanted him to hold her.

It melted his heart. Just as he was about to pick her up, Dylan showed up and held the baby. The baby turned around and smiled at him. She hugged his neck and wouldn't stop rubbing her head against it. Anyone who saw that would think Dylan was her father.

Am I a joke to you? That is my daughter! You took Kendall away from me, and now you want to take my daughter too?

Frank was livid. Just when he was about to fight Dylan, he was woken up by the sound of someone knocking on the door. He opened his eyes, and the first thing he saw was his room.

And he sat up. There was nobody but him in here. No wedding. No baby. It's another dream. But the knock is real.

Frank was miffed that his dream was shattered. He kept quiet and got out of bed before heading for the door angrily.

Desmond was the one knocking. "Sir, you have to get up. Dylan's here!" Desmond shouted as he continued to knock on the door.

Dylan came with his bodyguards, and their cars formed a blockade outside the gates. Frank and Dylan had been enemies for many years, but Dylan had never done this before. This unprecedented movement alarmed Desmond.

Just yesterday, Dylan tried to apologize to the Parkers and take back his wife, but Adam stopped him, so he stood outside for the whole morning. The sun was scorching, and his legs were still injured. It was torturous, and in the end, he collapsed as he couldn't take it anymore.

After that, Tilly and the Colemans arrived on the scene, bringing a mountain of gifts. They apologized genuinely for chasing Kendall out. The reporters witnessed the scene, and the news spread throughout the city.

Everyone wished they could be Kendall and receive all of Dylan's love. They were also jealous of her. It hadn't been two days since she was kicked out of the house, and Tilly was already relenting. At the same time, those who pushed for this to happen got nervous. They knew Dylan would come for them sooner or later.

That was what Desmond thought, and Dylan proved him right. He came to their house first thing in the morning.

Frank opened the door.

"Sir!" Oh, he looks angry. He lowered his voice and informed again, "Sir, Dylan's here."

"He's here?" Frank looked even more upset. He showed up in my dream and took my daughter away. And now you're telling me he's here?

Desmond was a little flummoxed.

"Where is he?" Frank asked coldly.

"Outside. I can't let him in without your permission."

"Let him in. You keep him out, and everyone will think I'm scared of him," Frank said. Before Desmond could say anything, he slammed the door shut and returned to his room.

After he got permission, Desmond descended the stairs and opened the door himself.

Dylan was still in his car.

Desmond approached it and knocked on the window. Once it was rolled down, he said politely, "Master Dylan, Mr. Mendelson invites you into the house."

Dylan rolled up the window without saying anything and got out of the car soon after. Though, he decided not to walk in. Even after some rest, standing the whole day the day prior still took a toll on his legs. There was no need to act tough around Frank. He'd rather save some strength to pick his wife up.

Ronnie pushed Dylan inside while Randy and everyone else followed.

Desmond noticed the bodyguards following Dylan everywhere he went. He wanted to stop them, but he decided against it in the end. They're enemies, not friends. This is the first time he came to the house. I'm just a butler. I can't stop them from going in.

Dylan never brought so many bodyguards along. He only did so after his legs were crippled. They were there to take care of him.

Frank just came down when Dylan entered the house. Sparks flew in the air. The men engaged in a staring contest at first, but it ended with a draw, so they called a cease-fire.

He's a guest. Gentlemanly, Frank went over to the couch and sat on it. Then, he told Desmond, "Desmond, serve our guest some tea and snacks. Tell the chef to make another set of breakfast. It's not every day that Master Dylan comes. I would like to show him hospitality."

Desmond quickly invited Dylan to take a seat.

Dylan told Ronnie to push him forward. He raised his hand when they were right in front of Frank, and Ronnie stopped.

Desmond was a little flummoxed.

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Dylan pushed himself up.

Frank glanced at his leg and mocked, "Half a day, and you've already fallen. Useless. I can't believe that's all you could do after all the rehab Kendall helped you with. What a disappointment."

Dylan grabbed him by the collar and pulled him up. He hurled a fist at Frank's face, and Frank didn't even dodge. He took the hit head-on.

However, Frank fought back when Dylan tried to hit him the second time. He wasn't being nice. He might have done the confession on purpose, but that still hurt Kendall, so he repaid his debt by taking a punch. Only a punch.

He would fight back if Dylan hit him a second time. He, too, was furious. That wedding was going well, but this guy had ruined it. I was about to hold my daughter, but this guy had taken her away. I don't care if it's a dream. If anything, it still means he's going to take everything I have. Even if this guy hadn't come, I'd have attacked his company.

It was the second time they fought, and Desmond panicked, but he didn't ask anyone to break them up. The Coleman bodyguards didn't even move. This was a feud between Dylan and Frank, and they would settle it between themselves.

Half an hour later, Dylan plopped back down into his wheelchair, and Frank sat back down on the sofa. Both of them were unkempt and bruised. It seemed like a draw, but Frank looked worse than Dylan. He lost to Dylan by a bit.

"I told you, she's my wife. Leave her alone." Dylan leaned into his wheelchair. Coldly, he warned, "Pull the same thing next time and you're getting it."

"I have the freedom to love whomever I want," Frank harrumphed. "You can stop me from seeing her, but you can't stop me from loving her."

"You call that love? You hurt her, you made everyone misunderstand her, and you almost ruined her relationship. That's not love."

"That's on you. You failed to protect her. What happened to her is your fault. If you love her that much, you should leave the family and the company."

Dylan sneered. "I see that's your goal. You're using her to force me into leaving the family and the company. That way, you can take it down and rule the city. Your love for her is nothing but an excuse."

Frank went silent. He couldn't argue with that. It was true he wanted to take Kendall away, but it was also true he tried to use her to make Dylan leave the family. However, a moment later, he sneered. "This is about you failing to protect her. Don't try to change the subject."

"But I did manage to deal with the problem in the end. You're worrying too much."

Oh, f*ck. Tilly did relent after one day. And she even apologized to the Parkers. She also agreed to let Kendall back. All because of this piece of sh*t. Once again, he couldn't argue with that.

Just then, Dylan's phone rang. He took it out and noticed it was a video call from Kendall.

And the look on his face had told Frank the call was from Kendall as well. No matter how nice of a dream he had, the reality remained that Kendall was still Dylan's wife.

"She's calling me first thing in the morning. Bet she misses me," Dylan bragged.

Frank was jealous, but he couldn't do anything about it.

Just when Dylan was about to take the call, he suddenly said, "Dylan!" Dylan looked at him, and he said grouchily, "You're taking the call looking like that?"

Frank sneered. "You look like sh*t. I bet she's gonna complain when she sees that face of yours."

Dylan shot him a look and took the call.

"Hey, darling!"

Frank heard her voice loud and clear, and envy filled his heart. It should have been me, not him!

And then, her tone changed into that of shock. "What happened to your face? Who did this? Tell me who did this to you! I'm going to make them pay! Dammit! They did this to you while I wasn't around?! Do they think I won't get back at them? Tell me who did this! I'll make that b*stard pay tenfold!"

Goddammit. He's bragging and snitching. She already hates me, and now that she sees him looking like this, she's gonna hate me even more.

Dylan touched his face and jolted a little. He said, "I'm at the Mendelson Residence, Kendall."

He didn't say Frank did it, but the mention of Mendelson alone told Kendall all she needed. And she started cursing Frank.

"Dylan, you don't have to pick me up. I'll tell Eric to take me back. Just you wait, Frank! You almost ruined my life, and now you did this to my husband? Just you wait! I'm going to whoop your *ss, or my name is not Kendall Parker!" F*ck. I went easy on him last time.

"No, look at me. Look at my face. And my nose! There's blood here! I'm bleeding from my mouth, too. This is all his doing. You can't just listen to him. He and his henchmen came to my place first thing in the morning, and he threw the first punch!" Frank darted to Dylan's side as fast as he could. He tried to squeeze into the screen so Kendall could see how much worse he was compared to Dylan.

Dylan ended the call right then, much to Frank's chagrin.

And Desmond covered his face.

The Coleman bodyguards held their laughter in. They never thought they would see Dylan snitching on Frank to Kendall.

Frank tried to explain, but Dylan ended the call, so Kendall only thought Dylan was the only one who got beaten up. Now she got angrier at Frank. Damn, he shows no mercy to his rival. So not a gentleman at all.

But he's not a gentleman, to begin with. In fact, he's infamous, and everyone's scared of him.

The bodyguards thought this was fun to watch. Frank cared about Kendall's opinion of him the most, so Dylan made sure she saw his injuries so that she would hate Frank even more. That was worse than killing him.

Frank shot up and pointed at Dylan. "That was dirty, Dylan Coleman! You shameless pig!"

Dylan stood up and tucked his phone away. He then swatted Frank's finger away and remarked coldly, "I learn from the best. You're even more of a shameless pig than I am. You tried to ruin my relationship. You're still trying to steal my wife."

Frank was livid, but he couldn't argue with that.

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Dylan left.

He left in high spirits after getting into a fight with Frank and allowing himself to get banged up a little before snitching to Kendall about it, which made her resent Frank even more.

"How cunning!"

Frank kept cursing Dylan out for his insidiousness.

Desmond remained silent beside Frank. He didn't dare to say anything.

"Kendall's heart is aching, but it's not aching over me," Frank grumbled to himself, jealousy evident in his tone. "Dylan hit me harder than I did him! How can a guy who can't even walk properly still have such strong fists? The pain is killing me. He kept targeting my face, too!"

Even without a mirror, he could tell just how grotesque he looked right now.

Dylan fared way better.

The slight bruising on his face would subside after applying some ice to it.

On the other hand, Desmond was also grumbling to himself, Miss Parker is Mr. Coleman's wife. Why would her heart be aching over you instead of her husband?

What's your relationship with the Colemans, Mr. Mendelson?

You're rivals.

Who would care about their rival's injury?

However, Desmond kept all of this to himself. He didn't have the guts to say it aloud.

After leaving Mendelson Residence, Dylan received yet another call from Kendall.

"I just left Mendelson Residence, honey," he declared as soon as he answered the call. "You don't need to rush home. Go on and have fun for a few more days. Wait until I come and get you."

"Did you go to Mendelson Residence by yourself?"

"I brought Ronnie and the others with me."

"Since you brought your bodyguards with you, why didn't you get them to join the fight?!" Kendall fumed. "Why did you try to put up a brave front and do it yourself? You haven't fully recovered yet, while Frank is a fully able man. You're the one who'd suffer the most."

Dylan knew that her anger stemmed from her concern for him.

His heart was warm and fuzzy from his wife's concern, but he couldn't let her know. He had to coax her and make sure she was no longer angry, as his heart would ache too if she were to remain angry.

"You're my wife, so of course, I have to seek justice on your behalf. Although I can't walk very well yet,

my fists are as strong as any other. Frank's worse off than me, honey."

Dylan's first choice of action was to staunchly stake his claim.

His wife had suffered a grievance. It was only right for him to seek justice in her stead.

As for his last comment, he was feeling a little smug about it, but even so, he kept his voice low.

He used a gentle, coaxing voice.

Ronnie was used to hearing Dylan's attempts to appease Kendall.

Young Master Dylan's becoming more and more of a husband who's fully devoted to his wife.

One who didn't care how others saw him.

He'd probably be willing to do cartwheels in public if it means making Young Mistress Kendall happy.

"Don't be angry, honey. My heart would break if you end up falling sick from all that negativity."

Dylan coaxed Kendall in a soft, gentle tone.

"Are you feeling better, honey? Make sure you visit the doctor if you're still in pain."

It was that time of the month for Kendall, and she was suffering in pain again. Naturally, he knew about it as Emma was his highly competent secretary.

If he wanted to, he could be kept abreast of every single move Kendall made in Eastfort.

Though, it went without saying that he didn't choose to keep her under such close supervision.

When Dylan arranged for Emma to set aside work and accompany Kendall who had gone to Eastfort to take her mind off things, his only instruction had been to keep him informed of Kendall's discomforts, if any. He didn't wish to know about anything else.

Once Kendall came back, she would undoubtedly fill him in on anything she wanted to let him know.

If he found out beforehand, he wouldn't be able to revel in the feeling of her choosing to fill him in and the sense of being trusted by her.

"It doesn't hurt anymore."

She only had stomach cramps on the first day.

"That's good. Have you been having fun?"

"Nothing's fun when you're not with me, not even if I get to take a trip to the moon."

Dylan broke into a smile, but the motion aggravated the bruising on his face, and he quickly stopped out of pain.

"I miss you so much, honey!" he murmured. "I miss you so, so, so very much."

Kendall was a lot less angry after hearing his sweet confession. His change in the subject had also effectively distracted her, and her tone softened as well.

"Wait for me. I'll come home by myself."

She wished she had the power of teleportation to whisk herself back to Dylan's side at once.

"No, don't!" He became firm again. "I already said I'm going to bring you back myself. Just stay put with the Fords and wait for me to come and get you. I'll tell Eric to make sure you can't leave Eastfort until I come for you."

She was a little dumbstruck.

What happened to the sweetest gentleman just now?

"How is Eric's wife doing?"

When Dylan heard that Margaret had regained consciousness the night Kendall went to the Fords' place, his instinctive reaction was similar to the Fords. He also thought Kendall was rather like a leprechaun who brought good luck to others. Margaret, who had been in a coma for so long now, had woken up as soon as Kendall started staying with the Fords as their guest.

Although Margaret's recovery had nothing to do with Dylan, he was still happy for Eric.

Now that Margaret's awake, Scott, that little punk, won't be trying to take Kendall's time away from me anymore.

Dylan was indeed jealous of a three-year-old kid.

"She's doing a lot better today. Mr. Ford was very loving toward her throughout her coma. He made sure she was well taken care of, so now that she's awake, she's recovering very swiftly. Even the doctor said her recovery's a miracle."

Margaret had recovered far quicker than anyone thought possible.

Soon, she could be discharged from the hospital.

The doctors believed that she would be fully recovered after another year or so of rest and recovery at home.

"Since she's well on the way to recovery, that little boy won't bother you anymore. He has his mother. You're the mother of my child."

Kendall giggled. "Your child doesn't even exist yet."

"That's nothing. The child will come along soon enough if we want them to."

Dylan's words had a subtle hint to them.

Absence made the heart grow fonder. He was determined to have his fill once he went to bring her back.

There were two reasons why he told Kendall to stay a few more days in Eastfort. The first was because he still had a lot of things to settle, whereas the second was that it was Kendall's time of the month.

It would be torture for him to bring her home and spend time with her without being able to indulge in his desires.

"Let's hold off on our child for now." She chuckled.

She still had a lot of battles lined up.

It wasn't a good time for her to get pregnant.

"Yeah. There's no rush. We haven't even had our wedding yet. Honey, once I bring you home, we'll need to start planning our wedding."

It had been quite a few months since they registered their marriage.

He had regained most of his mobility since then, but it would still take some time to prepare for the wedding.

Dylan was certain that when the day came, he would certainly be able to complete the ceremony while standing beside her.

"Are you going back to the office or heading home instead?"

"The office."

"Remember to ice your injury, then."

"I will." He acknowledged.

"Once the swelling subsides, make sure you have a video call with me. I want to make sure that you did apply ice to it."

When Kendall got back, she was going to get even with Frank.

"Yes, of course. I'll do whatever you say, honey. Don't be angry, okay? You don't need to worry about me. I'm a grown man. I can take care of myself. I'll be fine as long as you're happy and no longer upset."

His happiness was determined by Kendall's well-being.

"What do you mean by that? Are you tired of hearing me nagging you?"

"Not at all. I love it when you nag me, honey."

Dylan's survival instincts went into overdrive.

Dylan was indeed jealous of a three-year-old kid.

"She's doing a lot better today. Mr. Ford was very loving toward her throughout her coma. Her mother was well taken care of, so now that she's awake, she's recovering very swiftly. Even the doctor said her recovery's a miracle."

Margaret had recovered far quicker than anyone thought possible.

Soon, she could be discharged from the hospital.

The doctors believed that she would be fully recovered after another year or so of rest and recovery at home.

"Since she's well on the way to recovery, that little boy won't bother you anymore. He has his mother. You're the mother of my child."

Kendall giggled. "Your child doesn't even exist yet."

"That's nothing. The child will come along soon enough if we want them to."

Dylan's words had a subtle hint to them.

Absanca mada tha haart grow fondar. Ha was datarminad to hava his fill onca ha want to bring har back.

Thara wara two reasons why ha told Kandall to stay a few more days in Eastfort. The first was because ha still had a lot of things to settle, whereas the second was that it was Kandall's time of the month.

It would be torture for him to bring her home and spend time with her without being able to indulge in his desires.

"Let's hold off on our child for now." She chuckled.

She still had a lot of battles lined up.

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"Tha offica."

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"I will." Ha acknowladgad.

"Onca tha swalling subsidias, maka sura you hava a vidao call with ma. I want to maka sura that you did apply ica to it."

Whan Kandall got back, sha was going to gat avan with Frank.

"Yas, of coursa. I'll do whatavar you say, honay. Don't ba angry, okay? You don't naad to worry about ma. I'm a grown man. I can taka cara of mysalf. I'll ba fina as long as you'ra happy and no longar upsat."

His happinass was datarminad by Kandall's wall-baing.

"What do you maan by that? Ara you tirad of haaring ma nagging you?"

"Not at all. I lova it whan you nag ma, honay."

Dylan's survival instincts want into ovardriva.

Chapter 479

Dylan let out a sigh of relief after successfully coaxing his wife.

It's not easy to appease her. I better avoid angering her as much as possible.

Half an hour later, he was in his office at Coleman Empire Holdings, holding an ice pack to his face as he signed his name on the document Toddy brought in for him.

Toddy was trying his best not to laugh at the sight of Dylan.

"Toddy."

"Yes, sir?"

"Get me something for breakfast. I haven't eaten yet."

"How did you have the energy to start a fight so early in the day without eating breakfast first?" Toddy smirked.

Dylan tossed his pen aside and leaned back into his chair. His dark, glittering eyes were fixed on Toddy as he remarked somewhat menacingly, "Do you want to test and see if I have the energy to fight?"

"I surrender."

Toddy immediately waved the white flag.

Are you kidding? Even if I had the courage of a lion, I still wouldn't dare to fight with my boss.

Who else in all of Orapolis would dare to fight against the one and only Master Dylan, apart from Frank Mendelson?

Frank hadn't gotten into any fights with Dylan before as he knew that he couldn't stand his ground against Dylan.

He only did it now because it involved Kendall.

"What do you want to eat?"

"Something light and simple. My face still hurts, so it's best if it's something soft that doesn't need to be chewed much."

"Like a smoothie or a yogurt bowl? Sure. I'll get my secretary to buy some for you."

Toddy called up his secretary and told her to buy a smoothie and a yogurt bowl, after which she should bring the food up to the secretary's desk on the top floor. He would bring the food in for Dylan himself.

"When is Mrs. Coleman coming back?" Toddy asked somewhat casually. "Look at you. You didn't even eat breakfast since she's not around. Married men just can't leave their wives, huh?"

Dylan's expression softened up a lot at the mention of his beloved wife. His stern, intimidating expression was replaced by one of gentle fondness instead.

The power of love is incredible, Toddy thought to himself.

Even my boss' cold and indifferent heart has melted due to love.

Even the hardest metal becomes malleable when under the right condition.

"I told her to stay in Eastfort and have fun for a few more days. I'll go and get her once I'm done with work and have recovered."

Toddy chuckled. "I see. You're afraid that looking like that will scare Mrs. Coleman."

Dylan eyed him and snapped, "Do you think I don't have my pride and dignity? Why are you so concerned about when my wife gets back anyway? That's probably not what you're curious about."

He had seen right through Toddy, but Toddy stubbornly denied it. "Why does it matter to me when Emma gets back? She's your secretary, not mine. I don't care if she doesn't ever come back to the company. I'll even celebrate if she doesn't. My life can resume its peace without having someone bothering me all the time."

Dylan didn't hold back at all as he fired back at his right-hand man, "Miss Finley gave up on you a long time ago. As far as I know, she hasn't brought you breakfast in ages, and she hasn't bothered you in any way. You've regained all the peace you can have."

Toddy didn't see that coming.

"Do you think Miss Finley is dead set on you? You didn't show her any sign of reciprocation at all,

despite all the time and attention she spent on you. She doesn't owe you anything, so why do you think she'll continue to wait for you? You turn your nose up at the breakfast she lovingly prepared for you, but there's someone out there who will love it. In the future, you'll just have to watch as she gives that breakfast to someone else who appreciates it."

Toddy continued to remark stubbornly, "That man who's been trying to woo her doesn't even have the guts to show his face. He recently stopped sending flowers, too. Everyone knows she loves me. As long as she's still working here, no one will dare to date her. Who'd want to spend their entire day feeling jealous and worried that their girlfriend might cheat on them?"

Dylan calmly stared at Toddy, which made Toddy feel a little flustered.

Whenever Dylan looked at someone like that, it meant he was up to something that was going to be unpleasant.

"My wife has already started learning how to run a business from her father. She even started signing business deals. Soon, she'll be able to stand on her own two feet, and when the time comes, she'll need a secretary. Miss Finley has done an excellent job thus far, and she's also Kendall's friend. I'm sure she'll be willing to join Kendall as her secretary. I'll pay her salary and give her a raise of a couple of thousand a month, and I'll even give her a car so that it'll be convenient for her to bring my wife around to all the business meetings."

Toddy was floored.

Although he could tell that Dylan was saying all that on purpose, he still took the bait. "Mr. Coleman, you've grown accustomed to Miss Finley as your secretary. What would you do if you give her to Mrs.

Coleman as her secretary instead? It'll take me some time before I can train up a secretary like her for you."

Dylan had a heavy workload, so his secretary had to be able to handle a lot of pressure too.

An ordinary secretary wouldn't be proficient enough to become the president's secretary.

"Since no one else can handle the work, you can take over for the time being, then."

"I have more than enough on my plate as it is."

"Toddy, will it kill you to say that you can't bear to see Miss Finley go?" Dylan remarked with a hint of a smile.

Toddy bristled.

"W-Who said I can't bear to see her go? She's not my secretary anyway. I'm just thinking on your behalf. Think about how heavy your workload is. Do you think an ordinary secretary can keep up with you? Even if I arranged for you to have three new secretaries, they still won't be able to handle the work that Miss Finley could do by herself."

"Even now, you still don't want to admit that you're not indifferent toward Miss Finley. You're hopeless, Toddy. Forget it. I can't be bothered to waste my time worrying on your behalf. I'm not the one who'll have a hard time winning the favor of the woman he wants later on. Just don't come to me for help."

Dylan sounded completely heartless as he declared, "I won't help you, not even if you beg."

"My, my. Would you look at that? What kind of a boss says that? What kind of a friend?"

"Miss Finley has liked you for so long now, but you didn't know how to cherish her. Now that she's given up on you, you still don't realize that you should be trying to win her back. Just for the sake of your foolish pride, you refuse to admit that you care about her. Tell me, who do you think will pity you when you have to go through hellfire just to win her over?"

Toddy remained stiff and silent.

He wanted to say he didn't care about Emma, but he couldn't bring himself to say it aloud.

No matter how outwardly stubborn he was, he knew very well what his true innermost thoughts were.

He was used to Emma hovering around him all the time. He realized his disappointment when she stopped chasing after him.

After all these years, Emma had long since become a part of his life.

"Toddy, I'll ask you one last time. How do you feel about Miss Finley? If you truly don't want to be with her, I'll arrange for her to work with Kendall. Kendall does need a capable secretary like her. However, if you admit that you care about Miss Finley, I won't move her. I'll keep her here so that it'll be easier for you to win her over."

After a pause, Dylan added, "Kendall is very fond of Miss Finley. She wants to introduce Miss Finley to her brother, Nelson. If the two hit it off and become a couple, then it'll be too late for any regrets from you. Remember this: no one will wait for you forever."

An ordinary secretary wouldn't be proficient enough to become the president's secretary.

"Sinca no ona alsa can handla tha work, you can taka ovar for tha tima baing, than."

"I hava mora than enough on my plata as it is."

"Toddy, will it kill you to say that you can't bear to see Miss Finlay go?" Dylan remarked with a hint of a smile.

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Aftar all thasa yaars, Emma had long sinca bacoma a part of his lifa.

"Toddy, I'll ask you ona last tima. How do you faal about Miss Finlay? If you truly don't want to ba with har, I'll arranga for har to work with Kandall. Kandall doas naad a capabla sacratary lika har. Howavar, if you admit that you cara about Miss Finlay, I won't mova har. I'll kaap har hara so that it'll ba aasiar for you to win har ovar."

Aftar a pausa, Dylan addad, "Kandall is vary fond of Miss Finlay. Sha wants to introduca Miss Finlay to har brothar, Nalson. If tha two hit it off and bacoma a coupla, than it'll ba too lata for any ragrats from you. Ramambar this: no ona will wait for you foravar."

Chapter 480

"Nelson Woods isn't good enough for her," Toddy replied without hesitation.

Dylan glared at Toddy. "Why wouldn't my brother-in-law be good enough for Miss Finley? Tell me how exactly he does not measure up."

Toddy was caught off guard. Oh, shoot. I forgot that Nelson's his brother-in-law!

"You haven't answered me yet." Dylan pressed. "I'm only taking the time to care about your private life because you've been working with me for so long. If this were anyone else, I couldn't care less if they spent their entire lives alone."

Toddy remained silent for some time before answering, "Don't reassign Miss Finley for now. I'll give it a try when she comes back."

"I'll give you three months. If the two of you haven't made any progress by then, I'll assign Miss Finley to work for Kendall instead. If Miss Finley does marry my brother-in-law someday, you're not to try and get involved with her ever again, not even if you end up dying of regret."

Toddy responded in an equally serious manner, "If the two of us aren't meant to be, I will certainly not disrupt her life in any way."

He had felt restless and uneasy when Emma stopped hovering around him all the time.

His mood soured further when someone started sending her flowers daily. He kept trying to pick on her because he was disgruntled that she received bouquets of roses from another person.

"I don't need you right now. You can get back to work."

Dylan passed the signed document back to Toddy.

Toddy observed Dylan's face.

The ice pack had done an excellent job.

The swelling had gone down.

"It's a pity I didn't take a photo of you in your most miserable state."

Dylan's eyes flickered over sharply as he sneered, "The time will come when you'll be in a miserable state, too."

Toddy chuckled.

He took the document and stood up. "I'll get back to work. Let's have lunch together."

"I'll lose my appetite if I have to stare at your face while eating."

Toddy was speechless. "Your wife's not home yet anyway."

"Even though my wife's not home, I'd rather eat alone than eat with you. You've got a lot on your mind right now. I'd get indigestion just looking at you."

"What do you mean? I've got nothing on my mind."

"There's no point trying to reason with someone who's lying to themselves."

Toddy had nothing to say to that. He paused for a moment before remarking, "Mr. Coleman, I've just realized that you've got quite the gift of the gab."

"You know nothing about me, but I only need Kendall to know me well," Dylan retorted.

Whatever. There's no point in striking up a conversation with a devout husband whose world revolves around his wife. That's just asking for aggravation.

Toddy walked off.

He ran into his secretary at the door, and she passed him the food she had bought.

Toddy handed it over to Ronnie, who was also standing at the door. "Ronnie, this is your Young Master Dylan's breakfast. Take it in for him."

Ronnie took the food and brought it into Dylan's office.

...

Kelly walked into Urban Break with her newest Hermès bag that Brian had given her just this morning.

"Over here, Kelly."

Rosemi immediately got up and started waving once she spotted Kelly.

Kelly came toward her.

Rosemi was visibly worn out. She had gotten into several fights with her husband over Jackson and Krystal's matters.

Tom was trying his best to save Whittle Holdings, but even though he went around pleading with everyone he could think of, it didn't work at all.

The business circle in Orapolis didn't have any dummies in its ranks.

They knew very well that this was the end of Whittle Holdings.

After all, Tom had the great fortune of raising a son who offended both Dylan Coleman and Frank Mendelson, two of the hardest people to deal with and overprotective to a fault when it came to people they cared about as well.

Zorn Holdings, which had been helping Whittle Holdings out all this while, had finally halted their business deal with Whittle Holdings and extracted themselves from the situation. This was a clear sign of Whittle Holdings' impending demise.

Who would still be willing to help Whittle Holdings now?

No matter how much Tom refused to accept this, he could only swallow his anger and resentment. He

even had to bear the brunt of all of the extended Whittle Family's criticisms for not raising his son properly, for allowing Jackson to cause so much trouble, and for endangering Whittle Holdings as well.

Tom's head was already spinning from all the things he had to deal with, yet Rosemi kept badgering him to save Jackson.

He was so frustrated that he didn't even feel like going home anymore.

Apart from pestering Tom about it, Rosemi also went around begging for people to save Jackson. However, all the other wealthy ladies that she hung out with regularly had long since stopped taking her calls the moment Jackson was apprehended.

When one was in a desperate situation, it was easy to tell who one's true friends were.

"Mrs. Whittle."

Kelly placed her bag down and greeted Rosemi before taking a seat.

Rosemi forced a weak smile in response. "Kelly, since you're pregnant, you shouldn't drink anything with caffeine. Shall I get you a glass of juice, or would you prefer some water?"

"Just a glass of warm water will do."

Kelly's expression stiffened slightly at the mention of her pregnancy, but it soon returned to normal.

She and Brian couldn't stop themselves from giving in to their lust. Both had assumed that she would end up getting a miscarriage from their relentless bouts of passion, but who knew that the baby would

be perfectly fine after all that? Nothing happened at all.

Do I really have to go to the hospital and get an abortion?

Kelly was conflicted about it.

At times, she wanted to just get rid of the baby.

Other times, she felt reluctant to go through with an abortion.

Fortunately, Brian no longer said anything about wanting her to get an abortion.

"Do you still get morning sickness now?" Rosemi asked in concern.

Jackson and Krystal were both in custody right now. Even if Rosemi managed to find someone to help the family, the best outcome was Jackson receiving a lighter sentence. There was no way to drop the charges against him.

Who knew how many years it would take before he could be released from prison?

Krystal wasn't pregnant either, so Rosemi hoped that Kelly would give birth to Jackson's child.

It might end up being his only child.

"I still feel nauseated sometimes."

Kelly had a serious bout of morning sickness when she first found out she was pregnant, but it stopped now.

Her appetite improved as well, and she kept getting cravings, but she tried her best not to cave as she didn't want to put on too much weight.

"Oh, good. That's good," Rosemi said.

"Mrs. Whittle, did you invite me out today because of Jackson? Although Jackson and I did have feelings for one another, Jackson did what you guys wanted him to do. He chose Krystal, and when that video

went viral, he pushed all of the blame onto me. Even now, I still get people sending me texts and calling me up to insult me. They say I'm a b*tch who came between someone else's marriage and that I'm a home-wrecker."

Kelly was telling the truth.

If it hadn't been for Brian's help, she would be under even more attacks online.

When the scandal came out, Jackson pushed all of the blame onto her. Brian was the only one who didn't care about her past and continued to treat her well.

Kelly realized how blind she'd been all this while. Why did I fall in love with a b*stard like Jackson? Even Kendall knew to walk away and distance herself from him, whereas I...

"The one that Jackson hurt was my very own brother. My brother wanted to confront Jackson because he was trying to stand up for me, but because of that, he was beaten up by Jackson instead. Mrs. Whittle, if you wanted to see me because of Jackson, then I'm sorry. I can't help you. I can't convince my brother to forgive him and get the charges dropped."

Kelly had already chosen Brian and had been planning to toss Jackson aside. Now that Jackson had committed a crime, she was more than happy to see him imprisoned. Why would she be willing to help him?

Right now, she couldn't be happier if Jackson spent his entire life rotting away in prison.

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