

Kendall's Sacrifice Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Dylan Coleman Is Not a Kind Person!

"Dylan, you checked up on me and found out that I don't eat spicy food, but do you know why? That's because every time I do, I'll have to set up a camp in the bathroom," Kendall said and rushed toward the bathroom.

It seemed that he had gone overboard with the prank he pulled on his new wife. Finally, after being silent for a couple of minutes, he instructed solemnly, "Call Dr. Gill." "Okay." Immediately, the bodyguard took out his cell phone and called the house doctor of the Coleman Family.

By the time Dr. Gill arrived, Kendall was already lifeless from the bathroom trips. He gave her a prescription, and after she took the medication, she made a couple more trips to the bathroom before diarrhea stopped completely.

The food on the stone table in the pavilion had been cleared away. In its place were some fruits and snacks.

When Dylan noticed that Kendall sprawled over the table as though she would pass out any second, he was quiet for a while before asking, "Should I ask someone to carry you out?"

She lifted her head, moved her lips in response, and said something, but he heard nothing.

“Place me on the stool,” Dylan ordered.

Two bodyguards came forward and held him up from his sides before placing him on the stool carefully.

“Push her out with my wheelchair.”

Silently, the bodyguards did as he told them. Outside, Kelly, who was thrown out by the

bodyguards, had been waiting at Coleman Residence for more than two hours. It was already

dark when she saw the bodyguards coming out with a wheelchair, and the person sitting in it

turned out to be Kendall.

The fact that she was thrown out while Kendall remained inside for more than two hours had

her hopping mad, but now, she was so gleeful because Kendall ended up worse than her.

Dylan Coleman is really the devil himself, showing no consideration for a lady at all! she

gloated silently.

“Kendall.” Even though she was gloating on the inside, she had to appear concerned and

worried on the outside. “Oh Kendall, what happened to you?”

After two bodyguards rolled Kendall out, they gestured to Kelly to help her up. Then, they left

with the wheelchair without a single word, and the main doors of the Coleman Residence

closed.

When Kelly realized that Kendall was weak in her legs and her face was pale as a ghost, she

asked in concern, “Kendall, what did Master Dylan do to you?”

“Spicy and ruthless,” she muttered.

The rumors were true—Dylan Coleman was not a kind person!

“We shouldn’t have trifled with Master Dylan to begin with, and you actually have the nerves

to walk into the pavilion without his permission. Didn't you notice that he was having his meal outside? Besides his personal bodyguards, nobody can get close to him, and neither do they dare to. His temper is especially foul and unpredictable as well. I heard that the servants in the Coleman household are all afraid to serve him, and even his family try to avoid him whenever they can."

On the other hand, Kendall said nothing to her. In fact, she didn't know Dylan, but she was grateful to him because he had shown her a little kindness in her past life. So, she was willing to marry him after coming back.

However, since she had already ridden on his coattails and married him, she had already decided to stay by his side for the rest of her life.

"Let's go home. I'm tired."

Therefore, Kendall was unwilling to speak on the matter anymore as she just wanted to go home and sleep soundly, and Kelly didn't ask anymore when she saw how much she was suffering from Dylan's treatment. After she helped her into the car, she then brought her home.

Kendall rested for the next few days to regain her strength, and during those few days, nothing happened on Dylan's side at all.

"Cruel and heartless, that's what he is, not even a call. If I'm not mistaken, I'm his new wife!"

Kendall couldn't help but murmur to herself, checking her phone for the hundredth time, and saw that there were no new messages or calls.

Knock, knock.

Someone knocked on her door, and Charlotte's voice echoed, "Kendall, it's me. May I come in?"

She stuffed her phone into her trousers pocket and answered immediately, "The door's not locked, Mom. Come on in."

Then, Charlotte pushed the door open and came in, pacing toward her and saying, "Kendall,

it's cloudy today, so it's neither too sunny nor too hot. Kelly had arranged for her secretary to

come over and accompany you to go shopping. You can pick a few evening gowns from L.E.

Boutique and attend the party this Saturday."

"What party, Mom?" Kendall asked casually.

"The birthday party of the young mistress of the Zorn family. Haven't you already been

informed about it before?"

Kendall could remember now, and this event also happened in her past life.

The Zorn Family's status in Orapolis was second to that of the Coleman Family, and Yasmin

Zorn was the only young mistress of her generation. As she was showered deeply with love

from her family, her birthday party every year was very grand, and all the rich and the

influential of Orapolis would be invited to attend.

In addition, Yasmin and Kelly were good friends, and both despised Kendall—the real young

mistress of the Parker Family—for growing up in the village.

Kendall had attended the party with Kelly in her past life, and Yasmin had accidentally poured

red wine over her head and face, soiling her white-colored evening gown and embarrassing

her so much that she wanted to run back home.

With a sparkle in her eyes, she thought, I couldn't retaliate in my past life, but I'll give it back

to her with interest in this life.

“Mom, I already have several gowns, and I don’t need new ones.”

The gowns from L.E. Boutique were renowned for their elegance and style, but were very

pricey. Even after she was now the daughter of a wealthy family, Kendall was still shocked by

the price tag of a single gown.

“You’ve already worn those dresses.” But, Charlotte advised, “Listen to me.

Go shopping with

Miss Sanders, buy anything that catches your eyes, and pick a few latest designs in L.E.

Boutique.”

At L.E Boutique, there was only one dress of every design in order to avoid guests bumping

into each other in the same dress.

Kendall was about to turn her down when she suddenly recalled that she had tattered one of

Dylan’s shirts. So, by right, she had to compensate him with a new one.

Hence, she quickly changed her mind and put on a sweet smile. “I’ll listen to you, Mom.”

Charlotte gently ran her fingers through Kendall’s waist-length hair and said affectionately,

“My daughter has to be dolled up and pretty.”

“Mom, am I not pretty if I’m not dolled up?” she asked in a spoiled tone.

“Of course you are. Even without makeup, my daughter is the prettiest one in the room.”

“That’s because you and Dad have good genes, and I’m only growing from the best genes.”

Charlotte tapped her forehead lightly and said dotingly, “Such a sweet talker. Have you eaten

all the sugar today?.”

Playfully, Kendall stuck out her tongue, which made Charlotte love her even more. So, she

whisked out a credit card and pushed it into Kendall’s palm. “This is your pocket money from

me. Just buy anything you like and don't worry about saving money for me.

Go now, don't

keep Miss Sanders waiting for too long."

After Charlotte's urging, Kendall changed and put on heels. Then, she carried the Hermes

handbag Charlotte gave her as a present on her arm as she followed Kelly's secretary,

Cameron Sanders, out the door.

The wealthy people of Orapolis loved shopping at Wealthy Luck Street the most, and any

store there was a specialty store of some branded name.

Thus, when they stopped the car at the entrance of the bustling street,

Cameron said to her,

"Miss Kendall, go and shop first while I look for a parking spot. I'll come and look for you in a

while."

"Okay," Kendall answered, getting out of the car.

Ever since she returned to the Parker Family, she had been here countless times and knew

which ones were men's boutiques. So, after hopping off, she went directly to the franchise of

a particular brand. She had just reached the entrance of that store when she bumped into

Jackson, who was just coming out.

Both of them stopped in their tracks as their eyes met.

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