

Kendalls 501

Chapter 501

"You're up, darling."

When Kendall walked in and saw that Dylan had already changed, she smiled and stepped forward to help him straighten his clothes.

"You don't have to go to work today. Why didn't you sleep more?"

He suddenly grabbed her hands.

He had picked the best time to pick her up.

Picking her up on Friday meant that they could be lovey-dovey on the weekends!

"I made you a cake, darling. Happy birthday!" Kendall smilingly delivered her wish.

The man was all smiles when he heard that. "Thank you, my darling. So, where's my present?"

"Didn't you receive your present last night? I'm your birthday present!"

He let out a chuckle and pulled her into his arms. "I really liked your present."

She only stayed in his arms for a short minute before she pushed him away. Turning to walk to the suitcase, she entered the passcode and took the present from the case.

Dylan quietly watched her the whole time.

"I was pulling your leg. Here's your present!" Kendall passed him the present and he eagerly took it from her.

Dylan had been curious about the contents of the box since last night, but he had held it in when he thought about it being her birthday present for him. He wanted to wait until the day she gave him the present.

"Let me just put it out there—it's not an expensive present, so no complaints, okay?"

That put a smile on his face as he reassured her, "I like anything you give. Even if it's a blade of grass. I'll treasure it."

She walked off to bring him his wheelchair then.

"I can stand for a long time now."

Despite saying that, Dylan still obediently sat down so that Kendall's efforts didn't go to waste.

"Can I open it?" he added.

"It's for you, so it's yours. You can open it anytime you want."

Dylan opened the gift box while his beloved wife watched.

There were many jewelry boxes inside the large gift wrap. He first took out the biggest box, and when he opened it, he saw it was a Soaring Roc woven by Kendall herself.

"I prepared a gift for you when I was bored during my vacation in Eastfort. I owe you a lot of gifts and yet, I was the one who said I'll give you more gifts than you could dream of."

"It is gorgeous. I love it!" Dylan sincerely said. His wife was a dexterous person who made only the prettiest things.

He placed the wire dragon sculpture she made for him in his office, and everyone who saw it would complement him and ask him where he got it from.

It was a gift from his wife. It might not be an item of value, but it was priceless to him.

Dylan admired the Soaring Roc for a while before he continued to open the smaller boxes, which held a men's Rolex watch worth millions and a branded tie.

Kendall took out two new sets of suits from her suitcase and handed them to him. "I bought these in Eastfort. I don't know if you will like them."

Dylan smiled as he murmured, "I told you, I'll like it even if you give me a blade of grass. Whether it is clothes, ties, or watches, I like them very much but what I like most is the Soaring Roc you wove for me yourself."

He then passed the wristwatch to Kendall. "Darling, help me put it on, please."

Hearing that, she hummed a reply and thoughtfully put it on for him.

"Have the clothes been washed?" he asked.

"They've been dry-cleaned."

"I want to put on the new clothes my baby darling bought for me."

"Are you planning on wearing the tie as well?"

"Of course."

Ten minutes later, Dylan paraded out of their bedroom in the new clothes, tie and watch his wife got for him. He also held the Soaring Roc in his hand.

As soon as the door was opened, he was greeted by the sight of a red heart made up of many bouquets of red roses.

Amos was also holding a large bouquet of roses.

When Kendall walked over, the older man smilingly passed her the bouquet.

Kendall then approached Dylan with the bouquet in her arms. As she handed him the bouquet, she looked at him with a smile and cheered, "Happy Valentine's Day, darling!"

Dylan immediately ignored Amos, Ronnie, and everyone else as he beamed.

After he quickly took the flowers from her, he now had a bouquet in one hand and the Soaring Roc in another.

"Darling, I should have been the one to prepare all these for you," he said with a chuckle.

He had pushed her to her limit in bed last night. Thinking that she wouldn't be able to get up early today, he thought he had plenty of time to prepare flowers for her. He had already prepared the gifts for her.

Who would have thought that she would be up earlier than him?

Not only did she bake him a cake, but she also prepared tons of birthday presents and a Valentine's Day surprise for him.

This was the first time in Dylan's thirty-one years of living he had received a Valentine's Day surprise.

The Valentine's Day presents he had coming his way from his admirers in the past wouldn't even reach him because he had all of them disposed of before he could even see them.

Therefore, his sensible subordinates would deal with the presents so that they didn't reach Dylan no matter who it was that sent the presents.

"It's your birthday today, so you're the boss." Kendall bent her torso and planted a kiss on his cheek before she wished him again, "Happy birthday and Happy Valentine's Day, darling. I wish you only the happiest of days."

"I will be happy as long as I have you by my side."

Kendall smiled because of that.

They would be happy together for the rest of their lives!

"Dylan! Dylan, I baked you a cake—wow, there are so many flowers! Oh, I think I forgot something. I have to go back and get it."

Yoseph was holding a cake he baked as he ecstatically dashed over to let his brother have a taste of the cake he baked.

However, he only thought he was being the third wheel the moment he entered the house and saw the romantic scene, so he immediately rushed out again.

Amos, Ronnie, and the rest of them had already tactfully left the moment Kendall bent over to kiss Dylan.

As Yoseph came out quickly with the tray in his hand, he happened to meet his mother, who was also holding a plate, in the yard.

He didn't need to take a closer look to know that it was also a cake.

Every year on their birthdays, their mother would bake a cake for them as she wished for them to live long and healthy lives.

"Don't go in now, Mom." Yoseph stopped Emily in her tracks. "Even I'm running out of here. You'll be running out in no time as well if you go in."

Sure enough, Emily was confused by his words. "Why would I run out of the place I just entered?" As soon as she asked that, she realized what her son meant. "Is Kendall in there with Dylan?"

"Of course! He only brought her back last night. Kendall prepared tons of flowers for Dylan; they're busy being lovey-dovey now. Mom, you'll become the third wheel and start running out of there in no time."

"Ah... What about my cake?"

"I'm sure Kendall baked Dylan a cake as well. He probably won't be eating our cakes. Let's bring our cakes back, Mom. We can eat them ourselves."

When Emily didn't reply, Yoseph reached out and took the plate from his mother. He then smiled and stated, "Let's go, Mom."

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Emily peeked inside and after thinking about it, she finally followed her younger son.

The couple had reunited after being apart for so many days, and it happened to be Valentine's Day today.

It was probably time for her to step down after today. She would leave her son to her daughter-in-law from this day onward.

Since Dylan didn't like banquets, the Coleman Family didn't hold a party for him even though it was his birthday.

The Colemans only briefly celebrated it by preparing gifts for him, sending him their wishes, and having a meal together with the entire family.

He didn't invite his closest friends to the simple celebration. Dylan said his birthday happened to be on Valentine's Day, and it was a day everyone wanted to spend with their other halves.

"Yoseph."

"Yeah, Mom?"

"How are things between you and Jane? Have you confessed to her?"

Yoseph let out a bashful giggle. "I haven't."

That brought a frown to Emily's face. "What's the matter with you, you brat? You like her. You're practically childhood sweethearts. It's been such a long time, but you still haven't confessed?"

"Mom, I haven't finished my words yet." He smiled. "I didn't confess my feelings to her, but she has confessed to me. I accepted her feelings."

Despite his words, Emily still reached out to twist his earlobe. "You're a man, but you're letting her make the first move?!"

"Mom! Be gentle! Not too hard! Jane will make fun of me if she sees this. I'll be so embarrassed. Men and women are equal, so it's the same no matter who makes the first move. It's not like I rejected her. Don't worry, Mom. I won't let your future daughter-in-law run away."

Although Jane asked him to pursue her and let her have a taste of what it was like to be pursued, that was how they kept things fun between them.

"Mom, you should be pressuring your third child instead."

Matthew, who had just woken up, suddenly sneezed.

"It's not like any of you listen to me." Emily let go of Yoseph's ear. "You're all grown up now. What's the point in persuading you to do anything?"

Yoseph peeked at his mother's expression. When he saw that she was not angry, he smiled and said, "Actually, there is no need for you to tell us to get married. We will marry when we want to get married.

You can't make us get married if we don't want to. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink, can you? Mom, you should go on a trip with Dad and enjoy a peaceful time together instead."

Emily huffed when she heard that. "And I want a granddaughter."

He immediately fell silent when his mother started pushing him to have children.

Yoseph and Jane had laid it bare about how they wouldn't get married any time soon. Even if they did get married, they had no plans to include a child in their life. No matter what, they wanted to spend time with only each other for at least two years.

Anyhow, he was the second son. He had an elder brother whom their mother could nag to have a child instead.

"Your younger cousin-in-law gave birth to her second child a few days ago, and it's a daughter! Your uncle and his wife were so gloomy because of that. I was so tempted to bring the baby back when I went to visit. I don't understand why your uncle would be unhappy about having an adorable granddaughter. Girls are loved in our family!"

The Coleman Family had had no daughter for the last five generations.

Alice was the only princess from this generation, and she was treated like a treasure.

Emily, who could only wish for more girls in the family, couldn't help complaining about how her brother preferred having a grandson to a granddaughter.

Hearing that, Yoseph quickly echoed, "Yes, I agree. Daughters are adorable! I'll even laugh in my sleep

if Jane and I have a daughter in the future. But Mom, don't blame Uncle. He has three sons himself, but my cousin's wife has only given birth to daughters so far. How can he not panic when he hasn't got even one grandson?"

The Colemans might not be a patriarchal family, but that didn't mean other families were the same as theirs.

Emily huffed at that. "But he shouldn't lose his temper at his daughter-in-law regardless of the baby's gender! It's all up to men, anyway, so why is your uncle's wife giving the lady the stink face?"

If Emily hadn't gone back to her parental home to visit her nephew and nephew-in-law who had just given birth to their second child, and seen her sister-in-law's bad attitude, she wouldn't have known how much her nephew and nephew-in-law had suffered. She had scolded her brother and sister-in-law then.

Even though Emily's parental family was also wealthy, they weren't comparable to the Colemans. In addition, her nephew wasn't as brilliant as her son. Sutton Co. had to rely heavily on Coleman Empire Holdings in business.

Therefore, Emily was an influential person in her natal family. Her words were the law, and her brother and sister-in-law didn't dare to go against her.

"Yes, yes. My cousin's the one who should be blamed. Mom, don't worry. I will not complain about it if my wife gives birth to a daughter in the future. I will even set off firecrackers to celebrate and hold a big feast for three whole days. Don't be angry, Mom."

Emily could only look at her son while holding back her laughter.

She was indeed fuming when she entered her parental home, only to hear her sister-in-law telling her nephew to get a woman outside his marriage to have a son with.

Fortunately, her nephew could think for himself and he immediately said no. The mother and son even argued until they saw Emily enter the house.

"I'm glad that I married your father and took his name. I wasn't poisoned with that kind of patriarchal toxicity."

Women who married into the Coleman Family didn't have to go through anything like that because they were short of women here.

As Emily and Yoseph chatted, they slowly got further from the place Dylan and Kendall were at.

Unfortunately for Amelia, her Valentine's Day wasn't as romantic as her married friend's.

Amelia had been forced to stay at the Mendelson Residence last night because she didn't manage to finish counting the money.

Brandon and Ethan came to bring Amelia back in person, but Frank refused to let her go. He only let the father and son take a quick look at Amelia to prove that she would not be harmed in the slightest.

Ah, does counting money to the point my hands went limp count as me being harmed? Amelia grumbled to herself.

She was initially looking forward to being rescued by her father and brother, but she ended up disappointed. After seeing her, her father and brother were invited to the second floor to meet Frank. For some reason, they left after that.

And so, she had no choice but to stay and count the money.

It went on until midnight when she finally succumbed to sleep's temptation.

By the time she woke up, it was already 9.00AM and her tummy was rumbling from hunger.

She immediately shot up when she noticed how she was in a bed instead of the sofa in the living room.

The first thing she did was check her clothes. To her relief, she was still wearing the same clothes she wore yesterday.

I was worried about nothing again.

Frank's obsessed with Kendall. He won't do anything to me.

Maybe he will when the sun comes up from the west someday.

Knock, knock.

A knock came on the door then.

"Ms. Taylor, are you up?"

It was Desmond's voice that rang out.

As Amelia woke up in her clothes, she didn't need to change into anything else. The only thing was that her hair was like a messy nest.

"I'm up, Mr. Desmond. Is something the matter?" she replied.

Hearing that, the man asked from behind the door again, "Are you not hungry, Ms. Taylor?"

"I am!"

"I'm here to bring you downstairs for breakfast. Master has been waiting for you for more than an hour now."

Frank usually had breakfast at 7.30AM.

Desmond could only imagine how hungry Frank was, now that it was 9.00AM.

Amelia swiftly froze when she heard that. Frank's waiting for me?

Did the sun rise from the west today?

She promptly got out of bed and after getting a comb to comb through her hair and doing a simple freshening up, she left the room.

Desmond was still outside waiting for her when she went out.

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"Ms. Taylor." When Desmond saw Amelia come out, he asked with a smile, "It seems like I've disturbed your rest. Did you sleep well last night?"

"It's okay. I was awake anyway. I slept so well that I don't know when I fell asleep. By the way, about my money... I didn't finish counting last night. Will Frank tell me to count it all over again?" she muttered while walking downstairs.

Desmond only quietly followed her. He liked how she was always a ball of sunshine.

He thought that Frank and Amelia should be together. With Amelia's cheerful personality and Frank's dark one, they would complement each other well.

When Frank heard the footsteps approaching, he immediately pretended to start eating.

The table was filled with delicious food and half of them were Amelia's favorite.

Not only that, the food looked as good as it smelled.

As she was going into the dining room, Desmond called out to her again. "Ms. Taylor."

"What's the matter?"

"Do you know what day it is today, Ms. Taylor?"

"Nope. What day is it?" She was a single lady after all. She wouldn't pay any heed to Valentine's Day.

Thinking about how Frank went out of his way to wait for her to have breakfast together, she asked Desmond in a low voice, "Mr. Desmond, is today your master's birthday?"

"It's not, Ms. Taylor. Master's birthday is on Halloween; it's already passed. You have to remember it well! It's on Halloween every year."

Amelia hummed in response. "That's easy to remember, but everyone will only remember the day as Halloween and not his birthday. But at least he wasn't born on the first day of the month. There's a jinx that boys born on the first of the month and girls born on the fifteenth of the month are bound to live a hard life."

"You're superstitious, aren't you, Ms. Taylor?"

"Sure am."

Deciding not to let her guess anymore, Desmond told her straight out, "It's Valentine's Day."

"Ah, Valentine's. The history of the executed priest named Valentinus in 3rd century Rome."

Desmond fell silent when he heard that, but he later emphasized, "Its history aside, it is Valentine's Day."

Amelia immediately huddled over and tried to gossip. "Mr. Desmond, who are you spending Valentine's Day with? I've known you for so long, but I haven't heard you mention your wife and children yet."

Instead of answering her nosy inquiries, Desmond went and took a bouquet he had prepared and passed it to her. "Ms. Taylor, I had the servants make a bouquet from the flowers in the yard. It's wrapped nicely now. Please bring it into the dining room."

"What do I need flowers for?"

"You must be hungry, Ms. Taylor. Quickly, take the flowers and go into the dining room." He stuffed the bouquet into her arms and pushed her to the dining room.

The woman started to sigh as she helplessly flailed into the dining room. As Frank looked up at her, his eyes seemed to light up when he saw her holding a bouquet.

"Good morning."

Amelia sauntered over as if nothing had happened and put the bouquet down casually before she sat down opposite Frank.

He picked up the bouquet to take a closer look at it. "It's gorgeous." He gave a rare compliment.

"It is. You can have it if you like it," she casually threw out.

The moment Amelia remembered that today was Valentine's Day after she gave it to Frank...

She really wanted to take it back.

"Thank you. This is the first Valentine's Day gift I've ever received."

As he calmly gave his thanks, he placed the bouquet on the chair beside him so that she couldn't take it from him.

Seeing this, she opened her mouth to explain that she had done it rather instinctively and that it wasn't her intention to give him the bouquet. However, Frank's action of spooning food for her startled her so much that she completely forgot to tell him about the flowers.

"Eat. You can continue counting your money after we're done with breakfast. Go out for a walk with me after that."

His tone was still nonchalant as he spoke.

Amelia couldn't help feeling something odd bubbling between them.

She proceeded to take out her phone. "I'll send Kendall pocket money to wish her a happy Valentine's Day."

After she sent some money and wishes over, Kendall did the same in return.

When Amelia said that she would give Kendall pocket money, Frank's eyes flickered but he didn't say anything.

He had also sent Kendall a message and pocket money, but he hadn't gotten a response.

Frank didn't seem to know what to think as he watched Amelia happily chatting with Kendall.

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Toddy was eating instant noodles.

He got up late today and was too lazy to go out to eat. And with his refrigerator out of ingredients, he searched for a long time before he finally found a cup of instant noodles.

Looking at the instant noodles, he suddenly recalled something that had happened in the past.

He remembered how his doorbell would ring on time at 7.15AM every morning.

As soon as he opened the door, he would see Emma there with two insulated lunch boxes which contained the breakfast she cooked for him. The food would always be of different varieties, and they were as delicious as they were nutritious.

However, ever since her confession, he never opened the door for her again. He had also taken back the access card from her, preventing her from freely entering and leaving the villa.

Still, she never gave up and would bring the lunch boxes to the company instead.

She would even bring it to his office.

Everyone in the company knew that she was pursuing him.

She insisted on lovingly making him breakfast every day and delivering it to his office. It went on for several years, no matter rain or shine.

And how exactly did he treat her?

He refused to open his villa's door to her.

And when they were at the company, he threw the lunch boxes along with the breakfast into the trash.

She had, more than once, quietly picked up the lunch box from the trash can, cleaned it, and continued to give him the breakfast she prepared the next day.

There were a handful of people from the company who talked behind her back about how shameless she was for not giving up despite his cold shoulder.

Their words would probably have drowned her if she wasn't Dylan's secretary.

Back to the present, the instant noodle was delicious, but it tasted disgusting the more Toddy ate it.

He had to admit that he missed Emma's breakfast.

Ding! Dong!

The doorbell suddenly rang.

Toddy's foul mood was immediately replaced by immense joy when he thought Emma had brought him breakfast.

He immediately placed his bowl of noodles on the table and dashed out of there.

However, he abruptly came to a stop when he went out and saw the security guard of the area standing at the door of the villa.

It wasn't Emma.

Dejection washed over Toddy like a tsunami, leaving him breathless.

The security guard stood at the entrance of the villa and said to Toddy through the barbed door, "Mr. Heller, I brought your parcel."

Toddy came back to his senses when he heard this, and he walked over to open the door. After he took the courier from the security guard, he thanked him.

"You're welcome."

The guard promptly left after Toddy took the parcel.

Toddy continued to stand at the entrance of the villa and looked to the right. The road on the right led to the upper floors, where Emma stayed in a rented unit.

That's right. She couldn't come over, now that she didn't have his access card.

The people who lived in the villa area could go to the high-rise side, but the residents there could not come here as they wished.

He only looked away and walked in with his parcel after dazedly staring in that direction for a long minute.

He couldn't help recalling what Dylan told him before about how Emma would one day get her heart completely broken because of Toddy's attitude toward her.

Her shattered heart was beyond repair now and she had given up on him.

Taking out his phone, Toddy clicked on WhatsApp. The first thing he saw was the status that Dylan posted one after another, showing off his Valentine's Day and birthday gifts.

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Only then did Toddy remember that today was not only his boss' birthday, it was also Valentine's Day.

He went on and saw how every contact on his WhatsApp was busy showing off how they celebrated their Valentine's Day.

As he continued to scroll, he finally landed on Emma's WhatsApp Stories today.

She posted the breakfast she made, which had a variety despite its small portion. She ate alone, after all.

There was also a rectangular velvet jewelry box on the dining table. He guessed that the box contained a necklace and beside the box was a bouquet of bright and eye-catching roses.

He was so hungry he could drool and go crazy when he saw her breakfast.

And when he saw the jewelry box and bouquet, his eyes went wide, and his handsome face turned as dark as coal. How he wished he could reach in and throw away the items!

He swiftly put the parcel aside and forgot about his noodles as he turned around to leave.

After leaving the main house, he saw a wilting pot of roses in his yard. He gave it some thought and eventually stepped forward to pick up the dying flowers. He continued to walk out and turn right to set off on a journey that then took him ten minutes.

Emma, on the other hand, was languidly watching television. It was about 7.00AM when she posted the story and now it was around 9.00AM.

On the coffee table were some fruits she bought today and snacks she made.

It felt heavenly to be able to watch TV while she munched on food.

She wasn't quite happy to answer the door when the bell rang.

"Who is it?" she yelled.

When the doorbell continued to ring, she had to put down the remote control and get up to open the door.

The moment she opened the door, she froze when she saw Toddy. "Mr. Heller?" she finally asked. "What a surprise." Seeing him holding a pot of dying roses, she frowned even more and asked, "What are you doing here with the flowers?"

She could tell at a glance that this was the pot she bought for him.

In the past, she helped him take care of the flowers and plants in his yard, and they grew beautifully. Hundreds of flowers would be in full bloom whenever spring came. The beautiful flowers that filled his yard were always his neighbors' target of envy.

It hadn't even been that long since the last time she saw the plants and yet, the potted roses were already on the verge of dying.

He was the one who went to pick her up when she got drunk at the Coleman Residence last time. When she woke up at his house, she noticed that the flowers and trees in the yard were not growing well.

"What, you're not going to invite me in?"

Hearing that, she quietly tilted her body and allowed him entry.

Toddy carried the pot of roses that was about to die to the balcony. Putting it down, he then turned to Emma who followed after him. "You bought this potted flower," he started. "I don't have time to take care of it, so I sent it here for you to take care of it. Think of it as a present from me when the flowers bloom."

A bouquet would wilt in just a few days. He would rather give her a whole pot that could bloom every now and then.

She had green fingers.

Even her balcony had turned into a mini garden because of her ability.

"It's almost dead anyway. I'm afraid there's no saving this pot. Just throw it away."

Wanting to dispose of the pot, she stepped forward to pick it up.

"Emma." Toddy stopped her and gazed at her with his dark eyes. "You can at least try to save it. There might still be a chance."

"I'd rather buy a new pot than spend my energy on that."

She then threw his hand away and carried the pot of wilted roses to the trash can outside.

She only went back into her unit after a moment of silence.

As soon as she went back in, she saw the man slashing through the vase of roses with a pair of scissors she bought herself when she did her grocery shopping this morning.

She decided to spend her Valentine's Day without a lover by buying herself flowers and a necklace to get in the Valentine's Day mood.

"Mr. Heller, what are you doing?!"

She quickened her steps to snatch the scissors out of his hand, but still, she was too late.

Even if she managed to take the weapon away, her roses had been cut by him.

He had also destroyed those delicate flowers.

What the hell is wrong with him?!

"You threw away my flower. It's only fair that I cut the flowers in your vase."

His tone was so confident she would have jabbed the scissors at him in a fit of anger.

The man was content as he looked at the ruined flowers on the floor.

He wanted to cut the flowers that anyone else gave her.

She can only take flowers from me!

"You said so yourself that I was the one who bought the potted plant. I paid a few hundred for it. And since you didn't pay me, it's supposed to belong to me! Why does it matter to you if I throw my flowers away? You cut my bouquet, you—"

"I'll make up for it with a big bouquet," he finished off her words for her.

"I don't care for your bouquet. You can pay me back with money. It's Valentine's Day. Rose bouquets are very expensive. You can compensate me a thousand."

With the pair of scissors in one hand, Emma stretched out the other hand and asked for his money.

"A thousand? Fine. I'll compensate you for it." He took out his phone and transferred her 1430, and even added a note at the amount transferred. 'Happy Valentine's Day, Emma!'

She refused to accept the money when she saw it. "I want cash. Don't transfer it to me."

"I didn't bring my wallet." He continued to act dumb.

Of course, she wouldn't believe his words as she pointed at the pocket of his pants.

"It's bulging. Your wallet is in your pocket. You have a habit of putting your phone and wallet in the pocket of your pants," she deadpanned.

"Oh, I did bring my wallet but it's empty."

"Who are you trying to fool? You always have more than ten thousand in cash in your wallet."

She had admired and pursued him for many years after all. It was only natural that she was familiar with his habits.

"I-I'm hungry." Toddy ignored her words and walked toward the kitchen. "I saw your Stories that you made a lot of delicious food. I'm sure you haven't finished it yet. I'll warm it up. I haven't had breakfast yet. I'm so hungry I could die."

Again, Emma was tempted to stab him in his back with the scissors.

Shameless man!

Just go ahead and starve to death!

Toddy let out a relieved sigh when Emma didn't chase after him or ask for the money.

She hadn't accepted the money he transferred her either.

Seeing the breakfast that Emma hadn't finished, he took it to the stove to warm it up.

That was when his thoughts started to drift back to the past.

In the past, she would always prepare a sincere Valentine's Day present for him no matter what.

She would then wait for him at the entrance of the area in the wee hours of the morning.

The moment she saw him, she would happily hop over with a bright smile on her face.

"Toddy, it's Valentine's Day today. I got you a gift," she would say.

However, her eagerness when she passed him the presents through the car window would always be a cold one. "I don't need a Valentine's gift from you. You and I don't celebrate that together."

He would then step on the gas and drive off while he rolled up the window.

Through the rearview mirror, he would see her frozen in the same pose she handed him the presents while she watched him leave with a sad look on her face.

Her smile would slowly fall into a flat line.

He still remembered what she said when she woke up the next day after he carried her back from the Coleman Residence.

She said she was exhausted.

She didn't want to go after him when all he did was run away.

It seemed that he had lost a good woman who had given him her whole heart.

Chapter 505

Toddy's bitter heart was filled with regret because he swore that he would win Emma's heart again.

After the breakfast was warm, he naturally brought the breakfast to the sofa and put it on the coffee table.

"You have to wipe my table if you dirty it," Emma remarked coldly as she watched him.

"Of course," he said while sitting down. "I'll wipe it clean."

She pursed her lips at his reply but instead of saying anything else, she continued to nibble on her fruits as she watched the television.

On the other hand, Toddy had his eyes on her as he enjoyed his breakfast. His gaze dimmed when he caught sight of the new necklace she had on. Whomever it was that gave her that necklace had better not let me see his face. I'll end that mate poacher!

Despite his thoughts, he was showering Emma with words of compliment. "Emma, your breakfast is delicious. I missed this a lot."

She scoffed in reply. "Did the sun rise from the west today? You're praising my cooking! I used to prepare all sorts of food for you, but you threw them all away. You said you wouldn't touch the food I made you even if you starve to death. You also said that you would be a dog if you ever ate the breakfast that I prepared for you."

He fell silent for a second. Did I ever say that last thing?

"Woof! Woof!" He promptly started barking

"Emma, I'm a dog. I like the yummy breakfast you prepare. It's much better than instant noodles. I got up late today and I couldn't find any ingredients in my refrigerator. I only found a pack of instant noodles. I couldn't bring myself to eat anymore after only a few mouthfuls."

She was rendered speechless at that.

Ring-a-ling! Her phone started to ring right then.

Hearing that, she picked up her phone and looked at the caller ID, then got up and went to the balcony to answer the call so that Toddy couldn't overhear the conversation.

Toddy's ears perked up as he focused on the conversation between her and the caller. He didn't know who called her, but he could see her happily chatting with the other party and she even mentioned liking the gift and whatnot.

At that, Toddy finally came to a conclusion. It's the man pursuing Emma!

"Okay, I'll be on my way after I change my clothes. See you soon."

Emma hung up the phone swiftly after she said that. When she turned around to walk back into the living room, she was so startled when she almost bumped into Toddy that she took a few steps back.

"What are you doing, Mr. Heller?" she asked gingerly. "Why are you standing here like a ghost? You almost gave me a heart attack."

He didn't answer her and instead answered her question with another question. "Who called you?"

"A friend."

"A friend? What friend do you have?"

Toddy immediately regretted her words so much he wanted to bite his tongue off and kill himself. Why did I say that sh*t? "That's not what I mean, Emma. I—"

However, she interrupted, "Mr. Heller, I don't need to tell you whether or not I have friends. You can get out after you're done eating. I'm heading out soon."

Then, she coldly turned away and walked back into her room.

The man followed her after she said that. As much as Toddy wanted to explain himself, he didn't know what to say.

It was always Emma who was after him. Now that their roles were reversed, he didn't know what he should do to make her happy. I'll have to get President Coleman to teach me a thing or two about putting a lady in a better mood.

Bang! Emma slammed the door shut on Toddy.

Twenty minutes later, she had changed into a beautiful dress, her long locks flowing down her back. In

addition to the new necklace she wore, she now had on a pair of earrings, two bracelets on her wrists, and an intricate purse. She put on a pair of high heels after she left the room.

She usually wore professional suits, but she now oozed a special charm when she was slightly dressed up in casual clothes.

Toddy had just finished eating breakfast and had put away the dishes and wiped the coffee table clean. Wanting to clean her dining table as well, he was still holding a rag when he saw her come out.

He immediately rushed over and asked, "Emma, are you going out now?"

"Mm." After Emma changed into her high heels, she coldly informed him, "You are done eating, aren't you? Please leave if you are. I am going to lock the door."

Toddy grunted as he stated, "Give me a second. I'll leave after I wash the rag."

She didn't bother replying as she walked to the remote control to turn the television off.

He cleaned the rag in no time.

As he shook his wet hands to dry them, he came out of the kitchen and soon reached out to help Emma carry her bag when he stood in front of her.

She reacted by swatting his hand away.

"Emma, let me hold it for you."

"No, thanks."

She swiftly turned around and stomped away with her bag, prompting Toddy to follow her.

However, it did surprise her when he so easily obeyed her. She thought that it would take her longer than just a minute to kick him out.

And so, the two of them went downstairs.

She didn't want to walk with him, but he kept his pace about the same as hers. He followed her all the way when she entered the elevator, went out of the elevator, and even when she headed for the staircase.

"Emma." Toddy suddenly grabbed her when she was about to part ways with him. Emma immediately shook him off then. Despite the rejection, he continued, "Let me send you, Emma."

He shuffled in front of her and tentatively offered again, "Where are you going? I'll take you there."

"Thanks, but it's alright. My ride's coming." Emma rejected his offer and impassively stated, "Please step aside, Mr. Heller."

She bumped into his arm when she walked past him, but when he wanted to grab her, she evaded his touch.

"Emma—"

"Don't follow me!" she barked.

The coldness in her eyes made him stop. Left with no choice, he could only watch her walk away until she was out of sight.

Toddy grabbed two fistfuls of his hair then. What am I going to do? Emma is treating me colder now.

In a way, she was as cold to him as he was to her in the past.

It's karma. I deserve this!

Irritable, Toddy couldn't stop himself from giving Dylan a call.

On the other hand, Dylan took his call after a few rings.

"Happy birthday, Boss."

Toddy didn't immediately whine as he still remembered it was Dylan's birthday today.

"Thanks," Dylan murmured sincerely. He didn't say anything more as he waited for Toddy to continue.

"Boss, can I go to your place and chat with you?"

"No." Dylan didn't even need a second to think as he coldly rejected him. "No one's to disturb Kendall and my Valentine's Day."

He had invited his parents-in-law and the Woodses to dinner together, and they all tactfully refrained from engaging in private conversations with Kendall so that Dylan could cling to her.

"Boss, I'm upset!" Toddy chuckled bitterly. "Considering how hard I worked for you all these years, can't you talk to me for a bit? My head and heart are in shambles. You have a lovely wife to spend Valentine's Day with, but my woman has left me alone. I have to celebrate Valentine's Day without a lover."

"Get to the point!" Dylan demanded. He had taken seconds out of his day to talk to Toddy!

"Your woman? Since when did you have a woman? Miss Finley is not your woman. Whom are you blaming now? You're the reason that you're single on Valentine's Day. What, are you regretting it? You just realized you are in love with Miss Finley, I presume? Hahaha!"

Dylan unrestrainedly chortled after he said that because he was blatantly gloating.

Toddy's face only fell when he heard that. He patiently waited until Dylan was done making fun of him before he humbly asked, "Boss, do you have any tricks I can use to save this situation?"

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Dylan immediately started showing off when he heard Toddy's question. "I don't even need to do much to win my wife's heart when she takes the initiative more than I do. I have nothing to teach you. You are better off asking someone else."

"You are breaking my heart, Boss," Toddy whined.

He didn't know how he could coax Emma and despite his sincere plea, all Dylan did was flaunt his happiness.

He gave it a thought and realized that Kendall was indeed the more proactive one. Ha... No point in comparing.

Out of nowhere, Dylan started to give him real advice. "Miss Finley will reciprocate one day if you are sincere enough. Toddy, don't say that I am not giving you a heads-up. I brought my wife home. She will visit his brother at the hospital tomorrow.

"Maybe she'll ask me to arrange for Miss Finley to accompany her and officially introduce her to my in-laws. I know that my wife likes Miss Finley very much. In fact, she's probably celebrating the fact that you rejected Miss Finley. She can introduce Miss Finley to her brother that way.

"Just think about how Miss Finley treated you last time and use the same method. Shamelessness is what will help you win over a lady."

Toddy thought it made a lot of sense. He definitely wouldn't get a wife if he was shy.

"Boss, you know that I seldom beg you for anything. I'm begging you now to please, never let Emma meet Nell!"

Dylan let out a sinister chuckle at that. "Don't you think it's too late to be begging me now? You have hurt Miss Finley, and she has completely given up on you. If my brother-in-law ends up liking Miss Finley, you and he should compete over her in all fairness.

"I won't be poking my nose in your business.

"Also, serves you right. I warned you before, but you ignored my advice. You thought that Miss Finley would keep on loving you and waiting for you to accept her, didn't you? Leaves don't turn yellow in an instant, and hearts don't break because of one tiny thing.

"You're on your own, Toddy."

With that, Dylan cut the call.

Kendall, who was beside Dylan, casually asked after the phone call, "What did Toddy say?"

He knew that Toddy was the one who called Dylan.

Dylan put down his phone and grabbed Kendall's delicate body before he domineeringly sealed her mouth with a proper kiss. Only then did he answer her question. "He's regretting his actions. He found out that he has feelings for Miss Finley.

"Now that she's given up on him, he only discovered his feelings for her. Heh. Happy wife, happy life, they say. I bet he is suffering now for mistreating Miss Finley in the past."

Just like her husband, Kendall had no sympathy for Toddy. "Uh-uh. You used the wrong word, darling. Emma isn't his wife."

"Right, they're not married. We don't even know whether Toddy will get Miss Finley to fall for him again." Dylan didn't have the slightest intention to hide his gloating.

Kendall quickly added, "He used to be so indifferent toward Emma. If I was her, I wouldn't give him a second chance. I would rather find a better, more suitable person. As they say, a good horse will never turn round to graze on an old pasture."

For some reason, Dylan felt his heart thump in fright when he heard her words.

He couldn't help feeling glad that he hadn't done anything to hurt her, because if he broke her heart, she might just leave him for good. He would have no tears left to cry then.

Wives are for loving and pampering.

"Oh, by the way, I invited Emma over for a meal."

The call that Emma took before she went out was actually from Kendall.

Hearing that, Dylan cooed, "It's alright. You can invite anyone you want. You are the big boss in this house."

Lying in his arms, Kendall chuckled. "You are so nice to me, darling. You will spoil me."

"And that's all I want to do. I want to spoil you so bad no other man can tolerate you. That way, you will be with me for life. You will always be my wife."

Her smile only widened at his words. "The only way I'll switch my wonderful darling for another man is the day I get a brain trauma."

"Try it if you dare!"

"Geez, I'm not doing that. I will never want another husband. You are the one I want to marry even in my next life."

Dylan's face only visibly relaxed when he heard that.

Seeing this, Kendall quietly thought to herself, We are already husband and wife, and yet he's still so possessive!

Emma arrived not long after.

As she was Dylan's secretary, she would occasionally stop by the Coleman Residence for work.

Despite that, she was still in awe of the Colemans. She wouldn't just leave at will after she had arrived.

However, she did feel more at ease after having a conversation with Kendall.

It was also because Dylan had trusted in her that he arranged for her to stay with Kendall, and the women subsequently became best friends.

"Happy birthday, President Coleman!"

After blurting that out, she handed Dylan a gift card. She didn't know what gift to give him, which was why she eventually decided on giving him an expensive gift card. That way, he could choose and buy whatever he wanted.

"Thanks, Miss Finley." He took the gift card and passed it to Kendall. "Darling," he purred, "you are the head of the household. I'll leave it to you to take care of our finances."

Kendall's head whipped in her friend's direction and when she saw the smile on Emma's face, she accepted the gift card without hesitation. Emma knew fully how the couple's dynamic was.

Kendall's parents and older brother, Roger, were also invited over for lunch.

As Nell was still staying in the hospital, he couldn't be there. However, he had gone out of his way to give Dylan a call when he knew that today was Dylan's birthday.

After the meal, Adam, Charlotte, and the Woodses started to take their leave so that they could let the young couple spend the day with each other.

Before Roger left, he suddenly brought Kendall to a quiet corner, but he seemed to be hesitant about voicing his thoughts.

"What's the matter, Roger? Just tell me."

She was looking at him with curious eyes.

Roger was an honest man, and they had a good relationship. That was why Kendall was confused; he had never been so hesitant to speak with her.

"Um... Kendall? I'm embarrassed, but I need to ask you something."

"Roger, I'm your sister. Just tell me what you have in mind. I won't make fun of you. Go on. What's the matter?" She intimately draped an arm around Roger's shoulder and talked to him like a good friend would.

Dylan, who saw this from afar, suddenly became gloomy.

Even though Nelson used to have romantic feelings for Kendall, he was a clever man who knew to give up after she and Dylan registered their marriage. Knowing that he didn't stand a chance, he finally decided to be nothing more than Kendall's brother.

A worried Dylan wondered, Is Roger romantically interested in Kendall as well?

"Kendall, are you close friends with Miss Finley?"

Roger knew that Kendall had made friends with Amelia after her return to her biological family's home.

But instead of Amelia, it was Emma who came to the lunch.

He wanted to ask to make sure.

However, it wasn't that Kendall hadn't invited Amelia over. It was because Amelia had been held captive by Frank!

Kendall couldn't help thinking that Frank was... interested in Amelia.

It was no longer just him venting his anger on her.

Apart from his obsession with Kendall, Frank was a man whom a woman could trust her whole life with.

He and Dylan were the same. They were the type of men who would never give anyone a chance if they didn't like the person.

Men like them were usually the type to only love one person for the rest of their lives.

I wonder if he has let Amelia into his heart.

Kendall didn't believe that Frank was even that in love with her. She was sure that he only pestered her because he had had a dream of their past life.

"She's my friend, yes. What about it?" she asked Roger.

Roger started stammering again then. Seeing that Kendall was losing her patience, he finally confessed in a small voice, "Kendall... I think... I... have fallen in love at first sight with Miss Finley."

"Huh?"

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Roger turned bright red when he saw Kendall's shocked expression.

He knew that Emma was his brother-in-law's secretary. Someone who could become Dylan's secretary had to be incredibly competent at her job and would surely be earning a high salary too.

As for why someone with a high salary like Emma relied on public transportation instead, it was because she avoided buying a car so that she could get rides from Toddy.

Roger knew that an accomplished young woman like her might not be interested in a guy like him.

However, at twenty-eight years old, this was the first time he felt so attracted to a girl and he wanted to give it a try.

If he didn't, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

Even if Emma didn't return his feelings, at the very least, he gave it a shot and tried his best. That was enough to leave him without regrets.

"Are you serious, Roger?"

Kendall was somewhat at a loss right now.

Initially, she considered introducing Emma to Nelson, but before Nelson could even meet her, Roger had fallen in love with her at first sight.

Kendall understood her brother well.

Since he had fallen in love at first sight, he was bound to try and woo Emma.

Although Emma claimed to have given up on Toddy, who knew if she had any lingering feelings for him deep down inside her heart? After all, she had been in love with him for so many years now.

Was it possible to lose all those years of feelings in the blink of an eye?

Roger was free to try and win Emma over, but he would have to be up against Toddy. Kendall wasn't one to put a damper on someone else's spirits, but there was no way to sugarcoat it. Toddy had a lot more to offer than Roger.

More importantly, Emma had been in love with Toddy for so many years.

Kendall felt that Toddy had the advantage in every way.

Toddy had realized his feelings for Emma and was trying to win her back. If Emma hadn't truly given up on Toddy, then Roger was very likely to get hurt.

Kendall didn't want her brother to get hurt.

"Kendall, I meant every word I said. My heart started beating a lot faster the moment I laid eyes on Miss Finley. I couldn't take my eyes off her. I wished I could stay right by her side. These are all signs of my attraction toward her. I fell in love with Miss Finley at first sight."

Now that Roger told Kendall everything, he no longer felt shy. "Kendall, why are you reacting like that? Is it because Miss Finley has a boyfriend? If she does, then, well, I won't bother her."

However, he would still pay attention to the goings-on in Emma's life.

He might one day have a chance if Emma broke up with her boyfriend.

"Roger, Emma doesn't have a boyfriend yet, but just two months ago, she was still deeply in love with Toddy Heller, Dylan's assistant. Dylan trusts Toddy a lot. He's Dylan's right-hand man, which makes him the second-in-command at Coleman Empire Holdings. Although Emma said she has given up on Toddy, it's still unlikely for her to have let go of years and years of love in just two months. Not to mention the fact that Toddy realized he has fallen in love with Emma and is planning to try and woo her.

"Roger, you're a great guy, but we still need to be realistic. You're a great guy, but there are other great guys out there, perhaps even greater ones. You get what I mean, right?"

Kendall hoped that Roger would give up instead of launching himself straight into the love triangle with them, lest he ended up battered and bruised.

Roger remained quiet for a while.

However, he soon replied in a determined tone, "Kendall, regardless of whether Miss Finley has let go of her feelings for Mr. Heller or not, I still want to give it a try. Can you give me Miss Finley's number? I don't expect you to help me with anything. I'll rely on my own best efforts to win her heart."

The best-case scenario was that he would succeed in wooing Emma. If not, then it meant that he and

Emma weren't meant for each other.

"Well, since you've decided, you have my full moral support, Roger. Love is something between two people. I won't get involved in your relationship with Emma."

Since Roger had made up his mind, Kendall could only support him.

She gave Emma's number to him. "You can add her on WhatsApp and talk to her. Get to know her better first so it won't be awkward when you meet in person."

"I want to be more forward with my actions. As you said, Miss Finley was in love with Mr. Heller and they're working in the same company now, which means they see each other all the time. I'm already at a disadvantage, so if I start by talking to her on WhatsApp, I'm going to suffer a crushing defeat."

Kendall had nothing to say to that. "Good luck, Roger!"

Roger chuckled. "I'll take Mom and Dad home now. You should visit Nell tomorrow. He keeps asking about you, so much so that lying has become second nature to us now."

He had always been an honest man, but for Nelson's sake, he was forced to learn how to keep a straight face even when he was lying through his teeth.

"Yeah. Dylan and I will go over tomorrow."

Kendall wasn't going to bring Emma along since Roger had fallen in love with Emma.

She wasn't about to introduce Emma to Nelson when she knew about Roger's feelings for Emma.

Kendall had a lot of things to do tomorrow.

She decided to visit Nelson at the hospital first before heading over to Mendelson Residence to get even with Frank. After all, he roughed up her man, so even if she couldn't hold her own against him, she was still going over to show her stance.

Her ultimate goal was to make Frank give up on her completely.

Regardless of what happened between her and Frank in their previous life, she was Dylan's wife in this life, and she was going to remain his wife for as long as they lived. She wasn't going to get involved with any other man.

"Drive safe," Kendall said to Roger.

Roger chuckled. "Don't worry. I'm not you."

Kendall blushed and smacked Roger's arm.

After getting Emma's number, Roger happily left Coleman Residence with his parents in tow.

Kendall and Dylan walked his parents to the door and saw them off.

Once both sets of parents left, Dylan casually remarked, "You have an excellent relationship with your brother, Kendall."

"Of course. He's my brother. My earliest memories are of me spending all my time with my two

brothers. They brought me wherever they went."

If Nelson and Roger heard that, they would have protested and said, "Your Highness, if we didn't bring you along, you'd throw a tantrum and start rolling around the floor."

The brothers brought Kendall everywhere they went because they couldn't take her outbursts.

However, Kendall wasn't going to expose all the embarrassing details of her childhood to Dylan. Hehe.

"What did you and Roger talk about? Your expression was a little strange."

"What sharp eyes you have, Dylan. You managed to catch the look on my face even though we were so far apart."

After saying that, Kendall realized what was going on and chuckled. "Dylan, that's my brother. Don't tell me you're jealous of my brother. Aren't you afraid of turning into a green-eyed monster from all your jealousy?"

Dylan refused to admit it. "That's your brother, which means he's my brother too. I'm happy that you get along so well with your brother. Why would I be jealous of him? I'm just concerned about you and your family. Did Roger encounter any kind of trouble? Is he asking us for help?"

Kendall started wheeling him back into the house as she chuckled and said, "You guessed right, Dylan."

Chapter 508

"Tell Roger to come to us if he needs any help. We'll do whatever we can," Dylan declared generously as if to prove that he wasn't jealous of Roger.

"We can't help him anyway. He's trying to win the heart of the woman he likes."

The barest hint of a smile danced across Dylan's eyes and he turned back to look at Kendall. "Roger found someone?"

Well, Dylan was a lot more relieved now.

It wasn't him who was being too suspicious, but since Kendall wasn't related to the Woodses by blood, and with Nelson's prior showing, he was truly worried that even Roger's feelings toward Kendall would change.

"Yeah. Roger fell in love with Emma at first sight. He was asking me for Emma's number."

Dylan was taken aback.

"Didn't you intend on introducing Miss Finley to Nelson?" Dylan quizzed in puzzlement.

"Yeah, but since Roger has fallen for Emma, let's forget about that and never bring it up again."

"I never thought Miss Finley would be so well-received," Dylan remarked after a pause.

"Why wouldn't she be? She's an accomplished young woman and so pretty too. Guys would be lining up to get a chance with her if they didn't know that she liked Toddy. Still, Roger's not too bad himself. I hope he can defeat Toddy."

Dylan chuckled. He seemed to be delighted. "Toddy should be getting anxious now. He asked for it! Kendall, why don't I arrange for Miss Finley to become your secretary?"

"Are you sure that's okay? What's going to happen to you if you give Emma to me?"

"There are still a lot of capable secretaries at the company. I can always bring over a new one."

Kendall was tempted by Dylan's offer.

She was returning to the office on Monday and a fierce battle awaited her. The acrimony between her and Kelly was nearly at its peak. They were on the verge of dropping all pretense of cordiality now. Until a time when Adam kicked Kelly out of the company, Kelly was still going to be her strongest opponent.

Right now, at the company, only Adam and Jessie were on Kendall's side.

The other directors and managers had still observed the two women from the sidelines.

After all, Kendall had only managed to sign one major contract and a few smaller ones thus far.

Thankfully, she managed to negotiate a few business deals at Wino City. She could start the process of signing the contract once she got back to the office.

Parker Corporation belonged to the Parkers, but if she wanted to inherit the company, she had to prove that she was up for the job. Even though Kelly's reputation was damaged, Kendall had to admit that she was still falling behind Kelly when it came to managing the business.

There were two reasons why Adam hadn't kicked Kelly out of the company yet. The first was that he had raised Kelly for over two decades now and still cared about her, and the second was that he wanted Kendall and Kelly to compete against each other. If Kendall won, she could then take over the company and chase Kelly out herself.

If Kendall lost, then the outcome would be the same as her previous life.

She needed a capable secretary to help her.

"Toddy will be furious if you arrange for Emma to work for me," Kendall commented, but she was still swayed by the idea. "You need to ask Emma's opinion too. If she doesn't want to come over, then you shouldn't force her."

Working for Kendall would not be the same as working for Dylan.

Dylan agreed to that. "I'll ask for her opinion first. If she doesn't want to join you, then I won't force her. I'll find another secretary that's just as capable as her for you."

The couple continued discussing work as they headed back in.

In another part of town, Toddy sneezed for no apparent reason.

Valentine's Day flew by as all the loving couples spent the day together.

The day after Valentine's Day, Kendall and Dylan headed to the hospital to visit Nelson, accompanied by several bodyguards. They brought along some supplements as well.

With all the treatment Nelson had been receiving all this while, he was well on the road to recovery.

At last, Kendall and Dylan had come to visit him. Nelson had a lot of questions he wanted to ask Kendall, but the intimidating look in Dylan's eyes deterred him.

The couple stayed at the hospital for several hours before Sally started urging them to go back home.

"Dylan," Nelson called out all of a sudden. "Can we talk in private?"

Dylan agreed.

The others left the room.

Dylan sat down by the bed and fixed his eyes on Nelson as he waited for Nelson to speak.

"Did something happen with you and Kendall recently?"

"Nope. We're fine. I can walk quite a bit now."

Dylan knew about the Woodses keeping the whole situation from Nelson.

Naturally, he wasn't going to admit that he and Kendall had nearly been separated.

Nelson looked Dylan straight in the eye.

"I'm not dumb, Dylan. It's not surprising that you didn't come and visit me at the hospital since you're very busy, but no matter how busy Kendall got, she would still come and see me, yet she didn't drop by for more than two weeks. My parents kept telling me she was busy, but I know it was just an excuse."

"Kendall had a lot of work to do. As you know, she's joined Parker Corporation now, and the company belongs to her family, so there's a high chance she'll be inheriting the company in the future. She's never been involved in business before, so she has to work even harder than everyone else."

"Was it you or your family who did something to Kendall?"

"Nelson, I love Kendall with all my heart. She's even more important to me than my life. I'd rather hurt myself than see her hurt in any way," Dylan declared solemnly.

Nelson believed him.

He had been willing to let Kendall be with Dylan because he had seen how much Dylan loved and adored Kendall.

He no longer felt anything for Kendall, other than brotherly love.

He was going to be Kendall's brother for the rest of his life!

"That means your family hurt her."

Dylan remained silent for a while before saying, "Nelson, I told you already. No one can hurt Kendall while I'm around. No one can make her suffer. Your family entrusted her to me. I will love her, cherish her, and protect her for the rest of our lives."

Nelson stared at Dylan. The pause before Dylan's reply was more than enough to confirm Nelson's suspicions. The Colemans' family elders did something to Kendall that hurt her.

He knew very well who the culprit would be. No one else, apart from Tilly, would be able to stand up against Dylan.

Fortunately, the loving couple was still going strong now.

It meant that the crisis had been resolved.

"I'm glad that everything's fine. I trust that you'll keep Kendall happy."

Now that Nelson had his answer, he didn't bother asking any further. There was no point in asking anyway. Dylan was dead set on remaining silent about it. He wouldn't be getting an answer, not even if he pressed for hours and hours.

As long as Kendall's marriage is no longer in danger.

"By the way, Dylan, I'm Kendall's brother. Even though we're not related by blood, I still consider her my sister, and she has always treated me as her brother. You don't need to keep your guard up against me like I'm some kind of predator."

"I'm not keeping my guard up against you," Dylan refuted coolly.

Nelson snorted, but he couldn't be bothered to expose Dylan's lies.

Dylan wasn't offended by Nelson's reaction.

He knew that Nelson was only worried about Kendall.

"That's all. You can go back now. Since you're all busy, you don't need to come all that often. I'm almost fully recovered anyway. I'll probably be discharged from the hospital in a few days."

Chapter 509

"Rest well, Nelson."

Nelson was already telling Dylan to go, so Dylan wasn't going to linger around.

He didn't have much to say to these two brothers-in-law of his.

His regard for them stemmed solely from their connection to Kendall.

Dylan wheeled himself out.

Nelson watched him leave with an indecipherable expression.

Kendall and the others were waiting outside.

When Dylan came out, Kendall walked over to him. "Dylan."

"Nelson wants to rest, Kendall. Let's go home now. We'll come again another day when we're free," Dylan said calmly.

Kendall glanced into the room and saw that Nelson had his eyes closed, so she didn't go in again.

She wheeled Dylan over to her parents and said, "Mom, Dad, Roger, we're leaving now. Call us if you need anything."

Milo acknowledged with a nod and added, "Nothing much is happening now. You can just focus on work without worrying about Nell. The doctor said that he'll be discharged soon."

Sally looked as if she had something to say, but she didn't voice it after receiving a couple of looks from Milo.

Roger went to see Kendall and Dylan off.

Once the couple was gone, Milo turned to Sally. "Were you going to bring up Jackson to Kendall just now?"

Jackson was still in custody awaiting trial for beating Nelson up.

The Whittles hadn't given up yet. Every few days, someone would come to the hospital to plead with the Woodses to write a formal letter of forgiveness so that Jackson could get a lighter sentence.

None of the Woodses could stand the sight of them anymore.

"Jackson's still the father of Kelly's child. What a cruel twist of fate."

Mothers were always constantly worried about something or another.

Now that Nelson was almost fully recovered, Sally started worrying about Kelly.

"Why does that change anything? Are you thinking about forgiving them just because Nelson is better now? Nelson nearly died! No matter what, I refuse to forgive Jackson. Even if the Whittles or Kelly

comes to plead his case, you'd better refuse them. You can't forgive them."

"Calm down, Milo," Sally quickly said. "I didn't say I wanted to forgive him. I just feel bad for Kelly. She's so stubborn. Even now, she still insists on keeping the baby. She's going to become a single mother."

"Why do you feel bad for her? It was her choice. We didn't raise her, and she doesn't consider us her parents, so why waste time with all these unnecessary concerns?"

Milo was even more aggravated at the mention of Kelly.

"Okay, okay. I won't bring her up again. Calm down."

Sally was fully aware of how reprehensible Kelly's actions were. Although she cared very deeply for her, Kelly hadn't even called her Mom before.

"When she brought Mrs. Whittle over the last time, it seemed as if she wasn't interested in saving Jackson either. Since she's not trying to do anything for the sake of the child, why should we worry on her behalf? She's already..."

Milo didn't continue.

He already heard about Kelly's relationship with Brian.

Milo couldn't believe that his daughter was such a person. Neither one of his sons behaved in this manner, and it didn't make sense to say that the Parkers did a poor job teaching her.

He knew that the Parkers had put a lot of effort into raising Kelly well.

Whatever. Stop thinking about her. It just makes me angrier.

As for my grandchild... Hah. Even if Kelly gave birth to a child, she probably wouldn't want the child to acknowledge us as grandparents anyway. She only recognizes the Parkers as her family.

I might as well hope for Kendall to have a child sooner rather than later if I want to experience being a grandpa.

Kendall didn't know that her parents got into a tiny fight because of Kelly after she left.

"What did Nell talk to you about?" Kendall asked Dylan.

"He asked me if you suffered any grievances lately."

"You didn't tell him, right?"

Dylan tightened his grip around her hand and answered in a low voice, "No. Nell said he'll always be your brother."

"He has always been my brother."

Kendall found it odd that Nelson made such a statement.

Dylan smiled and kissed her cheek. He didn't tell her that Nelson once developed romantic feelings for her.

Kendall saw her two brothers as nothing more than brothers.

It's better if I don't tell her about this. When it came to this, both Dylan and Nelson saw eye to eye.

"Hubby, I want to head over to Mendelson Residence."

Dylan's eyes glittered. "Trying to seek justice on my behalf?"

Kendall wrapped her arms around his neck. Her gentle, delicate features captivated Dylan. He gulped. They were in the car right now, and Ronnie and the driver were in the car with them. He couldn't give in to his urge to push her down in the backseat and indulge in a bout of passion.

"You're protective of me, and I'm just as protective as you. Giving is a two-way street."

Dylan smiled. He couldn't resist her loveliness and started kissing her.

After the kiss, he said hoarsely, "I'm happy that you want to stand up for me, but you don't need to start a fight with Frank. You can't defeat him. I'm also worried that he'll stop you from leaving once you're there."

Frank would love to have Kendall come over alone to see him.

Kendall couldn't defeat Frank. If Frank decided to take it seriously, he could easily overpower Kendall and lock her up inside his house.

Frank was a lunatic, and Dylan wouldn't bet on the chances that Frank would remain a gentleman.

"I won't be going over by myself. You're coming with me. You can wait outside while I bring Ronnie and the others in with me. Your face was all red and swollen because of him. I can't rest until I teach him a lesson for you. He's despicable. Here we are happily married, and he comes along and insists on trying to get between us. He's the reason for all our suffering. I don't like bearing grudges, but that's only because I'd much rather take my revenge right away."

She wasn't in Orapolis when the two men got into a fight, so she had made a mental note of it first.

Now that she was back, it was time to settle the score with Frank.

"Okay," Dylan said with a smile.

Kendall heading over to stand up for Dylan would only end up twisting the knife further into Frank's heart.

This should be enough to force him to give up now, right?

"Take us to Mendelson Residence," Dylan instructed the driver.

The driver acknowledged his command and changed to a different route.

Kendall and Dylan brought their bodyguards with them as they headed straight for Mendelson Residence.

Desmond was dumbfounded when he heard the news.

He was still in disbelief as he grabbed the bodyguard who brought the message. "Who did you say is here?"

"Miss Kendall Parker. She said she wants to see Mr. Mendelson."

"Did she come by herself?"

"No. Mr. Coleman is with her, but he didn't get out of the car. Miss Kendall came down with a few of Mr. Coleman's bodyguards."

Desmond frowned. "She must be here to take revenge on Mr. Mendelson. What's with this couple anyway? Why are they so petty? Mr. Coleman has already settled the score with Mr. Mendelson. Miss Kendall is also trying to get even as soon as she comes back."

Mr. Mendelson's going to get hurt again.

Why is it that Mr. Mendelson's always the one who gets hurt?

"Should I let her in, Mr. Desmond?" the bodyguard asked.

"See if you can get Miss Kendall to come in alone without the Colemans' bodyguards following her in," Desmond instructed.

Although Miss Kendall knows a bit of taekwondo, she still won't be able to beat Mr. Mendelson.

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If it's just Miss Kendall alone, Mr. Mendelson won't be heavily injured even if he doesn't fight back against Miss Kendall, Desmond thought.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Desmond," the bodyguard said. "Mr. Coleman won't let Miss Kendall come in by herself."

Desmond was about to continue talking when Frank appeared all of a sudden. "Open the gates," he instructed in a low voice. "Let Kendall come in. Don't stop her, no matter whom she brings in with her."

Amelia, who had been inside the room counting money, immediately stopped what she was doing and came out when she heard what Frank said.

"Kendall's here?" Amelia asked.

She had been trying to count all hundreds of thousands by herself and had failed to thus far. She blamed it all on Frank who kept bugging her until she would forget how much she counted up to and would have to start over again.

Amelia had no idea what Frank said to the Taylor men. Frank had been forcefully keeping her here in his house for nearly two days. Her mother kept calling her and telling her to secretly run off, but she didn't receive any calls from the men in her family.

She suspected that they had given up on her.

Frank said nothing. Desmond then nodded.

Amelia was excited at first. She was about to go out and receive Kendall when a thought occurred to her, and she quickly wiped the smile off her face. She turned around and went over to Frank. "Kendall must be here to get even with you. Why don't you, uhh, hide somewhere?"

Frank glanced down at her.

He smirked and commented, "I almost thought I was hearing things. Are you worried about me? Shouldn't you be clapping with joy that Kendall's here to beat me up?"

Amelia was speechless.

Hah. There's no point trying to be nice to some people.

Frank glanced at the door. His smile disappeared as he said lightly, "Some things are unavoidable. Even if Kendall's arrival is the start of a hurricane, I'll take it."

He owed it to Kendall and the baby girl.

Amelia thought Frank was hopeless.

Still, it had nothing to do with her.

She was one of Kendall's good friends and took Kendall's side, so even if Kendall beat Frank to death, she still wouldn't plead for mercy on Frank's behalf.

A few minutes later, Kendall came over with Ronnie and the other bodyguards in tow.

Frank's gaze softened at the sight of her.

"Kendall!"

Amelia came forward to greet Kendall.

Kendall's icy expression faltered for a moment when she spotted her good friend. She quickly checked on Amelia and sighed in relief once she confirmed that Amelia was fine.

"Do you still come here every day?" Kendall asked quietly.

"He's the one who sends people to bring me over," Amelia corrected. "I didn't come here myself."

Kendall felt that Amelia's reaction was a little excessive.

She patted Amelia on the shoulder and said apologetically, "I'm the reason why you got caught up in all of this, Amy."

"I did everything willingly."

Although Frank had been terrible to her at the start, she had done everything willingly. Frank was still mean to her, but he was a lot less harsh than he used to be.

"I'll get you out of here later. If he dares to force you to come over again, I'll—"

"Kendall."

Amelia cut her off, and under Kendall's puzzled gaze, she said somewhat embarrassingly, "I like it here now."

After a pause, Kendall asked, "Have you fallen in love with Frank?"

That delusional man is considered fairly handsome, and Amelia has always been fond of handsome men. She takes a liking to any guy with good looks.

Kendall had long since sensed that things between the two had changed, but she never thought something would come out of it.

"What are you talking about? Why would I fall in love with him? He's so hung up on you. I'd be a fool if I fell in love with him, like a moth flying straight toward the flame."

Amelia nearly shrieked in response, but after recalling that Frank was still nearby, she lowered her voice and explained, "You know how my mom has been arranging blind dates for me, right? This time, she's trying to set me up with Mrs. Mullinsky's son. Mrs. Mullinsky is a good friend of my mom's, and I've known Caleb Mullinsky ever since we were children.

"I'm not interested in Caleb in that way, but my mom keeps trying to create opportunities for us to hang out together. I'm so annoyed that I'm about to lose my mind. I might as well stay here in Mendelson Residence. At the very least, I won't be bothered here. Even though my mom knows that I'm here, she can't tell Caleb to come and look for me."

Kendall chuckled. "I see. I thought you had fallen in love with Frank. If you did, then I would've considered going easy on him for your sake."

"Definitely not," Amelia denied at once.

However, she couldn't stop herself from putting in a good word for Frank. "Kendall, Dylan already came over to get even with Frank. He wasn't the only one who got hurt that day. Frank's injuries were even worse."

Kendall stared at Amelia.

Although Amelia claimed that she didn't love Frank, she was still pleading on his behalf. This meant that she wasn't completely indifferent toward Frank.

"Why are you staring at me like that, Kendall? I'm not trying to plead mercy on Frank's behalf. I just think that he has the freedom to like you, even though he has gone too far."

At that very moment, Frank came over to them.

Ronnie and the other bodyguards immediately stood in front of the women. They didn't want to let Frank get too close.

"Kendall."

Frank's eyes were fixed on Kendall. "You're back. How are you?"

"I'm great," Kendall tossed back icily. "You must be disappointed, huh?"

"Kendall, I..."

Frank felt very conflicted.

He wanted her to be well, but he was also upset that she and Dylan were still very much in love after surviving the various trials and tribulations. He wanted her to suffer at the hands of the Colemans so that she would be disheartened to leave.

"Kendall, I know you're here to get revenge for Dylan. Dylan did a number on me that day too, you know. You can't listen to just his side of the story."

"Dylan's my husband, so of course, I'll listen to just his side of the story. You deserved whatever he did to you. My heart aches for my husband whom you hit, so I'm here to get even with you. Frank, I've told you countless times. We're not involved in any way, and there's no baby either. You're just being delusional. You should see a doctor about that."

"Everything that you've done to try and ruin my marriage with Dylan only made me resent you even more. I've been very clear about this: even if the Colemans chased me out and Dylan divorced me, I still won't marry you, so just give up!"

All color drained from Frank's face.

Amelia sighed to herself when she saw how pale he was. True enough, Kendall was the only one who could hurt Frank.

Kendall hasn't even started hitting him yet. Just a few words from her are enough to crush him.

After a long bout of silence, Frank said quietly, "Since you're here to get even on behalf of Dylan, go ahead. I won't fight back. Still, take it easy. Don't hurt yourself."

"Sir," Desmond called out softly.

Frank raised his hand to stop Desmond from saying anything else.

Amelia wanted to speak up too, but in the end, she kept quiet.

Kendall marched forward and grabbed Frank by the collar. As she raised her fist, she saw him closing his eyes. He genuinely didn't attempt to avoid her attacks.

Kendall glared at Frank for a moment, then turned to glance at Amelia before declaring icily, "My hand will hurt if I hit you, and my husband's heart will ache because of that."

She lowered her fist and let go of Frank's collar, but instead, she shoved him hard and he fell backward onto the floor.