

Kendalls 511

Chapter 511

When Frank stumbled to the floor, Amelia nearly rushed forward to help him.

She had already raised her foot to take a step when she recalled that she was friends with Kendall, and how the Colemans had chased Kendall out because of Frank, which forced her and Dylan to spend some time apart. Amelia quietly withdrew her foot again.

The crueler and more heartless Kendall was to Frank, the more likely he would finally give up on her at last.

I won't have to come over to Mendelson Residence anymore once Frank gives up on Kendall.

"Sir!"

It was Desmond who rushed over to help Frank up.

After helping Frank get back to his feet, Desmond turned to Kendall and said, "Miss Kendall—"

"You're Mr. Desmond, right? Please call me Young Mistress Coleman."

Kendall stressed the fact that she was married. It was meant to remind Frank that she was married and to not waste any more time on her. She couldn't accept his infatuated love for her.

However, Desmond kept referring to her as Miss Kendall anyway. Frank liked hearing others referring to her as such. That way, he could fool himself into thinking that Kendall was still single, and he still had

a chance with her.

"Miss Kendall, Mr. Mendelson didn't do anything wrong. If you must insist that he did, then his only mistake is to be too in love with you. That day, Mr. Coleman had already settled the score with Mr. Mendelson. They were both injured but Mr. Mendelson's injuries were worse. I don't expect you to pity Mr. Mendelson, but please don't come and add insult to injury."

"Shut up, Desmond!" Frank barked. "Stay out of it! This is between Kendall and me!"

"Sir!" Desmond called out to him with an aching heart.

When Kendall wasn't around, Desmond noticed that Frank seemed to show a tiny bit of interest in Amelia, but now that Kendall was here, she was all Frank could see.

This is too unfair toward Ms. Taylor.

Desmond wanted to stand up for Amelia.

"Go away!" Frank snarled.

Desmond had no choice but to retreat. He stood beside Amelia and sighed when he saw that she was unaffected by everything.

I can't expect Miss Kendall to take pity on Mr. Mendelson, and neither can I expect Ms. Taylor to do so either, since Mr. Mendelson keeps treating Ms. Taylor badly.

Frank stared at Kendall and uttered in a deep, quiet voice, "Kendall, you're afraid that your hand will hurt if you hit me, so I'll hit myself. That way, your hand won't hurt, and you'll still get your revenge."

He started slapping himself in the face.

Smack!

The first slap rang out loud and clear.

Desmond's heart was breaking.

Kendall frowned, but she stayed silent. She observed Amelia's expression out of the corner of her eye.

Since Amelia didn't seem affected at all, Kendall didn't stop Frank from hitting himself.

Therefore, right before everyone's eyes, Frank kept slapping himself over and over again. He hit himself so hard that his face turned into a swollen tomato after a few slaps. His face was covered in streaky red marks.

Those who worked for Frank were agonized by this.

On the other hand, the Colemans' bodyguards remained expressionless.

Amelia kept watching as Frank slapped himself time and time again, and all of a sudden, she felt a prick in her heart. She felt a lump grow in her throat and quickly averted her eyes to avoid seeing how Frank was tormenting himself.

Kendall, who had been observing Amelia's reaction all along, felt a surge of complicated emotions.

Just as Frank was about to hit himself in the face yet again, Kendall spoke up coldly. "Mr. Mendelson, I'm going to repeat this one last time. I am Dylan's wife. I'm going to be his wife for the rest of my life. I can't accept your love and devotion. Please stop bothering me. You'll only be able to move on with your life once you let go of your feelings for me because we can never be together. That's all I have to say. Let's go, Ronnie."

Kendall turned around and left, and the Colemans' bodyguards followed closely behind.

She didn't ask Amelia to leave with her.

Amelia didn't realize what was happening until Kendall had left with the bodyguards. She was supposed to follow Kendall out.

Now that Kendall's gone, am I leaving or staying?

Amelia hesitated for a long time after looking at Frank, whose disappointment-filled eyes peeked through his swollen face, and eventually, she chose to stay.

Frank stared in a daze in the direction where Kendall had left. His heart had shattered completely.

She kept rejecting him so heartlessly. She kept telling him that she was Dylan's wife and would only be his wife for the rest of her life.

She wasn't interested in his love for her! She didn't care that he was devoted to her!

"Sir."

Desmond came forward with a heart full of sympathy. "Sir, just give up. Miss Kendall isn't heartless. It's just that she has already given her heart to Mr. Coleman. She only has one to give. Since she has given it to Mr. Coleman, she can't give it to you anymore. Why must you continue devoting yourself to her this way?"

Frank didn't say anything.

He hit himself very hard just now in the hopes that Kendall would take pity on him.

Right now, his face had swollen up twice the size it usually was.

Even so, Kendall didn't pity him at all.

She indeed wasn't his to have!

Frank closed his eyes as a solitary tear fell out of the corner of his eye.

In this life, she met Dylan first and fell in love with him. She was now his wife.

He was too late. He had missed his chance with her.

"Frank, you should put some ice on your face," Amelia came over and advised gently.

Frank didn't respond. He turned around and walked back into the house.

Desmond and Amelia exchanged glances. Out of worry, Desmond suggested, "Ms. Taylor, I'm really worried about Mr. Mendelson. Can you talk to him and convince him to put some ice on his face?"

Amelia didn't refuse him.

She quickly went into the house but didn't see any sign of Frank. He had gone upstairs.

Amelia got an ice pack and went up to look for Frank. When she arrived at his room, his door was closed, so she started knocking and calling out to him, "Open up, Frank. Put some ice on your face so that the swelling goes down."

Frank didn't answer. No matter how hard Amelia knocked on the door, he refused to open it and didn't say anything either.

Desmond came over and asked anxiously, "Is Mr. Mendelson not opening the door, Ms. Taylor?"

Amelia nodded.

In the past, she only ever heard Desmond describing how pitiful Frank was.

Today, she finally witnessed Frank's obsession with Kendall. She had been shocked by it and felt a bittersweet feeling in her heart.

Amelia and Kendall had been friends for over a year now. She knew very well that Kendall barely interacted with Frank. Frank was obsessed with Kendall because of the repetitive dream he had.

Just because of a dream, Frank became devoted to Kendall and sacrificed a lot for her.

Still, Kendall wasn't interested at all, no matter how devoted Frank was to her.

Kendall was Dylan's wife. They were legally married now. There was nothing but pain and hurt in store for Frank if he continued to be so obsessed with Kendall.

Desmond had given all the advice he possibly could to Frank, and for Kendall's sake, Amelia had tried numerous times as well.

Frank just refuses to listen to anyone else.

"Sir! Sir!"

Desmond kept knocking on the door.

Still, there was no response.

Desmond was on the verge of breaking the door down.

"Mr. Desmond, just leave him alone for now so that he can calm down."

Amelia sighed. "Although he's hurting now, maybe he'll finally think things through and let go."

This pain was going to come sooner or later.

Amelia had felt a pang in her heart when she saw the look in Frank's eyes earlier. He was truly in

despair.

Desmond sighed as well. "I hope Mr. Mendelson gives up this time. He has been hurt countless times because of Miss Kendall."

Miss Kendall was concerned when Mr. Coleman got hurt, but she probably doesn't care at all that Mr. Mendelson's hurt. That's the stark difference between the presence and absence of love.

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Kendall walked out of the Mendelson Residence with mixed emotions. As soon as Dylan saw her, he instantly pushed open the car door and got out. He did not even need his wheelchair as he strode over to her.

"Darling." She snuggled into his arms.

He reciprocated the hug without any words. He knew that she tended to refer to him as 'darling' whenever she was in a bad mood. Is she upset after admonishing Frank? He had wild thoughts running through his mind, but he did not inquire further as he knew that she would talk about it if she wanted to.

After a moment, Kendall lifted her head from his embrace and told him, "Darling, let's head home."

"Okay, let's go." Dylan bent down and carried her into his arms. At that, she hastily wrapped her arms around his neck.

The car was just a few steps away, so he managed that fine. He placed her into the car before getting in after that. Since the bodyguards were well-trained, they ascended their cars respectively and the car entourage left the Mendelson Residence in a single file two minutes later.

After some time, Kendall piped up, "Darling, Amelia may have fallen in love with Frank."

Stunned at first, Dylan soon realized that it was reasonable. After all, if he disregarded his long-standing feud with Frank, Frank was an impressive man with good looks. It would be hard for one to resist him once the person shared their time.

Furthermore, Amelia was practically glued to Frank's side daily and she had been rejected by Ronnie after she confessed her feelings to him, so it was likely that she would have redirected her feelings toward Frank after the rejection.

"Are you upset because Amelia has fallen in love with Frank?"

"Yes, darling. I didn't manage to stand up for you because Amy was very protective of him."

Subsequently, Kendall burrowed herself deeper into Dylan's arms and added, "It's all my fault that Amelia is stuck by Frank's side, so I didn't take any action against him for her sake. Instead, he slapped himself as punishment."

Dylan held her tighter and coaxed, "Kendall, I'm happy enough that you had the intention to stand up for me. It's fine that you didn't end up taking any action. Plus, it'd pain me to find out that you hurt your hands after beating him up. Did Frank slap himself, though?"

"Yes, he was quite ruthless toward himself and he delivered some strong blows; his face swelled up after several strikes. On top of that, I saw how upset Amelia was, so I quickly left the place with Ronnie and the others to prevent him from continuing his self-harm. I didn't want her to be tormented any further..."

Darling, do you think Amelia and Frank will end up together? Frank is too fixated on his ways. I've noticed that the way she regards him is different from how she was with Ronnie. She was merely impressed by Ronnie but didn't fall for him. After she had professed her love for him and was rejected, it only took her two days to get over it."

Dylan remained silent for a moment before replying, "It depends on whether Frank can move on. If he has, then there is a possibility that Ms. Taylor could succeed. Over these years, no woman has been by Frank's side. Other than him being exceptionally open toward you, Ms. Taylor's the only woman he interacted the most with. If he was unable to tolerate her, then there was no way he would've invited her over every single day."

Kendall heaved a sigh at that. "I would've never expected that Amy would fall for Frank, though. I hope that he can move on and accept her so that things won't end up being disastrous for both parties."

"Kendall, everyone has their path when it comes to love. Perhaps Ms. Taylor is the right one for him. Initially, things might be tough, but if she's able to win his affection, she will end up leading a blissful life in the future. Frank and I don't see eye to eye because we're too similar in our ways. We would be fine leading our own lives if we hadn't fallen for someone, but once we had, that person would be our rightful one in this lifetime. We wouldn't hesitate to give everything to the apple of our eye. Frank is just... His feelings for you might not be romantic, but it's his obsession with your baby girl."

Dylan was unsure of the identity of the baby's parents in Kendall's dream. After all, it was a dream, and he was unable to do anything but watch as a bystander.

After considering his words, she found that he made a lot of sense. Frank had only approached her from the start because of her child and his obsession with the baby, not her. I'm sure that my baby won't appear in our lives in this lifetime again.

Indeed, Dylan was on point with his analysis of Frank.

Meanwhile, Frank locked himself in his room and was splayed on his bed as he stared mindlessly at

the ceiling. Both of his cheeks were swollen and red, but he did not care at all.

Baby girl, he apologized in his mind. Baby girl, Daddy's sorry for not being able to win Mommy back. Without Mommy by my side, there is no way you would be able to come back to me.

As he was lost in his thoughts, he fell asleep halfway. Perhaps it was because of his constant saudade for his baby girl; as soon as he fell asleep, the familiar dream was starting to replay in his head like a broken film reel.

In the dream, he was currently inside the presidential suite of a five-star hotel in Orapolis at night. As soon as he walked through the front door, he heard someone moan inside the bedroom.

Frowning, he walked further into the room to find Kendall on the bed. Her cheeks were flushed, and she appeared to be in a delirious state; it was evident that she had been drugged. She moaned out of discomfort and instinctively tugged at her clothes with both hands.

From a bird's-eye view, Frank saw himself standing by the bedside and observing Kendall, who was clearly in distress. After a brief moment, he sat on the edge of the bed and reached out to stroke her face. She was stunning, both in the dream and in real life, and he was unable to disregard her beauty.

As soon as he touched her face, she grasped his hand like she had found a lifeline and took it to her face before repeatedly nuzzling it.

Frank had heard of how one would behave after being drugged, and their skin would be scorching hot. If one even touched the drugged person, they would assume that the other party's hand was icy-cold and instinctively reach out to grab at it to bring their temperature down.

"It's hot..." Kendall muttered to herself.

He allowed her to grab his hand and nuzzle it against her face. "What's your name?" he asked in a low voice. "Who sent you to my room?"

"It's hot..." She was in a delirious state and was not lucid enough to answer his question at all. At that moment, all she wanted was to grab the ice to cool off!

Subsequently, he extricated his hand and took out his cell phone to place a call to his men to investigate why she was in his room. Next, he glanced at Kendall, who was clearly in affliction. She wriggled from time to time out of distress with her stunning face and great figure, looking fairly seductive.

Although Frank was generally one with exceptional self-control, he was surprised to find that his self-control was dissipating gradually upon seeing her state. He placed his palm on her face once again, but this time, he held her head in place and slowly lowered his head. He had barely brushed his lips against hers when he shivered from the sensation.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

Suddenly, his cell phone went off.

His men had found out the truth—the woman in his room was sent to his room by mistake. She was not intended for him but was supposed to be sent to an old man named Reill.

"Master, we've also received some great news that you'd be happy to hear. Your opponent, Master Dylan, attended a corporate dinner and was targeted. The Coleman Family's bodyguards are currently

sending him over to Dynasty Hotel as swiftly as they can."

This is such a coincidence! At that, Frank instantly released Kendall.

Chapter 513

"Who would dare to target Dylan?" Frank was interested to find out as he asked. "I can't believe someone who's as careful as he would end up a target of sabotage."

Frank's man replied, "I don't know the person who did it."

Frank stated, "It must be Yasmine Zorn. She's the only person who would dare to target Dylan. She's infatuated with him and has been pursuing him for years to no avail. He has no feelings toward her, so I guess she must've decided to leap."

"We can't let Yasmine's plot come to fruition."

If Dylan spent the night with Yasmine, he would surely take responsibility for his actions. By then, the Colemans and the Zorns would end up forming a marriage alliance. This would be of great help to the Colemans, but it would adversely affect the Mendelsons.

Glancing at the woman on the bed, Frank instructed without any hesitation, "Immediately send this woman to Dynasty Hotel across the street. Dylan has his private room there."

"Master, that's the Coleman Family's turf, so I'm afraid we might not succeed."

It would be relatively easy to send someone to Dynasty Hotel, but it would be challenging to send her into Dylan's room.

Frank sneered in response. "I'll make the necessary arrangements. You just need to send her over."

Having said that, he hung up and made another call to an unknown number. Once the other party answered the phone, he instructed in a low voice, "I've asked for my men to send a woman over. Find a way to get her into Dylan's room. Then, send her back to me immediately after everything has ended. Don't let Dylan find out the woman's identity."

"Sure." A crisp, sweet voice rang out and affirmed his instruction.

That person should be Frank's spy in Dynasty Hotel, and he had never made use of that person for anything. This time, he had no choice but to deploy them to stop Dylan and Yasmine from getting together.

As for the person on his bed, she was involved in another sinister plot. So, once everything had ended with Dylan, he would instruct his man to send this unlucky woman to Reill's room, where she was originally supposed to be. As such, anything that happened thereafter would have nothing to do with him.

Under Frank's manipulation, a drugged Kendall was then sent over to Dylan's private room successfully.

However, Frank had no idea what had happened between Dylan and Kendall. Even though this was his dream, he could not make out the scene concretely. Since both of them had been drugged, things would go according to how he had imagined.

He was right.

He popped over personally to check on Kendall when she was sent back, and she remained in an unconscious state. There were hickeys all over her neck, which proved that his plot was a success. After everything was over, he was no longer concerned about that unlucky woman.

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Suddenly, Frank jolted awake and stared blankly at the ceiling as he recalled the scene in his dream. In his past visions, he would be kissing Kendall, and she would end up pregnant. Other than that, he did not dream of anything else.

However, this time, he went through the entire dream and found out that he had never slept with her after all; it was Dylan who did. The baby girl was not his daughter either—she was Dylan's! Meanwhile, he was the one who orchestrated all of this by sending her to his enemy's bed.

Despite his effort, Frank knew that he had no one else to blame for not winning Kendall over. Her love for Dylan had always been unchanged. This was because Frank had given her up from the very start by pushing her into another man's arms!

She had mentioned before that the baby had died in the hands of Jackson and Kelly. Due to that, he had gone after Whittle Holdings relentlessly and targeted them to the brink of bankruptcy.

This should have been Dylan's job, but he had helped his rival to complete it instead. Perhaps, it could be considered as his token of apology toward Kendall and the baby girl who resembled her so much. The picture he had drawn of his baby was indeed adorable. He had always thought of the baby as his daughter, but now that he realized that she was his rival's daughter, he could not contain the mixed emotions within him. Even more so, he regretted his actions and blamed himself for everything.

Based on the entire dream Frank had experienced earlier, paired with everything that Kendall had told him before, he managed to deduce that she had been a target of Jackson and Kelly's scheme. Both of them had intended to send Kendall to Reill's room and bring her into disrepute, but they ended up sending her to the wrong room.

In the end, Kendall was deflowered by Dylan. After she was sent back to Reill's room, Jackson appeared and pretended he was the one who spent the night with her. She was in love with him all that time, so she innately married him after the incident.

She mentioned that she had gone through hell when she lived with the Whittles. That was as expected, though, because she had fallen to their prey then. Meanwhile, Kelly and Jackson had schemed so much to put her through all this just to gain the Parker Family fortune.

Yet, Kendall was completely unaware that the baby was Dylan's, whereas Dylan did not know the existence of his daughter either, so no one stood up for the mother-and-daughter duo. In the end, the baby lost her life.

At this point, Frank felt a tight feeling in his chest as his face turned paler than ever. He had also played a part in Kendall and her daughter's tragedy, so he had no right to continue pursuing her; neither did he have the right to bring the baby back because he had played a role in causing her death when she was merely seven months old. She did not even know who her biological father was during her point of death.

Even up till today, Kendall had assumed that he was the baby's biological father. If she realized that the baby was Dylan's and that Frank had played a role in her tragedy, she would surely hate him more than she did now.

With that realization, Frank clenched his bedsheets tightly as he knew that he had no right to profess his love for Kendall. He was the one who had single-handedly pushed her to Dylan. However, he did not want her hatred toward him to deepen, so he decided to keep his dream a secret even if he could not quite figure out the truth of everything. Rather, he would slowly repay his debt toward her and her daughter in the future to atone for his sins.

Thud— Thud—

A series of knocks resounded on the door. Then, Frank heard Amelia's voice ring out. "Frank, are you dead? If you're not, then get up and open the door."

He was significantly speechless by that.

Truthfully, he did wish for his death to dawn upon him just so he could atone for his sins and clear Kendall's hatred for him. Unfortunately, he opened his eyes and realized that it was only a dream, and he was still very much alive. The stinging pain on his cheeks was a reminder of the fact that he had punished himself in front of Kendall earlier.

Nonetheless, Kendall had left with an indifferent look and she was not the least bit affected at all. In the past, Frank had been envious that Dylan won her affection and empathy whenever Dylan was hurt. Yet, he finally realized now that even if he ended up dead in front of her, she would never shed a single tear for him.

Thud— Thud— Thud—

The knocks on the door started to get louder. Meanwhile, Frank thought to himself, Amelia isn't gentle at all despite being a girl, and she's knocking on the door as if she wants to kick it down.

"Frank, get up and open the door! Do you think Kendall would feel anything even if you're cooped up in your room? I've told you! She's Master Dylan's wife and they're a perfect match for each other. If you love her so much, you should give them your blessings and stop trying to wreck their marriage. I've told you what love should truly be about. It should be about selflessness and not possession."

At that, Frank snorted coldly and sat up. He knew that if he remained in bed, the woman outside the door would kick the door down. To preserve his door, he decided to open it and let her in.

Subsequently, the door revealed Amelia holding an ice pack in her hand from before. Since she could not withstand the ice pack's cold, she kicked as hard as she could at his door.

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The door was flung open and Amelia's kick landed on Frank's stomach, after which he plunged to the ground by the sudden force.

At that point, she was caught by surprise. Not bad, me! I've kicked the mighty President Mendelson to the ground. Maybe it's because I've been hanging out quite often with Kendall, so her martial arts skills have rubbed off on me.

Meanwhile, Frank clutched his stomach and glared at Amelia. Why hasn't she come over to help me up?!

"I-I didn't know that you'd suddenly open the door. I didn't get to withdraw my foot in time, so that's why I kicked you. Still, aren't you agile on your feet? Why didn't you dodge it?" Though Amelia felt guilty, she refused to admit her mistake.

"I banged on the door for so long, yet you didn't even utter a word. I thought you were dead inside the room! I was about to call the undertaker to come and remove your dead body, but then, you—"

"Is my death on your wishlist?" He rose from the ground on his own. I must be naive to think that she would help me up.

"Yeah. You're such a mean person, so you deserve to die."

At that moment, Frank recalled that he had inadvertently caused the baby's death, so he muttered under his breath, "Yeah, I do. I deserve to die."

At that, Amelia reached out to feel his forehead. "You're not feverish. Why do you seem possessed? Are you still upset because of Kendall? I've told you that—"

"Amelia, don't interfere in the matter between me and Kendall."

"I don't want to interfere either, but she's my best friend and you're intent on wrecking her marriage, so how can I sit still?"

"Then, why don't you just marry me and keep me under control for the rest of my life?"

Thwack!

The ice pack was flung onto Frank.

Laughing out of frustration, Amelia sneered angrily. "Only someone out of their mind would marry you! I'm sane, by the way. Do you think that by marrying me, you would be able to get closer to Kendall? If you force me into marrying you, I'll cut off ties with her so that you won't be able to go on with whatever plan you have!"

In response, Frank merely stared at her in silence. Friendship is such a priority for her.

"Do it yourself. I'm leaving." Amelia turned around and left without the ice pack.

He did not stop her and only watched as she left. Exiting the room, she remained at the entrance for several minutes before descending the stairs silently.

In the meantime, Desmond was waiting downstairs for her and he came forward to express concern as soon as he saw her. "Ms. Taylor, did Master open the door?"

"Yeah, he did. I've handed the ice pack to him, but I'm not sure whether he'll apply it. I think this time, he seems to have given up. Desmond, if there's nothing urgent, I'll get going now."

In actuality, Amelia wanted to go and see Kendall. Since she did not leave with Kendall earlier on, she was worried that her friend would jump to the wrong conclusion. To avoid this, she wanted to seek her out to explain everything. To her, Kendall was way more important than that psychotic man, Frank.

"Ms. Taylor, Master hasn't had anything to eat yet. None of us would be able to convince him to eat afterward if you leave now."

Desmond did not want her to leave just yet. During Master's most painful moments, if Ms. Taylor stays by his side to care for him and provide comfort, then that would surely improve their relationship by leaps and bounds. There has been a slight change in my master's attitude toward her, but she seems to

be quite indifferent toward him. She keeps hoping that he will encounter trouble and even mentioned that she would call the undertaker when she realizes that he's dead to get them to remove his dead body.

At that, Desmond was fairly speechless by her.

"He must not be hungry if he doesn't want to eat. I'm sure he'll eat something when the time comes. Desmond, I've got something on, so I've got to go," said Amelia as she headed toward the door.

Meanwhile, Desmond realized that she was intent to leave, so he did not stop her. "Ms. Taylor, I'll get

the driver to send you home," he suggested while trailing after her.

At that, she did not reject his offer. A few minutes later, the driver for the Mendelson Family started the car and drove her off. Till then, Frank remained out of sight.

Desmond stood at the front door and watched as the car departed. He heaved a sigh while muttering to himself, "Ms. Taylor's such a nice lady. When will Master fully move on from Ms. Parker and get together with her?"

When the car drove out of the Mendelson Residence, Amelia turned to the driver. "Sir, please send me to the Colemans."

The driver affirmed.

Subsequently, she dialed Kendall's number, which swiftly went through. "Kendall, are you free? I'm coming over to see you right now."

"I am. Are you still at the Mendelsons? Do you want me to send over a ride for you?"

"No, that's not necessary. Desmond has arranged a driver for me."

"Okay, then. I'll wait for you at home."

After the phone call ended, Kendall, who was sitting on a swing, turned to the man pushing her from behind. "Dylan, Amy's coming over."

He responded softly, "She's your best friend, so she can come over whenever she wishes to when

you're at home. Kendall, remember this. You get to decide on anything in our home."

She turned her head to look at him with a beaming smile. "I'd rather you make the decisions at home. I enjoy being taken care of by you."

Tenderness crept on Dylan's face along with a sweet and sappy smile as he replied affectionately, "Sure, I'll make the decisions. I'll decide on everything at home and you can live a blissful life without worrying about anything."

Of course, he enjoyed taking care of her too. Her dependence on him made him feel wanted and that was a sense of accomplishment for him.

"Darling."

"Yes?"

"If Amy confesses to me that she's fallen for Frank, should I show my support or object to that?"

Dylan smiled in response and replied, "That would be Ms. Taylor's private matter, and we shouldn't interfere. Didn't I tell you before? Once Frank takes someone to heart, he will end up being a worthy match for Ms. Taylor. Of course, though, that's provided that he has fallen for her. Otherwise, she would end up in quite a horrible state if this was just a one-sided relationship."

Kendall heaved a sigh. "Once Amy gets here, I think I'll support her decision if that's her feelings. I can tell that Frank isn't completely unaffected by her. He's just too obsessed with the baby, like what you said."

As soon as she brought up the baby, Dylan's dark eyes flickered and he asked in a soft voice, "Kendall, are you sure that the baby in your dreams was Frank's?"

At that moment, she was taken aback by his question. Is my baby girl Frank's?

Truth be told, she was unsure about that as she did not know whom she had slept with even until her death. She only assumed that the baby was Frank's because he mentioned that they were in bed together in his dreams, hence, the assumption.

After all, in most stories about people who had gotten a second chance in life, the female lead's spirit would remain despite her death in her previous life. She would be milling around for some time and seeing the truths of certain events before getting another shot in life.

However, Kendall did not have the same experience as most of those stories, and her spirit did not linger upon her death. In other words, she did not get to see how the events unfold after her passing. As such, she was not sure who was the baby's father. After all, she and the baby were dead, so there was no way of collecting any DNA samples of her baby and Frank.

She wondered about Jackson and Kelly's outcome after her death and was curious as to whether Kelly had inherited the entire Parker Family fortune. Did Kelly manage to get away with killing so many people and avoid prosecution? Did she end up leading a blissful and happy life with Jackson in the end? If that was true, then it was completely unfair.

In her past life, she had been too obsessed with love and made many questionable decisions, so she accepted that she ended up dead. However, Kelly had plotted and killed her parents to take over the entire Parker Family fortune, and even killed Kendall's baby at that! Therefore, it would be unfair for her to get to lead a blissful life after all those misdeeds.

If God could speak, he would most likely tell Kendall, 'I've given you another shot in life and the chance to reverse the outcome. Isn't that good enough as compensation?'

To that, she had no words to express herself.

Chapter 515

"Kendall."

Dylan had considered the situation carefully before finally deciding to be honest with her regarding the repeated dream he had been experiencing. Frank isn't the only one who dreamt of those scenes. I have them too.

Perhaps that was also the reason that the three of them seemed to be entangled with each other. The dream was the connection for them.

"I've been keeping something from you all this while, and I realize that I should no longer keep you in the dark. I've made up my mind to reveal the truth to you, but you've got to promise me that you won't get mad."

Kendall turned her head to look at him and noticed his solemn visage, so she asked nervously, "Dylan, don't tell me that you have a mistress and an illegitimate child out there?"

Instantly, he glowered at her. "That is impossible. You're the first and only person I've gotten together with. I don't have any illegitimate children. The only kids I have would be born in wedlock by you."

He added, "In the past, you agreed that you would give birth to as many kids as I like."

Kendall was taken aback. "D-Did I?"

"You did!"

Her eyes flickered and were too shy to meet his. I must've said that back when he was still unable to perform in bed. So, when he mentioned having kids, I generously offered that, knowing that I will never have to fulfill it. Yet, how would I have known that he had such prowess?

"Don't switch the topic, Dylan. Tell me. What have you been keeping from me?"

He walked over to the front of the swing and she shifted slightly to nudge a space for him.

"Darling, hurry up and tell me. My mind will be filled with thousands of the worst-case scenarios if you don't tell me now." Kendall was anxious indeed.

"I've been having dreams too."

"That's normal. Everyone has dreams."

Meanwhile, Dylan remained silent for a moment before articulating, "I meant that I've been experiencing the same dream just like Frank did, and I always dreamt of myself in bed with a woman. In the past, I couldn't quite tell the woman's features in my dreams, but later on, I did. It was you."

A shocked Kendall became significantly speechless. Dear lord! Can someone tell me what's going on here?

However, God seemed to have his ears shut. What are you on about? I can't hear a single word.

"Maybe you just dreamed of the same thing because you had that on your mind all the time?" she

speculated.

After all, they were a married couple, so being in bed together was a natural phenomenon for him to dream about.

Yet, Dylan shook his head in response. "It started a few months before you rejected my marriage proposal, and I had been experiencing the same dream repeatedly. It was tormenting for me especially because I could never seem to make out who it was."

At that point, she was stunned once again.

A few months before that, she had been stuck in her previous life and had already rejected his proposal when she received a second shot in life.

She also recalled that after her marriage with Dylan, nothing had happened between them despite sleeping in the same bed. There were a few times when he seemed to be in extreme discomfort at night, judging from the pool of sweat on his forehead and his reddened cheeks. Could those be the times he had those dreams?

"Was it after we consummated the marriage that you confirmed it was me in your dreams?"

"I think so."

"You must've instinctively attached my resemblance to that person."

He shook his head in response. "I don't think I did. You are the person I spent the night with, in my dream."

It was then Kendall continued to stare at him dumbfoundedly. She initially assumed the factor for Frank's dreams to be a butterfly effect from her rebirth. Now that she discovered that Dylan had the same dream related to her repeatedly, she wondered, Is this another butterfly effect from my rebirth too?

Recalling the moments before her death when she was still unsure of whom she had spent the night with, she finally grasped the truth upon hearing Dylan's side of the story. It was never Frank—it had always been Dylan! The baby is Dylan's!

In her past life, Dylan had helped her at her most painful moment and that was by fate. Unfortunately, she did not manage to wait for the truth reveal as she ended up dead in the car accident. Both she and the baby had passed from that.

In this life, she immediately clung tightly to him as soon as she was rebirthed. He was not an approachable person in general, but surprisingly, he agreed to her forceful marriage proposal. Subsequently, their story unfolded from then on.

Even if their encounter in her past life had not resulted in any outcome, she had been given another chance at life to reconnect with him.

So, what happened between Kendall and Frank then?

She had been sabotaged, so she was in a disorientated state back then. If Frank was present, how did she end up with Dylan instead?

"Dylan, in your dream, were you in a lucid state?"

"I felt like I was in a disorientated state. I lost control during the process and felt as if I had been drugged."

Instantly, Kendall's expression darkened.

Frank mentioned that he was sane, but she and Dylan had been drugged, so what role did Frank play in all this?

Indeed, she was responsible for her tragedy, and Jackson and Kelly were involved too. However, she was not sure whether she should hold Frank accountable for it.

My poor baby! Tears streamed down her face suddenly. Her baby had such a powerful father, yet she ended up falling to her death.

In the end, this was all a scheme within another sinister plot, which resulted in her and the baby's miserable outcome. My poor baby...

At that point, Kendall felt her heart breaking into a million pieces.

"Kendall. Kendall!" Dylan was in shock. "Kendall, what's going on? Don't cry. The woman in my dreams is you! It's not someone else. I wasn't romantically involved with any other person at all."

He assumed that she was crying out of jealousy and aggrievement, and it was evidently so when she shoved him aside and run off abruptly.

Truthfully, she did not know how to face Dylan at this point. She was well aware that he was not at fault

for what had transpired in their past lives, since he was sabotaged and had no idea whom he had slept with. Still, she could not help but feel upset at this heartbreaking revelation.

If she had known that she spent that night with Dylan, she would have sent her baby to him. Even if the baby had to leave her side and live with her biological father, at the very least, her baby girl would be able to survive.

She wouldn't have died at just seven months old.

That adorable little child had taken her last breath in Kendall's arms and the heart-wrenching pain she experienced was significant to this day. Even after her rebirth, she was dawning with extreme anguish each time she recalled it.

Why didn't Dylan investigate the identity of the person he'd slept with in the past life? Did he brush it off as a dream like he did this lifetime? He had so many bodyguards, but why didn't anyone realize it? Did his bodyguards collectively decide to keep this against him? If only he'd investigated the matter, our baby would have survived! Dylan and I owe this to our baby!

"Kendall. Kendall." Dylan ran after her in a haste. Fortunately, he could now walk unassisted for a distance, so he quickly caught up with her and grabbed her hand.

"Kendall..." He noticed the tears gushing down her face and felt extremely tormented to see her in that state.

"Dylan, give me some time." She flung his hand off once again and fled the scene.

Her tears were never-ending.

Instinctively, he tried to stop her from leaving, but he did not manage to grab her hand. He maintained his original position with his outstretched hand as he watched her disappearing figure. After some time, he finally put down his hand dejectedly.

Since they were now a married couple, who had experienced all the ups and downs in life, he believed that he had to come clean to her. Had he known that his honesty would cause her such pain, he would rather keep this to himself forever.

Kendall's not jealous. She just thought of something or someone... Her baby.

Suddenly, he comprehended why she had teared up so uncontrollably to the point where she could not face him at all.

Chapter 516

Had I known that the baby was mine, she wouldn't have died...

Meanwhile, Kendall ran out of Dylan's place by herself aimlessly. Everyone who saw her greeted her, but she sprinted in a flurry and brushed past them. Some eagle-eyed ones even noticed the tear streaks on her face.

Young Master Dylan and Young Mistress Kendall fought!

This was the only possibility that ran through everyone's mind, especially now that Tilly no longer provoked Kendall anymore despite the Coleman hierarchy. This was because Tilly was worried that Dylan would go on a food strike again had she given her a hard time. Therefore, the only person who could cause their young mistress to tear up was their young master.

Kendall disregarded all this and ran off mindlessly. In the end, she found herself lost, but she did not care about that. She was exhausted, so she noticed a pavilion in front of her and walked over to it. The surroundings were peaceful and there was no one else there other than her.

It was the perfect spot for her to get some time to herself. As such, she sat before the stone table and stared mindlessly afar.

In the meantime, the news of Dylan and Kendall's fight spread around the Coleman Mansion, highlighting that she ran off in tears while he did not go after her.

The first one who rushed over to Dylan's place was Emily. As soon as she entered the courtyard, she

saw Amos and asked, "Where's Dylan?"

Amos was not aware of what happened as the couple had been enjoying themselves on the swing in the backyard, being affectionate with each other. All of a sudden, Kendall rushed off in tears, and when he received word of that, he found that she was already gone from the backyard.

Meanwhile, Dylan stood in the same spot with a sorrowful visage, which shocked Amos to his core. What's going in with these two again?!

"Young Master Dylan's in the backyard and he told us to leave him alone. He wants some quiet time." There was worry written across his face.

Emily expressed her concern, "What happened between them? They're usually such a loving and close couple, so why did they suddenly disagree? Were you unaware of all that?"

Amos replied with a guilty look, "Young Master Dylan was keeping Young Mistress Kendall company in the backyard as they enjoyed themselves on the swing set. He didn't want us around, so we have no idea what happened there."

"Where's Kendall? Didn't you send some men to go after her?"

"I have." Kendall was such an important person to Dylan, so it was imperative to locate her. Otherwise, he would be shattered to lose her.

Without Kendall, Dylan was more terrifying than ever, and it pained Amos to see him in such a state. I hope his cycle of misery doesn't happen again. Young Master Dylan is someone who would give

everything they have to the person he loves, and that is precisely Young Mistress Kendall. She is his world.

"Gosh, these two are a handful. I'll head over to the backyard to check on Dylan." Emily turned around and headed there after saying that.

Amos did not stop her as she was Dylan's mother after all. Despite how upset Dylan was, he would never hurt his mother.

Emily had just walked toward the backyard when Yoseph arrived with the other siblings.

He knew that his mother had gone to check on Dylan, so he turned to the other siblings and said, "Let's try to locate Kendall. Dylan might not want to talk about it, so we would have to ask Kendall for the reason. Ally, once you locate Kendall, have a chat with her. You guys normally share your troubles," Yoseph instructed Alice, who affirmed in response.

At that moment, Amos received a phone call from the security guards, and he was told that Amelia had arrived.

"Ms. Taylor's here? Show her inside quickly! She came at the perfect timing!" As soon as he heard that she was here, he reacted as if he had encountered a lifesaver. After all, she was Kendall's best friend.

In the backyard, Emily finally located Dylan, who was currently seated on the swing. I could still feel her here...

He stroked the swing gently with a sorrowful look, and Emily was shocked to see that. She hastily

came forward and grabbed his hand on the swing before questioning, "Dylan, you're scaring me. What happened? What's going on between you and Kendall?"

He just picked up Kendall from Wino City two days ago, so what's the fuss now?!

"Mom!" Dylan called out for Emily in a low voice and his eyes were red-rimmed. The sorrow in his countenance was evident.

"Dylan, talk to me. What happened?"

"Mom! I... You've lost a granddaughter!"

She yelped and asked in shock, "Did Kendall discover that she was pregnant but miscarried?"

He shook his head and did not know how to explain things to her.

The only thing clear to him right now was that he had been unaware of the existence of his daughter as well as the grievances that Kendall and her baby had to go through. All he knew was that he watched both of them die... right before his eyes.

His grandma's speculative words suddenly reverberated in his mind. "You're just repaying the debt you owed in the past life."

This is the debt I owe Kendall and the baby!

"Not pregnant? Then, does she have issues conceiving? Or do you have fertility issues because of your condition?" Emily asked frantically, "Dylan, explain it to me now. I'm not smart. I don't know what's

going on in your head!"

"Mom, I'm so lost right now. Can you stop asking me questions? From now on, you should stop making life tough on Kendall. Just leave me alone, Mom, and tell the others to go. Kendall's the only exception if she wishes to see me."

He knew Kendall must have blamed him, though it was not his fault. Their baby's death was why she could not face him now.

Though Emily was frantic with worry, her son's look of despair stopped her from pursuing the matter. Instead, she made a promise. "Kendall's your wife and my daughter-in-law. I promise I won't make life tough for her. You won't end up caught in between the two of us."

Subsequently, she walked off with a sigh and left Dylan to himself. However, she did not walk off too far when she bumped into her husband, who was helping her mother-in-law over.

Both parties stopped in their tracks for a moment before Emily walked forward.

"What's going on?" Tilly asked casually as her sight went past her daughter-in-law and focused on her grandson on the swing.

Before Emily could say a word, tears started streaming down her face. As a mother, it was tormenting for her to see her son in such pain; the pain she felt surpassed what Dylan felt.

"What's going on, Emily? Why are you crying?!" Tilly was frantic, so her tone of voice was harsher than usual.

Emily wiped off her tears and replied with a sob, "Mom, Dylan didn't make things clear, so I'm not too sure what happened exactly. Dylan said that I lost a granddaughter, and he just looks awfully sad. As soon as he saw me, he called out 'Mom' before tearing up."

Dylan was a strapping male who barely cried, so he must have experienced immense pain to have behaved like this.

"Did Kendall have a miscarriage?" Tilly had the same thought as Emily and her expression darkened. Although she was blessed with many children and grandchildren, it was human nature to yearn for more; she wanted lots of great-grandchildren as well. In her heart, she hoped fervently that Kendall would get pregnant as soon as possible and give her a great-grandchild. Now that she was told that she lost a great-granddaughter, she felt her world spin out of control and nearly fainted.

"Dylan said no. I asked him whether there was something wrong with Kendall or him, but he refused to say a thing. He merely pleaded with me to stop making life tough for Kendall."

At that point, Tilly recollected herself and glanced at her grandson on the swing once again. After some time, she finally mentioned, "Leave Dylan alone for now. He's stoic and would never get beaten so easily. Once he calms down, and if he wants to talk about it, he will let us know on his own accord. If he doesn't tell us anything, then clearly, he doesn't want to talk about it. I think we should just end it here."

Chapter 517

Kendall sat in the pavilion for some time by herself. As soon as she heard some familiar footsteps, she glanced at the person before her and saw that it was her best friend. "Amy, why are you here?"

Swiftly, she wiped her tears off and rose to her feet before putting on a pretense. Unfortunately, her swollen, reddened eyes gave the game away as she walked toward Amelia.

"Kendall, what happened? Tell me the reason." Amelia hurried over and tugged on her hand while expressing concern, "Did you fight with Master Dylan?"

She had just arrived at the Colemans when someone instantly came over to show her inside. Subsequently, Amos pleaded for her to help comfort Kendall.

Although Amelia asked for the reason, he was unable to tell her anything conclusive, so she guessed that the couple had a tiff.

Kendall shook her head. "We didn't."

"Then, what happened exactly?" Amelia did not believe that they had fought either since the two saw each other as their lifelines. So, how could they possibly fight?

"Amy, stop asking me questions. This is something that happened in the past between me and Dylan. Now that we've brought it up with each other and realized the truth, though I don't blame him, I just can't face him at the moment."

Realizing that Kendall could not even tell her about it, Amelia realized that it was something personal and heart-wrenching for her. As such, she was considerate enough not to pursue the reason.

"Since you find it hard to face Master Dylan for the time being, do you want me to go on a vacation with you? Or perhaps, I can send you back to your parent's home and you can stay there?"

After Amelia said that, she suddenly mentioned, "But Kelly's staying there too. She'll make fun of you if you move back."

At that, Kendall heaved a sigh and said, "I'll just remain here and get some quiet time by myself."

She was not worried about being mocked by Kelly. After all, she had seen enough of Kelly's embarrassing incidents, so they had a fair share of each other's worst stories. Rather, she did not want to worry her parents for fear that Dylan would pop over every day.

"Amy, I forgot that you were coming. What's going on between you and Frank?" Kendall switched the topic.

"What's there between the two of us? He's just trying to take advantage of me to approach you. Kendall, I didn't fall in love with Frank and he will never fall for me either, so stop overthinking the situation."

Amelia was well aware that Kendall had avoided laying hands on Frank for her sake, but Kendall kept her eyes on her at that point.

Meanwhile, Amelia reached out to touch Kendall's swollen eyes with a pained look. "You've always

been such a strong person and you would hardly shed any tears. Your eyes are so swollen right now, and it hurts me to see that. If Master Dylan saw this, it would be a torment for him," she said grievously.

At that moment, Kendall maintained her silence. Soon enough, she replied, "Amy, after my parents brought me back home, I attended plenty of balls with my mom, and you were the only one who befriended me sincerely. Although we've merely known each other for a year, our friendship seems to be deep enough that I feel like we've already known each other for at least twenty years. I trust you very much and so do you. Let's bare our hearts to each other. Do you truly feel nothing for Frank? Didn't you feel anything when you saw him punish himself?"

Caught by surprise, Amelia wanted so badly to deny that she had feelings for Frank, but she could not seem to voice out those words that she kept in her mind. When he slapped himself because of Kendall, she was affected by it and her heart ached severely to see his handsome face swell up almost instantaneously.

As soon as Kendall noticed her dumbfounded look, she reminded, "Amy, consider this carefully and decide whether you're going to keep going or give up."

She pointed out all of the potential issues to Amelia truthfully. "Frank has an obsessive nature, and you're well aware of that. If you fall in love with him, you will have to sacrifice a lot and wait for an extended period before he reciprocates. Even more so, he might never reciprocate your love. Unrequited love is always tough. Other than all these, Frank's a man worthy of your affection. As long as you're able to win his heart, you'd be blessed with happiness in the future. Otherwise, it'd be a painful journey for you."

Amidst her chaotic thoughts, Amelia tried hard to maintain a smile. She awkwardly replied, "Kendall, I don't want to get married. I just want to continue admiring handsome guys and update my collection of

photos with all the beautiful men on this planet. I don't think there will be any man who can tolerate this side of me."

Although Caleb had mentioned that he could, it was only a matter of time before they got together and him revealing his true colors. He would be just like any other ordinary man—intolerable at the sight of his girlfriend admiring other men.

"If you like Frank, then there is no need to consider me and Dylan's feelings. Although Dylan and Frank are rivals, there isn't any immense hatred between them. It's just that they're both too domineering to be able to handle each other. That's why you should just follow your heart and do whatever you wish to. Even if you end up getting together with Frank, our friendship will remain unchanged."

If Amelia managed to win Frank over, then it would also indicate that he had moved on from Kendall. By then, he would be able to maintain nonchalant and unaffected by any further encounters with her.

Amelia smiled at her advice. "That's easier said than done. He's borderline obsessed with you."

"He will eventually become discouraged by how I treat him, but the process might be painful. So, I do want you to consider this carefully."

Amelia bit her lips and considered Kendall's words for some time before finally making up her mind to face her true feelings. Indeed, she had subconsciously developed concern toward him, but she never showed that side of her in general. "I'll consider your words carefully."

Kendall patted her hand. "I'll wish you well in advance, then."

Amelia smiled. "You should hold the wedding ceremony with Master Dylan as soon as possible and

invite me to be your bridesmaid. Then, you can throw the bouquet to me during the wedding so that I get the chance to leech some of your luck and happiness."

"That's for sure." Kendall laughed at that.

Since Dylan could now walk normally, she reckoned that he should be able to go through the wedding ceremony. It had been months since they signed the marriage papers, so it was time to hold their long-awaited ceremony.

As for the baby, she made up her mind right then. Since the baby was Dylan's daughter, she should try one more time to bring the baby back to her. If they succeeded in doing so, then she vowed to protect

her well and keep her from harm this lifetime. She would also ensure that the baby got to experience her and Dylan's love. If they could try again, they would undoubtedly dote on their baby very much.

At the thought of that, Kendall suddenly stood up and said to Amelia, "Amy, I've figured out my issue. Let's go."

I need to see Dylan now. I'm going to lead him to our bedroom, strip him down, sleep with him, and bring our baby back! As for our previous pact of not wanting children so soon... Forget about it! I need her to come back to me. If I could change my life, I could orchestrate for my baby to return to me as well! In this lifetime, I finally have the power to protect her!

Jackson, who played his part in the baby's death, was already imprisoned and would be sentenced for years. Furthermore, Whittle Holdings was now facing bankruptcy. Once Jackson was released from prison, the only thing that awaited the Whittles would be a massive debt. By then, he could never return to his glorious lifestyle no matter how much he wished to.

As for Kelly, her reputation was in tatters. Although she maintained a position in the Parker Corporation, Kendall would inevitably kick her out of the company soon enough. Anyone who dared to stand up for Kelly would be going up against both Kendall and Dylan. Since Brian was under his mother's strict supervision, it would be difficult for him to stand up for her publicly.

Chapter 518

Kendall dragged Amelia and walked off.

Noticing the anxiety on Kendall's face, Amelia knew that she was in a rush to see Dylan. As such, she smiled and said, "It's great that you've figured things out. Things haven't been easy for you and Master Dylan all this while. He dotes on you very much, and everyone can see that. So, don't ruin the great life you have with him!"

Kendall nodded. "I won't ruin what we have. From the day I married him, I intend to be with him for the rest of my life, unless he doesn't want me."

"Master Dylan would never cast you aside. You're the most important person to him."

At that moment, Kendall became frantic. At the thought of how she fled the scene earlier, she could not imagine how awful Dylan must have felt right now. It wasn't his fault, and he was a victim too.

She only recalled the tragedy she and her baby had gone through, but she did not spare a thought for Dylan at all. The fact that his daughter, whom he never knew was his, died in front of him was enough to picture how immensely painful it was when he finally realized the truth.

Amelia stopped in her tracks as they were about to arrive at Dylan's house. Subsequently, she turned to her friend. "Kendall, I won't be heading in with you. You should talk things through with Master Dylan. Although I'm single, I realize that it's detrimental for a married couple to have conflicts all the time. If this persists, your relationship will inherently be affected regardless of how in love you guys are with each other. As soon as one of you has had enough of the disappointment, it will only be a matter of

time until the relationship breaks."

Sure, every married couple would experience their honeymoon phase for some time, but as soon as reality struck and problems arose, conflicts would become an expected part of their daily life. If one of them was not tough enough to continue the relationship, they would eventually go down the same road as other divorcees.

"Amy." Kendall embraced her with utter gratitude. "Thank you. I wish you happiness too. Just say the word, and I'll be there for you anytime."

To that, Amelia revealed a sincere smile. "You wouldn't be able to help with the matter between me and Frank. I wouldn't dare to seek help from you either. I'd be worried about him being unable to move on instead. Still, I'll try my best to win him over by myself."

Kendall chuckled in response. "Then, I'll be supporting you in spirit. I realized that Frank isn't actually in love with me after all. He's just obsessed with the baby who appeared in his dreams. Each time I encountered him, he would only be asking about the baby and nothing about me."

But the baby was Dylan's...

"Even if he's truly in love with you, I'd still try my best to win him over and take over his heart."

"You have my wishes!" Kendall gestured supportively.

Under Amelia's gaze, Kendall headed home by herself.

When Kendall headed back into the courtyard and saw Amos, she instructed him to arrange for a car to send Amelia home. "Young Mistress Kendall, you got it."

Of course, Amos was not aware that Kendall had come to her senses after thinking it through herself, so he assumed that it was Amelia's effort instead. As soon as he heard that Amelia was waiting outside, he instantly made arrangements for a car to send her home.

Noticing everyone's attention, Kendall decided to apologize, "Yoseph, Ally, I didn't get into an argument with Dylan. It was just a miscommunication, but I've figured things out, so I'll talk to him right now. You guys should head home."

The Colemans tended to look up to Dylan as their leader. As such, as soon as something happened to him, the entire clan would end up being worried. Kendall, who was usually the one affecting his emotions, felt immensely pressured by that.

"Kendall, Dylan's in the backyard. Quickly go over and talk to him. It's so sunny out there. He might get sunstroke if he stays out there any longer," Yoseph urged.

In reality, there were several landscape trees planted around the swing and they had leafy branches, so they created a nice shade spot there.

Still, Kendall quickly rushed over to the backyard.

Dylan had always been a stubborn man. In the past, whenever they disagreed, she would always be the one who had to appease him.

At this moment, he was sitting quietly on the swing. Hearing the familiar footsteps, he stood up abruptly and glanced toward Kendall, who was making her way to him.

"You're such a silly man! It's so hot out here. Why didn't you go into the house? Did you want to get sunstroke intentionally so that I would feel bad about it?" she chided him while walking toward him.

As for Dylan, he probably was the only man right now who was sincerely happy and grinning despite being scolded.

"Kendall..." He called out her name in a hoarse voice, "Are you still mad at me?"

As soon as she walked over, she dragged the man back toward the house. "None of that happened in our life, so why would I blame you for all that?"

Indeed, it had all happened in her past life. In this lifetime, everything that he knew was recounted by her from her dreams.

"It's all because the dream was too realistic, and I can't seem to differentiate it from my actual life. That's why as soon as I heard you saying that, I reacted badly. Dylan, I don't blame you at all. Truly."

That's right. It was never your fault, darling. It was Jackson, Kelly, and even Frank, who assisted in all of this! If it isn't for Amy, I would've gone up to his house this instant and beat the sh*t out of him! What a b*stard! We didn't know each other, yet he did that to a stranger!

However, Kendall was unaware that had it not transpired in the way Frank had planned, she would have been raped by a random old man instead. Would she have felt better if she knew that?

Naturally, this was not a reason to justify Frank's action. After all, in her past life, he was also responsible for the tragedy that happened to her and her baby.

Suddenly, Dylan stopped in his tracks.

She glanced at him with confusion, but he immediately took her into his arms and wrapped her tight around the waist, as if she would take off if he released her.

"Kendall, promise me that you won't leave so suddenly again, alright? It's terrifying for me," he spoke in a low voice.

She reciprocated the hug. "Yes. I won't do that again. I'm sorry for frightening you, darling."

Dylan let go of her and lowered his head before placing his forehead against hers. "There is no need to apologize to me. Although none of that ever happened in our actual lives, as soon as I recall the adorable child we had, my heart hurts badly. It feels as if I've gone through the pain of losing a daughter."

This was something perplexing to Dylan. The dream that he and Kendall experienced felt very realistic, but it remained only a dream at the end of the day. On top of that, it had merely been a month since they consummated their marriage.

"If only I knew you and baby's existence, I would never have let Jackson and Kelly walk all over you. You and baby would not have been subjected to any grievances at all."

At that point, Dylan reckoned that he had been too lenient on Jackson and the Whittles because Whittle Holdings was currently still operating, albeit barely functional.

As for Kelly, he would leave her for Kendall to deal with and would not interfere. Naturally, if she needed help, he would be willing to lend a helping hand.

"I got it, darling. Let's not talk about this. We've got another essential thing to do right now, and we must get that sorted right away."

Confusion seeped through Dylan's eyes. What's so important?

Kendall stood on her tiptoes and inched close to his ear as she whispered to him, "Darling, I want the baby to come back to us as soon as possible. Then, we would be able to live a blissful life as a family of three."

Suddenly, his gaze turned dark. "I thought that we planned to avoid having kids for the time being. Getting pregnant could hurt your current condition."

She expressed firmly and confidently, "I'd be able to handle things even if I end up pregnant. Besides, my dad is still active, and he would be able to cope with everything when I deliver the child. Darling, let's get our baby back as soon as possible, please?"

Chapter 519

Dylan revealed a doting smile. "Although I wouldn't want you to get pregnant too soon, I do enjoy the process of gaining our baby back."

Kendall tugged his arms and led him off. "Let's do that immediately."

It was rare for her to be so enthusiastic and forward in her advance, so he naturally did not reject her request. As a result, he allowed her to lead him back into the house. Suddenly, she realized that he was not in his wheelchair.

At that point, she panicked and helped him to a chair. Subsequently, she went down on her knees and massaged both of his legs. "Darling, do your legs hurt? You've walked for quite a distance."

The distance from the backyard to their room was a walking distance that Dylan could yet handle.

He pulled her up and rose to his feet. Next, he held her in his arms and lowered his head to plant a kiss on her lips. As he kissed her, he steered her over to the bed. "They're sore, but it's tolerable."

At that, Kendall was elated to know that he could now walk for such a long distance. However, she did not get the chance to say much when he took her on a sensual journey.

To get the baby back as soon as possible, she was very enthusiastic, and he was naturally happy about that. Their passionate tryst went on, and they stayed in their room until night fell.

Since the couple had taken a nap, they did not look exhausted at all. On the contrary, they looked

energized and were as affectionate around each other as before. To that, Amos and the rest could finally heave a sigh of relief.

"Young Master Dylan, Tia's here and she's waiting outside."

Amos could not bear to disrupt the couple's quality time together, but he had to inform them still. After all, Tia was here under the instructions of Tilly.

Dylan grunted an affirmation. "Let Tia know that Kendall and I will be there shortly."

Amos acknowledged that respectfully and turned around to pass on the message.

"Kendall, let's head over to Grandma's place and have dinner with her. Alright?"

"Sure, I'll go wherever you go."

In response, Dylan planted a kiss on her lips.

Meow. Meow. An adorable cat snuggled against the couple's feet and meowed repeatedly.

Noticing that, Kendall lowered her head to take a look at the cat. She recognized that it was the Ragdoll cat that Dylan gifted her, so she instinctively bent down to grab her pet cat in her arms. Subsequently, she took a few steps back and kept a distance from him.

"Darling, it doesn't know what it has done. It didn't mean to rub against your leg. Be the bigger person and please don't get upset with the cat." She knew that he hated furry animals the most. At times, she

was afraid that he would send the little one flying with a kick.

"The people at Pet Palace have not been doing their job properly. I can't believe they let it escape again."

Since the cat had entered the house for who knew how long, no one knew how much fur it had shed all around the house.

"I'll get Amos to arrange for someone to come inside and clean the place. I'll make sure that there isn't any single strand of fur lying around. Darling, don't get upset with the little one."

At that point, Dylan found himself unable to react to her behavior. "Honey, you've got to give me a chance to say something." He stretched his hand out. "Come on over!"

Kendall was hesitant. "Darling, I'm holding it. Don't you hate being close to it?"

Noticing that she was not making a move, he strode over and took the pet cat from her arms.

She thought that he was about to kill her cat by smashing it on the ground, but unexpectedly, the little thing snuggled in his arms meekly almost immediately. Subsequently, he stroked the cat on its head and the little one meowed in response.

Needless to say, Kendall was stunned to see that.

Ever since Dylan brought her home, they had been busy snuggling with each other. On top of that, they had a birthday celebration the next day. In addition to the event that transpired today, it was not surprising that she did not notice the presence of her pet.

If the cat was able to express its thoughts, How could you guys disregard me? How upsetting! Meow!

"When you were in Eastfort, this little one escaped and came over to find you, so I let it stay. Amos and the others were tasked to take care of it. Take a look at it. It seems to have gained weight."

Evidently, Amos and the others had been giving the cat some royal treatment.

"But then, you hate furry animals, don't you?"

Dylan shot her a deep look. "It's your pet, so I can overcome my dislike and accept its existence."

Gosh, I'm so touched. He loves everything that's a part of me.

"Thank you, darling."

He gave her a light peck on the lips. "I thought we agreed to stop thanking me ever since we married, though? I told you that from the moment I married you, I would never let you regret your decision. I mean my words." He was determined to dote on her and love her for the rest of his life. In other words, his tender love would be reserved specifically just for her throughout his life!

With that, a heart-warmed Kendall held her pet and walked out of the room with him.

Meanwhile, Amos waited outside for them when he saw the couple come out with the cat. "Oh, how did Jiggy end up inside the house again?"

"It loves being inside when I'm around." Before Kendall returned, this little one would leap onto Dylan's

lap and find a perfect spot in his arms to laze as long as he was inside the house. Its lazy look was extremely cute.

"Amos, take Jiggy with you."

Since the couple was going over to Tilly's to join her for dinner, Jiggy would not be able to join them. Subsequently, Kendall handed it over to Amos.

Although Dylan had accepted the pet, as soon as Kendall handed the cat over to Amos, he instantly dragged her over to a sink and loosened the tap to help her wash her hands. He made sure to rub her hands repeatedly and finally stopped upon noticing her hands had turned red.

Even so, she was content. In the past, Alice's pet had made its way over and was nearly killed by him, so he had made a huge exception by accepting hers.

"Once you're pregnant, I'll send Jiggy back to Pet Palace." On the way to the main house, he mentioned in a warm voice, "I'm worried that it wouldn't be able to control itself when you're playing with it, and you might get scratched by it."

Since Kendall had gone through pregnancy in her past life, she knew what to take note of and had no objections to that. "That's fine with me," she responded meekly.

We had a few rounds. Perhaps the baby will be back soon!

Although she was anxious, she realized quickly that this was not something to be rushed. At the end of the day, it all came down to fate. If she was not destined to be a mother, perhaps, her baby would not appear in this lifetime.

The couple's tiff earlier had caused a shock to everyone, so they arrived at a crowded house.

It was Sunday coincidentally, so the men of the Coleman Family had the day off. Other than those who were outstation, ten out of fifteen of the young men had returned, so the house was full of handsome men. They had just come back from their business trips, so this was the first time that Kendall had seen them.

Despite having an impressive man like Dylan beside her, she was amazed by their good looks regardless. Each one of them had starkly different personalities and looks from each other.

The young men of the Colemans were first cousins and shared the same grandparents, so each of them was unique in their way.

At that moment, Kendall thought, It's a shame that Amelia's gone home. If she stayed over for dinner and caught a glimpse of these handsome men, I'm sure she would shriek in excitement and cast Frank aside.

If Frank knew about this, he would most likely query, Cast me aside? Who on earth would do that?
Amelia?

In response, she would likely rebuke, Step aside and don't get in my way of ogling at handsome men!

He would ultimately be rendered speechless.

Chapter 520

"Dylan, Kendall." The ten young men as well as Alice stood up the moment the couple stepped into the room, and they greeted them respectfully.

In the past, the young men of the family were not truly respectful of Kendall and merely had a superficial front. To them, had Dylan not encountered the accident and sustained injuries, she would not have been a worthy match for him at all.

Even more so, she had behaved badly and even attempted suicide to reject the marriage proposal. Although Dylan did not appear to be affected by that, they were angered beyond words at her rude behavior on his behalf.

Yet, Kendall somehow lost her senses and stuck to Dylan by forcefully insisting that he married her. At last, she became their sister-in-law.

Over time, his affection for her grew and he appeared to have fallen deeply in love with her. They saw him go on a food strike because of her and noticed the huge change in his personality ever since her appearance. Hence, these strapping young men had now grown to respect Kendall as their sister-in-law.

"Hey. Everyone's back," Dylan replied gently.

Out of the fifteen men, ten had returned, and with him added into the equation, there were four other boys out of town.

"Those who haven't met Kendall should introduce yourselves," Dylan spoke softly.

As such, those ten men lined up according to their age and introduced themselves one after the other. Since it was her first time meeting them, she smiled and greeted them amicably.

As for the older generation, they watched as the couple made up and behaved as affectionately as before. They were also pleased to see the younger generation interact with each other so respectfully.

On the other hand, Emily had her chest puffed up as she beamed. That was because she was proud that her son held the center position in the family.

No matter how impressive the other nephews were, none of them could surpass Dylan. After all, he had been raised personally by his grandparents and was the designated successor brought up by them.

"Old Madam Coleman, dinner's ready." Tia came over and reminded Tilly respectfully.

Tilly shot several meaningful looks at Kendall, who did not utter a thing in the end.

She had no way of exerting authority over her granddaughter-in-law because Dylan was her weak spot, whereas Kendall was his weak spot. After Tilly had kicked up a huge fuss several times, she had finally been convinced by her old friend's words and accepted the situation. According to her friend, the young ones would have their way of living, so there was no point in her interfering and worrying unnecessarily.

At her old age now, she might as well just maintain her position as the revered matriarch of the family. If she persisted in worrying about her grandson, she would end up becoming a despised person. For

someone at her age, having a peaceful and congregated family was enough for her to be content.

There were plenty of others out there who admired her because she had fifteen impressive grandsons and one beautiful, understanding granddaughter; she could now retire in peace. If she was lucky enough, she might even be able to hold her great-grandchildren or great-great-grandchildren. By then, there would be no regrets in her life.

After dinner, Dylan did not rush to head back home but stayed behind in one of the living rooms. He continued to chat with his younger brothers and asked them about the outcome of the work he had assigned to them.

As for Kendall, she kept the elder generation company and chatted with them. This was the first time since her marriage that she had the chance to sit by their sides. Suddenly, she recalled the first time she met the elder generation of the Coleman Family. Back then, the ladies of the family were extremely picky and did not forget to mock her as well. Since Kendall had an agreement with Dylan to keep their marriage a secret, he was unable to stand up for her in public. Instead, Alice was the only one who had been kind to her.

As such, Kendall liked her very much. Alice held the entire family's attention and was doted on by everyone, yet she was clear-minded and knew her position. She could be spoiled at times when she was allowed to, and she was incredibly kind when she needed to be. Therefore, who would not adore such a considerate lady?

"Kendall, are you heading back to work tomorrow?" Emily asked in a nonchalant tone.

Though she had promised not to target Kendall, it would take time for them to get close to each other.

Hence, she behaved nonchalantly around her daughter-in-law.

However, Kendall smiled and nodded in return. "Yes, I've taken a long break, so it's time for me to head back to work."

"Okay, do your best, but don't overexert yourself. You might be young right now, but you shouldn't overestimate yourself and risk your health. You're the one who's going to suffer if you sacrifice your health for work."

"I'll take note of that, Mom."

"Mrs. Wright's birthday party is next Wednesday. The other aunts and I are invited to the party, so if you can spare the time, join us at the party with Ally. You're the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family, and disregarding the fact that it would be beneficial to Dylan, you should learn to socialize and make new

friends for your own sake too. Don't underestimate the importance of socializing with the other ladies of our social circle."

Most ladies of the family in their social circles might not hold a role in their company on the surface, but they were adept at convincing their husbands. At times, it would take a woman to convince their husband to seal a difficult business deal that might not have succeeded when only the men spoke with each other.

Ever since Kendall joined the Coleman Family, she had only attended Yasmine's birthday party. Back then, she attended it as the second daughter of the Parker Family. Alas, she had never attended any gathering as the Young Mistress of the Colemans.

"You've spent some time learning etiquette, so you should put it to good use in your daily life. It's good practice and it'd be good for you to gain some real-life experience."

Emily had decided to bring Kendall to mingle with her social circle. Ultimately, the Coleman Family would be handed over to Dylan and Kendall anyway.

In response, Kendall was surprised by the kindness shown by Emily and she hurriedly said, "Mom, I'm free on that day and I can join you at Mrs. Wright's party with Ally."

Emily affirmed with a hum before asking, "You should have some evening gowns, right? If you don't, then I'll arrange for someone to get your measurements tomorrow and custom-make some gowns for you."

Kendall replied in a haste, "Thanks, Mom, but I've got plenty of evening gowns."

Indeed, she had brought along several evening gowns she purchased from Laura. Besides, Dylan was not stingy with buying her clothes and her dressing room was filled to its brim.

She usually wore proper work attire when she went to work and would only wear the clothes gifted by Dylan during the weekends or holidays. As a result, he grumbled about it and complained that she seemed to dislike the clothes he bought for her and refused to wear them.

Eventually, she had to resort to special tactics to appease him.

"Figure out what jewelry you'd need to match with your outfit in advance and get it from the warehouse."

"Thanks for the reminder, Mom." Kendall did not mention that she had a personal jewelry collection. No

one in the entire Coleman Mansion knew that she had one either.

After all, Emily and the others generally obtained their jewelry from the main warehouse and they were her elders. Therefore, to not offend anyone, she decided to follow suit. That way, she would not upset anyone in the family by letting them think she was a special exception.

Everyone continued to chat, and Tilly turned to her and spoke gently, "Kendall, head outside with Ally and Jane to have some fun. It must be boring in here while we old fogeys chat amongst ourselves. We shouldn't keep you here with us any longer."

In actuality, she intended to get Alice and Jane to find out what happened from Kendall's side.

"Kendall, let's go for a walk outside." Alice caught on to Tilly's intention and clung to Kendall's arm affectionately before dragging Jane along. Subsequently, the three of them left the main house.

The sun had set, and the skies gradually darkened. The streetlamps within the Coleman Residence were lit up brightly, and the dark skies never affected the Colemans' usual activities.

"Kendall, let's head over to Pet Palace," Alice suggested.