

Kendall's Sacrifice Chapter 10

Chapter 10 What a Coincidence, Master Dylan!

The sight of Jackson reminded Kendall of her past life, and the hatred within her bubbled up

and was almost shown through her angered gaze.

She even had the urge to lunge forward, choke his throat and ask him why he married her

even though he didn't love her. If it wasn't him that night, why did he pretend to be that man,

fool her, and even cause her daughter's death?

"Kendall."

Jackson took a few steps forward and stood in front of her with confusion in his eyes.

Previously, Kendall's eyes would light up whenever she saw him, but it was a little different

this time.

"Kendall, why are you here? Are you alone?" he asked and even took a look around.

Kendall suppressed the hatred within herself with all her might. However, when she saw how

he was looking around, she knew that he was actually searching for Kelly.

A mocking smile appeared on her face as she asked herself, He loves Kelly so much but

pretended to be so interested in me instead. Isn't he tired from all this acting?

She must have been as blind as a mole not to notice this in her past life.

“I’m here to shop, of course,” she said indifferently and walked past him.

“Kelly.” Suddenly, he turned around and grabbed her hand.

However, she jerked her hand away immediately and growled, “It hurts!”

He had coincidentally grabbed her injured hand. Even though it had recovered over the past

few days, the cut still hurt upon touch.

Taken aback, Jackson then saw the wound on her wrist, and he quickly held her hand again.

HE also ignored her struggles to get away from him as he asked with a heartbroken face,

“Kendall, what happened? Who did this?”

She glanced at him before giving him a mirthless smile as she asked instead,

“Jackson, didn’t

you say that you like me? Why didn’t you know that I was injured? You didn’t even visit me

once at my place for the past few days.”

Anxiety flashed across his eyes, but he recovered within a split second as he lied, “I’ve been

very busy recently, so I couldn’t visit you. So, how did you get hurt? It looks like a knife cut to

me.”

“Can you let me go now that you’ve taken a look at it?”

Furrowing his brows, he observed her steadily. Kelly had complained to him that Kendall had

changed; she would act spoiled to their parents and even set her up, but he didn’t believe it.

How was a village girl like Kendall able to set up Kelly?

But now, he was starting to believe her words because he could see that Kendall was really

changing.

The way she looked at him lost the passion she used to have, and it was as if she wasn’t the

one who fell in love at first sight with him and stubbornly stopped him from asking for his

number.

“It is a knife cut.” Then, she drew back her hand and said dispassionately, “It was a cut from the knife Kelly gave me.”

When she returned to the Parker Family, there was a small dagger amongst the gifts Kelly gave her, saying that it was for her to bring around as a self-defense weapon. But, thinking in retrospect, she realized that that woman had begun drawing her into her trap step by step from the moment she returned, and that was how she ended up with nothing in the end and even died in the streets.

“Kelly gave it to you for self-defense. Why did you hurt yourself with it? It’s already scabbing, so it will heal quickly now.” At the mention of Kelly, the look in Jackson’s eyes softened, and even his tone turned gentle without him noticing.

The anxiety and sorry voice from earlier was all but gone, and the more calmly Kendall watched him, the more she hated herself for being so blind in her past life. He also immediately changed the subject, swiveled to look at the store behind himself, and asked, “Kendall, you mentioned that you’re here for shopping, and this is a men’s boutique.

Are you shopping for your father?”

“I think it’s unrelated to you whom I’m shopping for. No matter what, it’s not for you.”

Her retort made him speechless as he loved the clothes from this brand, and she was always

buying them as gifts for him. Every time she was here because she was shopping for him, but

now, she said that she wasn’t buying him anything!

So, who’s she buying for? he wondered curiously, feeling very uneasy at the same time.

Regardless, it was a very odd feeling.

He was used to Kendall treating him as a treasure in her hands, going along with his every wish and thinking of ways and means to buy him the things that he liked without even needing to mention it.

Suddenly, her attitude toward him had turned stone cold, and even when she went shopping, the clothes were not for him, making him feel like he had lost something. "I'm very familiar with this brand. Come on. I'll be your guide," he said and wanted to pull her into the store.

However, she avoided his hand, raised her head high while he watched, and strode to the entrance gracefully in her heels. Then, she pushed the door open and went in.

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"Stop the car," Dylan suddenly barked.

Instantly, the driver hit the brakes and quickly stopped the car at the side of the road.

Dylan pushed a button to roll down the window and fixed his aloof gaze on the figure in the distance that had walked into a store. Right behind her, the person who went after her was Jackson Whittle.

"Stop the car on the opposite street," he instructed coldly.

Hurriedly, the driver did as told, and a few minutes later, Dylan's designated car team stopped at the entrance of Wealthy Luck Street.

"I want to go shopping," he snarled.

Immediately, his bodyguard team started to get into action. Some hopped out of the car quickly and scanned around warily. Then, after making sure that nobody was suspicious in the vicinity, others swiftly lifted Dylan's regular wheelchair out of the car while others helped him

carefully.

Dividing the work amongst themselves and working in coordination, they worked so swiftly that a bodyguard was already pushing Dylan into Wealthy Luck Street in just a few seconds.

Master Dylan was here!

The merchants of Wealthy Luck Street were all intelligent. Even if they had never seen him in

person, they had seen pictures of him in the newspaper. Furthermore, he was the only one

who would make such a grand entrance wherever he went.

“Hello, Master Dylan.”

“How are you, Master Dylan?”

All the shop managers who heard and found out that he was here rushed out and greeted

him with all smiles. It didn’t matter if he didn’t know them because all that mattered was that

he knew that they were very respectful toward him.

Unaware that Dylan was on the same street, Kendall started picking out clothes for him after

walking into the store. Meanwhile, Jackson was next to her, butting in a comment

occasionally.

When Dylan came in, he saw her picking up a shirt, and she probably wanted to try it on

someone, so Jackson quickly stepped forward, and Dylan’s face fell.

Although it was a flash marriage between them, and there wasn’t any foundation built on

feelings for each other, she should be faithful now that they were married and not act so

intimately with another man.

In addition, she was even buying clothes for another man!

Fortunately, she didn’t let Jackson try on the shirt she had picked.

“Welcome, Master Dylan.”

Anyone in the store who recognized him all greeted him politely, and only Jackson and

Kendall were the last ones to see him.

“Hello, Master Dylan.” It was beyond Jackson’s imagination that he would run into Dylan here.

Although he was paralyzed waist down, he was still a god in the business circle of Orapolis. A

stomp from him could create an earthquake that lasted for three days in the industry.

Just like everyone else, Jackson was respectful and terrified of him at the same time. But, on

the other hand, he couldn’t let the opportunity to suck up to him slip by when he bumped

into him, and he went over to him, dragging Kendall along.

With the shirt she had picked out still in her hands, Kendall felt a little guilty when Jackson

pulled her in front of Dylan, and he glared at her like an enraged bull.

Hang on. Why am I feeling guilty? I didn’t do anything to betray him, she thought. So, she

straightened her back and puffed out her chest as she smiled sweetly,

“What a coincidence,

Master Dylan!”

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