

Kendall's Sacrifice Chapter 7

Chapter 7 My Dear, Let Me Have Some Food!

"Master Dylan, the young mistresses from the Parker Family are here." Keeping his silence, Dylan didn't say a thing, nor did he glance at the girls while the bodyguard stood there quietly, waiting for his response. From the corners of her eyes, Kendall caught sight of Kelly next to her with both arms hanging on her side without moving a muscle. Upon closer look, she could even see that Kelly was shivering slightly in her legs. Even though she knew that Kelly was terrified of Dylan, she didn't think that she was this afraid. Did she do something terrible, and she's so afraid of him because she's guilty? Kendall wondered. With that thought in mind, she tilted her head as she observed the man, who still looked incredibly dashing and distinguished like no other despite being in a wheelchair. Then, she thought cattily, Kelly must have tried to crawl into Dylan's bed before, but he kicked her off! Imagining the scene in her mind, Kendall felt no jealousy but wanted to laugh instead, and she couldn't suppress her amusement, sniggering in secret. "Are they really here to apologize?"

Finally, Dylan opened his mouth to speak, and his voice was just as solemn and cold as it usually was.

The bodyguard answered respectfully, "That's what Miss Kelly said."

Then, he abruptly turned his head to look over at the Parkers and fixed his eyes directly on

Kendall, who couldn't wipe the smirk off her face in time, and her face froze when he caught her red-handed.

With deep and sharp eyes, he stared at her, which made her a little anxious and embarrassed.

Sensing something amiss, Kelly followed his gaze and saw Kendall keeping the stiff smile on her face. Of course, she knew what was happening, and she felt her boiling blood rushing up to her head.

It was already against her own wishes to accompany Kendall here to apologize, and her heart

was in jitters when Dylan refused to let them into the pavilion for a long time. However, she

didn't expect that the troublemaker—Kendall—was sniggering in secret and was even discovered by Dylan.

If it weren't for the fact that Dylan was entirely focused on Kendall, she would have already slapped her across the face.

After that, Dylan's eyes traced down to Kendall's wrist, which was still wrapped in gauze, and

he could tell that she hadn't changed the dressing after returning home.

"They came to apologize without any sincerity. Show them the way out," he ordered his

bodyguard, taking his eyes off Kendall.

"Master Dylan," Kelly called out anxiously. "Master Dylan, we came with our utmost sincerity

to apologize to you. Growing up in a village, Kendall is ignorant and impulsive, doing the first thing that came into her mind and offended you. For the sake that it's her first offense, please forgive her this one time."

Without even looking at her, Dylan moved his lips and said indifferently, "Miss Kelly, this has nothing to do with you. When I'm not speaking with you, just keep your mouth shut!"

Instantly, all blood drained from her face as she bit her bottom lip and kept her palms in tight fists, not daring to speak anymore.

While working in the senior management of Parker Corporation, she knew better than Kendall about Dylan's personality and how he handled matters. This man was definitely not a kind person.

After that, he turned to Kendall, who had already recovered, and put on a straight face.

Instead, she lifted her leg and strode into the pavilion without a hint of hesitance.

This move of hers shocked the bodyguard and Kelly.

"Kendall!" Kelly cried in a flustered whisper. "Get out of there right now!"

Kendall ignored her, walked over to Dylan, and sat across from him. She stared at the food on

the table and praised the chefs in the Coleman household wholeheartedly as every dish

looked very delicious and tempting, parallel to that from five-star hotels.

"Dylan, I'm here to apologize sincerely to you." Unfortunately, she didn't even glance at him

when she spoke, keeping her eyes on the food the whole time.

She really couldn't help it because she was famished.

So, this is how terrible it feels to be hungry, she thought. I must have lost my mind in my past

life to go on a hunger strike for days just to marry Jackson.

Watching her every move, Dylan asked her in a low voice as his eyes glinted, watching her

every move, "Are you hungry?"

Kendall nodded her head vigorously. Yes, that's right! I'm famished! Quickly, give me some

food, my dear!

"Would you like some food?"

Again, she nodded and finally lifted her gaze at him, meeting his beautiful face, and she

gulped. Even if he was injured and could no longer perform the duties of a man, she was

willing to spend the rest of her life with a man who had such a gorgeous face.

Despite that, his face turned grim at how she stared at him, and he wondered if she wanted

to eat the food on the table or himself.

"Come out, Kendall," Kelly called again, terrified that Dylan would lose his temper the next

second and get her into trouble as well.

Throwing her a fierce glare, Dylan opened his mouth, and the heartless words came out.

"Throw Miss Kelly out of here. She's so noisy!"

While Kelly was in stunned silence, two bodyguards came forward and lifted her on both

sides. Then, before she could even react, they dragged her away, and she stammered, "Master

Dylan, I... I'm just..."

Her voice drifted away, and she didn't even complete her sentence before being thrown out.

Kendall couldn't help but flinch at the rough treatment when she witnessed Kelly's quick exit

at his orders. This man is the real emotionless Satan, not even showing a single shard of

emotion.

Then, she recalled what she had done to him, and suddenly felt that he had shown her a lot

of mercy. At least, he didn't order someone to drag her out like an animal.

"Why are you tucking in your neck? Are you afraid?" The edges of his lips turned upward into

a sarcastic smirk.

"Well... Dylan, I realized that my earlier actions hurt your pride, which is terribly wrong of me.

So, I quickly came over to apologize without even eating anything. So, please be a

magnanimous, generous man and forgive me once."

"Forgive you once? Are you planning to do this again?"

Dylan changed his tone, and he sounded fierce as his eyes drifted to her bandaged wrist

again.

"Oh, no! Not again. Cutting the wrist is very painful!"

"Hmph!" He sneered and thought, Painful? Then, why did you cut your wrist in front of me?

Until now, the only one who dared to act so presumptuously in front of him was her—Kendall

Parker!

"Dylan, I promise you that I won't do anything dumb again. Now, I really think that it's good

to be alive, and I want to continue living well," she said from the bottom of her heart.

After experiencing death once and starting over again, she felt nothing was better than being

alive.

Just then, the bodyguard who received the order to bring the chili oil from the kitchen had

returned with a bottle of chili oil in his hands. He brought it to the pavilion with both hands

to Dylan, saying, "Master Dylan, this is the spiciest chili oil you asked for."

Instead of taking it, Dylan instructed, "Add the chili oil into all the food."

"Yes."

When the bodyguard did as he was told, Kendall panicked because she couldn't take spicy food.

My dear... she whined silently, but didn't dare to say it out loud and could only watch in vain

as the bodyguard poured the chili oil over the food. The spiciness was so intense that it

gushed up her nostrils. Unable to bear it, she kept sneezing a few times.

"Get another set of cutlery here so that your young madam can have dinner with me."

Kendall felt the corner of her lips twitching when she heard his instruction, and it dawned on

her that this guy was definitely doing this on purpose!

But how did he know that I can't eat spicy food? she wondered and peered at the papers he

stacked on the table. Is that information about me? Did he check up on me?

"What were you sniggering about earlier?" he asked out of the blue.

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