

Kendall sacrifice 151

Chapter 151 Mother-In-Law

☒ Kendall pouted. “Mommy, I’m your own flesh and blood. How could you help your son-in-law and not your own daughter?”

☒ “It’s because you are my daughter that I worry about you getting into trouble, which is why I’ve teamed up with Master Dylan to keep an eye on you and to prevent you from driving. Master Dylan told me that he was scared to death when you were speeding, and told me that the way you drove was as if you were piloting a plane.”

☒ A shocked Kendall reacted, “Mommy, he snitched on me to you?”

☒ “He’s just thinking about your safety.”

☒ Kendall was speechless as she never would have thought that Dylan would snitch on her to her mother. However, she also knew that it was because he was only thinking of her safety. Thinking about it this way, she felt joy and was filled with happiness once more.

☒ When they were done with their conversation, Charlotte brought her daughter back to the Coleman Family. The mother-daughter pair arrived at the same time that Dylan’s convoy returned.

☒ “Kendall, since Master Dylan’s back, you’ll have to talk things out with him, alright? I’ll take my leave here and come back another day.” With that, Charlotte unlocked the car, cueing her daughter to get out.

☒ Although the Parker Family and the Coleman Family were now in-laws, Charlotte hadn’t the courage to admit they were as such since Dylan had not announced his relationship with Kendall.

☒ Kendall was feeling guilty. Since their car had blocked Dylan’s car, Dylan’s convoy was forced to a stop behind them. His driver started honking at them as they did not know that it was the car of Dylan’s mother-in-law and only stopped when they saw Kendall coming out of the vehicle.

☒ Dylan, who guessed it was his mother-in-law’s car, then ordered Ronnie, “Ronnie, invite Mrs. Parker into the house.” He thought that, as a son-in-law, it would be inappropriate to not invite his mother-in-law in as Charlotte was already at the entrance.

☒ “Understood.” Ronnie got out of the car.

☒ After her daughter had alighted from the car, Charlotte was planning to move her car forward to make way for Dylan’s car but was stopped by Ronnie’s knock on her car window. Looking at Ronnie, she hurriedly rolled her window down before she apologized, “I’ll leave right away.”

☒ “Mrs. Parker, Young Master Dylan has invited you into his home. Please drive your car into the mansion. There will be someone guiding you to a spot for you to park your car.”

☒ She was stunned for a bit before coming back to her senses and replied in a hurry, “Oh, alright. I’ll drive my car in now.” Saying that, she stepped on her gas pedal and drove into the mansion compound.

☒ Kendall, who had gotten out of the car earlier, stood still as she watched her mother drive the car inside the mansion after leaving her behind. Afterward, she turned her attention to Dylan, who instructed the driver to drive after Charlotte had entered the mansion with his convoy following suit. He refused to wait for Ronnie to enter the car.

☒ “Dylan.” Kendall waved her hands at Dylan when his car passed her. However, Dylan was expressionless, as though he had not seen her.

☒ This made Kendall feel embarrassed as she watched the numerous cars driving past her.

☒ “Young Mistress Kendall,” Ronnie greeted as he arrived next to Kendall’s side after being left on the road by Dylan.

☒ She sighed before she asked, “Ronnie, is Dylan still angry?”

☒ Ronnie answered yes before he further elaborated, “Young Master skipped lunch today and went around finding fault with everyone in the company. Everyone, including Mr. Heller, were complaining the whole day. Mr. Heller even came and secretly asked me for the reason for Young Master’s temper today.”

☒ However, he dared not confide in Toddy as he was afraid that Dylan would turn his attention on Ronnie.

☒ “He skipped his lunch?” Kendall, who felt heartache after she heard what Ronnie told her, started walking with him into the mansion and complained, “He’s not a three-year-old kid anymore to be skipping lunch just because he’s angry. He’s hurting his own body this way.” For her, she would never starve herself even if she felt aggrieved.

☒ Although Charlotte was the lady of the Parker Family, the Parker Family had no prior interaction with the Coleman Family, nor did they manage to get close to the latter. Hence, due to the high standing of the Coleman Family, this was the first time she had stepped foot into the Coleman Mansion.

☒ Even though she was a wealthy person herself, she was shocked when she entered Coleman Mansion, even though she had previously heard about its size. Seeing the mansion, she thought about the huge difference in the level of wealth between the Parker Family, who were already rich, and the Coleman Family—one of the wealthiest in the world.

☒ Amos, who had received word on Charlotte’s arrival, was already waiting for her by the parking spot. Under the guidance of the staff in charge of the parking lot, Charlotte parked her car after coming into the parking lot. When she got out of the car, she saw the gentle and elegant Amos already waiting for her.

☒ “Good evening, Mrs. Parker. I’m the Young Master’s butler, Amos Miller. I am to wait for your arrival and escort you inside under his orders.”

☒ “Hello, Mr. Miller,” Charlotte greeted while smiling faintly. “I’ll be in your care.”

☒ “You are too kind, Mrs. Parker. Then, please follow me.” He invited her to follow him.

☒ Although she marveled at how the Coleman Mansion lived up to its name of being huge, she did not look around and only followed Amos into where Dylan lived. On the way there, she noticed how the

other courtyards were named, yet the one Dylan had was nameless. Nevertheless, she dared not ask for the reason.

☒ “Mrs. Parker, after you.” Amos gestured at the entrance to Charlotte.

☒ With a smile, Charlotte thanked the butler and entered the courtyard. Right after doing so, she was surprised as she noticed that the courtyard was filled with numerous potted flowers and that they were all well taken care of. She was surprised by the fact that Dylan was someone who would appreciate flowers and would even take care of all these flowers so well.

☒ Seemingly noticing Charlotte’s amazement, Amos smiled before he explained, “Young Master Dylan dislikes having too many plants. These were only here when Young Mistress Kendall started living here.”

☒ Reading between the lines, one could tell that Dylan had ordered for the courtyard to be filled with these potted flowers to please his wife.

☒ After listening to Amos’ explanation, Charlotte became much more convinced that her daughter was at fault.

☒ Since Dylan had entered the house before Charlotte, who was following Amos, she found Dylan sitting on the couch the moment she entered the house.

☒ When he noticed her, he stood up before greeting her in his deep voice, “Mother.”

☒ “Master Dylan, you didn’t have to stand.” Charlotte felt sorry for him, knowing that her son-in-law had difficulties with his legs. She immediately went up to him and supported him to sit down. “We are a family; there is no need to be so polite to me.”

☒ After sitting the man down, she took a seat across from him. “Master Dylan, I was only sending Kendall back here,” she explained with a smile. “I did not come here to disturb you.”

☒ “Mother, you’re being too serious. This home belongs to me and Kendall. You are always welcome here. You will never be disturbing us.” Despite looking indifferent, Dylan spoke with courtesy.

☒ Looking at Dylan’s handsome yet tense face, Charlotte said, “Master Dylan, Kendall has already told me about the matter. If she ever did anything wrong, I plead for you to bear with her. Oh, and she has also gone back to the Whittle Family to ask for the gifts she had given to Jackson. Since they are no longer in a relationship, then they should wipe the slate clean. Master Dylan, I’ve already told her off about this matter, so she will clearly explain herself to you. Since you’re calling me your mother, then I will be frank with you here. Quarrels between a husband and wife are but normal occurrences. What’s important is for the couple to calm down after the quarrel, and for them to learn to communicate with one another.”

☒ When he heard that Kendall had asked for her gifts to be returned to her, his eyes flickered a few times, which was a sign that his indifferent expression was softening. He flatly replied, “Thank you, Mother. I will learn to communicate with Kendall.”

☒ Though his spoken words were polite, he was thinking differently. Why is that shameless woman still not here? Don’t tell me she’s lost again?

Chapter 152 Yielded in the End

☒ “Yeah, do communicate with her. Nevertheless, it was also because I did not teach Kendall well that she had made Master Dylan angry.”

☒ However, this did not go well with Dylan, as he disliked the tone his mother-in-law was using. With a serious tone, he said, “Mother, me and Kendall are a married couple. As husband and wife, our standings are the same. Since you are her mother, you do not need to be on the edge with me. Please do not think of me being of higher standing than you. What had happened between me and Kendall was due to our lack of communication and trust in one another. It had nothing to do with you.”

☒ Smiling, Charlotte replied, “Yes, yes. I’m just being a worrywart.” For Dylan to be able to say such things, it showed that he was being serious about Kendall. Charlotte felt grateful for the fact that Dylan would treat her daughter in such a manner. Yet on the other hand, she felt regretful, as Dylan could never give her daughter the genuine status of being the young mistress of the Coleman Family. Alas, nothing is perfect in this world.

☒ Now, with there being no topic left to discuss, silence filled the room. Although Dylan had told Charlotte not to be on edge with him, she still dared not casually speak with her oh-so-amazing son-in-law. However, she couldn’t bear the silence while facing Dylan, thus broke the silence with the first question she thought of. “Why isn’t Kendall here yet?”

☒ Without replying to his mother-in-law, Dylan took a glance at his watch and estimated the time it would take for one to reach the house from the main entrance. In his estimation, Kendall should have been here already at this time. “Amos, go check whether Young Mistress Kendall is lost again.”

☒ “Understood,” Amos replied before leaving posthaste.

☒ Charlotte felt slightly awkward after hearing her daughter would actually be lost in her in-laws’ house.

☒ Noticing his mother-in-law’s awkwardness, Dylan explained gently, “Since our house is big and has numerous routes, it can get pretty chaotic. Any average person would usually get lost in here. When Kendall first moved in, I’ve given her enough time for her to be used to the layout here, but perhaps she has a poor sense of direction. She would still get lost even after staying here for such a long time.”

☒ “Perhaps Kendall... still hasn’t gotten used to the layout. She’ll gradually get used to it.”

☒ With the Coleman Mansion—that was definitely worth a dozen houses by the Parker Family—being this huge while having such complicated routes, Charlotte herself thought she would’ve gotten lost as well had Amos not been here to guide her in.

☒ Soon after, Amos returned. “Young Master Dylan, Young Mistress Kendall came back with Ronnie, and is now walking toward the main kitchen.”

☒ Dylan frowned but said nothing in the end.

☒ Charlotte, who seemingly guessed the reason for Dylan’s silence, stood up and said, “Master Dylan, Adam would be coming home soon for dinner. I’ll take my leave here. For now, I would have to skip meeting Old Madam Coleman. However, I’ll bring with me a gift the next time I come to meet her.” She was worried that her in-law would be reluctant to meet her.

☒ The Old Madam of the Coleman Family, Tilly, had rarely made any public appearance. Charlotte had only met Tilly once ten years ago, but even then, she only saw her from far away. She hadn't the opportunity, let alone the qualification, to meet the madam face to face.

☒ "I'm sure Kendall has gone to the main kitchen to prepare dinner. Mother, you should join us for dinner." Dylan invited his mother-in-law to stay for dinner.

☒ However, Charlotte was reluctant to do so, as she wanted her daughter to properly make up with Dylan.

☒ Noticing Charlotte being reluctant to stay for dinner, Dylan asked Amos to escort her out while also ordering someone else to send word to the main house that Charlotte would not be joining for dinner, as she had urgent matters to deal with, but would definitely come to greet Tilly the next time she was here. Lest Grandma thinks that the Parker Family was impolite. Although Dylan was jealous and was still angry with Kendall, he would still do his best to uphold Kendall's dignity.

☒ Kendall came soon after Charlotte had left.

☒ "Young Mistress Kendall," Amos greeted her and turned to glance at Dylan before taking his leave silently.

☒ When Amos had left, Kendall went and took a seat beside Dylan. "Why did Mommy leave?"

☒ With a cold glare, he replied indifferently, "You didn't even invite your own mother in when she was here. When I had invited her to our home, you were nowhere to be seen. Kendall Parker, don't you think you're being rude? Those ignorant to the truth would think that the Coleman Family are just an arrogant bunch that would look down on their own in-laws."

☒ "I... Hubby." Kendall held Dylan's arm, only for him to pull away from her hold. Not giving up, she held his arm once more but was still met with the same result. It was only after two times Dylan had pulled away did he let her do as she wished. However, he looked away and had an expression that clearly showed that he didn't want anything to do with her.

☒ "Hubby." Kendall leaned her head on Dylan's shoulder before she said softly, "Hubby, let's make up, okay? From the moment we were married, I really wanted to be with you for the rest of my life. The moment we received our marriage certificate, I'd already given up on Jackson. You said that I was restless and that I still couldn't let go of Jackson, but that's not true. In fact, I was only thinking about something."

☒ Dylan gave an indifferent grunt and kept his silence.

☒ "Hubby, I took the afternoon off from work and went to the Whittle Family to ask for all the presents I've ever given to Jackson. As long as it was something that I've given to Jackson in the past, I've asked for them back no matter what the item was."

☒ Hearing that, Dylan frowned, his face tensing up.

☒ "Since we've broken up, then we should wipe the slate clean. I will no longer be involved with him. I know that I was being abrupt and shameless in marrying you. As for why I did so, I'll explain it to you

later. For now, can you have dinner with me? Ronnie said you've skipped lunch today." Saying that, she gazed silently at Dylan—who was still not looking at her—and waited for his response.

☒ After keeping quiet for a long time, Dylan turned to face her. When the couple met each other's gaze, he asked in a chilling tone, "How many bottles of alcohol did you drink this afternoon?"

☒ Kendall was surprised Dylan knew.

☒ "You smell like alcohol every time you open your mouth."

☒ "Do I?" Kendall then huffed and sniffed her breath before she continued, "I can't smell it anymore since some time has passed. Hubby, your sense of smell is amazing to be able to still smell the alcohol."

☒ "How much did you drink?"

☒ Now, Kendall was afraid to meet Dylan's eyes and started shifting her gaze away from him. However, Dylan coldly caught her chin and locked her head in place so that she couldn't avoid his eyes anymore. He asked once more in a chilling tone, "Answer me. How much did you drink? Don't make me ask you the fourth time!"

☒ "It's not much, only four bottles, and it was beer. Since I have a decent level of alcohol tolerance, four bottles of beer are nothing to me."

☒ "Why did you drink?"

☒ Feeling aggrieved, Kendall looked at him. "Did you think you're the only one who has a temper? Did you think you're the only one who would feel aggrieved? I was devastated when I was made to get out of the car. I felt miserable when you left me alone back then, and when I kept calling for you from behind your car, you ignored me and acted as if you didn't hear me, and were even ruthless enough to just leave the way you did. So yes, I cried. Yet, even after I cried for a long time as I sat on the roadside, you still didn't come back. That's why I could only call Amelia to ask her to pick me up. When she brought me out for lunch, I ordered alcohol since I was feeling sad. But Amelia stopped me from drinking too much and prohibited me from drinking the ones with high alcohol content. In the end, I could only drink four bottles of beer."

☒ Dylan felt his heart ache upon hearing she had shed tears. Looking at her now, who seemed to be on the verge of tears the more she explained herself, he gave in and put his arms around her before he sighed. "I was waiting for you to call me first. If you had called me first, I would have definitely come back for you. However, you didn't call even after I waited for the entire day."

Chapter 153 Clear Skies After the Rain

☒ "Since you were that angry, you wouldn't have listened to whatever I had to say. You were so angry that you even told me to snatch the groom... I wanted you to calm down, so I did not make any calls to you the entire day," Kendall explained with tears in her eyes as she recalled how aggrieved she truly felt this afternoon. "Why did you have to wait for me to call you first? Why couldn't you be the one to call me? If you had called me, I would have understood what you meant, and I would have kept calling you. However, you said nothing further other than telling me to go snatch Jackson. I really should have done what you told me, and got back together with Jackson so that you'll blow your tops off."

☒ Dylan pulled her into his embrace with her head against his chest. Grabbing his shirt, she intentionally wiped her tears with them and got his shirt wet with her tears. "I shouldn't have said those things in a fit of anger. Kendall, I'm sorry. You can't snatch Jackson. I won't allow it. You said that you would never regret being my wife for the rest of your life. I dare you to snatch a groom for yourself!"

☒ "Who wants to do that? You were the one being all jealous and crazy. I have already said that I would never regret marrying you and that I would never give up on you so long as you never give up on me. Yet, you still said those things."

☒ "Alright, alright. I was wrong. Please, no more tears." Dylan lifted her chin and saw how tearful she was. He then lowered his head and kissed away her tears before he said apologetically, "Please, stop crying. If you keep crying, I won't know what to do."

☒ To Dylan, there had never been any woman's tears that could grieve him. Yet, this woman in front of him had managed to give him a taste of heartache. Then, he grabbed the tissues within his reach and wiped her tears gently while saying softly, "Kendall, I would feel terrible whenever you're sad. I couldn't get myself to work during the afternoon, as my head was filled with thoughts of you. You must be an enchantress that had placed a spell on me for me to have such a drastic change in my emotions."

☒ "Ronnie said that you were finding faults with everyone in the office today, and that they were complaining about it the whole day."

☒ After noticing that she stopped crying, Dylan pulled her back into his embrace. "It was all because I couldn't work, so I went around finding faults with everyone and gave everyone trouble the whole day."

☒ The whole office was complaining about Dylan today, cursing at the person who offended him under their breath. In the end, even Toddy was wishing to avoid Dylan for the day.

☒ Dylan knew himself to be especially ruthless whenever he was not in the mood. It had been a long time since he had made things so difficult for his employees back in the office.

☒ "Dylan."

☒ "No, call me hubby. I... do like the way you call me so intimately, especially when you call me in such an innocent and cute manner. Your expression and voice when you call me that way are very mesmerizing."

☒ Grinning, Kendall pinched Dylan's handsome face. "Who was the one who prohibited me to call you in such an intimate manner in the first place?"

☒ With a bitter smile, Dylan grabbed Kendall's hand to stop the pinching. "Happy now? You've succeeded in making Dylan Coleman lose his face."

☒ Dylan immediately thought to never be absolute whenever he spoke lest karma struck. When it did, the face one would lose would be much more severe.

☒ Dylan himself had not expected for his heart that he had kept frozen for thirty-one years to be so easily thawed by Kendall. She must be an enchantress sent by the heavens to keep me in check. There were times when he would suspect that she was the faceless woman in his dreams, as he would have

never undergone such abrupt change in such a short amount of time. However, he still had that dream to this day.

☒ “Hubby, you must be hungry. Let’s go eat now. In the future, if you are ever angry again, you shouldn’t skip your meals. The one losing out, in the end, would be you. I would be sad and heartbroken if I knew you starved yourself,” Kendall said before planting a kiss on Dylan’s chin. “The ones who skip out on meals due to anger are the stupid ones.” To Kendall, it was dumb for one to starve themselves due to their own anger.

☒ After listening to what she said, Dylan said, “So you must’ve eaten a lot this afternoon.”

☒ Kendall was embarrassed. “It wasn’t that much. For me, I would eat and drink my fill when it was time to eat even if the world was ending. I’ll have you know that I treat my body as a sacred temple.”

☒ Dylan was unsure whether to laugh or complain about her. He’d lost his appetite because of her, yet she had eaten and drank her fill because of him.

☒ Noticing Dylan’s conflicted expression, Kendall blushed slightly before she grabbed his face and planted a kiss firmly on it.

☒ Dylan gave no reaction at first. However, he crumbled and tightened his embrace around her waist as soon as Kendall mischievously caressed his lips with hers. He pulled her closer to him and held the back of her head to cut off her escape route before he asserted his dominance and mounted his own attack. It was only after his repeated attacks until her lips were swollen red did he end his kisses with a soft gasp.

☒ Every time Dylan finished locking lips with Kendall, he noticed a fire inside him growing bigger and fiercer. It would grow so furious that it would nearly drown him in a sea of flames. Hence, he tried his best in suppressing the fire within to prevent her from finding out that he was still a perfectly normal man. There were times when he thought that if Kendall found out he actually did not have any difficulties as the rumors had said, would she still dare to jump into his arms and act so immodestly with him so casually?

☒ The answer? Most probably not.

☒ Kendall only flirted with Dylan this way because she thought he did have difficulties exercising his manhood. With Kendall’s delicate body in his embrace, he thought to himself to allow this shameless woman to be proud for now. However, the moment he regained his footing once more, he would most definitely leave her bedridden for three days.

☒ “Dylan, let’s go. I’ll eat dinner with you.” Looking at Kendall, one could tell Dylan wasn’t the only one who was affected by the repeated kisses. Right now, she was stiffly suppressing her inner desire.

☒ To him, he could only look and do no more than hugs and kisses.

☒ To her, she hadn’t the courage to go further for the fear of hurting his pride.

☒ After regulating her emotions, Kendall—who left Dylan’s embrace as though nothing had happened—stood up and pushed Dylan’s wheelchair closer to him before helping him to his wheelchair.

☒ “Dylan.”

☒ “Didn’t I tell you to call me hubby?”

☒ “It’s already a habit of mine to call you Dylan.”

☒ So this is what shooting yourself in the foot feels like, Dylan thought.

☒ “Since my mother had left in such a hurry without even meeting your grandma, would she think that my family was being impolite?” Kendall asked as she knew how revered his grandmother was, and that she was the dowager of the Coleman Family.

☒ Sneaking two glances at Kendall, Dylan replied, “Your mother wanted to give us the chance to be alone to properly communicate with one another, which was why she made an excuse to leave. Don’t worry. I’ve already sent word to my grandma about it, and told her that the next time your mother is here, she would definitely go and visit her.”

☒ Kendall felt grateful after hearing his answer. “Dylan, thank you for being so thoughtful and considerate of me.”

☒ “We’re husband and wife. It was only natural of me to be doing this for you, so you don’t have to be so polite to me in the future.”

☒ Kendall smiled before leaning over to him and nibbling on his ear. “As you wish, my Dylan.” Looking at how his ears were slowly turning red, Kendall was thrilled as she confirmed that this man in front of her was still pure and inexperienced in regards to matters between man and woman. It feels like I’ve struck gold here.

☒ The couple then went to have their dinner under the pavilion. Looking at the couple acting as usual, Ronnie breathed a long sigh of relief. Looks like the clouds have passed.

☒ Meanwhile, Charlotte—who had left the couple to be alone—returned home to find that her husband was already back at home waiting for her return. She then placed her car keys on the coffee table and took a seat beside her husband before she heaved a sigh.

Chapter 154 Abrupt Tantrum

☒ “What’s wrong? They told me that you’ve sent Kendall back to the Coleman Family and that Kendall took the afternoon off work. Did something happen?” Adam asked before pointing at the things that were left in the open. “And why are all these things back here? Did Kendall get all these back, or did Jackson send them back here?”

☒ “This was Kendall’s doing. Due to the matter with Jackson, Kendall quarreled with Master Dylan. That’s why she went to the Whittle Family and got all these things back.” Charlotte sighed before she continued, “Adam, I fear that Coleman Family might not be the right family to have as our in-laws. Due to the differences in our standing, I was on the edge the entire time I was with Master Dylan for fear of offending the young master by doing not enough or saying the wrong things. Should Master Dylan be offended by me, he might take his anger out on our daughter. There are just too many rigid rules to abide by in the Coleman Family. Navigating oneself in the Coleman Family is like going through a maze. Kendall would have to be constantly mindful of how she acts with others in that family. Based on how she is, I don’t know if she would be able to do so.”

☒ With a purse of his lips, Adam replied, “Since things have developed this way, it would be useless even if we worry. Back then, Kendall had gone on her own to finalize the marriage formalities with Master Dylan without even telling us. Not to mention, even after she had the marriage certificate, she continued to keep it from us. Since she chose this road, then no matter how hard the road is, it is hers to go through with it. As her parents, we are powerless to help her. The only thing we can do as her family is to show her that our doors are always open for her. If she couldn’t bear living in the Coleman Family anymore, then she could move back here after the divorce, and we’ll support her for the rest of our lives.”

☒ To Adam, this was the reality for someone marrying into a higher-standing family. When the one with the lower standing felt aggrieved, their family—that lacked the background and means—would not be able to seek justice for their offspring. He thought that for his daughter to live well in the Coleman Family, it would depend on how much Dylan cared about Kendall. “Did they make up before you came back?” asked Adam.

☒ “When I left, Kendall still had not entered the house, so I am as clueless as you as to what happened with them. I’ll give her a call,” Charlotte answered before taking her phone out and calling Kendall. It was only after Kendall told Charlotte that everything was fine now and that the couple had made up did Charlotte feel relieved.

☒ After the couple was done with dinner, Dylan asked Kendall to accompany him in his physical rehabilitation. He had to make up for it due to skipping out in the afternoon, as he wasn’t in the mood at the time.

☒ Initially, Kendall was happy to accompany Dylan in his physical therapy. However, when she saw the cold sweat on Dylan’s forehead as he tried his best in walking, she felt her heart ache once again. “Dylan, please take a rest for now.” She went over with some tissues in hand and wiped the sweat off Dylan. “You’ve been doing this for half an hour now. You have to take a break now before going at it again.”

☒ Yet, Dylan remained standing. After Kendall was done wiping his sweat off, he couldn’t take it any longer and fell on his bottom.

☒ “Dylan!” Kendall cried out in surprise and immediately went to support him. However, Dylan was just too tired at this point. Even with Kendall’s support, he hadn’t the strength to stand back up right now.

☒ Looking at how Kendall was struggling to bring himself back to his feet, Dylan immediately pushed her away before hitting his legs violently with his two hands as he cursed at how useless he was. “To fall only after just these few steps, these legs of mine are just too useless!”

☒ “Dylan.” Kendall came to Dylan’s side once more before lunging herself at him to stop him from hitting his own leg by grabbing his hands.

☒ “Kendall, let go! I’m done with this! These legs of mine are just useless! No matter how much I persist in this, I still couldn’t put any strength into these legs. Just let me be in the wheelchair for the rest of my life!” Dylan pushed Kendall away once more and started hitting his legs again.

☒ The bodyguards—who were watching over them from far away—immediately came over upon noticing what was happening. Looking at how they acted, one could tell that they were experienced as

they prevented Dylan from hitting his legs and hurriedly carried him up before they seated him back down in his wheelchair.

☒ “Leave me be.” Dylan pushed the bodyguards away frantically and struggled to stand up once more. In the end, he flopped forward onto the ground, looking woefully out of place.

☒ “Young Master Dylan.”

☒ “Master Dylan.”

☒ Kendall got back up again and went to embrace Dylan before she said gently, “Dylan, Dylan, you’re amazing! You really are! You are not useless! Your legs are not useless! I’ve counted the number of steps you’ve taken just now. You can already walk six steps all by yourself! That is huge progress!”

☒ When Dylan still tried to push Kendall away, she held his face and kissed him on his lips to soothe his frustration without any regard to the bodyguards.

☒ Those who needed to be in a wheelchair for some time would always desire to be able to stand on their own two feet in the shortest amount of time. However, when they were faced with the cruel reality, frustration would build up inside them, and some might even choose to give up on themselves.

☒ Since Dylan had suffered a loss of his self-esteem, as he couldn’t feel the immediate effect of his physical rehabilitation even after he persisted in it for a few days and had even shown his wife his wretched appearance, he rather just continued acting like a crazed man. Thus, Kendall’s kisses were ineffective in soothing him down, and he even bit her lips.

☒ “Ouch,” Kendall cried out in pain and released her embrace. Her lips started to bleed.

☒ “Kendall.” At this point, Dylan felt heartache over what he had done.

☒ “Here, tissues.” Ronnie immediately took a pack of tissues and handed them over to the two.

☒ Dylan took out a few tissues and gently wiped the blood off Kendall’s lips before apologizing, “Kendall, I’m sorry.”

☒ Kendall shook her head. “It’s not painful, Dylan. Don’t blame yourself for this; it really doesn’t hurt. Also, you don’t need to feel embarrassed just because you fell in front of me. I will never mock you for it. I really think that you’re amazing to be able to persist for half an hour in physical rehabilitation and to even take six steps forward on your own. It’s an improvement over the last time you did it. That’s why, don’t give up on yourself, Dylan. You are amazing to me, so don’t call yourself useless.”

☒ The sincerity in Kendall’s eyes, her heartache, and her tenderness drowned out the frustration Dylan was feeling. “Dylan, let’s stand up now, okay?” Kendall asked tentatively.

☒ After Dylan grunted his agreement, Kendall and Ronnie then helped him up and seated him back in his wheelchair. Kendall then crouched down in front of him and fixed his clothes before gently patting away the unseen dust on his clothes. “Dylan, how about we stop here for today? Let’s go back inside the house, alright?”

☒ “I’ll rest for now before continuing. Kendall, I’ll keep doing the rehabilitation every day from now on. I’ll definitely get back up each time I fall.” Truth be told, Dylan was not completely disabled to the point

of being unable to walk on his own. Nevertheless, he would be in pain and couldn't put any strength into his legs whenever he walked, which was why he relied on his wheelchair to move about. However, the doctor had warned him that if he did not go through with the physical rehabilitation and continued to be in his wheelchair, then his two legs would really be disabled.

☒ In the past, he truly did not care if he were to be in his wheelchair for the rest of his life. However, things were different now since he had Kendall with him. He didn't want to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair and wanted to stand on his own two feet by Kendall's side. Since Dylan was originally tall and handsome, he liked how cute and helpless Kendall looked when he stood beside Kendall—who was by no means short herself. Furthermore, if he was able to walk on his own, then he could get to Kendall's side faster whenever she was in trouble and help her solve her troubles.

☒ Hearing what Dylan said, Kendall immediately gave him a thumbs up before complimenting him. "My hubby is really top-notch! Darling, keep it up! You can do this!"

☒ Dylan laughed before grabbing her thumb to pull her arm close and planted a kiss on the back of her hand. Gazing deeply at her, he replied, "Kendall, I will do my best." He then caressed the lips that he had bitten. Although her lips weren't bleeding now, they were still swollen. "Does it hurt?"

☒ "It doesn't."

☒ "Silly, don't ever do something that dangerous again. What if I really went crazy and hurt you?"

☒ Kendall nuzzled her cheek against his large palm. "I believe that you would never hurt me."

Chapter 155 Looks Good

☒ It feels really nice to be trusted by her. Dylan was in a better mood as a result. "Kendall, stay with me for the rehabilitation a little longer."

☒ Kendall nodded and stood back up before she made another gesture for him to keep up the effort.

☒ Seeing that their young master had been pacified by their young mistress, the bodyguards heaved a sigh of relief. After Dylan was well-rested, they returned to their original position far away from the couple in order to ensure their presence would not disturb the two.

☒ Due to Kendall's support and encouragement, Dylan managed to last for several hours of physical rehabilitation this time. "Dylan, it's late. Let's go back into the house," Kendall reminded Dylan—who was serious with his physical rehabilitation—that it was time to go back into the house and rest. Throughout the rehabilitation, Kendall had reminded Dylan countless times to go back into the house and rest but to no avail, as when Dylan was serious, he would be very headstrong as well.

☒ Dylan took a glance at his watch and realized that it was already past nine. In the past, he would think that it was still early, as he usually slept at around midnight. However, ever since he lost the use of his legs, he stopped going out late at night, which made the time he slept earlier than before. "Alright."

☒ Kendall came to his side and wiped off the sweat on his face with the tissue she had in hand.

☒ Looking at the delicate beauty in front of him, Dylan softened his gaze and lowered his head to make it easier for her to wipe his sweat.

☒ “Dylan, you’re so tall.” After Kendall finished wiping Dylan’s sweat, she proceeded to pat his chest. “Although I’m considered tall as a woman, I look so frail and helpless standing beside you. Plus, your chest is so firm.” He was the perfect ten for her. She then took two steps back and further observed him. “Yup, graceful and handsome. Definitely a sight to behold.”

☒ Dylan then asked impishly, “Satisfied?”

☒ Deliberately placing one of her hands on Dylan’s shoulder, Kendall slapped his chest lightly twice while smiling. “Definitely looks good.” She gave a witty remark. After all, one could look at it in another way—that he only looked good.

☒ Regrettably, Dylan took what Kendall meant the other way. He reached his hand out and pinched her face without any explanation before he said indifferently, “Can you help me get the wheelchair over here?”

☒ Kendall immediately went over and pushed his wheelchair over. She then helped him over to his wheelchair before she wheeled him into the house.

☒ Meanwhile, upstairs on the balcony on the highest floor in the main house. Tilly—who was wearing her presbyopic glasses—stood by the railing as she kept her gaze fixed in one particular direction for a very long time. Tilly remained standing here watching over Dylan the entire duration he was doing his physical rehabilitation; she was quietly accompanying her beloved grandson during his rehabilitation in her own way.

☒ “Grandma.” Alice came over before she said gently, “It’s late, Grandma. You should go downstairs and rest now.” However, when Tilly remained silent, Alice followed her grandmother’s gaze, only to see a few vague figures moving about. “Grandma, Dylan is done with his rehabilitation.”

☒ Although Alice couldn’t clearly see the figures of her brother as well as her sister-in-law, she knew that her grandmother had been watching over her brother in his rehabilitation. Although the place where her brother was going through his physical rehabilitation was temporarily closed off, it was still open air. Hence, her grandmother had chosen to stand in such a high area, so that she could catch a glimpse of her brother.

☒ Truth be told, with how far the distance was, Tilly could only make out the vague figure of Dylan even though she was wearing her presbyopic glasses. Nevertheless, even though she couldn’t see Dylan clearly, she still liked to stand here silently watching over him.

☒ Tia had told Alice that Tilly had been standing here for a few hours. Considering her grandmother’s age as well as the fact that she had been standing for so long, Alice was worried that her grandmother would feel pain in her knees, which was why she quickly came up here to persuade her grandmother to come down.

☒ “I’m only appreciating the beauty of the night scenery here. It’s peaceful and tranquil, yet its beauty calms those that would look upon it.” Tilly indirectly denied that she was watching her grandson go through his rehabilitation.

☒ This prompted a smile from Alice. “There is a unique beauty to our home at all times. No matter the moment, it would always be peaceful and tranquil.”

☒ Due to how huge the place was, there was a certain distance between the various courtyards and rooms. Hence, even if someone was being noisy in a certain area, it would not reach the other places in their home.

☒ Furthermore, the employees here were familiar with the rules and regulations of the Coleman Family. Thus, they would not be loud to maintain the peace and quiet of the Coleman Mansion. If there weren't people walking around often, one could easily mistakenly assume that it was an empty mansion.

☒ Tilly held her hand out to her granddaughter. Fortunately, her granddaughter was around, as she felt slightly tired as she started walking.

☒ "You must've been standing for a long time. I'll ask Steward to build and install a tall chair here tomorrow and to have an umbrella canopy set up here. This way, you'll be able to sit here and appreciate the view of our house."

☒ Steward Carter was the head butler of the Coleman Mansion. He was in charge of all the other butlers and was also in charge of everything in the other courtyards.

☒ Tilly agreed and said, "I want it with one of those outdoor benches and tables. That way, I can enjoy the view with drinks and food as well."

☒ Smiling, Alice replied, "Then I'll draw up the design and bring it over to Steward tomorrow. So he'll know what to do." Although Alice studied design, she was best at architectural design. Nevertheless, she knew a thing or two about furniture designs as well.

☒ "Ally."

☒ "Yeah?"

☒ "What do you think is good about Kendall Parker? How did she manage to calm Dylan's tantrum?"

☒ Tilly had seen how Dylan threw a tantrum just a little while ago. Although she couldn't see the details clearly, she saw how Dylan was hitting his own legs violently. At the time, she felt anxious and was about to jump down from the top floor to be by his side. However, she chose to remain where she stood when she saw Kendall calming Dylan down.

☒ Not knowing what Kendall did or said to Dylan, Tilly only knew that Kendall was able to calm Dylan down when he was throwing a tantrum. Reasonably speaking, she should be happy that someone could step in and calm her grandson down during one of his tantrums. However, that wasn't the case. Instead, she felt as though something precious to her was taken away from her and that her throne in his heart was overthrown by another.

☒ To Tilly, Dylan was the grandchild that she had single-handedly raised. Although she had other grandchildren as well, Dylan and Alice were her favorites, as they were the ones by her side the longest. Perhaps it was due to Tilly personally raising Dylan, the lines between a mother and grandmother blurred for her, as her affection for Dylan knew no bounds. Nonetheless, that affection of hers was laced with a particularly strong desire for possessiveness.

☒ "I don't know her well enough yet, so I don't know what's so good about her unfortunately. However, she is a straightforward person, and I do like interacting with her, as I do not need to worry about what

she wants from me. She would never deliberately try to please me, and only treated me as any other ordinary girl." Alice was the only granddaughter of the Coleman Family; she was the pearl of the Coleman Family. Although she was the object of everyone's attention in Orapolis, she disliked being treated as such, which was why she felt that Kendall was a good person based on how Kendall did not deliberately try to please her.

☒ Looking at Alice sideways, Tilly said, "Still, I do not like that woman."

☒ "Grandma, are you still thinking of kicking her out the moment Dylan recovers? Since the two of them had already registered their marriage certificate, Dylan will be furious if you kick Kendall out." Alice tensed at the thought of her brother's fury.

☒ Tilly replied indifferently, "As the head of the Coleman Family, your brother must not spare his attention on a woman like that. He must be ruthless and cold-blooded in order to be at the top of the business industry, and to lead Coleman Empire Holdings to the top of the world."

Chapter 156 Retelling Her Past Life to Dylan

☒ "Grandma, Dylan is but a human as well. He's an ordinary man. How could he truly be cold-blooded? Plus, it wouldn't do the family any good should he really be cold-blooded." Alice wanted her brother to be of flesh and blood, and not just some tool of the Coleman Family.

☒ Due to how her grandparents raised Dylan with their focus solely on his talents, they never taught him how to love another, which was the main cause as to why her brother had such a cold and lonely nature.

☒ Pursing her lips, Tilly asked abruptly, "I heard that your parents are coming back soon."

☒ "My mother wants to, but my father said that since it was rare for them to be on a trip, he wanted them to stay for a few more days. I assume that they'll be back by next weekend at the earliest."

☒ "Ever since your father retired, he has done nothing other than bringing your mother around to have fun."

☒ Alice smiled. "Is grandma not happy to see how happy my parents are?"

☒ "Silly girl, I would love nothing more than to see each and everyone one of you achieve happiness." She was true to her words and had hoped for Dylan to achieve the same happiness. However, she would not allow Dylan to spoil a woman excessively. The moment there was the element of love involved, then there would be a weak point for others to exploit.

☒ Regardless, the conversation between the grandmother and granddaughter here would never reach the ears of Dylan and Kendall.

☒ When Kendall came out of the bathroom, she found that Dylan was already lying in bed waiting for her. While drying her hair with her towel, she walked over and flirted with him. "Dylan, did you get all cleaned up so that you can wait here to be pounced on by me?"

☒ Glancing at Kendall twice, Dylan only replied indifferently, "I've already seen everything there is to see after your numerous pouncing." Besides kisses and a few physical touches, Dylan knew that Kendall would not go any further. Surprisingly, Kendall wholeheartedly believed the rumors that he had difficulties after the car accident.

☒ "... Dylan, why does it feel like you are implying to me to do something new? Do you perhaps wish for me to strip you naked before taking a photo of you?"

☒ Dylan's expression grew dark. "Kendall Parker, you are a woman for crying out loud!" Why would you be so shameless when you're talking?

☒ "Since we can't go at it, what's the harm in talking about it? Every time I lay eyes on how good your face looks compared to mine, I feel bitter and guilty inside."

☒ "What do you mean by that?"

☒ Kendall gave a suggestive glance at a certain part of Dylan. "You know."

☒ At this point, Dylan was tempted to pick up a pillow and throw it right in her face.

☒ Unaware of what Dylan was thinking, Kendall picked up the hairdryer and placed it near him. With a pleasing smile on her face, she coaxed, "Dylan, my hair told me that they like you a lot, and want you to dry their wet bodies with that thing you have there."

☒ "Why did you wash your hair when it's this late?" Although Dylan said that, he still picked up the hairdryer and asked Kendall to plug the power in and to move a chair over to the side of the bed so that it would be easier for him to blow-dry her hair.

☒ Ten minutes later.

☒ The couple was now lying in bed. Kendall—who was resting her head on one of her hands—was lying on her side while fixing her gaze on Dylan.

☒ Dylan—who was pretending to read the magazine in his hand—pursed his thin lips before finally speaking up. "Say it."

☒ "Dylan, I love you."

☒ "... Kendall, if you dare continue with your nonsense, I swear I will throw you out to the doghouse and let you spend a night there with this scenario ending with me picking up your ashes the next morning."

☒ "You're no fun." Saying that, Kendall went to lie flat on her back. However, it didn't take long for her to lie on her side once more. She then placed one of her hands on Dylan but immediately felt that it might be uncomfortable for her. Thus, she cheekily went into Dylan's arms and adjusted herself into a comfortable position before she completely stopped moving about.

☒ "Dylan, do you believe that people can go back to the past after their death?"

☒ "Back to the past?"

☒ "Meaning to be given a second chance in life."

☒ Dylan sneered before lightly hitting her face with the magazine. "You've read one too many novels."

☒ Kendall stayed quiet, as she knew that Dylan would never believe her. After all, if it was not because of her personal experience, she would not believe it either. Although it was true that she had been reading such novels over the past years, she knew that it was all ultimately just fiction. The death of a

person was just like the burning out of the filament of a lightbulb. There was no way that a person would be able to go back in time and start their life all over again. Nevertheless, she was given the chance to do so.

☒ “Wasn’t I in a coma after cutting my wrist to kill myself as a rejection of the proposal? During the coma, I had a long, long bizarre dream. In that bizarre dream of mine, I was still the daughter of the Parker Family.” Since Dylan did not believe in a person going back in time after death, Kendall could only retell her story in the form of a dream.

☒ “After I was taken back to the Parker Family by my real parents, I became the second daughter of the Parker Family. However, I wasn’t close with them since I was practically raised by the Woods Family. Until I was twenty-five years old, I’ve always thought of myself as the daughter of the Woods Family, and so did they.”

☒ “After knowing that I was actually the daughter of the Parker Family, due to how my birth parents felt that they did me wrong, they would treat me well and give me whatever I desired. In all honesty, I was not greedy, as the only thing I have ever asked from them was to allow me to love Jackson and for me to marry him, as I had fallen in love with him at first sight,” Kendall recounted the story as though it was someone else’s life story.

☒ Although Dylan knew of all that transpired after Kendall became part of the Parker Family since he had had people investigate her, he only continued to listen quietly to her.

☒ “In that dream, I’ve also cut my wrist in order to refuse the proposal, and then went on a hunger strike to force my parents’ agreement with my marriage with Jackson. Soon after that, as Jackson’s fiancée, I went along with him to a social event and got drunk as a result. When I woke up, I realized I was inside a hotel room with Jackson, with blood all over the bed. The moment I woke up there, Jackson came out of the bathroom and tenderly embraced me before he told me that it would have happened anyway now that we were engaged, and that it was just things moving ahead of schedule.”

☒ Speaking of the events that night, Kendall still couldn’t recall what happened after she was drunk. Not to mention, the reason as to why her purity was taken by Frank instead. She had suspected that it was Jackson who had gifted herself to Frank at some point. Thinking from this perspective, Jackson would have known who the real father of her baby was. However, when Kelly told her the truth about her pregnancy, she said they had no idea who the father of her baby was either, and only accused her baby as an illegitimate child.

☒ At this point, Dylan tightened his grip on the magazine he was holding and tried to suppress his jealousy so as to not tear that magazine in his hand to pieces. He was still feeling indignant even though Kendall had told him that it was but a dream.

☒ “After that, lo and behold, I was pregnant and even had a grand wedding ceremony with Jackson. However, ever since the wedding, he would never have any physical contact with me and would always say that he was just thinking of the child. In the end, we slept in separate rooms as a married couple. Even then, I was still feeling appreciative of how thoughtful he was being. Hah, I was really naive back then.” Kendall’s tone shifted and took on a hateful tone.

☒ “After the marriage, he asked me to stay at home to raise my baby. In truth, he was merely placing me under house arrest. He would often leave early in the morning and return home late at night. Sometimes, he might not even be back at all. Furthermore, he would often have work outstation and would not be back home for days—weeks even. I’ve always thought that it was because he was busy with work, but who would’ve thought—” Kendall stopped mid sentence abruptly. She then rolled herself out of Dylan’s embrace and wrapped herself with the thin blanket tightly.

☒ Rehashing her past life, her idiocy, her foolishness, and everything that she had experienced, she felt as though a knife had stabbed through her heart that left her feeling that she was covered in blood and pain once more.

☒ With every pain and regret she recalled, her hatred grew deeper and deeper.<

Chapter 157 Going Off-Topic

☒ Dylan turned to look at her for a moment. Then, he held her hand and said in a gentle, deep voice, “Just stop if you don’t want to talk about it. I know the reason now.”

☒ Kendall met the man’s eyes, which were still so deep and fathomless that she couldn’t read his mind through them. “Dylan.”

☒ Dylan’s slender fingers pressed on her lips. His voice was still intoxicatingly deep, gentle, and melodious, which warmed her heart. “No need to say any more, Kendall.” Although she didn’t finish her story, he could figure out what had happened after that. Jackson and Kelly must have betrayed her, which was why she changed her mind after waking up. Not only did she stop being madly in love with Jackson, but she also became resentful toward Kelly. The one whom she referred to as ‘baby’ in her sleep was probably the baby she gave birth to in her dream. Perhaps the dream was so real that it made her think of it as a prophecy. “Now that I’ve learned about the reason, I won’t misunderstand or question you anymore.” He put his other hand on her face, gently brushing her hair away from her face. “It’s late now. Let’s go to bed.”

☒ “Dylan, do you believe me?”

☒ Dylan smiled; his smile was always breathtakingly mesmerizing. Whenever Kendall saw him smile, she felt like taking him to bed, stripping him naked, and sleeping with him. Aaaaah! Turns out that I also have a lustful side! she thought.

☒ “I do,” he replied. “Dreams are sometimes annoying, but there are times when they forebode what is going to happen.” Take me, for instance. I keep having the same recurring dream that has been haunting me to this day. “Kendall, I’m glad that you had such a bizarre dream that gave me the chance to marry you.”

☒ Kendall grabbed the large hand that was caressing her face. Dylan was the eldest son of a wealthy and distinguished family, but his hands were thickly calloused. His fingers were long and slender, but they seemed somewhat rough. “I’m glad too, Dylan. Really, I never regretted marrying you. You helped me twice in my dream when I needed it the most. I’m really grateful to you for the little warmth you gave me.”

☒ Dylan was lost for words for a moment. Then, he replied, “No wonder you said you married me to repay me because you were grateful to me.” When it came down to it, Kendall did marry him with selfish motives. But then again, they had never crossed paths with each other before they got married. If it weren’t for Tilly sending someone to the Parker Family to ask for Kendall’s hand in marriage on his behalf, their lives wouldn’t have intersected, and they wouldn’t have developed feelings for each other. It would’ve been impracticable for him to ask her to only marry him because she loved him.

☒ At the realization, Dylan was finally relieved. He didn’t want to find out what Kendall had been like in the past or why she married him. It was fine as long as she didn’t regret marrying him and was willing to stay with him through thick and thin for the rest of their lives until they both lived to a ripe old age.

☒ As a result, he had a particularly peaceful sleep that night. Surprisingly, the dream that had been nagging at him for a long time didn’t haunt him that night.

☒ It felt great to sleep all the way until dawn. When he woke up, not only was he in great spirits, but he was also in a good mood. When Kendall opened her eyes and saw him, he even said to her cheerfully, “Good morning, Kendall.”

☒ Kendall blinked her eyes. Thinking that she was still dreaming in her sleep, she mumbled to herself, “Did I just hear Dylan saying ‘good morning’ to me? I must be still dreaming, or I must’ve woken up the wrong way.” She closed her eyes.

☒ Dylan didn’t know whether to laugh or frown when he heard her mumble. Amused, he gently pinched her cheek, causing her to open her eyes all of a sudden. Then, she heard him tease her, asking, “How many ways do you wake up? You only wake up by opening your eyes, right?”

☒ Kendall blushed crimson in an instant.

☒ Dylan burst into laughter.

☒ This was Kendall’s first time seeing him laughing so unrestrainedly. Embarrassed, she was somewhat irritated. Seeing that he was still laughing, she threw back the covers and threw herself on top of him. Then, she grabbed his hands and held them down on both sides of his head in a domineering and yet suggestive posture. Without giving him the chance to speak, she sealed his lips in a kiss, as if to punish him. Biting his thin lips madly like a puppy, she tugged at his pajamas and left her saliva on his neck.

☒ Dylan was rendered speechless. What a brazen woman! To think that she’d do something so savage to me early in the morning! Now I’m gonna have to take a shower with her saliva all over me.

☒ After punishing him, Kendall got off him and got out of bed, saying, “That’s your punishment. Let’s see if you’ll tease me again next time.”

☒ Still maintaining his posture, Dylan was rendered speechless for a moment after listening to her words. He said, “Punishment? Why? Because I teased you? Why can’t I tease you when you can tease me and flirt with me? It was you who gave me something to tease you about. Is there anyone who doesn’t wake up by opening their eyes? And besides, how can you say that you woke up the wrong way? That’s clearly a faulty sentence.”

☒ Kendall turned to look at him, whose posture made her wish she could turn into a wolf and devour him. It's too bad, though... "I'll go take a shower." She turned around sulkily before going to the bathroom.

☒ Dylan was rendered speechless. Did she just go off-topic? Not only that, but it seems like she went way off-topic.

☒ When Kendall came out of the bathroom, Dylan was no longer in the room, but she didn't care about it. Instead, she felt relieved. With how outstanding Dylan was, he really could easily charm a woman, and she admitted that she was really enamored of him. I'll go head over heels in love with this guy sooner or later, she thought.

☒ She stayed in the room for a while before coming out. Dylan wasn't in the living room either; she figured that he was having breakfast somewhere else. She walked out of the inconspicuously and luxuriously decorated living room with the present she had prepared beforehand.

☒ Dylan was at the pavilion as usual, but someone was keeping him company today. It was Tilly.

☒ Kendall pulled back her foot. She wasn't afraid of Tilly, but she also didn't like to spend time with the latter either. Tilly had always treated her with condescension and disdain. Her past extreme behaviors aside, Tilly disliked her for being a country girl. Since she dislikes me for being a country girl, why on earth did she send someone to my family to ask for my hand in marriage without Dylan's permission? I dare say that if it weren't for what happened to Dylan, I wouldn't have been worthy enough for him in her mind's eye. She turned around, wanting to go back to her room.

☒ Just then, a somewhat familiar voice stopped her from turning back. "Young Mistress Kendall."

☒ Kendall looked back to see that it was Vivian. Upon seeing Vivian, she knew that Tilly wanted to see her again. It was the same every single time. Whenever Vivian came to her, it must've been because Tilly was asking for her.

☒ "Young Mistress Kendall, Old Madam Coleman would like you to serve Young Master Dylan at breakfast." Vivian was asking Kendall to "serve" Dylan at breakfast instead of "having breakfast with him."

☒ Kendall didn't say anything. After all, Vivian was just a messenger, so it would be useless for her to say anything to Vivian.

☒ Seeing that Kendall was still standing still, Vivian urged in a whisper, "Young Mistress Kendall, please hurry up lest Old Madam Coleman gets angry." She kindheartedly reminded Kendall, saying, "Just do as she says later on." Don't make Old Madam Coleman angry, she thought.

Chapter 158 The Battle Between Grandmother and Grandson

☒ Kendall followed Vivian toward the pavilion.

☒ Ronnie and the other bodyguards were standing outside the pavilion as usual. When Kendall came near them, they greeted respectfully, "Greetings, Young Mistress Kendall."

☒ Kendall smiled at them in return. Ronnie is just as handsome, cool, and steady as his boss; Amelia is still hung up on him even now. She thought it was a waste for Ronnie to work as Dylan's bodyguard. If he were to enter the workforce, she was certain he would be able to become Dylan's right-hand man.

☒ Tilly and Dylan were sitting at the marble table in the pavilion. Wearing a pair of reading glasses, Tilly looked as benign as a nun. When Kendall came in, she was still looking fondly at Dylan and speaking to him without even raising an eyebrow.

☒ On the other hand, Dylan looked frosty with his thin lips pressed together. He didn't speak much, save for the cold and monotonous "Uh-huh" he uttered in response to Tilly's lengthy speeches.

☒ The marble table was full of breakfast dishes.

☒ Kendall's eyes lit up as she glanced at the breakfast on the table. Today's breakfast was cupcakes, which she liked the most because of their variety. There weren't a lot of cupcakes on the table, but there were many kinds of them, and all of them tasted pretty good. Whenever she ate cupcakes, she would resent the fact that she wasn't born with two stomachs. "Grandma," she greeted Tilly politely. Dylan had confessed to Tilly about them being husband and wife, so she called Tilly "Grandma" as he did.

☒ Tilly still appeared kindly and affable, but she replied without looking at Kendall, "I'm used to you calling me 'Old Madam Coleman,' so you'd better not call me 'Grandma.'"

☒ She's not acknowledging me as her granddaughter-in-law, huh? Kendall thought. Just when she wanted to correct herself and call Tilly "Old Madam Coleman," Dylan said coldly, "It's exactly because you're unused to it that Kendall has to call you 'Grandma' more often so that you'll get used to it sooner. Kendall, call Grandma a few more times to let her get used to it."

☒ Tilly's lips twitched for an instant.

☒ Seeing that Tilly still maintained her composure, Kendall couldn't help but think to herself, Old Madam Coleman is so imperturbable. Well, how can the person who trained Dylan to be such an outstanding grandson be inferior? "Grandma, Grandma, Grandma..." Going along with her husband, she called Tilly "Grandma" a few more times until the latter could hardly keep her countenance.

☒ "That's enough. What are you waiting for? Wash your hands and serve Dylan at breakfast. He'll be going to work in half an hour," Tilly ordered. "Vivian."

☒ Vivian soon brought over a basin of water, which had a few pomelo leaves floating on it that gave off the smell of pomelo leaves.

☒ Seeing the basin of water that had clearly been boiled with pomelo leaves, Kendall stared at it quietly for a minute. Then, she said, "Grandma, I've washed my hands before coming here."

☒ In the village where the Woods Family lived, only people who were thought to bring bad luck would clean themselves with water boiled with pomelo leaves. In other words, Tilly had her wash her hands using water that was mixed with pomelo leaves because the former thought she brought bad luck.

☒ In what way do I bring bad luck? Inwardly, Kendall was angered, but she put up with it, considering Tilly's identity. She didn't lash out at Tilly, but she also refused to wash her hands using the water boiled with pomelo leaves.

☒ Just then, Tilly urged, "Even if you've washed your hands, you have to wash them again. Your hands have become contaminated with bacteria when you came all the way here. You have to wash your hands clean before serving Dylan breakfast."

☒ Before Kendall could respond to her words, Dylan asked, "Grandma, have you washed your hands? You came from the main house, so you came even farther than Kendall did. Surely your hands have more bacteria than her hands do."

☒ Tilly was at a loss for a retort.

☒ "Ronnie," Dylan called out in a grim voice.

☒ Ronnie immediately entered the pavilion.

☒ "Pour the water off!"

☒ Ronnie immediately snatched the basin of water from Vivian. Just as he was about to step out of the pavilion, Dylan stopped him and ordered in a cold, deep voice, "Just splash it here." Instead of asking Ronnie to "pour" the water off, he said "splash," which carried a different meaning.

☒ Ronnie immediately splashed the ground with the basin of water, causing most of the ground to become wet with the few pomelo leaves lying pitifully on it.

☒ "Grandma, don't let me see water that's boiled with pomelo leaves ever again!" Dylan looked into Tilly's eyes. Stressing each word, he said, "Unless you want me to cut down all the pomelo trees."

☒ Tilly fell silent for two full minutes before saying affably, "It was my fault. I forgot that you hate the smell of pomelo leaves the most." She picked up a cupcake and put it onto Dylan's plate with a pair of kitchen tongs as if nothing had happened. Then, she said with a smile, "I remember that you don't like to eat cupcakes. Why have cupcakes for breakfast today?"

☒ "Because Kendall likes them."

☒ Tilly was rendered speechless.

☒ Kendall's heart warmed, and she sat down next to Dylan.

☒ However, as soon as she sat down, Tilly suddenly picked up an exquisitely-made purse from the chair next to her before taking a piece of paper out of it. "Kendall." Looking at Kendall with gentle eyes, she handed the paper to her while maintaining an affable manner throughout. "Kendall, copy the contents of this paper 100 times to commit them to memory so that you won't repeat the same mistakes again like you did this morning." She paused and added, "And submit your copies before lunch."

☒ Kendall was puzzled. Not knowing what the contents of the paper were about, she took the paper from Tilly and unfolded it. As soon as she darted a look at it, a large hand reached over and grabbed the paper, tearing it from the middle. Zap! All she heard was the sound of the paper being torn as the paper was forcefully torn in half in her hands by Dylan.

☒ She was stunned.

☒ Dylan took her hands and dragged them toward him. Then, he prised her fingers open and took the paper that had been torn in half in her hands. After ripping the paper into shreds in front of her and Tilly, he put them on his plate and stuffed them along with the cupcake Tilly had given him in his mouth.

☒ “Dylan!” Kendall stretched out her hand in an attempt to prise his mouth open, but he held her hand in his before she could do so.

☒ “Dylan!” Tilly finally lost her composure. Angry and distressed, she said, “Why did you eat the paper?!”

☒ Having swallowed the shreds of paper along with the cupcake, Dylan let go of Kendall’s hand. Looking into Tilly’s eyes, he replied in a grave voice, “I said that the only rule Kendall needs to follow in the Coleman Mansion is to love and respect me. If you have her copy the Coleman Family’s rules 100 times, I’ll eat up however many copies she makes.”

☒ “Dylan, any woman who marries into our family has to follow our family’s rules, and Kendall is no exception! It’s fine if she doesn’t copy them 100 times, but she has to learn the Coleman Family’s rules by heart,” Tilly said soberly. “Rules are meant to be followed. The Coleman Family’s rules have existed for decades; we can’t nullify them because of Kendall,” she continued. Then, she said to Kendall, “Kendall, from today onward, don’t go to work anymore. The women in our family don’t have to go to work. Your task is to give birth to—”

Chapter 159 Kendall’s Rebuttal

☒ Suddenly, Tilly paused. Recalling that her beloved grandson could no longer let Kendall give birth to babies for the Coleman Family, she only felt frustrated.

☒ Just then, Kendall snatched Dylan’s plate from him and picked out the shreds of paper that he hadn’t eaten. She chided him, “Dylan, even if someone has to eat the paper, I should’ve been the one who eats it and eats the Coleman Family’s rules. Why snatch the paper from me when you already know the rules by heart?”

☒ At the sight of this, Tilly felt even more frustrated. She probably doesn’t take my words to heart, she thought.

☒ Just then, Kendall said to her, “Grandma, what did you just say? Can’t the women in the Coleman Family go to work? Grandma, what’s wrong with me going to work? I’m not going out to commit crimes. I have a decent job that pays me lawful wages. And besides, I’m willing to be self-reliant and get rewarded with my own efforts instead of living off Dylan. You should be proud of a self-disciplined granddaughter-in-law who has self-respect and is willing to be self-reliant like me.”

☒ Tilly was rendered speechless. How shameless!

☒ Kendall then added, “In any case, I have to go to work. I can’t lose myself after marrying Dylan, right? I married him, but I didn’t sell myself to him. I have my own freedom.” In her opinion, women should have a job before and after getting married. Only by being financially independent could a woman be confident enough to stand up for herself.

☒ Tilly's face darkened for a while. Then, she said to Kendall, "Does the Coleman Family not provide you with food or clothing, or does Dylan not give you pocket money? Why do you need to go to work? Is there any married woman who shows herself in public like you?"

☒ Kendall replied, "Ever since I married Dylan, I've been wearing clothes that I brought from my parents' home. The Coleman Family does provide me with food, but Dylan did say at first that I could be self-reliant. It's just that I'm thick-skinned enough to scrounge meals off Dylan. But, Grandma, you're right about one thing. Dylan doesn't give me pocket money."

☒ Both Tilly and Dylan were rendered speechless by her words.

☒ Kendall then continued, "Speaking of showing myself in public, I'm just following your example. Although I'm young, I've heard more than once about how powerful you were in the business circles when you were young. Grandma, I adore you for making public appearances and being successful in business. You're not inferior to any man. Seriously, Grandma, you're my idol." As she spoke, she gave Tilly a thumbs up.

☒ Tilly's face was livid, but she didn't know how to refute Kendall.

☒ "I've heard from Dylan before that the main job of the women who marry into the Coleman Family is to give birth to the family's descendants. He even said that in your family, you can get rewarded 100 million for giving birth to a son or 500 million for giving birth to a daughter. He he." Kendall chuckled. "I wonder if I should say that this rule is giving the women who marry into the Coleman Family a chance to earn money—or that the Colemans are treating women as pigs instead of humans. Old Madam Coleman, don't forget that you're also one of the women who married into the Coleman Family." She picked up a cupcake with the kitchen tongs and put it onto the plate in front of Tilly. Despite the smile on her face, what she said next frustrated Tilly even more. She said, "Old Madam Coleman, we're both women. Why make things difficult for a woman like you?"

☒ Tilly took a few deep breaths before saying coldly, "Vivian, let's go."

☒ Vivian hurriedly stepped forward and helped Tilly up and out of the pavilion. Then, they headed toward the main house without looking back.

☒ Kendall stood up and saw them to the pavilion's entrance. Then, she raised her voice and said politely, "See you again, Grandma!"

☒ Tilly gnashed her teeth so hard that her gold tooth nearly broke off. What an audacious and shameless woman she is! She floored me with her words once again. No one in the Coleman Family has ever rendered me at a loss for a retort like this before. If it weren't for my beloved grandson being present, I'd have had her mouth sealed with cellophane tape and kicked her out of the Coleman Mansion!

☒ Tilly thought she had made a tactical blunder by picking on Kendall in front of Dylan. She had thought that he would show her some respect, but who would've thought that he would still defend Kendall till the very end? Not only that, but Kendall was shameless enough to simply not know her own limitations. A country bumpkin is simply an unpresentable country bumpkin. If she's also so conceited and arrogant out there, she'll get Dylan into trouble by offending somebody! At the thought of this, she grew even more displeased with Kendall.

☒ “Oh, no! I’m gonna be late,” Kendall exclaimed in a low voice after checking the time. She turned to look at Dylan, saying, “Enjoy your breakfast, Dylan. I won’t be having breakfast with you.” She then put the present she had prepared beforehand in front of him. “Here’s the present for today. As usual, don’t open it until you get into the car. Keep the mystery alive, and it’ll give you a surprise,” she said. With that, she picked up her handbag and hurried out of the pavilion to ask Amos to arrange for a chauffeur to drive her to work.

☒ Dylan didn’t manage to stop her in time. “She runs away even faster than a hare, huh?” He picked up the present. Then, he said to Ronnie, “Pack these and send them to that shameless lady as soon as possible for her to eat on her way to work.”

☒ Ronnie and the other bodyguards hurried into the pavilion and packed the breakfast as soon as they could. After that, they had someone block Kendall’s path and give the breakfast bag to her. Only then did the chauffeur in charge of driving her to her office manage to start driving.

☒ Dylan didn’t eat much for breakfast, though.

☒ Ronnie asked, “Young Master Dylan, would you like the kitchen to fix you something you’d like to eat?”

☒ Dylan stood up on his own. Ronnie wanted to support him, but he turned him down and slowly walked out of the pavilion. “It’s not necessary.”

☒ It was difficult for him to walk down the steps on his own, so he had to do so with the help of the bodyguards. The wheelchair was pushed over so that he could sit down on it as soon as he walked down the steps.

☒ A few minutes later, Dylan’s motorcade drove out of the Coleman Mansion inconspicuously.

☒ “Go to L.E. Boutique first,” Dylan ordered in a deep voice. Kendall had said that the clothes she was currently wearing were all brought from her parents’ home. In other words, she was indicating that he had never bought her clothes as presents. Laura designed evening dresses, but she could also design everyday clothes to order. Her feelings for him aside, he trusted her capabilities as a designer.

☒ When Dylan reached L.E. Boutique’s main store, Laura hadn’t come to work yet, and the store had just opened. When the store manager saw him being wheeled in under escort by a bunch of bodyguards, she nearly dropped the glass of water she was drinking. “Master Dylan.” Putting down the glass, she quickly went up to him with a smile and nearly bowed and scraped to him.

☒ “Is Laura here?”

☒ The store manager replied with a smile, “President Evans hasn’t come to work yet. Master Dylan, please wait a moment while I inform her right away. I guarantee you that she’ll show up before you in 15 minutes.”

☒ Dylan raised his left hand to look at his watch. It was 8:10AM, which was indeed early for Laura. If he had come 10 minutes earlier, L.E. Boutique would’ve yet to open for business. “It’s not necessary. Just tell Laura to find time to go to Parker Corporation today to take Ms. Parker’s measurements and design some everyday clothes for her. Just design 40 sets for the time being with 10 sets for each season.”

Chapter 160 Pocket Money Given by Her Husband

☒ The store manager was startled for a moment. Still, she replied with a smile, “Okay, I’ll definitely pass on what you said to President Evans. Master Dylan, would you like to go upstairs for a cup of tea?”

☒ Dylan had Ronnie wheel him out of the store. If it weren’t for him having to trouble Laura with this, he wouldn’t have come to L.E. Boutique.

☒ The store manager saw Dylan and his entourage out of the store. “Thank you for coming, Master Dylan.” She respectfully saw him off, as if seeing an emperor off.

☒ After leaving L.E. Boutique’s main store, Dylan opened WhatsApp on his cell phone, only to fall silent for a while. After that, he made five transactions to Kendall’s bank account on his cell phone, transferring 10,000 each time.

☒ Soon after that, Kendall sent him a voice message, which he opened. Her puzzled voice rang in the car. “Dylan, why did you transfer money to my bank account? Do you need me to buy something for you?”

☒ Instead of responding to the voice message, he typed on his phone, ‘It’s your pocket money for this morning.’ Then, he sent her the text message.

☒ Kendall was startled for a moment when she received Dylan’s reply. Soon after that, though, she realized what was going on. When Tilly gave her a hard time this morning, she did say that Dylan had never given her pocket money, to which he listened and responded by giving her pocket money right now. He gave me 50,000 per morning, which means that he’ll give me 100,000 per day, right? How generous! Without being reserved with him, she accepted the 50,000 worth of pocket money he had transferred to her bank account.

☒ Dylan’s handsome face broke into a smile when he saw that she had accepted the money. Of course, she couldn’t see him smile. He texted her, ‘Just tell me if you need to buy anything. I’ll give you extra money that isn’t part of your pocket money.’

☒ ‘Alright. Thank you, Dylan.’ Kendall thanked him before sending him a kiss mark emoji.

☒ “How shameless,” Dylan mumbled, but his voice took on an unprecedented note of affection.

☒ ...

☒ Meanwhile, at Mendelson Group, as soon as Frank was wheeled out of the elevator by his bodyguard, his male secretary came up to him and went to the president’s office with him while reporting on his work to him.

☒ Frank would occasionally give a few words of reply as he listened to his secretary’s report. At last, his secretary said in a deep, gentle voice, “President Mendelson, Miss Zorn is waiting for you in the VIP room.”

☒ Frank frowned. “Miss Zorn?” Don’t tell me it’s Yasmine.

☒ His secretary replied, “It’s Miss Yasmine Zorn from Zorn Holdings. She came here early this morning with two insulated lunch boxes. It seems that she’s here to bring you breakfast.” President Mendelson is

young, handsome, and rich. Even though he's always been reduced to No. 2 by Master Dylan, he's still a presence that others can only look up to, he thought. Countless women courted Frank openly or loved him in secret, but nobody had ever caught his eye. It was like he was prejudiced against women. Even his secretary was male; he didn't allow female secretaries to work by his side.

☒ "Uh-huh," Frank mumbled impassively. "Tell her to come to my office."

☒ Having heard his reply, the secretary said respectfully, "Yes, President Mendelson." He headed for the VIP room, whereas Frank was wheeled into the president's office by his bodyguard.

☒ As soon as Frank sat down on the swivel chair behind his desk, Yasmine, led by Frank's secretary, knocked on the door and came in. "President Mendelson." Having gotten all dolled up for today, she looked even more radiant and charming than during the birthday party. She was holding a limited-edition Hermès purse in one hand while carrying two three-layered insulated lunch boxes in the other.

☒ After she came in, Frank's secretary and bodyguard silently left the office and closed the door.

☒ "What brings you here, Miss Zorn?" Frank asked Yasmine impassively in reply. Somehow, looking at the attractively dressed woman, he thought of Kendall, who had been dressed in her best clothes the other night. In reality, she was by no means inferior to Yasmine, who acted all high and mighty in front of her and even tried a few times to embarrass her because she came from a less distinguished family background. How dare she embarrass the mother of my child! A hint of anger flashed across his eyes, but he quickly blinked his eyes to conceal it so that Yasmine didn't notice it.

☒ Yasmine came over and put the insulated lunch boxes on Frank's desk before seating herself across from him on his own. With a poised and graceful smile on her face, she said directly without beating around the bush, "I'm here to bring you breakfast. I had my family's chef prepare these for you, and they're your favorite food." As she spoke, she opened the lids of the lunch boxes and put the layers onto the desk one by one, instantly transforming his desk into a dining table with six kinds of meticulously prepared delicious food placed on it.

☒ Frank darted a look at these delicious foods. Indeed, they were what he usually liked to eat. It seemed that Yasmine had done a good job of inquiring about his preferences. "Miss Zorn," he said in a deep voice. "You and I are only on speaking terms, so it rattles me when you bring me my favorite breakfast early in the morning. Could you give me an explanation for this? Do you have a favor to ask of me or something? I never accept a reward that I don't deserve."

☒ Yasmine stared fixedly at him. In the past, she had always been preoccupied with Dylan. Thinking that he was the best man in the world, she turned up her nose at other men, no matter how outstanding they were. It wasn't until now that she realized Frank was by no means inferior to Dylan.

☒ The two men had been fighting against each other both openly and secretly for years, but Frank had always lost to Dylan. One could only say that it was because Frank wasn't as lucky as Dylan was. The Mendelson Group's foundation wasn't as strong as that of Coleman Empire Holdings, or Frank wouldn't have always been ranked second to Dylan.

☒ If she were to marry Frank and become his wife, she would definitely be able to defeat Dylan. When I stand beside Frank and be envied by everyone as the most prestigious and respectable woman of the city, will Dylan regret rejecting my feelings and advances for years? she thought. "President Mendelson,

I don't like beating around the bush, and besides, we're both adults. Since we know what we're doing, there's no need to mince words. I've fallen in love with you, and I want to court you for the purpose of marrying you."

☒ Frank's eyes flickered. Despite her wayward disposition, Yasmine was quite straightforward. He thought better of her when she said without mincing her words that she wanted to make a move on him. However, he was indifferent to other women as the baby was the only thing that had stirred his emotions. He thanked her politely, saying, "Thank you for the great favor you've shown me, Miss Zorn. It's really my honor that you have feelings for me. However, I have no feelings for you. In order not to hinder you from courting another man, please give up on me and court someone else."

☒ Everyone in Orapolis knew that the one Yasmine truly loved was Dylan, whom she had gone after for a few years. However, Dylan was crippled after the accident, and it was said that his male organ could no longer function. And now, she turns her eyes to me. What a quick shift of affections, huh? Well, it shows that this woman is a down-to-earth woman who will never compromise herself. Indeed, I'm the only person among the talented young men in Orapolis who matches her status.