

Kendalls 421

Chapter 421

"And Krystal! This is all her fault! She got into trouble even before they were married, and now she's going to ruin us all! If she hadn't given that fire extinguisher to him, my son wouldn't have messed that Woods kid up! God, this is infuriating! She's nothing but trouble!"

No, the young master is more trouble than he's worth to the madam. He ruined her reputation before they were married. He only married her to keep the family business. Not to mention he has an affair with Ms. Kelly. And she's pregnant with his child. Nobody cares about the madam.

But she made her bed. She could have refused to marry the young master, but she wanted a hot husband. And yet she doesn't realize she's no match for the Parker sisters. The young master is using the madam for something, and she knows that.

After Rosemi was done cursing Krystal, she ordered the servant, "Call my husband. I need to talk to him."

"Yes, madam." The servant left and came back with a wireless phone for Rosemi.

"I can't believe you're working, Tom! What about our son? Do you want him to rot in prison? Is work all you care about? You don't even care about anyone else! None of this would have happened to Jackson if you cared more about him!"

Tom let his wife berate him as she wished. He couldn't be bothered to reply. She was cut off before she could finish, and Tom tossed his phone onto the table. On the table he put his hands, and then he scratched his head.

Sh*t. Things are getting out of hand. The clients are canceling their contracts even if they're losing money. And our suppliers want us to get our stock somewhere else. They'd rather refund than work with us.

Even Zorn Holdings is canceling their investment plans. They're putting all the partnerships on hold. We don't have Zorn Holdings' backing now, and Coleman Empire Holdings is still going down hard on us. This is a hard battle. I'm not even sure if we can hold out for three months if we try to fight the Colemans.

And the Mendelson Group is attacking us too. That befuddled Tom the most. He had no idea why Frank was cross with him. Whenever the Colemans tried to attack a company, the Mendelsons would help that company fight back. So why are they helping the Colemans when it comes to us?

The Colemans alone were already hard enough to handle, but if the Mendelsons stepped in, their future would be bleak. And someone leaked the news about their predicament.

Now all of the Whittles' partners came to cancel their partnerships. Tom knew full well the Colemans were destroying them because Jackson made too many mistakes. But why did the Mendelsons get involved?

He tore his hair out. If the company falls, Jackson's life is gonna get worse. Once he's released, the family's going to go after him. And the Caddels might tell Krystal to get a divorce. This is all going to hell.

But I can't just sit on my *ss. Dylan won't help us, so my only hope is Frank. Finally, Tom decided to see

Frank.

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Kendall knocked on her father's office's door. "You called, Mr. Parker?" She stood before her father's desk.

"Yes." Adam put his pen down and looked at his daughter. Oh, she has dark circles. Concerned, he asked, "Why didn't you tell us? Look at you. There are dark circles under your eyes."

Kendall stayed silent for a moment. "It was a bit sudden, so I didn't have time. Don't tell Sally about this, Dad. I don't want anything else to happen to her. It can wait until Nell is out of the woods."

Sally and Nell were in the same hospital, but the former was taking care of her own daughter, while he was in the ICU.

She did ask her where he was and thought he went to see Kendall, so she lied. "No, I didn't see him. Probably up to something else. He did say he was going to work in the city."

Sally was doubtful, but she didn't think her son was hurt. Even before they came to the city, Nell told her he wouldn't be going back. He wanted to try his luck in the city and become strong enough for Kendall to rely on.

The Colemans were too powerful for him. If he didn't get better, he wouldn't be able to protect Kendall if the Colemans were to bully her.

"How's Nell looking?"

"Still in the ICU, but the doctor said he's getting better. Should be waking up in a couple of days, and then he'll be out of the woods." Kendall was worried about her brother.

A sigh escaped Adam's lips. "He'll get better."

The only reason Nell got into this mess was because he tried to help Kelly. "Next time Rosemi comes, tell the guard to kick her out. You don't have to see her."

Rosemi came to see her early in the morning with the pretext of pleading for Jackson. But then she caused a ruckus and embarrassed Kendall. When Adam found out, he blamed his adopted daughter and the Whittles for letting this happen. Rosemi is a piece of work. I can't believe she's asking Kendall for help after what she did.

"I don't even want to see her," Kendall hissed.

In her previous life, Rosemi kept doubling down on her just because she was Kendall's mother-in-law. The humiliation and torture Rosemi inflicted would never fade from her mind. But Kendall had been

holding herself back. She wouldn't hurt Rosemi if that woman would just keep to herself. Her main targets were Jackson and Kelly.

"Do you want a few days off?" Adam asked, concerned. "You can't work like this."

"Nell is still in the ICU. Not like I can help even if I'm at the hospital. I'll work. I'll try not to bring any personal feelings to work."

Adam was still worried about her. "I'll tell your mother to take care of Kelly. Then Sally can see Nell."

"Her son is hurt. Sooner or later they'll know. Mothers are connected to their children, apparently. Frustration gets to them whenever their children get in trouble. They'll feel like the world is crumbling."

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Adam was then reminded of his own wife. She seems troubled as well. "Your mother seems troubled too."

She probably went for a DNA test. The results will be out soon. Of course she'll be worried. If the results aren't what she thinks they'll be, it'd be devastating.

"Talk to her if you have time. Or just give her a call," Adam said.

"Yeah. I'll call Mom later."

"Are you sure you don't need to take a break?"

Kendall shook her head. "It's alright. You're going for a business talk, aren't you? I'd like to learn how that works."

Kelly was hospitalized and embroiled in a scandal. Everyone's opinion of her changed drastically, but as long as she was around, Kendall wouldn't let her guard down.

"I'll be meeting with Mr. Whitman at eleven. Dynasty Hotel. The talk will happen over lunch." He fell into a pause. "I thought you were going to have lunch with Dylan."

"I'll swing by his place if the talks end early. He has lunch at Dynasty every day. Yoseph is running the place, so he'll handle everything for Dylan. I just need to see if he's having a proper lunch."

Adam loved it that his daughter was getting along with Dylan. The more disappointed in Kelly he was, the more he liked Kendall. Kelly was a total dunce when it came to work. If she was more diligent, industrious, and adaptable, he would have trained her for a few years and whipped her into a decent heir to the empire, but she wasn't the least bit hardworking. Adam felt more affection toward Kendall because she proved she was a worthy heir.

"You may leave now. I'll call your mother and tell her about Nell. She'll be taking over for Sally. Kelly... still wants to keep the baby. I have no idea what's going on in her head. Jackson dumped her, and her brother almost died for her. Yet she..."

The sentence was not finished. A moment later, Adam apologized, "We failed the Woods. We failed to raise their daughter up into a decent woman, but they did a good job with you."

Kelly used to be their pride and joy. She was brilliant and confident. She knew what to do and what not to. Not even once did she let them down, until recently.

Adam was planning on retiring in two years and handing the company over to Kelly while he and his wife would travel the world. But at some point in time, Kelly changed. Still, we only have ourselves to blame.

Lyla told them how Kelly treated Sally while she was in the hospital. If Kendall was that harsh to them, they would feel heartbroken too.

Kendall stayed silent for a moment. "She's already twenty-six, Dad. She's an adult now, and there are consequences for her actions. It's her responsibility, not yours. Part of the reason she's keeping the kid is out of love, but most of it is for another reason."

"No. We failed. We could have whipped her into a better person since she was little, but we failed. She's irresponsible because of us. This is our fault."

Adam thought they had to apologize to the Woods and thank them. They did a good job raising Kendall, while he and his wife failed to raise Kelly well.

Kendall didn't argue with her father. This was something between her parents and foster parents. Taking any side would sound inappropriate. She then left the office so her father could call Charlotte.

Charlotte just came to the center. The second DNA test's result was out.

She was here for it, but her heart was seized by trepidation. What if it's negative? If this Kendall isn't my daughter, then where's the real Kendall? Is she dead? Just the thought of the result coming out as negative made her hands clammy. And then her husband's sudden call shocked her.

"What are you up to, honey?" Adam asked gently. "It's a little noisy on your side. Are you outside?"

"Yeah. Out to get something."

"It's hot out there. Just get the servants to buy anything you want. You don't have to do it yourself. Or you could have just called me. I can get you the stuff you need on my way home."

"Staying at home is boring, so I thought I'd go around and shop."

Adam said guiltily, "I could have had an early retirement, but I guess I have to keep an eye on the company for a few more years. The vacation will have to wait until Kendall can take over."

"Have you really decided on letting her take over?" She blurted, "What if Kendall's not our daughter? I mean the girl we're seeing. What if she's not our Kendall?"

Adam was bemused. "What do you mean there's another Kendall? We only have one daughter, and it's her. We went through the tests before, and she's our daughter. Why do you think she's not our real child? Did someone say something?"

The answer didn't come immediately. The result is out, so there's no need to hide. She said, "I just think Kendall changed too much. She's probably not our girl. It can be an imposter, and you know what's in it for them. Our company and the position of Dylan's wife are too much to resist. So I plucked her hair and got it tested."

No wonder she looks troubled the last few days. She's been hiding this from me. "That's stupid. No way she's fake. Dylan's already checked everyone in our family. He'll know if she's a fake," he chided. "Did Kelly tell you that she's a fake?"

Charlotte said nothing, but the silence was an answer. The girls are already doing battle. The last time Jackson showed up at the same time the Colemans came to visit, Adam had a guess that Kelly was the one who told him to come over.

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She wanted to make things hard for Kendall and ruin how the Colemans saw her. And now she's trying to pit Kendall against Charlotte by suggesting that she's fake? "Does Kendall know?" he asked.

She quickly answered, "No. I plucked her hair the last time I combed it. She would only think I lost my grip. Nothing else."

"Don't tell her about it. It'll break her heart."

"I know. I'll take this to the grave unless the results are negative."

"You shouldn't have done that." But I can't do anything now that she did it. He asked, "So what's the result?"

"I just got to the center and you're already calling me. No, I haven't gotten the result yet. Did something happen?"

"No matter what the results are, just go straight to the hospital and keep an eye on Kelly so Sally can see Nell. Her son got into a fight with Jackson for Kelly, but he and his wife knocked him out with a fire extinguisher. He's still in the ICU."

Charlotte quickly asked, "Does Kendall know?"

"Of course she does. The doctor told her the minute they saw Nell. Sally is still in the dark, but not for long."

"What about Jackson and Krystal?"

"Arrested. Rosemi asked Kendall to write an offer to settle and forgive Jackson so he can get off with a light punishment. She has no shame." I know she cares about her son, but that doesn't mean Nell can't get the justice he deserves.

"I'll take Sally's place right after I get the results." Charlotte agreed to the arrangement. They wanted to see if Kelly could get along with Sally, but that didn't work. Kelly disliked her own mother too much.

Nowadays, the Woods weren't poor. Nell and his brother were industrious men. Their profitability wasn't apparent yet, but it would start to show eventually. Not to mention Kendall was helping them, and the Woods had already started accumulating wealth. Kelly didn't like her own parents because they didn't have a company for her to inherit. The Parkers had a company with multiple subsidiaries for her, on the other hand.

The call ended, and Charlotte got out of the car. She looked up into the skies where the sun shone brightly. A few deep breaths later, she went into the center. I've come this far. Might as well see it through no matter what the result is. I just hope I'm being paranoid.

Ten minutes later, a relieved Charlotte emerged from the center. She had gotten the results, and it was positive. Kelly was just being paranoid. No, I was being paranoid.

Tom and I both went for the tests when we first found out Kendall's our daughter. No way that was

false. She changed so much because of that dream. Charlotte felt guilty for trusting her adopted child instead of her real one. Good thing Kendall has no idea I did this, or it might affect our relationship.

At the same time, Brian called Kelly. "Can you take a call?" Brian whispered.

Kelly was concocting a conspiracy, and her correspondent was Brian. He was powerful enough to help her get what she wanted.

This sounds important. Calmly, she said, "Mom, I want an apple. Can you peel and chop one up for me?"

Sally was worried about Nell. He had been gone for so long and wouldn't take her calls. I wonder what he's doing. But the moment Kelly called her 'Mom,' it exhilarated her, and she forgot about Nell. "Sure, I'll get you one. Cut it up and pop some toothpicks on them too. You can have any apple you want."

She was going to get one from the fruit basket, but only a few peaches and bananas were left. "We're out of apples. I'll go get some for you. Lyla's outside. Call her if you need anything, and don't move around. You need to rest." She then happily went to get the apples.

Once Sally was gone, Kelly told Lyla to leave. Good. Coast is clear. We're alone. She asked, "How did it go, Brian?"

"I failed the first task," he apologized. "I got a friend to help, but he told me the results are under tight protection. He couldn't take it away, much less swap it. All he could do was look. So that failed."

Kelly wanted him to swap the DNA test results out, but Charlotte had already gotten her hands on the real one. Darn it. That failed. "What? You failed? But that's the easiest part. Are you sure your friend

isn't some random guy in the center?"

The plan was to swap the results out and turn Charlotte against Kendall. That enmity would be useful if she wanted to keep her place in the company. Brian promised he would pull it off, but now he told her the plan failed.

Brian was disappointed as well. He used to dislike Kendall, but now he hated her.

He thought Kendall was the reason Kelly was in this mess. If she hadn't shown up, Kelly would still be herself. Jackson wouldn't have gotten his hands on her. He was more than happy to help Kelly out with her conspiracy if it came to Kendall. And he also wanted to get back at Dylan for putting the Zorns in trouble.

"My friend said Dylan found out, and his men were keeping a close eye on the results. It stopped him from the switcheroo."

Angrily, Kelly said, "Dylan again? Is he a god or something? How come he knows everything?"

Dammit! Just when I finally got through to Charlotte. If the results were swapped, my plan would have worked. Damn you, Dylan. Damn you, Kendall. Why does he love you so much? What did you do to him?

Brian fell silent for a moment. "Dylan's men are protecting Kendall. He wants to control everything when it comes to her. And she saved Scott Ford, son of Eric Ford. The guy's thankful for her. Promised he'd help her if she needed him."

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"The Fords of Eastfort has a huge network. They can know anything they want."

Brian envied Kendall's good fortune. I can't believe a random kid she saved would be the Fords' heir.

Kelly hissed, "I can't believe her luck." She stole my good fortune. I fell so much from grace all thanks to her.

"I can't help you anymore, Kelly. Sorry," Brian apologized. "But we can still work together professionally."

Slowly, Kelly calmed down. "You've helped me a lot, Brian. Our enemies are just too strong. Our plan might have failed, but we'll go with Plan B. Get a handsome, caring man to approach Kendall. Once she breaks up with Dylan, he'll get mad, and she'll lose his help. And she'll have to face his wrath." Kelly and Brian knew firsthand how cruel Dylan could be to his enemies.

"On it. It'll be done soon," Brian whispered. "Lay low and don't draw any attention to yourself at the moment. All for the plan."

"I understand."

"Charlotte knows that Kendall is her real daughter now. Your plan failed. She's going to dislike you for even suggesting that Kendall is an imposter. Do you want to move out?"

Kelly stayed silent for a while. "No," she said.

"I'll give you a villa if you have no place to stay." He thought the lack of a place to stay was the reason she refused to move.

"I have two villas under my name. Dad and Mom gave them to me on my eighteenth birthday," Kelly answered.

Hatred welled within her again. Hatred against Kendall. Her parents used to dote on her. When she came of age, they gave her two villas and made her the owner. And she also got a huge sum of money, expensive cars, and brand-name bags.

But now they were going to give the bulk of their wealth to Kendall, and they were already preparing the dowry for Kendall's eventual marriage to Dylan, even though they would only hold the wedding ceremony when Dylan could walk like a normal person.

"I can't. Moving out is going to work badly for me. I'll lose everything," she whispered. "I'll stay and be a good daughter to them. If or when they get into a freak accident and die without leaving a will, I can still get half of what they own." She was still their daughter, legally speaking.

Brian saw through her dastardly plan, and he was shocked. Never did he expect the woman he loved to plan for the Parker couple's demise. She wants to kill the people who raised her? That's awful. No wonder everyone told me to stay away from her after that scandal with Jackson. Yasmine especially wants me to keep away.

And they used to be best friends. I guess none of us know her well enough. "Don't do that unless you're out of moves," Brian said. "I know they're biased, but they did raise you after all. They're still

your parents. We can sabotage or even ruin people's lives for money, but murder is the one line I won't cross. It will get dragged out into the light sooner or later. You don't have to do this."

"I never said I'd kill them. Accidents happen to the best of us, right? They might run into something tragic and lose their lives," she denied the allegations, though she did get the idea of killing the Parker couple to get half their wealth. "I'm getting out in two days. Once I return to the company, we'll set up a company under your name and partner up with Parker Corp. Then we'll swindle them for everything they have."

As long as she could get everything she wanted from Parker Corporation, Kelly wouldn't kill the Parker couple. Paying for her crimes with death was something she'd like to avoid. Not to mention Kendall and Dylan would find out about the murders and hunt her down. The only way to be safe was for both of them to die, but she would never try to kill Dylan. She wasn't smart or foolhardy enough.

"We'll talk once you're discharged." He paused for a moment. "So, have you reached a decision? I can still date you if you just abort the baby." He didn't mind her sleeping with someone else, but not if she was pregnant with another man's baby.

Kelly said nothing.

"Why do you do so much for Jackson? He dumped you right after the scandal broke out. You have to give up by now."

His heart ached for Kelly. What part of him does she like? Just the thought of the woman he loved getting abused sundered his heart. Though the thing that hurt him most was how Kelly handled this whole mess.

"It's not just his baby. It's my kid too," Kelly answered, the pain in her voice obvious. "It's a hard choice to make, Brian." After everything that had happened, she could see that Brian truly loved her. She wanted to date him, but there was no way she could get rid of her baby.

A long sigh escaped Brian's lips. "I see I didn't do enough for you. You still don't feel secure with me. I'm sorry I landed you in a bad position. See you later. You get some rest for now. Oh, there's something I need to tell you."

"Just yesterday, Nell, your brother, confronted Jackson for you. But he and his wife almost killed him. He's in the same hospital as you, though he's in the ICU. Think it over, Kelly. Jackson's not worth your time. Everyone around you is hurt because of him, and you're a broken mess. This isn't worth it."

He hung up as soon as he finished and tossed the phone onto his desk. Then he leaned on his spinning chair and stared blankly at the door.

Someone opened it, and in came a jovial Yasmine. "Hey, Brian—" The moment Yasmine saw the look on her brother's face, her smile faded away. Then she picked his phone up.

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It's still warm. She frowned. "Did you call Kelly again? Why won't you let go? She's no longer the woman you think she is, and she's pregnant with Jackson's baby. She's not worth your time!"

Damn you, Kelly. What did you do to my brother? Why does he still love you?

Brian was still holding on as tightly as he could in hopes of closure. And conspiring with Kelly was his chance of getting back at Kendall while dragging Dylan into this mess. His emotions were conflicted when it came to Kelly, but he kept it all bottled up. Then he snatched his phone back. "You love Dylan. Have you let him go? If you can't let him go, then why should I?"

"Don't make this about me. I can't forget about him, but I'm learning to let go. Dating someone who doesn't love me is hell. If I want happiness, I'm much better off dating someone who actually likes me."

The time she spent with Jeffrey was happy, and her outlook on love changed. "Listen to me and forget about her. She's more than meets the eye. None of us know what she really thinks. She might use you as

a rebound. She's in love with Jackson, but she told Kendall to date him. Even gave her the idea to kill herself just to refuse marrying Dylan."

"She loves Jackson, and she knows you like her, but did she tell you? No. She leads you on and keeps you as a backup plan. We would have no idea that she loves Jackson if the scandal didn't break out."

Brian said nothing, but he was upset.

"There are more fishes in the sea. Why do you only care about her? She's a lying schemer. Do you

want to raise someone else's kid and date someone like her? Even if she does abort the kid, can you really look past the whole thing?"

Brian finally looked at his sister. He hissed, "Stay out of my business, Yasmine. I know what I'm doing. I know what I want. Just stay in your line and go see Frank. It's been a while since you guys met up."

"I've let him go too," Yasmine said. "He's not the best guy for me, and I'm not the best girl for him. I suffered enough from chasing after Dylan. Not going to do that again."

"I used to think only the best men in Orapolis are worthy of me. So that's either Dylan or Frank. But I've looked past that. Forcing myself into that relationship won't end well for either of us, so I won't do it. We don't need a marriage of convenience to bolster our power, so there's no need to hound two men who don't like me. I just want to date the guy I like."

Only a man like that would prioritize her. He would try to cheer her up when she was sad, and he would share in her happiness. Being loved was better than trying to love someone else.

"You're giving up without shooting your shot? But you went after Dylan for years." The news came as a shock. "Do you have someone you like?" She has been going out a lot lately and would come back every time with a grin on her face.

Yasmine smiled. "Not sure, but I'm always happy when I'm with him." Kendall told her to never chase Frank, as he wasn't the best guy for her. She had talked to Kendall enough to realize she was doing it for her own good.

"Well, now I'd like to know who's the lucky guy. I can't believe you ditched two brilliant men for him."

"You know him too, Brian. It's Jeffrey. I've been going out with him, and we're getting along well. He still spoils me like how he used to." Her eyes twinkled with happiness at the mention of Jeffrey.

"Oh, I always knew he had a thing for you. Shows you way too much affection."

Yasmine's smile turned into a grin. "Is that so?"

Brian wanted to say something, but he swallowed his words instead. She looks happy. Like she said, their family didn't need any marriage of convenience. Yasmine marrying someone who would make her happy was acceptable, even if the guy was Jeffrey. The Schuberts weren't as powerful as the Zorns, but they were decent.

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How should one describe the feeling of running into someone they hated the moment they stepped out of their house? Kendall felt like she wanted to kick a baby. She was heading to Dynasty Hotel with her father for a business talk, but the first thing she saw after emerging from the office was a motorcade of expensive cars blocking the company's entrance.

There was only enough space for the people and some motorcycles to move. Four-wheeled vehicles couldn't break through the line.

The guards couldn't stop this from happening. Before the motorcade was a man in a wheelchair. He was holding a bouquet of gleaming roses, and a row of men in black stood behind him.

It looked like what Dylan would do, but it wasn't Dylan. It was Frank.

And there was a big, red banner on top of the motorcade. There was a message written on it, and anyone could see the content from a mile away.

'Frank loves Kendall!'

The message was enough to cause a commotion. Ever since Frank showed up, everyone in the company was shocked by the gesture.

Kendall finally realized why the employees were giving her weird looks when she came out earlier.

After Dylan made his announcement, the whole of Orapolis knew she was his wife and the young madam of the Colemans.

Frank is getting me in trouble. On purpose. He wants the public to view me in a negative light and break me up with Dylan through the court of public opinion.

Even if Dylan believes I'm not cheating on him, the same can't be said for his elders. Kendall felt like killing Frank right away. You ruined my life in my previous lifetime, and now you're trying to destroy my happiness? You think I'd date you even if I break up with Dylan? In your dreams! I'd rather be a nun than date you!

But Kendall stopped before she could get far, and her father was holding her back. "Don't do it. I'll handle this for you." Adam said calmly, "He wants you to show up. He wants everyone to see you and him together. If everyone sees that, then Dylan will see it too. It'll put a strain on your relationship."

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"I know, Dad. I'm staying." Kendall was seized by an impulse to face Frank, but she stopped in time to realize what Frank was getting at. He's going all out because he has a plan. The moment I show up, someone will snap a picture and send it to the Colemans.

"I'll handle this." Adam held his daughter back and left his office.

Frank was a little disgruntled seeing Adam coming out alone, but he remained calm. "Hello, Mr. Parker." He was polite to Adam.

This man was Kendall's father and his potential father-in-law. It's good manners to be nice to your in-laws. But Adam shrewdly refused all his requests for partnership.

It doesn't matter. Even if there's no shortcut, I can still conquer the woman I like bit by bit. Kendall was his target. Putting his wet dream aside, just the fact that she refused him for Dylan was enough to rouse his spirit of conquest.

"What are you doing, Mr. Mendelson? Get that banner down." Adam cut to the chase and tried to pull the banner down.

But the moment he moved, Frank's bodyguards came to stop him.

"I'm trying to confess to Kendall, Mr. Parker. I love Kendall. Deeply. I love her no matter who she's dating. And I'm a straightforward man. I will confess to anyone I love and make my feelings known."

Yeah, right. If you're straightforward, there'd be no crooks left, Adam thought to himself. Since he couldn't pull the banner off, he went back to Frank and complained, "You're hurting Kendall, Mr. Mendelson. This isn't love."

He looked at Adam with twinkling eyes, a smile curling his lips. "If he abandons her just because of my confession, then it proves he's not a good husband. Don't worry about her. I'll accept her no matter what."

Adam wanted to slap Frank. "She's married, Mr. Mendelson, and the man she loves is Dylan. Thank you for the confession, but she won't accept it. Leave, now."

Frank kept smiling. "I don't care who she is, I'm still professing my love to her. Everyone has a right to love, and I have the right to love Kendall. Nobody can take that away from me. I won't go back unless she comes out and rejects my advances herself."

Frank wanted to lure Kendall out for a photo.

Adam was frustrated, but he couldn't do anything about it. But then Dylan's motorcade came. Good. He's here. Adam heaved a sigh of relief.

Coleman Empire Holdings was just a stone's throw away from Parker Corporation. Thanks to that, Dylan could come right over the moment he noticed the commotion and defend Kendall.

But Frank's motorcade was blocking the entrance, stopping Dylan's motorcade from advancing. Frank arrogantly looked ahead without even turning back. But then the Coleman bodyguards split into two teams. One stood against Frank's men, while the other came with forklifts and moved Frank's cars

away.

The scene made everyone's jaws drop.

Frank still seemed calm and collected, but the look in his eyes said otherwise. Naturally, the banner of confession was already torn off.

Once the obstacles were cleared, Ronnie and Dylan showed up. They stopped right beside Frank, and Dylan said, "Hello, Father."

"Hi." Adam gave Dylan a look of apology. Sorry I failed to defend Kendall. He thought Dylan's men moving those cars away was great, though.

"You have a client to meet, don't you, Father?"

"Yes."

"I'll take Kendall there." In other words, he wanted Adam to leave ahead of them.

"I'll leave this to you." Adam knew full well he could leave the whole affair to Dylan. He might not be of great help to his daughter, but Dylan could do anything for her.

Adam was more than pleased with Dylan. He thought his daughter was fortunate to gain his love, and then he left.

Dylan didn't even spare Frank one look. He was waving at Kendall, who was right inside the building.

Kendall came out happily like a little bird. "Darling, you're here." She didn't even look at Frank. All she cared about was Dylan. There was a sweet smile on her lips, but it didn't bloom for Frank.

"Here to pick you up," Dylan answered. He stood up, and Kendall held his arm. Then both of them went straight to his car, standing side by side.

Ronnie pushed the wheelchair and followed them closely.

Frank was still holding that bouquet of roses, but the look on his face was terrifying. Still, he looked pitiable from afar.

Love was a right everyone had, but he fell for someone he shouldn't have. All the employees were treated to a good show, and they envied Kendall greatly, for both of the best men in Orapolis fancied her.

"I have a feeling Mr. Mendelson did this on purpose. He wants to rile Dylan up. He's nice to Kendall, and everyone knows he and Dylan are enemies. Everyone Dylan cares about, Mr. Mendelson would try to snatch away or destroy," someone said.

Everyone thought that statement had a point, and the envy they felt for Kendall turned into pity. They thought it was sad that Kendall was being fought over like some sort of toy.

"Still, Dylan's really nice to Kendall. And he's more of a man than Mr. Mendelson is. I can't believe he moved the cars blocking the road with forklifts. That was exhilarating."

Dylan was the only one who would do that to Frank. Not even the Zorns would challenge Frank this openly.

"The moment Mr. Mendelson tried to set up a partnership with us, I knew he had some other plans. He wanted to use Kendall for a Dylan-sized beatdown."

Some self-proclaimed genius thought they got the answer.

Chapter 427

"He was going to drag us all into this mess. Good thing for us, Kendall and Dylan are actually married. We have someone to back us up. If we were actually alone, we'd be facing bankruptcy by now."

The employees could see through the whole conspiracy, and they thought, Man, we're just bystanders. Don't drag us into this.

Dylan and his wife left the company, and the blockade was gone when Dylan left.

The employees took their leave as well, but all of them stole glances at Frank when they passed him by. They could see the pain and agony festering in his eyes. It made them sympathize with him, especially the ladies. They wished they could become the woman he loved instead of Kendall.

He's sitting right here with a bouquet of flowers in his hand. I can't bear to watch this. I know Kendall doesn't like him, but don't leave him hanging. This is so cruel. Everyone was whispering among themselves.

A long while later, Frank ordered his bodyguard, "I'm going back to the company."

"Sir, but our cars—"

"Desmond will deal with this. He'll talk to Ronnie about it." It sounded like Frank still had everything under control.

"You still haven't had lunch, sir," the bodyguard said.

Frank stared at the bouquet and imagined how happy Kendall would be if she took it, but that would only happen in his imagination. She would never take his bouquet. There was nothing but hatred for him in her heart. "I am not having lunch," Frank answered.

The bodyguards would like for him to have lunch, but they weren't about to go against his orders. Then Desmond sent some cars over for the bodyguards.

Frank's own car was still around. He stood up and whispered, "No need for the wheelchair anymore." Even that b*stard stood up. No reason for me to keep using this.

I knew he'd stand back up. That crisis didn't manage to squash him like a bug, and now he's back on his legs. Frank was annoyed. He thought Dylan was too resilient, and he couldn't believe the woman he liked was the one who helped him stand back up.

...

Kelly was feeling sleepy after having lunch. Brian sent her some photos, and when she flipped through them, she wasn't feeling sleepy anymore.

"Who's that?" Charlotte asked. She didn't tell Kelly that she had gotten the test results and pretended everything was fine. But in reality, she was on guard, and Kelly was on the other side of that wall. The trust she once had for Kelly could never be rebuilt again.

They used to be close, but now they were estranged. One day in the future, Kelly would look back at her past and realize she was the one who forced herself onto the path of no return, and regret would

engulf her.

"A friend." Kelly wouldn't tell her it was from Brian. The pictures she got were of the event that happened at Parker Corporation earlier.

In the pictures, Frank was waiting outside, holding a bouquet of flowers, and a banner hung on the cars behind him. The message on the banner read, 'Frank loves Kendall!'

Frank likes Kendall? Kelly was shocked, but when she thought about it, she realized Frank was just using Kendall to get at Dylan. There aren't photos of them appearing together, but this is enough. I'm going to print these out and get someone to let Tilly see this.

Dylan might be the Colemans' leader and the top dog of the family, but his grandparents raised him. He respected Tilly, and she was dominating when she was younger. The reason she laid low was to let her grandson have a chance to shine. If she was angered, even Dylan would find it hard to settle.

"Ask the doctor if I can get discharged today, Mom. My stomach isn't killing me anymore, and I'm not bleeding. I should be fine. I'll get some rest back home."

Kelly wanted to leave the hospital. Staying here stopped her from executing her evil plans.

"I'll see if he gives the permission. Do you want to see Nell before you leave?" Charlotte asked.

They told Sally what happened to Nell. When she was told her son was nearly dead and was still in the ICU because he tried to make Jackson pay for what he did to Kelly, she fainted on the spot.

A shocked Charlotte told the doctor to wake Sally up, and the woman wobbled all the way to the ICU to see her son.

Charlotte saw her off, and guilt welled up within her. I shouldn't have stopped Kendall from seeing the Woods. It's not easy being a mother.

Charlotte might be Kendall's real mother, but Sally did a lot for her as well. The Woods were the only reason Kendall grew up to be a good woman, but she tried to cut Kendall off from the Woods after they were reunited. That was rude and heartless of me.

A moment of silence later, Kelly said, "I'm pregnant. It might be unluck—"

"He's still alive. Nothing will happen. Even if he passes away, he's still your brother, and he got into this because he tried to help you. You should go see him no matter the reason," Charlotte castigated her. Then, she held her fury down and continued calmly, "Fine. Suit yourself. I'll go look for the doctor now."

Turning around, Charlotte left the ward, but the moment she closed the door, tears welled up within her eyes. She couldn't believe the girl she loved and cared so much for would turn out to be a monster. My heart aches.

Kelly froze up for a moment, but she shook it away and stared at the photos Brian sent her. A sneer then curled her lips. "Just what I needed."

She didn't even have to hire a hot guy to approach Kendall. Frank was the perfect guy for her plan. He was at loggerheads with Dylan, and if the photos were shown to Tilly, Kelly just knew she would fly into a rage. And if Tilly is enraged, she'll make Kendall's life a living hell.

"I'm getting out today, Kendall. Just you wait. I'll make sure the Colemans kick you out like you're trash."

Beep—

She got a new message from her spy in the company. It was the same set of photos, and her sneer turned into a big, fat grin.

I still have some allies in the company. You can't get rid of me that easily, Kendall. She flipped through the photos and sent them all to Yasmine. Brian might have told her about it, but still she wanted Yasmine to see it. She hoped they could become friends again.

Chapter 428

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Kelly's phone started ringing, and she rushed to pick it up when she saw it was from Brian.

"Brian, my mom's going to be here soon. Let's get in touch once I'm out of the hospital. I'm getting discharged today."

"I just wanted to tell you one thing. I'll help you do whatever it is you want to do, so don't do anything for now," Brian declared before hanging up the phone.

Kelly stared dazedly at her phone.

Ever since her reputation was tarnished, she realized just how precious Brian's love and consideration were to her.

At the very least, he's way better than Jackson.

The thought of Jackson reminded her of Nelson's injuries. She decided to wait and see how things would unfold. If Jackson were to be sentenced in court, she wouldn't need to worry about him threatening her anymore. She could abort the child and be with Brian instead.

Even if Jackson lived long enough to get out of prison alive, by the time he did, she would have become the Zorn Family's daughter-in-law. She would have gotten everything she wanted in life and wouldn't have to fear Jackson any longer.

Once Kelly thought this through, she felt as if she had a clear path and a bright future ahead of her.

...

The sunset covered the world in a blanket of warm, muted light.

Kendall got out of the car and said to Henry, "Mr. Fisher, I'll ride with Dylan to get to my class later. You can just wait for me outside the etiquette institute tonight."

"Yes. I got it," Henry responded courteously, and he watched over Kendall until he saw her entering Coleman Empire Holdings' building. Once she was inside, he closed the window and drove off.

As the wife of the president of Coleman Empire Holdings, Kendall had no difficulty making her way through the company. Soon, she arrived on the top floor.

Toddy had just stepped out of the president's office when he spotted Kendall and greeted her with a smile, "Mrs. Coleman, President Coleman is waiting for you inside."

Dylan had received word that Kendall was here as soon as she walked into the lobby, but he had trouble moving about, so he didn't head down to bring her up himself.

Kendall smiled and thanked Toddy.

"Hi, Mrs. Coleman." Emma stood up and greeted Kendall as well.

Kendall placed a box of pastries on Emma's desk and said warmly, "We're friends, Emma. You don't need to call me Mrs. Coleman. It feels awkward to hear you addressing me as such. Here. I passed by a bakery earlier, and their pastries looked really good. I had tasted it, and they were delicious, so I bought two boxes."

She gave Emma a box of pastries and saved the other for Dylan.

Although Dylan wasn't fond of pastries, Kendall had to be sure to include a portion for him lest he grew jealous. Emma would be the one who suffered if he did.

Emma didn't decline Kendall's thoughtful gesture. She happily accepted the box of pastries.

"You got off work so early today."

"I followed my dad out for a business appointment this afternoon, and we only just finished. My dad doesn't need me back at the office, so I came over to meet Dylan and wait for him to get off work."

"You and President Coleman have such a good relationship. I'm so envious," Emma commented wistfully.

Emma knew about Frank's high-profile declaration of his love for Kendall, but she didn't ask Kendall about it. That was Kendall's private matter, and even though Kendall said they were friends, Emma didn't have the courage to truly act as if she were a friend of the president's wife.

Kendall looked around. After noticing that Toddy was gone, she didn't head into the president's office right away. Instead, she stayed by Emma's desk and asked, "Emma, how are things going between you and Toddy?"

None of her friends ranted to her about their love lives, and she didn't feel like asking them about it all the time, but it didn't mean that she didn't care about them.

There was no hope for Amelia and Ronnie now.

Amelia was a lovely woman, so Kendall was certain that she would meet someone even better than Ronnie in the future.

Emma's smile faded a little. She averted her eyes and said, "I've given up on him. I don't want to keep chasing after him. He... isn't mine to have, so even if I continued, it'd just be a waste of my time."

Kendall patted Emma's hand consolingly. "You're such a wonderful person. I'm sure you'll meet someone even better for you in the future."

"I just want to take things slow for now and wait a couple of years before getting into a relationship. I was in love with him for so many years. It's not like I can get rid of all my feelings immediately. Right now, I'm learning how to control myself and not approach him in the office unless I need to talk to him about work. Once the day comes when I can stand in front of him without feeling anything, I'll start thinking about dating someone else. Now that we're on this topic, how's Amelia doing?"

Emma asked after Amelia, as they were friends too and hung out together now and then.

She had also noticed that Amelia had her eyes on Ronnie.

"She has confessed her feelings to him," Kendall responded.

Emma's eyes widened. "What? Already? She made her move so quickly. We're talking about Ronnie here. I've known Ronnie for as long as I've worked for President Coleman, and they're two peas in a pod."

People often mentioned that birds of a feather would flock together.

Dylan had a cold and somewhat detached personality, and those around him were the same to a great extent.

Even his bodyguards had cold and reserved personalities.

"Yeah. She confessed, alright. Dylan told me about it, saying Ronnie told him."

Emma's curiosity peaked, and she probed, "What happened, then? Did Ronnie accept her confession? Although he's a little cold, he's a pretty good guy. Amy has a good eye for men—just like you."

I'm the foolish one for falling in love with a man like Toddy, who has a heart made of stone.

Although Dylan was cold, he was very good to Kendall. All of his kindness and consideration had been reserved solely for her.

"Ronnie rejected her," Kendall uttered.

"What? That means Amy is just as broken-hearted as I am, huh? I'll invite her out for drinks tonight," Emma exclaimed.

Kendall chuckled. "Again? Didn't you have enough to drink the last time?"

"I was dealing with my despair the last time. This time, I'm accompanying Amy while she copes with her heartbreak, so it's not the same."

After a pause, Kendall mused, "I feel like—"

"Nope. Don't come. You better not come!" Emma instantly cut her off and said, "If you came, President Coleman's going to rip us to shreds. Kendall, do your good deed for the day and just stay by his side. Don't invite us out for drinks ever again."

Kendall was startled by Emma's reaction. "I'm only married to him, not chained to his side. I still have my freedom, just so you know. He doesn't stop me from doing what I want, either. If you girls call me out for a drink, I'm sure I can join you for a while. That being said, it's true that I can't join you guys tonight since I have my etiquette class, but I'm free this weekend."

Emma giggled and was about to respond when she saw the office door opening. She quickly put on a serious expression and whispered, "President Coleman's coming out."

Kendall turned to glance at the door. She was greeted with the sight of her husband leaning against the doorframe with his hands in his pockets. The expression on his exquisite face was unreadable. It was impossible to know what he was thinking.

"Let's continue some other time," Kendall muttered to Emma.

She quickly grabbed the other box of pastries and hurried forward.

Even before she got near, she flashed a brilliant smile at Dylan. She knew that he loved it when she

smiled sweetly at him. Every time she made him mad, he would eventually give in when he saw her smile.

"My dear hubby," Kendall called out with a voice full of adoration. She even dragged her syllables out.

Emma wanted to laugh when she heard Kendall's tone, but she was too afraid to actually do it, so she could only lower her head as she suppressed her giggle.

Chapter 429

Dylan scoffed and stomped back into the office.

Kendall rushed after him and closed the door behind her.

At last, Emma was free to chuckle out loud.

She was genuinely envious of their relationship. President Coleman's such a cold and unapproachable man, and Kendall's the only one he treats so gently.

It was hard for others not to be envious of Kendall when she was Dylan's only exception.

Meanwhile, Dylan sat down on the couch in the office.

Kendall came over and sat down beside him. She held the box of pastries out in front of him, gazing at him with gorgeous sparkling eyes, which looked like shining stars in the night.

She had a pleasant smile on her face as she opened the box and said, "Darling, I bought you a box of your favorite pastries. They're still warm. Here, try some."

Dylan snorted. "I didn't even know I had a favorite type of pastry. How did you know?"

"Your favorite type of pastry is those I buy for you," Kendall replied with a winning smile.

He stared at her evenly for a moment before flicking his finger against her forehead. He glanced down at the box of pastries before looking back into her fluttering eyes. "You gave these to Miss Finley first before giving them to me."

"That's not true. I bought them for you. Emma's box was just an afterthought, plus her desk is outside, so I gave them to her first before bringing yours to you. That way, I won't have to make two trips. Darling, you can't possibly bear seeing me tire my legs out, right?"

Dylan said nothing. At last, he flicked her forehead again, but a lot more affectionately this time, as he said, "You always know how to come up with all sorts of weird logic. I can't win against you."

"That's not true, either. You're just letting me win. I'm the one who can't possibly win against you. My hubby's the best! You dote on me the most and indulge in my every whim regardless of when, where, or why. I must've done some pretty good deeds in my previous, previous life to be so lucky as to marry the amazing Dylan Coleman in this life."

She had said 'previous, previous life' because, well, her previous life had been a terrible one, so there was no way she could've gotten lucky from it.

The fact she could redo her life and change the outcome this time had to be credited to the luck she garnered two lives ago.

"Okay, that's enough. I'm not mad, nor am I jealous. You don't need to butter me up on purpose."

Dylan took a piece of pastry and gave it a taste. It was a little sweet, but he could still handle it. Any sweeter, and he wouldn't even be able to swallow a single bite.

After taking a mouthful, he fed the rest to Kendall.

She started munching as she pouted. "You bit into this already."

Dylan's eyes flickered darkly. Kendall sensed that his gaze was a little fiery as he murmured by her ear, "Are you turning your nose up at it because I bit into it first?"

"Of course not. If you're feeding me something you already bit into, it means we're sharing an indirect kiss."

Dylan wanted to laugh, but instead, he chose to pull her into his arms and give her a proper kiss.

"You followed Dad out to a business meeting, right? How did it go?"

"They're still considering it. Dad says he wants me to follow up on this. He hopes that I'll be able to close the deal."

I have to do a good job and try my best to close the deal so that the others in the company will see me in a different light, Kendall told herself.

"If there's anything you don't know, feel free to ask me."

"Oh, definitely. I won't hold back at all."

Dylan chuckled and stroked her head.

"Dylan—"

"Oh? I'm not angry anymore, so you don't have to call me darling anymore, hm?"

Kendall immediately switched it up. "Darling, I think your family's going to hear about what happened at noon today. Frank, that *sshole, must've done it on purpose, and I'm afraid something big is about to happen soon."

Dylan's eyes grew cold.

Everyone could tell Frank had done it on purpose.

However, Frank had indeed wanted to confess his feelings to Kendall. He was far too obsessed with her.

"I'm here. You don't need to be afraid of anything!" Dylan consoled his beloved wife.

"I'm not afraid. I'm just scared you'll end up fighting with your family because of me. Darling, whenever I encounter something that's well within my means to deal with, don't get involved on my behalf, okay? The more protective you are of me, the more Grandma and the others detest me. They would feel as if I'd stolen you away from them."

Dylan didn't respond to her. Instead, he grabbed her chin and bit down on her lips.

Kendall gasped in pain.

Soon, her lips began to swell up—a sign of just how hard he had bitten down on them. Any harder, and her lips would've started bleeding.

"You're my wife. You married me and stayed with me in my house, which was a completely foreign place to you. You had no one to rely on but me. If I don't protect you, who would? If I don't protect you, you wouldn't be able to survive in this family.

"Haven't you heard? Married women who want to hold their heads up high in front of their mother-in-law either have to be strong themselves or come from a powerful maiden family. Your family isn't powerful enough, and you're not strong enough on your own right now, so your only choice is to rely on me, your husband.

"Your parents raised you all these years and groomed you to be a talented young lady. They had given you just as much love and nurture as my family did to me, but you had to leave your family when you married me. You moved into my house and treated my parents as if they were your own. I owe my parents for raising me, but you owe them nothing, yet you still treat them so well out of love for me.

"For every ounce of love and affection you give, I'm determined to return it to you tenfold. Kendall, I'll say it again. No matter what happens, even if the sky comes crashing down, I will hold it up for you! You'll always be able to rely on me!"

Dylan's solemn declaration had moved Kendall beyond words. She felt as if she had just swallowed an entire jar of honey.

He always seemed so cold and indifferent, but in reality, he was a reasonable, clear-headed man.

She had married the right man, indeed.

"What if Grandma wants us to get a divorce? What if she chases me out of the house?"

Dylan held her face and promised gravely, "If Grandma uses this as an excuse to chase you out, then I'll go wherever you go! We're married, and till death do we part."

Kendall looked into his eyes before throwing herself into his arms and holding him tightly.

"And I swear I don't have any feelings for Frank. He's a lunatic. Dylan, I meant every word I said to you, and I won't take it back, ever."

She once said that she would always stay by his side and never abandon him.

Dylan held her close and said gently, "I trust you. You've never approached Frank before. I'm the only one you ever hit on. Even when I couldn't walk, and there had been rumors that I was impotent, you were still determined to marry me. You wouldn't have been so firm about it if you didn't like me."

Thus, he never doubted her feelings for him.

When she first insisted on marrying him, she explained it was because of a strange dream she had about their lives. He had helped her then, and she was grateful to him, so she wanted to repay him.

In reality, soon after registering their marriage, he sensed that she was beginning to fall in love with him.

It was easy to fall in love with a man like Dylan.

In the beginning, Kendall really thought that she was just doing it to repay him, and also to gain his support which would've been a great help to her as she carried out her plan for revenge.

However, the more she spent time with him, the deeper she fell.

Her heart was his now.

Come rain or shine, I'm going to spend the rest of my life with him.

Chapter 430

"You must be hungry by now, Kendell."

"Yeeh. I ceme over so that we cen heve dinner together once you get off work."

Dylen chuckled end pecked her on the lips before releasing her. "Let's go. I heve told Yoseph you're coming. He'll edjust the menu end include some of your favorite food."

Kendell held him end seid, "You know, you cen just prepere one or two things that I like. You don't heve to meke sure that everything is to my liking. Derling, you elweys ceter to my wents, but I went to ceter to yours too."

"I'm not picky when it comes to food. I'm heppy es long es you're setisfied with the meel. My eppetite improves whenever I see you eeting."

Kendell wesn't e picky eeter, either. Although she hed her favorites, she didn't mind eeting everything.

You're not picky? Yeeh, right.

She chuckled, but she couldn't be bothered to call his bluff.

A smart man like Dylon immediately figured out what her chuckles meant.

He pretended not to notice anything as Kendell helped him into his wheelchair.

She started wheeling him out the door.

"Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down. Never gonna run around and desert you..."

The phone's ringing tone interrupted the couple's alone time.

Kendell fished her phone out with one hand and started smiling when she saw who the caller was.

"It has to be Scott who's calling," Dylon deduced with conviction.

She only ever smiled this way when she received a call from the little boy. Although Scott was a three-year-old kid, Dylon still felt a tinge of jealousy.

According to Dylon, Scott would one day become a man, so why wouldn't he be jealous of his wife smiling like that when she answered another man's call?

He was already being more than gracious by not heading over to strangle Scott just yet.

"Hi, Scott."

"I miss you, Miss Perker."

Scott changed the way he was addressing Kendall, and she didn't mind it at all. Regardless of whether it was Miss Perker or Ledy Perker, she knew he was still referring to her.

"I miss you too."

"You're lying. I've been back for so long, but you didn't even call me, so how can you say that you miss me? If you miss me, you should get on the plane to come and see me now. I'm having a fever again." Scott's tone became a lot more pitiful as he got to the end of his sentence.

Kendall's heart ached a little when she heard that. "Why did you come down with a fever again? Did you turn the air-conditioning on after taking a cold shower again?" There was no telling where Scott had learned what to do.

"I wanted to go and see you, Miss Perker, but Dad's busy, and he won't let my nanny bring me over. I-I complained about it to Mommy, but she's still sleeping and isn't paying any attention to me, so I had no choice but to resort to this again."

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Scott had made himself sick on purpose. Even so, Kendall wasn't mad at all when she heard about it. She felt nothing but sympathy for the boy.

The Fords were a wealthy and influential family, and Scott was the first of his generation to be born. Although the rest of the family adored him, there was no way for them to make up for the motherly love that he craved.

He got along with Kendall and seemed to get a sense of motherly affection from her. That was why he loved spending time with her. He would've chosen to glue himself to her all day long had it not been for the fact that he couldn't stay overnight with the Colemans.

Eric had said to him, "My dear son, it's not that I don't want to send you over. It's because Mr. Dylen will be upset."

Eric knew very well what Dylen's thoughts were. Loving couples would long to spend every second of their time together.

In the past, when Eric's wife was well, he loved sticking to her at all times as well.

"Scott, you shouldn't do this. Your father will be worried about you, and if your mother finds out when she wakes up, she'll be worried too. If you miss me, you can call me up to talk to me. I'll come and see you as soon as I have time."

Scott knew that he shouldn't be doing this.

His father had given him a stern scolding before and would've punished him as well if his grandmother hadn't stepped in to save him from it.

"In that case, when are you going to come and see me, Miss Perker? Can you come now? Dad said Mr. Dylen has a plane just like ours, so can you get Mr. Dylen to fly you over in his plane? It won't take long to come to my house if you take the plane."

Kendell glanced at Dylen.

"Hand me the phone."

Dylen took the phone from Kendell and spoke to Scott. "Hey, little guy. Three strikes and you're out, got it? If this happens a third time, I won't let you see Miss Perker ever again. Don't think you can do

whatever you want just because you have a powerful father. If I don't wish to let the two of you meet, then you'll never get to see your Miss Perker again."

"You're so mean, Mr. Dylen."

"You're not any better. Look at you being so cunning as a child. Who knows what you'd do as an adult?"

Scott was speechless.

"Have you seen the doctor?"

"Yes."

"Have you taken your medicine?" Dylan continued asking.

"The medicine tastes horrible."

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"Scott, you shouldn't do this. Your fathar will ba worriad about you, and if your mothar finds out whan sha wakas up, sha'll ba worriad too. If you miss ma, you can call ma up to talk to ma. I'll coma and saa you as soon as I hava tima."

Scott knew that ha shouldn't ba doing this.

His fathar had givan him a starn scolding bafora and would'va punishad him as wall if his grandma hadn't stappad in to sava him from it.

"In that casa, whan ara you going to coma and saa ma, Miss Parkar? Can you coma now? Dad said Mr. Dylan has a plana just lika ours, so can you gat Mr. Dylan to fly you ovar in his plana? It won't taka long to coma to my housa if you taka tha plana."

Kandall glancad at Dylan.

"Hand ma tha phona."

Dylan took tha phona from Kandall and spok to Scott. "Hay, littla guy. Thraa strikas and you'ra out, got it? If this happans a third tima, I won't lat you saa Miss Parkar avar again. Don't think you can do whatavar you want just bacausa you hava a powerful fathar. If I don't wish to lat tha two of you maat, than you'll navar gat to saa your Miss Parkar again."

"You'ra so maan, Mr. Dylan."

"You'ra not any battar. Look at you baing so cunning as a child. Who knows what you'd do as an adult?"

Scott was spaachlass.

"Hava you saan tha doctor?"

"Yas."

"Hava you taken your madicina?" Dylan continuad asking.

"Tha madicina tastas horribla."

"Why don't you teke enother cold shower end spend the night right under the eir-conditioner egein?"

Scott wes confused. "Mr. Dylen, thet'll only meke me even sicker."

Don't think thet I'm still e kid! I'm ettending kindergerten now! I know e lot of things.

"Since you don't like teking your medicine, you need to meke yourself sicker so thet the doctor cen use e long needle to give you en injection end let you suffer in peain instead."

Most kids were efreid of needles, end Scott wes no exception.

His mind begen to picture e doctor coming over to him with e long needle. The doctor wented to steb him with it, end he knew how peainful it would be.

I don't went en injection!

"I'll teke my medicine, Mr. Dylen."

"The medicine will be very bitter, though."

"Suf... suffer now... leter..." Scott floundered.

Dylen chuckled end seid it for him. "Suffer now, enjoy leter."

"Yes, that's right. That's the saying. You're so smart, Mr. Dylen. You get one gold star."

Dylen patiently continued, "Go and take your medicine now. Once you've taken your medicine, your fever will go away, and you'll feel better again. Miss Perker will come and see you soon once she finds the time. Since she said she'll come and see you, it means she will, so you don't have to keep calling her every day. You need to remember that Miss Perker is my wife!"

"Dylen!" Kendall chuckled. "Scott is still a child. He wouldn't understand that."

"Mr. Dylen, can't you send Miss Perker over now?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"What do you mean, why? Why are you asking why?"

Scott was confused by the onslaught of 'whys.'

"Are you still listening, little boy?"

"Mr. Dylen," Scott answered pitifully.

"Don't take that pitiful tone with me. I'm not your father who gives in to your every whim. Listen up. From now on, you can only call Miss Perker on Mondays between 6.00PM to 8.00PM. You can spend the rest of your time doing something else instead."

Scott agreed right away. "Mr. Dylen, I want to spend more time at your place. Can I stay with you?"

Dylen was dumbfounded.

He didn't want to go against the child, but the child came with the handsome father, so if the Fords kept coming over to see Kendall, there was bound to be someone who'd start spreading rumors to tarnish Kendall's reputation.

"Nope!"

"But... you said that I can spend the rest of my time doing something else, and what I want to do is to stay at your place, Mr. Dylan."

Dylan's expression darkened as Kendall stifled her laughter.

"Why don't you take another cold shower and spend the night right under the air-conditioner again?"