

Kendalls 331

Chapter 331

"You really are an obnoxious one, Kendall," Yasmine chided.

Kendall forked a piece of the dessert and even brought the entire plate to Yasmine surprisingly, looking at the latter with a half smile. "Now, this is the real you. Go on and hate me. You'll feel sick pretending to like me and be all chummy with me. Why do that to yourself, then? Here, try the dessert you ordered."

Yasmine glared at Kendall for quite some time. Instead of taking the plate from the latter, she ate the dessert on the fork.

At that, Kendall withdrew her hand and grabbed a paper napkin, wiping her hand clean.

"Not even Dylan has had the privilege of being fed by me. You'd better not tell the whole world, or no one will be left unharmed when that man gets jealous."

While rendered exasperated, Yasmine swallowed the piece of dessert in her mouth. She found it dry, so she took a sip of her coffee to relieve the dryness. "Are you trying to brag about how well Master Dylan treats you, Kendall?"

At that, Kendall leaned toward Yasmine and thanked her with a smile, "Thank you for your decision to not marry Dylan, Yasmine."

Technically speaking, Yasmine had indeed abandoned Dylan, who was a treasure she had stumbled upon.

Surely, Yasmine would rue the day she did so.

Then again, Dylan never made Yasmine any promises, so even if Yasmine regretted her decision, there was no turning back for her.

She might have courted Dylan for years, but she also abandoned him the second he was met with the accident.

That in itself made her unworthy of having Dylan.

Livid, Yasmine gritted her teeth and wanted to leave at once, but she decided against it when she remembered what she had asked Jeffrey to do.

With that, she wrapped an arm around Kendall, being all chummy with her. She then said with a smile, "You guys have to invite me to your wedding; it'd be even better if you ask me to be your bridesmaid."

A glimmer of light flashed across Kendall's eyes as she intentionally pinched Yasmine's face, causing the latter to nearly flip. Kendall sat straight with a giggle, then grabbed her cup of coffee in one hand while forking a piece of the dessert, eating and drinking away gracefully.

Two could play the palsy-walsy game.

"Careful not to end up looking like a pig with the way you're eating all these desserts, lest you want Master Dylan to get sick of you and chuck you away." Yasmine sassed with a smile.

"You really are an obnoxious one, Kendall," Yasmine chided.

"Well, I'll have to disappoint you then. I can eat whatever I want without ever getting fat." In actuality, she worked out intensely, so all the calories she ate would be burned off. Hence, she wouldn't gain much weight no matter how she ate.

After successfully gaining Yasmine's envy, Kendall asked gravely, "Yasmine, just what exactly are you planning by asking me out and pretending to be all chummy with me? You want people to believe that we've made peace so that you can use this incident to have Dylan call it quits and lessen Zorn Holdings' burden, don't you?"

Stumped, Yasmine wanted to ask how she figured it out, but doing so would imply that it was exactly what she was planning.

"My target now is Frank," she said honestly, leading Kendall to nod. "I know. You're a sensible woman, Miss Zorn. I have to say that I'm impressed you can even treat your romance sensibly."

The woman abandoned Dylan at once when she found out he might not ever be able to produce a progeny after the accident. She was so sensible that it was... upsetting!

"That reminds me, I've even helped you to court Frank. Say, did you ever receive Frank's undisclosed information from Dylan?"

Her words took Yasmine aback for a moment. "So you're the one. I thought..."

She initially thought Dylan had offered to help. She was quite beside herself with rage when she

received it, thinking Dylan had gone too far. So be it that he felt nothing for her, but he even pushed her to another man, telling her all about Frank's preferences so that she could pander to them.

"Know thyself, know thy enemy. A thousand battles, a thousand victories. It's a good strategy to use in courting one's husband, I believe. You'll eventually win his heart after you have a good picture of all his preferences, then pander to them."

Kendall's love expert behavior made Yasmine want to dump her coffee onto the woman. Nonetheless, she knew she had to fight back her temper.

Kendall was no longer the country bumpkin she could threaten and blackmail as she pleased. Instead, she was the young mistress of the Coleman Family!

The identity was one that Yasmine wished to stand in even in her dreams in the past.

For years, she had tried to reach for it but couldn't even touch the edge. On the contrary, Kendall stood firmly as the young mistress of the Colman Family with ease.

How f*cking maddening!

Chapter 332

"You're my guest, so there's no need to make yourself sound so shameless. Then again, you are pretty shameless. To think Master Dylan can tolerate you." Yasmine shook her head and clicked her tongue. "What a phenomenon."

"In that case, don't forget to pay your viewing fees."

Yasmine chuckled in exasperation and said, "You're already the young mistress of the Coleman Family, Kendall, not the country girl who couldn't even fish out half a million. Can you not act like you're cash-strapped?"

"But it makes me happy to see that I can cheat you of your money."

Rendered speechless, Yasmine gave up bickering with Kendall seeing that she couldn't outmatch the woman's sharp tongue.

With that, she handed Kendall the L.E. Boutique shopping bags and said with exasperation when the latter didn't take them from her. "Look, no matter how much money I have, I will never give you any pieces of clothing Laura designed herself. These are the clothes Master Dylan had asked her to design for you. She happened to have gotten two done when I went over to hers, so she asked me to hand them to you. I should see to the end when I've given her my promise. It'll make my errand easier if you accept them."

It was only then that Kendall took the bags from her and checked the clothes out. They were indeed the

two among the forty sets of clothing Laura had designed for her.

"You're currently working, aren't you? I won't take up any more of your time then."

At that, Kendall set the clothes on the chair beside her and smiled. "What's the point of saying this if you're still taking up my time when you clearly know I'm working? Since I've come to meet you, I should at least make it worthwhile by finishing the coffee and dessert while pissing you off while I'm at it, no?"

Yasmine turned grimly in response.

This woman really knew how to enrage her, and Kendall could stir up her anger with just a few words.

"Drink. Finish your coffee. See if you can fall asleep tonight," Yasmin snapped exasperatedly. "Go ahead, finish these desserts and gain ten pounds."

Kendall chuckled in response. "Coffee in the morning won't affect my slumber at night. Also, I told you that I don't gain weight no matter how I eat. How about you order another ten pounds of dessert, and let's see if I'll be able to gain the ten pounds?"

Yasmine fell speechless for a moment. "You're a natural beauty, Kendall. Don't ruin what the heavens have given you."

It sounded like she was a little disappointed in Kendall.

"Thank you, I'm flattered!"

"You're my guest, so there's no need to make yourself sound so shameless. Then again, you are pretty shameless. To think Master Dylan can tolerate you." Yasmine shook her head and clicked her tongue. "What a phenomenon."

Yasmine wanted to flip out, but she knew she shouldn't, so she just went to pay the bill instead.

She didn't even want to return to their table after paying the bill, so she just bid Kendall farewell from afar. "See you."

No, see her never, or she'd only be pissed off again. Once she was pissed off, she'd let her anger get the better of her, then she'd give Kendall a hard time. Yet, she couldn't outmatch the woman verbally or physically. There was really nothing she could do about that woman.

"Sure, see you next sixth," said Kendall aloud as she waved Yasmine goodbye with a smile, making the latter want to pounce at Kendall and reclaim the invitation.

Yasmine swore she must've slammed her head against a brick to decide to give Kendall an invitation to her party.

With that, she walked out of the cafe in exasperation.

Once she left, Kendall stopped eating. Any more, and she could forget about her lunch.

As soon as she came out of R&R Cafe, she got a call from Dylan. "Yasmine went looking for you?"

"She did. You're pretty well-informed, great Master Dylan. She just left."

"What does she want?" Dylan asked gravely. "Did she do anything to you?"

"Does the great Master Dylan think his wife is a damsel in distress? Yasmine's just a defenseless woman. Do you think she actually has anything on me?" Kendall chuckled as she walked. "Relax, I'm okay. She just treated me to some coffee and dessert. She also passed me the clothes Laura asked her to bring over while she was at it."

Dylan fell silent.

Yasmine wasn't someone easy to get along with, and her submissive friends would sometimes suffer from her bullying as well.

Then again, Kendall was right. She had training in martial arts, so Yasmine had nothing on her.

"She might have other intentions, though—like creating an illusion that she and I have buried the hatchet and showing you that she means no harm so as to lessen Zorn Holdings' burden."

Admiration laced Dylan's eyes upon hearing Kendall say so. It was precisely because he knew someone was covertly taking pictures of her entire meeting with Yasmine that he called her.

"You've also figured something's up, huh? That's my girl. Your IQ has increased pretty significantly after spending some time with me."

"Excuse you. I'm not an idiot, to begin with," Kendall retorted.

"You're cuter when you're not so shrewd. Too capable, and your hubby's practically useless," Dylan argued.

Kendall's eyes glimmered in response.

Chapter 333

"Yeah."

"I—" Yasmine flipped out. "I treated Parker to coffee and desserts and got exasperated because of her for nothing?"

"Where are you, Yasmine? I'll go over to you. We'll call the police and deal with your accident first."

Jeffrey felt horrible for failing her; he didn't know Dylan had arranged for people to keep an eye on the woman named Kendall.

"Okay."

With that, she ended the call.

To her, rear-ending was just losing a car. She could always get another one, after all.

What she was upset about was that she had deliberately courted Kendall for nothing in the end.

How f*cking exasperating!

At the Mendelson Residence, Frank's headache felt so terrible after waking up that he wanted to rip his own head off.

At that, he fumbled for his phone and called Desmond, speaking with difficulty, "Desmond, I have a splitting headache. Get Dr. Quimby over for me, please."

Dr. Quimby was his private doctor.

"Yes, sir." Desmond obliged at once. He then said, "Sir, you drank too much liquor last night. It's normal to have a headache when you're suffering from a hangover. I've already asked the kitchen to make a hangover cure. It's still warm. Would you like me to bring it upstairs?"

Frank no longer pushed himself, ending the call after humming a soft response.

It seriously felt like someone had dropped his brain into a fully loaded washing machine the night before.

He kept rubbing his temples, hoping it would lessen the pain.

Very quickly, Desmond appeared with the hangover cure. "Here's your hangover cure, sir."

Desmond put the warm hangover cure on the bedside table before helping Frank up, feeling terrible for his master. "I tried dissuading you from drinking, sir, but you wouldn't listen. Also, your wounds need to be dressed, sir."

He had helped Frank apply some ointment after the latter was out cold, but he had only applied it onto the wounds he could see.

If he hadn't done so, his master would not only suffer from a splitting headache, but his face would also swell up pretty badly.

Dylan and Kendall sure hadn't shown Frank any mercy.

Desmond learned the whole story from Joshua. Though Frank was at fault too, the couple was still pretty ruthless with their punches.

He could understand why Dylan didn't go easy on Frank, for they were bitter rivals. However, Frank had always been caring toward Kendall. He had even saved her from a tricky situation once. Surely that deserved something, but to think that she was ruthless with her punches as well.

Joshua told him that Frank never put up a fight when Kendall threw her punches at him, letting her do whatever she pleased. He even added that she was trained in martial arts.

"Yeah."

"I—" Yasmine flipped out. "I treated Parker to coffee and desserts and got exasperated because of her for nothing?"

Just hearing about it already got Desmond's heart aching.

"I'll live," Frank mumbled, sitting up with Desmond's help only to suffer from a throbbing headache. It wasn't until he kept still for a moment that the pain lessened.

With that, Desmond handed him the hangover cure.

"Miss Kendall is really ruthless." Desmond had a huge problem with Kendall.

After silently drinking half of the cure, Frank put the bowl down and pursed his lips for a moment before mumbling, "I don't feel so bad if she can beat me up and vent her anger. It's only when she does nothing that I feel terrible."

"You're being too nice to her, sir. You can't spoil women. They'll become haughty as soon as you do."

Frank chuckled self-deprecatingly in response. "I wish I could spoil her, Desmond, but she wouldn't give me the chance to do so. She—"

She said Dylan was the only one she would spend the rest of this life with.

"Sir, those dreams you had are just dreams. Please don't dwell on them anymore. Miss Kendall is now the young mistress of the Coleman Family. There are so many women in this world, sir. Why set your eyes on only her?" Desmond hoped that his master would stop obsessing with those dreams.

In actuality, nothing ever happened between Frank and Kendall. Hell, the two had never even crossed paths before. Who knew why the master would have such weird dreams?

However, Frank said nothing.

Seeing how he was behaving, Desmond knew he had been ranting to a brick wall again.

With a sigh, he turned to grab a set of fresh clothes and said, "You became so drunk that you fell asleep before taking a shower, sir. I'll go and get the bath water ready. You'll feel a little better after a soak. Dr. Quimby will arrive shortly."

Frank took the clothes mutely and stood up while bearing the splitting headache.

However, his throbbing knee made him nearly drop to the floor if Desmond hadn't been quick enough to catch him.

"Sir, your knee is terribly bruised," Desmond's heart ached for his master.

Frank tried kicking his bad leg but felt another series of sharp pain following the movement.

"Sir, why don't we do a full body check-up at the hospital? What if you have any internal injuries?"

"There's no need for that." Frank turned him down. "I wouldn't have any internal injuries. Kendall, s-she actually couldn't bear to really mangle me. She avoided my vital areas every time she hit me. Sure, it hurts, but I'll be fine after some ointment and recuperation."

Chapter 334

But very quickly, he resigned when Frank's gaze deepened. "Alright, I won't go if you don't want me to, sir. Old Madam Coleman defends her family unconditionally, anyway. I might not even get justice where justice is due."

The reason Dylan was more powerful than Frank was that the Colemans were a large family.

"I owe this much to Kendall, Desmond. Don't blame me for being heartless if you dare give Kendall any trouble behind my back!" Frank admonished Desmond.

He deserved it even if Kendall mutilated him.

He didn't blame her. In fact, he would be utterly grateful if she could be less angry with him.

Desmond parted his lips, wanting to continue to speak up, but he didn't know what else to say.

Just then, Frank requested, "Desmond, take a picture of me with my phone."

Desmond was a little reluctant to oblige. He had a good idea of what Frank was trying to do, so while taking the picture, he said, "Sir, if she can hurt you to this degree, she wouldn't feel anything even if she sees you in black and blue, let alone come and take care of you."

I'll be a monkey's uncle if she ever comes. I bet she'll think she wasn't ruthless enough when she sees how gruesome his bruises are.

However, Frank ignored Desmond, silently sending the picture to Kendall. Of course, he didn't dare expect Kendall to ever reply to it.

Just then, Desmond's phone rang.

Seconds after answering it, he turned to Frank. "Sir, Dr. Quimby's here."

"Have him come up," said Frank as he moved to the couch and sat down.

With that, Desmond notified the servants, and Dr. Quimby entered in no time. The doctor was so shocked by what he saw that he nearly dropped his medical kit to the floor.

"How did you get all these injuries, President?!" Dr. Quimby walked up to Frank and placed the medical kit on the coffee table in front of the couch.

Desmond wanted to speak, but Frank shot him a glance, so he could only keep all his words to himself.

"Help me dress my wounds. Something that'll reduce the swelling quickly."

He was seriously unprepossessing right now.

For someone who took serious care of his appearance his whole life, he could only ever tolerate Kendall doing this to him. If anyone else dared mutilate him like this, he'd long have retaliated.

Dr. Quimby knew at once this wasn't something he should find out when he didn't get an answer from Frank. After a quick check-up, he announced, "Your injuries aren't as gruesome as it looks. They're all just superficial wounds. You'll be fine in about half a month if you change your dressings every day."

But very quickly, he resigned when Frank's gaze deepened. "Alright, I won't go if you don't want me to, sir. Old Madam Coleman defends her family unconditionally, anyway. I might not even get justice where justice is due."

Desmond finally heaved a sigh of relief after hearing the doctor's evaluation.

With that, Dr. Quimby dressed Frank's wounds, gave him a few pills, and passed Frank a few instructions before leaving with his medical kit.

"Dr. Quimby, Mr. Mendelson is really fine, is he not?" Desmond asked when he saw the doctor to the door.

"He's not suffering from any internal injuries, but those wounds will bring him solid pain for a good while. Desmond, the president wouldn't tell me what happened to him, but do you know the story? Who did that to him?"

"It's a fatal attraction," sighed Desmond while shaking his head, but he kept it ambiguous.

He'd naturally keep his mouth shut and not disclose anything when even his master didn't tell the doctor anything.

"This has to do with a woman? Has the president fallen for someone? Let me guess, she doesn't feel

the same for him?" the doctor gossiped. "Which family is this woman from that can remain unfazed even in front of President Mendelson?"

It wouldn't be exaggerating to say that Frank was Adonis reincarnated. His pair of eyes, in particular, were soul-stirring. Anyone whom he riveted his eyes upon would be infatuated at once.

"Destined to meet but not fated to be together. No more questions, please, Doctor. Just thinking about it makes me upset. I feel absolutely awful for Mr. Mendelson."

"Well, the first step is always difficult," Dr. Quimby comforted Desmond. "The president doesn't have much experience when it comes to girls. Maybe she just finds him rude. You should advise President Mendelson to moderate his temper. Girls require coaxing, after all."

Desmond smiled wryly in response. The problem is that my master has fallen for a married woman!

After seeing Dr. Quimby off, he stood at the gates for quite some time before going back inside.

By the time he returned, Frank was sitting in the living room, slouching on the couch while rubbing his temples, still troubled by the splitting headache. "Make a trip to Taylor Residence," he ordered Joshua. "Ask Amelia to come over, and I mean 'ask'. Don't be rude, and don't hurt her."

"Yes, sir." Joshua obliged deferentially, then looked worryingly at Frank, hesitating to speak up. "Sir, I don't know if I should say this."

"Don't say anything if you're unsure. Only speak up after you've thought it through," Frank said curtly. "I'm not in the mood to analyze it for you right now."

"I'll go and ask Ms. Taylor to come over at once," announced Joshua before scurrying away for fear that Frank would reprimand him if he stayed a second longer.

Chapter 335

"Dylan."

"Call me hubby."

"Hehe, does your face not hurt from all the slapping?"

"I've already gotten numb."

Kendall giggled in response. "Hubby, I need to tell you this. I'm following my dad to business engagements from tomorrow on. I can't have lunch with you every day anymore."

At that, Dylan turned grim again.

"I'll still join you for lunch whenever possible." She wrapped her arms around his affectionately.

As displeased as he was, he didn't oppose the idea, for he had always supported her career.

At that, he pinched her cheeks affectionately. "Stay focused. I'm waiting for the day you can leave the nest."

"I'll do my best."

Kendall succumbed to her desire when her husband's handsome face was just inches away from her,

and she kissed the side of his cheek. Noticing that he shrunk a little, she chuckled under her breath and deliberately brushed her fingertips against his lips. But as soon as he parted his lips slightly, she withdrew her hand.

Dylan turned his head to her, looking at her with a blazing gaze so intense that it nearly set her ablaze.

They locked eyes for a moment before Kendall admitted defeat, burying her face in his arms, no longer daring to rivet her gaze into his.

Dylan held this succubus named Kendall closer to him and cooed into her ear, "I won't stop even if you beg for mercy."

Her face flushed crimson instantly.

It wasn't until moments later that he gently pushed his girl away and put on a straight face. "There's still some time before you can leave for lunch. You should go on and get back to work. I'll go and talk to your dad."

He had come to Parker Corporation early.

"Okay."

Kendall got up and helped him up, wanting to bring him to his wheelchair, but he turned her down. "I've got this. I can already walk a few solid feet away."

"Way to go!"

Dylan smiled. "Give me a couple more months, and I'll be able to stand and wait at the altar like a normal person while you walk down the aisle with your dad."

They wouldn't be holding the wedding ceremony until he could start walking with ease.

"I have utter faith in you!" Kendall said encouragingly.

He was a man of patience, and he would certainly do whatever he had set his mind to perfectly.

There would always be something a rookie like her could learn from a high-flier like him.

"Can't a man receive a more substantial encouragement from his wife? Hmm, honey?" requested a certain someone while staring at his beloved's moving lips, his gaze turning from profound to ablaze.

"Dylan."

"Call me hubby."

"Hehe, does your face not hurt from all the slapping?"

Abashed, Kendall whined, "We're in the office..."

"Are there cameras anywhere?"

"Not in here."

The next second, he pulled her into his arms and attacked her lips.

Kendall allowed him a couple of kisses before pushing him away in a hurry. "I'm going to go back to work. You take your time," she mumbled before scampering out of the lounge.

Fortunately, only her father and Jessie occupied the top floor, and they wouldn't suddenly appear since they were in their respective offices.

Once she was out of the lounge, Kendall felt her lips and chuckled to herself before returning to her table like nothing had happened.

"Has Master Dylan left?" Jessie asked offhandedly when she saw that Kendall had returned.

"Not yet. He wants to talk to President Parker about something."

"Oh." Jessie took a couple of ganders at Kendall and teased, "Say, Kendall. Is it me, or does it look like you're riding high? Sigh, a loved woman sure is different."

"What are you talking about? I'm still me," Kendall disagreed bashfully.

"I just think you look prettier than when you came into the office this morning."

"I didn't do anything to my face, though." Kendall felt her face on purpose.

Jessie laughed in response, causing her to inexplicably blush.

Meanwhile, after a certain someone fled, Dylan pushed his wheelchair out of the lounge composedly

before sitting on it, wheeling himself to the president's office. He knocked on the door and waited until he heard a 'come in' from inside before entering.

Upon realizing who it was behind the door, Adam instantly put his work aside and left his desk to push Dylan further in.

"Why didn't Kendall push you in?" A hint of displeasure laced his voice.

To think his daughter left her husband alone when he was mobility-impaired, and his bodyguards were nowhere close.

"I let her get back to finishing her work, lest she nags about all the work she has yet to get done over lunch."

He's praising Kendall for being committed to her job! Just like that, the hint of displeasure Adam had vanished instantly.

After pushing Dylan to the leather couch, he helped Dylan out of his wheelchair and onto the seat.

"Would you like some tea or warm water, Master Dylan?"

"Warm water will do, father." Dylan behaved amiably, having not a sliver of his usual loftiness.

Chapter 336

"No matter what Kendall does, I'll give my unconditional support to her. She can do whatever she wants," he said, telling Adam this so that the latter wouldn't need to always care about his feelings.

Adam looked at Dylan for a while and realized that he was speaking with sincerity. He smiled in satisfaction and said, "Kendall really has good taste in men."

If Dylan didn't love Kendall, it would be impossible for him to do this.

"I'll tell Alice about this. She can bring Kendall along with her if she attends any banquet next time. No one will dare bully Kendall with Alice beside her."

"Thank you for everything you do for Kendall."

"She's my wife. I'm both willing and happy to do anything for her."

Hearing that, Adam didn't know what to say. He felt like this cold son-in-law of his was slowly showing his potential to become uxorious. I really don't dare imagine a cold president becoming uxorious.

At this moment, he poured himself a glass of water and finished it in one shot. Then, he filled the glass again. He felt calmer after having some water.

After that, he sat opposite Dylan again and cleared his throat.

Dylan noticed that Adam had something to say, so he stared at the man with his black eyes. His gaze made Adam slightly nervous, which was probably due to his strong aura.

"Ahem..." Adam cleared his throat once again before opening his mouth under the stare of his son-in-law's dark eyes. "Dylan... I understand that you and Kendall are not rushing to hold the wedding, but since we're becoming in-laws, shouldn't there be at least something going on?"

When he noticed that Dylan wasn't saying anything, he continued, "What I mean is, what are the elders in your family doing? There's still no news after so long."

Many eyes were watching, and most of them were watching this as a joke. They were waiting for the Coleman Family to humiliate the Parker Family.

Many jealous people said that even though Dylan admitted to Kendall's legal status publicly, the massive Coleman Family was the wealthiest family in the city. Since the rich families had many rules to follow, Kendall would become a joke if the elders of the Coleman Family didn't accept her.

How could Dylan go against all of his elders?

Tilly was still healthy, and Dylan was raised by her, so she was the one he respected the most.

Others said that Tilly was holding a grudge against Kendall after the latter rejected the marriage.

With an apologetic expression, Dylan said, "I'm sorry, father. It's my mistake."

"No matter what Kendall does, I'll give my unconditional support to her. She can do whatever she wants," he said, telling Adam this so that the latter wouldn't need to always care about his feelings.

"No, no, no. You're busy with work and still need to help the Parker Corporation. It's normal for you not to think about these things. It's just that we, as parents, are anxious about it, so I'm just letting you know. Is it because of Old Madam Coleman..."

Adam knew that in the Coleman Residence, Tilly was the tall mountain that his daughter had difficulties climbing over. If Tilly didn't like Kendall, she couldn't do anything in the Coleman Residence. After all, Dylan couldn't go against all the elders in the family all the time for Kendall.

"Grandma has asked my mom to come visit your family, so the elders of the two families can sit down and have dinner together while talking about our marriage. It's just that my Mom... Don't worry, father. I won't let Kendall become a joke to others." He would talk to his mother when he returned home.

Emily was on bad terms with Dylan because of Kendall previously. Nowadays, in order to avoid any conflict, Emily wouldn't look for him, and he didn't take the initiative to go to Emily either. But through his sister and father, he knew that she still had a deep prejudice toward Kendall.

"Dylan." Adam could guess that Dylan was on bad terms with his mother because of Kendall, so he spoke to Dylan from a parent's perspective. "When you talk to your mother, try to be more gentle and don't be too assertive. Parents cannot handle their children's dominance. Maybe you think that you're not wrong, but you'll understand it when you become a parent yourself."

After saying that, only then did he remember Dylan's condition and was worried that his last sentence would hurt him.

When he saw Dylan pondering and didn't show any expression of getting hurt, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Everything about Dylan is good, except for one thing. Adam sighed in his heart.

After all, nothing could be perfect, and there would always be something lacking. This might be his daughter's fate.

Since she was the one who rejected the marriage at first before forcing Dylan to marry her relentlessly, she needed to bear the consequences of her mistake.

It was difficult for Adam and his wife to support their daughter since the Parker Family was really overshooting to become in-laws with the Coleman Family. Also, it was Kendall who forced Dylan to marry her.

Even though her parents wanted to support their daughter, they had no power to do so.

"I'll keep your words in mind, Father." After being advised by his father-in-law, only then did Dylan realize that he was being too assertive in front of his mother and was dominating her. It was his fault to ask his mother to give in without any conditions.

Chapter 337

Adman nodded, feeling relieved. Luckily, his son-in-law listened to him.

After they talked about some business, it was already time to get off work. Dylan bid goodbye to Adam and was ready to pick his little fairy up to have dinner at the Dynasty Hotel.

Adam sent him out of his office and called his daughter over, reminding her to take good care of Dylan.

When the couple entered the elevator, Kendall started to be cheeky and said, "My parents always forget that I'm their biological daughter whenever they see you."

Hearing that, Dylan praised himself. "That's because everybody loves me," he said.

"Haha! That's right. Everybody loves you, and you attract all the girls. I have a bunch of rivals."

"My rivals are not less than yours." His one sentence made her laugh cheekily.

"We... Fine, that makes us even."

He then reached out his hand and flicked her forehead softly. "If our future child is like you, it'll definitely be a little mischievous baby."

"It has to be like me! Otherwise, it won't be cute if it's as cold as you."

Hearing that, he had no comeback. After all, he probably preferred a cheerful kid over a boring, cold

child. Okay, all our children should be like her. I like that!

On the other hand, a perturbed Amelia got out of the car and followed the Mendelson Family's security into the luxurious house.

She was under house arrest by Frank previously, so she had trauma from this house.

Why is Frank looking for me? These days, she didn't even meet Frank anymore and wouldn't take his pictures secretly.

Joshua led Amelia into the house and turned his head to look at her occasionally before saying politely, "Please come in, Ms. Taylor."

Desmond came out from inside quickly. "Why are you so late?"

"Ms. Taylor was not at home," Joshua explained.

They had asked Sophia and obtained Amelia's whereabouts from her. Then, they drove around for some time to look for the woman, so they came back late.

After hearing his explanation, Desmond didn't say anything else. He forced a smile and told the perturbed Amelia, "Ms. Taylor, don't be afraid. Our master has invited you here to ask you for a favor."

Desmond spoke up. "You can rest now. I'll bring Ms. Taylor inside."

Joshua felt glad that Desmond would be bringing Amelia inside, for he was afraid of being scolded by

Frank since they were late. He took the opportunity and quickly left.

When Amelia saw him leaving so quickly, she thought, Even his security is afraid of him. I can tell he's difficult to please. She really had the nerve to take photos of Frank secretly previously.

"Please come in, Ms. Taylor." Desmond forced another smile and invited her inside.

Seeing that, her grip on her bag tightened. She then replied to him with a weak smile before following him into the house.

Since she had been invited here, there was no way she could get away from this. No matter how afraid she was, she needed to bite the bullet and meet Frank.

What surprised her was that when she entered the house, she saw Frank drawing in front of an easel. His concentrated look was very attractive.

What was wrong with his face, though?

Desmond walked over to him and said respectfully, "Master, Ms. Taylor is here."

Frank's hand didn't stop drawing. There was an iciness on his slightly swollen face, and he said coldly, "Why are you so late?"

"Joshua said that they went to the Taylor Residence, but Ms. Taylor wasn't home. As such, they needed to go out and look for her. By the time they located her and brought her here, it was already late."

Frank didn't say anything. After a while, he said calmly, "Let Ms. Taylor sit down. Bring her some tea and snacks before you leave."

"Understood."

Listening to their conversation made Amelia even more nervous.

As soon as Desmond left, Frank and her were the only ones left in the spacious hall.

Desmond gave her some tea and snacks politely, but how could she dare to eat and drink casually? Sitting on the single-seater couch already made her uncomfortable.

At first, she only dared to peek at Frank. Gradually, she stood up carefully and walked over to him sneakily, wanting to see what he was drawing that made him so focused. He hadn't even looked at her since she came in.

Frank didn't look at her, but he knew that she was moving.

"If you want to see it, just do it. Why be sneaky like a thief?" he said ironically.

When Amelia heard that, her actions came to a halt immediately. "P-President Mendelson, I..." He has already exposed me, so why should I still be afraid?

At this thought, she didn't stutter anymore. She plucked up some courage before walking over to him bluntly and standing behind him to see his painting.

As soon as she saw his painting, she was shocked. She pointed at it and said, "President Mendelson,

this little girl that you're drawing looks a lot like Kendall! It's very obvious at first glance." The similarities are uncanny!

Frank didn't look at her or answer her. He just continued drawing the picture of his daughter seriously.

At this moment, Amelia took out her phone habitually. But when she recalled the traumatic experience, she put her phone back in her bag. I can't take a picture! This man is not to be messed with.

"Do you think this child looks like Kendall?" he suddenly asked.

"Very. It looks like it was molded from Kendall's face. In fact, it's like a mini version of her."

Hearing that, Frank suddenly smiled.

Even though his face was still swollen, affecting his handsomeness, his smile dazed Amelia. She felt that he looked better when he smiled, but maybe it was because he always had a stern face on.

"This is Kendall and my daughter. Her nickname is Baby Girl, and her full name... I still haven't thought about it yet. I'll check the books later and give her a nice and meaningful name."

At this moment, Amelia was in complete shock. Her bag even slid down from her hand. Thud! The things in her bag fell onto the floor as it made a loud noise.

"P-Pre..." She was so surprised that she couldn't even say a complete sentence.

Frank and Kendall's daughter?! When did Kendall give birth to Frank's child? She didn't know this at all. Ever since she became good friends with Kendall, there was nothing that they wouldn't tell each other.

Kendall only kept her marriage to Dylan from her.

"Our daughter is really adorable, right?" Frank put down the brush and turned to ask Amelia.

"Would it be better if she looked like Kendall? Do you see any features of our baby girl that look like me?" He still hoped that the child had some features that looked like him.

Meanwhile, Amelia was so shocked that her mind went blank. She couldn't even make up a sentence and say anything.

Frank didn't care whether she was answering him or not. He just took the painting down from the easel.

He had drawn his baby girl countless times. Naturally, he was becoming better at it.

After looking at his painting, he rolled it up and then turned around, giving it to Amelia.

"Ms. Taylor, you're good friends with Kendall. I think you'd want to be our baby girl's godmother. I'll give this painting to you."

Hearing that, she was speechless. Godmother?

If Kendall really had a baby, of course she would want to be the baby's godmother! The question was, where was her goddaughter? If she wanted to be a godmother, she needed to see the child first! Would the child like her as her godmother?

Chapter 338

"P-President Mendelson." Amelia took over the painting and asked, "When did you and Kendall have a baby? Also, where is it? Is she with you or with Kendall? I've never seen her with Kendall, though. Did she ask her adoptive mother to take care of the baby?"

Kendall had a deep relationship with the Woods Family, so she often transferred money and sent presents to her adoptive parents.

Previously, she thought that Kendall just valued the relationship and appreciated her adoptive parents for raising her. Even though her biological parents didn't like her to be so close to her adoptive mother's side, she still went her own way; she visited her adoptive parents when she had the time and would transfer money to them occasionally.

Now, those few words from Frank made Amelia think that Kendall had given the baby to her adoptive parents to help her take care of it.

After pressing his lips together, Frank said, "I also hope that Baby Girl is with the Woods Family, but... no."

Ever since meeting Kendall in the hospital for the first time, he had sent people to look into her past, as well as the Woods Family's friends and relatives. In the end, he still couldn't find his baby girl.

"Baby Girl is not born yet," he finally explained.

Hearing that, Amelia was speechless. This b*stard made my imagination run wild. I thought that

Kendall had something with him before she married Dylan.

She only knew that Kendall liked Jackson, but she knew nothing about Frank.

Although Frank had mentioned Kendall when he caught Amelia filming him back then, she thought that he just wanted to take it out on her friends and relatives. Kendall, being a good friend of hers, wouldn't get away from it.

Only now did she understand the whole picture. Frank was not taking it out on Kendall, but he had his eyes on her. He wanted to use Amelia to approach her!

At this thought, Amelia was enraged. Can I still run away now?

I must tell Kendall to stay away from Frank and try not to go out with me alone! Who knows if he'll use the opportunity when we're together to do something to her?

Hey, I can tell her to bring Ronnie along if she asks me out. Ronnie was handsome, so she liked to see him. With him coming along, Kendall would be safer as well.

"President Mendelson, I don't know why you have your eyes on Kendall, but she is already married. If you really want her to be happy, please don't pester her." Amelia plucked up her courage and spoke. "Also, Kendall doesn't have any feelings for you. I think a smart person like you can feel that."

Dylan was the only person in Kendall's eyes now.

At this moment, Frank looked at her coldly.

Although Amelia was afraid, she straightened her back and forced herself not to back down.

"Only I can provide Kendall with the happiness that she wants. Her being with me is the real happiness." Once Kendall gave birth to Baby Girl, three of them could reunite, and only that could be called happiness.

"Tsk, how shameless!" Her instinctive reaction made Frank's face darken at once.

When she realized what she had said, she panicked and her legs were trembling. "President Mendelson, Dylan is the one Kendall loves, and her relationship with him is very good too. Please don't... Do you have your eyes on Kendall because she's Dylan's wife? You're always against him, so you're thinking about taking away what he likes. If you can't do that, you'll ruin it instead."

Everyone in Orapolis knew that the two top presidents were always going head-to-head with each other.

When Frank heard that, he said coldly, "Shut up. You don't need to care about my things!"

"Do you think I want to care? If it wasn't related to my friend, I wouldn't even be interested in your rumors."

"Why film me when you're not interested, then?"

For a moment, Amelia had no comeback. "Didn't we get over that? I've apologized to you, and you have destroyed all the photos as well. What more do you want?"

At this moment, he walked to the couch and sat down in front of it before saying coldly, "You still owe me a meal."

"I can buy you a meal anytime as an apology."

Back then, Kendall gave Amelia and Frank some space so that she could treat him to a meal. However, as soon as Kendall left, he followed suit. She didn't understand at that time, but now she did—he only went there for Kendall.

Frank looked at her and said cunningly, "The interest will grow. Since I have three meals a day, starting from the day you owe me, you need to buy me an entire month's worth of meals."

Hearing that, Amelia was pissed off. He's such a profiteer!

"Come here!" he ordered her all of a sudden.

She asked cautiously, "Why?"

"I'm asking you to come here. Don't let me repeat it again!" His voice was more devilish than before. When he saw her being cautious, he said sarcastically, "Why? Are you afraid that I'm so hungry I'll molest you?"

She was speechless upon hearing that, and that wasn't the case at all.

It was an open secret in Orapolis that this head of the Mendelsons didn't even have a girlfriend. Although some of the celebrities wanted to spread scandals with him occasionally, he would clarify the rumors and even use his power to make those celebrities' careers miserable.

He wouldn't ban those ambitious celebrities right away, but he would let them lose their resources bit by bit. He could make them turn from well-known celebrities to figures nobody cared about, giving them enough time to regret spreading scandals with him.

Even if they apologized to him and begged for his forgiveness, he wouldn't be soft-hearted.

After a few times, no celebrities dared to spread scandals with him anymore.

With that, everyone was saying that the Mendelson's head had his nose in the air. In fact, the woman he desired was most likely not yet born.

However, Amelia just couldn't understand why Frank had his eyes on Kendall and even had delusions about having a baby with Kendall. He even drew the baby's portrait. He's such a scary man!

"Taylor, do you believe that I'll ask people to come in and break both your legs? I'll let you crawl here!"

Hearing that, she crushed the painting in her hand angrily and walked over to him. People needed to comply when they were inferior, after all.

When Frank saw her crushing the painting, he threatened her devilishly, "If you dare to destroy my daughter's portrait, I'll destroy your whole family!"

Shocked, she let go of her hand and the portrait dropped to the floor.

When she recalled that this baby looked exactly like Kendall, she quickly bent down and picked the painting up. She wanted to bring it back and show Kendall so that she could remind her to be aware of

Frank.

Previously, she only knew that Frank was extremely good-looking but was cold as ice. Yet, he had a pair of mesmerizing eyes that easily attracted women.

"W-What do you want to do?"

Just then, Frank raised his hand and unbuttoned his shirt.

Amelia was terrified when she saw that. She didn't think about anything else and ran out of the place with the portrait in her hand.

In a panic, she knocked into some of his stuff and fell down several times, but she would get up hurriedly and continue to run out.

"Break her legs if she runs out!" His knees were in pain, so he couldn't go after her. In fact, it was impossible for him to chase after her personally since she wasn't Kendall; she was just one of his pawns. She wasn't qualified for him to chase after her personally.

Meanwhile, Amelia stumbled over something again, and she fell on her face in front of the door.

When she lifted her head embarrassedly, she saw several pairs of black leather shoes in front of her. She looked up again and saw the security guards of the Mendelson Residence standing in front of her. Their expressions were very serious, and their gazes were cold.

Chapter 339

One of the security guards even had a steel pipe as thick as an arm in his hand.

Shocked by that, Amelia crawled back into the house.

However, when she realized that the baby's portrait had been dropped at the door, she stared at the steel pipe while crawling out to pick it up.

When she got up again, she turned around and saw the man that terrified her and made her this hysterical. He had already unbuttoned all of the buttons on his shirt, showing...

What? Why are there bruises on his body? Is there something wrong with my eyes?

At this thought, she blinked over and over again before staring at Frank.

"Come here and apply the medicine for me," he ordered her coldly.

Medicine? There were injuries on his body, so the bruises that she saw were real. I'm not seeing things, am I?

Did he unbutton his shirt to ask me to apply the medicine for him? I thought...

At this moment, Amelia was having mixed feelings. She didn't know whether to cry or smile; she didn't even know whether to feel lucky or embarrassed. She was crawling and rolling on the floor just now and even fell down several times, but in the end, it was just because she was overthinking things.

Under Frank's pressure, she walked to him resignedly.

"Go to the cabinet and bring the medicine over," he instructed her to take the medicine.

Dr. Quimby had asked him to apply the medicine a few times every day to subdue the swelling and eliminate the bruises.

Before Dr. Quimby left, he helped him apply the medicine, so it was time to re-apply it.

Amelia went to take a few bottles of medicine while following his instructions. At his request, she wore disposable medical gloves and helped him apply the medicine carefully.

At this moment, she had so many questions in mind. Who could possibly hurt him like this?

He had sent people to bring her over to give her a painting and help him apply the medicine. What was all that for?

"It's Kendall," he suddenly explained, making her lift her head sharply to look at him. At the same time, he lowered his head and looked at her coldly too.

Amelia didn't dare stare at him for too long, so she lowered her head quickly and continued to apply the medicine to him.

"Go back and tell Kendall this—if they dare to do anything to me again, you'll need to atone for her. I'll order you around like you're my maid."

Hearing that, she was speechless. She was the one that he was taking his anger out on. He's such a sick man.

"You'll need to come here and take care of me for the next few days. If I feel like you're not doing a good job taking care of me, don't blame me for being rude to you!"

At this moment, she couldn't help but say, "President Mendelson, don't you think it's very inconvenient for me to take care of you? Don't blame me if our scandal comes up."

"If there's really a scandal about us, you'd definitely be the one who spread it. If that happens, I'll cut out your tongue to feed the dogs and bring your whole family down!"

She really wanted to pour the medicine in her hand onto his head, for she had met unreasonable people, but had never seen someone as unreasonable as him.

After trying her best to hold the anger in, only then did she not do anything. Since she was not like Kendall, who had some moves to defend herself, it would be hard for her to wriggle out of this.

Since she didn't dare go head-to-head with Frank, she became rough when she applied the medicine to him.

Feeling the pain, Frank quickly grabbed her hand and accidentally knocked her other hand, which was holding the medicine. The medicine then spilled from the bottle.

Of all places, the medicine spilled onto his pants and into the middle of his thighs.

Instantly, his face darkened, and she was shocked.

He then pushed her, making her fall onto the ground.

"I'm sorry, President Mendelson..." Who asked you to suddenly grab my hand? He touched her and shook it, making the medicine spill just like that.

"I-I'll wash the pants for you." His ruthless glare made her panic and feel very embarrassed.

Dear God, can't you strike some lightning and let it hit me? I want to faint so that I don't need to see his scary face anymore.

Frank really wanted to cut her hands off. However, once he thought about Kendall and remembered his purpose, he forced himself to suppress the impulse and shouted for the people outside, "I need two people here."

Almost immediately, two security guards came in. When they saw the situation in the room, they were completely shocked, but they didn't show it on their faces.

"Drag this woman out!"

"Yes, Master."

The two security guards came forward to get Amelia up from the ground and carried her away.

Terrified by Frank, she didn't have strength in her legs to walk as well. Since he was kind enough to order two security guards to send her out, she could save her energy as well. As such, she simply lifted

her legs and let the security guards carry her.

When Desmond saw the daughter of the Taylor Family being carried out by the two security guards, he didn't know what to say anymore.

After a while, he sighed and entered the room to see what had happened.

When he saw his Master half-naked with his wet pants and the bottles of medicine on the tea table, he understood the situation immediately.

Then, he walked over to Frank and said in distress, "Master, if you want to apply the medicine, you can just tell me. Why make it hard for yourself?"

Frank just kept his poker face on and didn't say anything.

Seeing his reaction, Desmond sighed again and pushed a wheelchair in. Frank had asked him to buy this wheelchair last time when he was stepped on in the foot by the second daughter of the Parker Family, and he pretended to be severely hurt. It was finally serving its purpose now.

The wounds on Frank's knees were blatantly obvious.

"Master, you should go upstairs to take a shower and change your clothes."

Frank didn't reject Desmond's kindness.

On the other hand, Amelia was carried out by the Mendelson Family's security guards and thrown at the entrance of the manor. Her arms and legs were all scratched.

However, she seemingly didn't realize the pain. She waited for the security guards to leave and quickly stood up. Not forgetting the portrait, she brought it along and dashed away.

"Kendall." When Amelia showed up at Jessie's office, it was already evening. Kendall was going to finish work in half an hour.

"Amelia, lower down your voice." Kendall knew that her best friend was here for her since the front desk had informed her about it.

When Amelia saw Jessie, she quickly covered her mouth with her hand and released it to apologize to Jessie. "Sorry for bothering you, Ms. Secretary."

Jessie saw that Amelia was in a hurry and even shouted for Kendall so anxiously before arriving, she knew that Amelia had something urgent to tell her friend. She said gently, "It's okay. Kendall, you should bring your friend to the VIP room."

"Okay. Come here, Amy." Kendall stood up and tugged on her best friend's arm before dragging her out of Jessie's office to the VIP room.

As soon as they entered the room, Amelia quickly sat herself down and told Kendall, "Kendall, can you bring me a big glass of water? I'm dying. Also, do you have anything to eat here? I haven't eaten anything today. I'm famished."

"We do. Hold on." Kendall poured her a glass of water and brought her some snacks and fruits.

Amelia was really thirsty and hungry after Frank scared the living daylights out of her. After running

away from the Mendelson Family's territory, only then did she realize that she had left her bag in the Mendelson Residence.

As such, she had no money and couldn't make a call. What made it worse was that there were no cabs around the Mendelson Residence, so she could only walk.

She walked until her feet started to feel the pain, and only then did she get a cab. She then asked the driver to drive her to the Parker Corporation. As for the fare, she borrowed it from the Parker Corporation's security guard on duty.

This was why she only arrived at such a late hour.

Chapter 340

Kendall wasn't in a hurry to ask her friend what had happened. She allowed Amelia to take her time eating and drinking, lest the latter choked.

When Kendall noticed that scroll Amelia had brought in earlier, she picked it up from the table.

After unfurling the scroll and seeing its contents, Kendall was stunned.

It was her baby!

"Kendall." Amelia drank a cup of water and ate some desserts, relieving her hunger a little.

When she saw Kendall staring dumbfoundedly at the picture, she explained, "This was drawn by that pervert, Frank. This child looks a lot like you—no, that pervert drew it based on your looks. He even claimed that this is the daughter you have with him! It shocked me terribly. When I asked him when he had a child with you, he said the baby wasn't born yet. He even said that I'm your best friend, so I can be the child's godmother. Then, he just gave me this picture."

She added, "Kendall, Frank must be trying to snatch you from Dylan because of your relationship with him. That jerk and pervert! I never would've guessed that the head of the Mendelson Family would be out of his mind! Also, you beat him up, didn't you? He had bruises all over his body, and he even asked me to apply ointment on him. He even wanted me to take care of him for the time being because I'm your friend. You were the one who beat him up, so I'll have to compensate in your stead. It was such an effective threat that I was terribly shocked, even until now."

After Kendall listened to her friend's explanation, she slammed the table and stood up right away, determined to teach Frank a lesson.

Amelia grabbed her, and after swallowing the dessert in her mouth with great difficulty, she said, "Kendall, don't go to him. If you do, you'll be falling into his trap. He treated me like this so that you'd be forced to go and teach him a lesson. If you go, he'll definitely... He'll cause Dylan to misunderstand things between you and him. Even if Dylan believes you, do you think the other members of the Coleman Family will believe you?"

Kendall said in fury, "That crazy maniac! I should've beaten him up until he lost every single tooth and had to be hospitalized!"

"Calm down, Kendall." Amelia lightly patted Kendall on the chest. "Don't get angry. Since we know of his plots, we just have to escape his traps. He's doing everything he can in order to fight Dylan."

Before this, Frank couldn't grasp Dylan's weakness; now that Dylan was dating Kendall, she would be Dylan's weak spot.

Frank was a scheming man, so he wouldn't let this chance slip by. Naturally, he held onto Dylan's weakness in a death grip and began launching attacks on the man. As long as he could hurt Dylan, Frank would be overjoyed.

"Amy, he's too cunning and shameless. He could've taken everything up with me, but he used you to threaten me instead! That jerk!"

Kendall was furious, and at the same time, she felt guilty for getting her best friend involved.

Amelia grabbed an apple and began munching on it. As she ate, she analyzed, "I'm fine, so don't worry about me. The most he can do to me is to treat me like a servant and get me to slave away for some time. As long as you don't fall into his pit, he'll realize that he can't threaten you through me. He'll let me go soon enough."

Kendall knew her friend was right. However, her friend was suffering because of her. Kendall felt that she would be owing her friend too much if she didn't do anything about it.

Yet, if she really went to Frank, as per Amelia's words, Frank might do something to her. Frank had said before that he'll get Kendall to divorce Dylan and marry him.

He would do anything to achieve his goals, so he might actually force himself on her, then take this opportunity to separate her from Dylan. It would hurt Dylan greatly, and his own wishes would come true.

Kendall remembered how Frank had taken advantage of her while sober in her past life, but he abandoned her in the end, causing the baby to fall to her death. Kendall was immediately consumed by a deep hatred toward Frank.

"Amy..."

"Kendall, you don't have to feel bad about me. We're best friends. I can help you evade danger while keeping myself safe. I won't blame you."

Frank would only be asking her to do his bidding, so she just had to persevere before it became history.

"Kendall, we have to stay strong. You can only save me by hardening your heart and leaving me alone."

Kendall took Amelia's hand, saying both in regret and gratitude, "Amy, I'm so sorry for getting you involved in this. Thank you so much for everything you've done for me."

This friend of hers was worth the friendship.

"No need for thanks. We're friends, so it's no big deal. You don't have to keep thanking me."

Amelia took another bite of the apple. After swallowing it, she grinned and said, "If you really want to thank me, get Dylan to lend you someone and bring them along when we meet. That'll be enough."

Ronnie? Kendall asked her straight away, "Amy, have you fallen for Ronnie?"

Amelia wasn't embarrassed as she nodded and said, "I am interested in him, and perhaps I really have fallen for him. I don't know how things will play out in the future, though."

This was her first time being interested in a man.

"Amy, Ronnie is—"

"Dylan's bodyguard, I know. I won't complain about his line of work. As long as it's legal, no matter what profession it may be, I won't ever complain about it. Moreover, Dylan's bodyguards are no laughing matter either. My parents aren't very particular about social status, so they probably won't be against the idea."

Amelia thought that her friend was worried that Ronnie wouldn't be a great match for her in social terms.

She definitely wouldn't be disappointed that Ronnie was only a bodyguard of Dylan's.

All professions should be treated with the same respect, after all.

"Amy, I'm not talking about social status. When you asked Dylan and I to a meal last time, I more or less guessed the truth. I asked Dylan about it before, and he said that even though Ronnie is his bodyguard, he's actually from a good background. Ronnie decided to be Dylan's bodyguard because he's skilled in fighting, and he likes being a bodyguard. Also, Dylan said that he had saved Ronnie's life before, so Ronnie became his bodyguard to repay his kindness."

Hearing that, Amelia's eyes lit up as she smiled and said, "I never thought the man I'm interested in is so mysterious. That's even better. If I really fall in love with him, I won't have to worry about my parents protesting our relationship. Kendall, can you help me ask more about him? I want to know more about Ronnie's family situation. For starters, what's his real name?"

Kendall hadn't asked about Ronnie's real name. "Do you really intend to take things further with Ronnie?"

"I am very interested in him right now. When we meet more often and spend more time with each other, I'll see how he thinks of me. If he's also interested, then I'll take things further with him. If he doesn't feel anything toward me, I'll just forget about it. I'll treat him as a pretty landscape painting hanging on the wall, and I can admire him when I miss him."

Amelia wanted her relationships to be reciprocal instead of one-sided. If Ronnie didn't feel anything

special toward her, she wouldn't pester him even if she really liked him.

She was willing to take it up, so similarly, she could let it go.

Seeing her friend's earnest look, Kendall said, "I'll ask in more detail for you. When we meet up in the future, I'll always bring Ronnie along so that you two can have more time together. Let's see if there's any chemistry between you."