

## **Kendalls 461**

### Chapter 461

"Brian."

Kendall got up and hurriedly grabbed Brian's hand as she persuaded, "You've had two glasses of wine. Even if you're not drunk, you can't drive, so you should stay here for the night. This is your home too, so where are you returning to?"

Brian lowered his head and watched their linked hands.

After that, he turned around to gaze deeply at her.

Under the light, Brian could clearly see Kelly's beauty.

Kelly was his Aphrodite.

Even if the goddess had fallen from grace, he couldn't let her go.

"Kelly, if I stay here, I'm afraid..."

His voice was low, and he didn't complete the sentence.

He knew Kelly understood what he meant.

However, Kelly still held his hand tightly and did not speak.

At that point, Brian couldn't help but hug her, and neither did Kelly push him away.

Her meekness silently encouraged Brian as he put his arm around her slender waist. Although she was pregnant, she was still in the first trimester, and her figure had not changed. Then, he used the other hand to lift her chin to gaze deeply at her features.

His head got lower, and he eventually captured her sweet lips.

Kelly subconsciously grabbed his shirt and lifted her chin to accept his kiss.

Finally able to kiss his goddess' sweet lips, Brian started to get excited under the influence of alcohol. He felt the blood in his body boiling.

He couldn't stop himself and wasn't going to, as he wanted to explore deeper.

Then, the two bodies fell together onto the large bed.

After some vigorous exercise, Kelly fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, Brian took a hot shower before he sat on the edge of the bed to look at Kelly's sleeping face. Thereafter, he used his large hand to touch Kelly's face.

If Kelly hadn't had an affair with Jackson, I would cherish her very much and marry her. Now, however...

Brian withdrew his hand that was touching her face.

Now, they both took what they needed.

Afterward, he got up and turned off the lights to leave the room.

After going downstairs, he summoned his housekeeper and instructed her to keep an eye on Kelly.

It was because he was afraid that Kelly would miscarry.

Of course, it wasn't because Brian wanted to save the child as it wasn't his. However, he didn't want Kelly to get hurt because of the miscarriage.

"Prepare my breakfast tomorrow morning. I'll come back early tomorrow."

Brian instructed the housekeeper and left.

As such, the housekeeper escorted him out and watched him drive away from the villa before she closed the villa's door.

One of the rooms upstairs had the lights turned off.

Hence, the housekeeper did not go upstairs to disturb Kelly's rest.

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Early in the morning, the sun broke through the clouds and shone brightly.

It was to be a good day ahead.

The Coleman Residence was still quiet, but those who had poor sleep were already up.

And the poor sleeper was none other than Tilly.

She was worried about Dylan. However, she was stubborn enough to not let down her pride to ask about him.

After she sat quietly in the hall for a moment, she got up and headed out.

"Old Madam Coleman, where are you going? Let me accompany you."

The housekeeper, Tia, quickly appeared.

However, Tilly waved her hand and said, "I want to walk by myself, so don't follow me. I'm not going far. I'll just walk around here."

Tilly was too old to have the stamina to walk around the Coleman Residence, so her usual range of activity was around that main house.

If she had to go to other sons' houses, they would come and pick her up without her having to travel too far.

"Old Madam Coleman, should I wake Miss Alice up to keep you company?"

Tia thought Tilly didn't want her company.

"No, it's still early. Let Ally sleep a little longer."

Then, Tilly said gently, "Tia, I'm old, but not so old that I would faint if I took a walk alone. Don't worry about me; I'll only walk around and bask in the sunrise."

Since she said that, Tia stayed silent.

So, Tilly walked out of the low-key, luxurious hall. She did not linger in the courtyard, but walked straight through and went out.

However, she didn't know where to go after exiting the main house.

Finally, she headed for Dylan's residence.

When Tilly arrived near the pavilion where Dylan often ate, she stopped walking forward. Instead, she stepped into the pavilion to sit down by the stone table, and looked out in the distance with her back turned to Dylan's residence.

All she saw was the view of her own home.

The power that the Coleman Family had built over several generations was enormous. Moreover, Tilly was relieved that their family had a successor, so she didn't have to worry about it.

Soon after, the sound of steady footsteps sounded behind them.

Tilly turned to look at the approaching man. It was none other than Dylan, her beloved eldest grandson, who also made her mad.

Dylan's wheelchair was parked at the pavilion entrance, and Ronnie and the rest didn't follow him.

One of the rooms upstairs had the lights turned off.

Tilly watched Dylan take one step up the steps as he walked into the pavilion and to her side to sit down.

Dylan didn't sleep well last night either.

He had the dream he hadn't had in a long time last night. Moreover, he dreamed about a baby, probably because he drew a baby yesterday. One would dream about what one thought about in the day, so he dreamt about a baby.

As he was used to having dreams about his wife, he was not used to it when Kendall was not by his side. In addition, the dream made Dylan toss and turn. Before he had the taste of ecstasy, it was tormenting enough but after the joy, it was nothing short of torturous.

Hence, he had dark circles under his bloodshot eyes, coupled with a scruffy chin. In short, he looked utterly haggard.

When Tilly saw that, she was visibly distressed.

As soon as Dylan sat down, she slapped him hard on his arm and scolded, "You little brat, how long do

you want to torment me? You didn't eat for a whole day. Just look at yourself; you are hurting yourself for a woman!"

Dylan didn't speak and let Tilly slap his arm.

After Tilly was done, he lightly instructed, "Ronnie, let the kitchen deliver a meal for me and Old Madam Coleman."

Then, Ronnie hurriedly called over to the kitchen to let them quickly bring Tilly and Dylan's breakfast over.

Tilly's face eased up as she sighed. "It's been a long time since you've eaten with me. When you were little, you were a particularly picky eater. Every day, to get you to eat more, I racked my brain to make all kinds of delicious food for you to make you eat. Fortunately, you later got rid of the bad habit of being a picky eater."

"You taught me that everyone makes mistakes. Making mistakes is okay, as long as we fix them."

It was a double entendre.

Tilly knew what Dylan meant.

She didn't answer him. She reached out to gently stroke his handsome face, eyes, and chin before rubbing his stubble.

"How many days has it been since you last shaved?"

"Just a few days."

The scruff certainly didn't grow overnight.

It was obvious that Dylan hadn't shaved in a few days.

"In the past, your grandfather used to carry you and play with you by nuzzling his scruffy face into yours. You'd cry while laughing and call me for help."

Dylan smiled at that. "Grandpa said he wanted to grow a long beard to be a long-bearded old man. However, you disliked his long beard, so he didn't grow it until his last breath."

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"After breakfast, go back and get a clean shave. I like to see your face clean. Of all your brothers, you're the most like your grandfather."

After a pause, Dylan asked, "Do you love and be protective of me the most because I'm most like Grandpa?"

He was confident that Tilly wouldn't care about his brother's wife as long as it was a woman. However, if they brought a man back, Dylan reckoned Tilly would be open to it too.

"It is true that I love you the most. However, am I overly protective of you? Did I ever control your wishes in your past?"

Dylan pursed his lips when he heard that.

Then, Tilly sighed and asked, "Do you love Kendall that much?"

"Yes, I love her a lot!"

"What about her is worth your effort? You even resorted to a hunger strike for her, and pissed me off."

Tilly sounded a little agitated when she said that.

Then, she took multiple deep breaths to convince herself not to get too emotional.

They couldn't continue the stalemate.

There would be no winner if this continued.

If Dylan starved, Tilly would be heartbroken.

If Tilly got hurt, Dylan would feel guilty too.

If the stalemate continued, an opponent would surely have a chance to attack the company if Dylan never returned to the office.

Tilly remembered the past when Dylan had an accident. The Mendelson Group had united with many companies to suppress the Coleman Empire Holdings.

After suppressing her emotions, Tilly muttered, "I was once young too. I know that love is unreasonable. Love is love; sometimes, when one falls in love, they can never find the reason."

At that moment, Dylan looked straight at Tilly and said, "You know of a recurring dream I have, right?"

Tilly nodded in response.



They had a good relationship. Dylan never told his parents about his recurring dream, but he had told his grandmother.

"Could it be that the woman in your dream is Kendall?" Tilly asked speculatively.

"It's her."

Tilly frowned when she heard that. "How could it be her? When you started to have this dream, I hadn't even sent someone to go to the Parker Family to propose marriage. At that time, you didn't even know who she was, let alone see her in person."

"That's why I never dreamed of her face until I married Kendall."

"Could it be that you fell in love with her and automatically substituted her look into your dream?"

However, Dylan shook his head. "No."

Tilly once again remembered the marriage sign she had asked for Dylan. The master who had interpreted the sign told her that Dylan could return to his usual self by letting him marry Kendall. Otherwise, he would remain disabled and would not have offspring.

Tilly still remembered the words of the master, saying that one must repay the debt from the past.

Regarding that, Tilly hoped it was Kendall who owed Dylan in the past, and not the other way around.

However, judging from what happened, it seems that Dylan is the one who owed Kendall. Looks like I have to free up my schedule to make a trip over again with Dylan and Kendall's birthdate, so I can let the master evaluate their fate. I want to know why Dylan owes Kendall. To repay the debt, Dylan spoiled Kendall and made many exceptions for her.

Tilly never believed in the supernatural, nor did she believe in reincarnation. She believed that people would stay dead when they died and would never go to the afterlife.

However, she couldn't explain what happened to Dylan in a scientific manner.

"Grandma, I love Kendall. I've given her all my heart. Without her, my heart will be hollowed out, and my world will be dark."

Then, Dylan sincerely apologized to Tilly. "Grandma, I didn't take good care of you and rarely accompanied you. I promise that every weekend from now on, Kendall and I will accompany you for a walk. If you accept Kendall, you won't lose a grandson; instead, you will have another granddaughter-in-law to be respectful to you."

Tilly silently looked at her grandson.

After listening to him, she chuckled. "Since Kendall joined our family, she has never been free. She has little time for you, let alone your mom and I. We never spend time together or understand each other, so why should I accept her?"

After a pause, Tilly continued, "One thing I admit is that Kendall is much stronger than before; at least she's not with Kelly anymore. Kelly is ambitious. She knows that she is not the Parker Family's birth daughter, so she began to dig a pit for Kendall. I can understand Kelly's reluctance. After all, she has been groomed as the successor of the Parker Corporation for twenty years. Moreover, she is about to inherit a big family fortune. However, Kendall suddenly appeared, so Kelly isn't happy. Of course, I won't take her side. Everyone is selfish, and it is only natural that Adam and his wife want to raise their birth daughter to inherit the family business."

However, Dylan shook his head. "No."

Tilly once again remembered the marriage sign she had asked for Dylan. The master who had interpreted the sign told her that Dylan could return to his usual self by letting him marry Kendall. Otherwise, he would remain disabled and would not have offspring.

Meanwhile, Dylan quickly spoke up for his beloved wife. "Kendall doesn't have to go to work on weekends. She spends most of her weekends with me and I occupy her time, so she has no time for you, Mom, and Dad. It's all my fault. Please don't blame her."

Tilly glared at him when she heard that. "I barely criticized her, yet you can't wait to defend her."

"I told her that since I married her, I will protect her for the rest of her life unless she betrays me. If she doesn't do that, we will stick with each other forever. I also told her that if the world is her enemy, I will defy the world. That day, however, I couldn't hold up my promise, as she was hurt by the world."

Dylan's last sentence was tinged with both guilt and heartache.

"Are you blaming me?"

"Put yourself in my shoes. If it were you, would you complain?"

At that, Tilly choked.

The grandmother-grandson duo then looked at each other silently.

The silence continued until the kitchen delivered breakfast for them.

Dylan's breakfast was light.

As he hadn't eaten all day yesterday, the kitchen was afraid that the heavy food would hurt his stomach after starving for a day.

"Grandma, are you hungry? Let's have breakfast. After that, I'll take a walk with you to digest the meal."

Tilly glanced at his breakfast and said nothing.

The kitchen had a dedicated nutritionist on duty who would adjust the meals according to the physical condition of each owner in each room.

"Your leg hasn't fully recovered yet, so you don't need to walk with me. When you are fully recovered, let's head for shopping. I want to go shopping as I haven't done so in years."

Tilly was getting older, so her children and grandchildren didn't want her to go out; at best, they let her walk around the house.

As such, Dylan smiled. "Sure."

Looking at his smile, Tilly sighed. "Dylan, no wonder so many girls out there adore you. You look perfect when you smile."

However, Dylan only answered, " I don't want to attract more women, and it's bad luck."

To Dylan, Kendall was enough.

So, Tilly chuckled. "You never have bad luck in love."

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"Both of you are definitely not for each other. I understand that you're not a romantic, but the number of girls who admire you are countless. The only thing that they lack was their initiatives in pursuing you, like Yasmine did; your wife is no different either. I can believe that she and Frank are innocent, but she really was in a relationship with Jackson."

"Grandma, I'm the first man Kendall's ever had!"

Tilly was caught speechless.

Look at how protective he is of her!

Sighing under her breath, Tilly stated, "After your breakfast, go to the company and finish up the remaining tasks before heading to your in-laws to pick up Kendall."

After the day-long tension between the grandmother and grandson, Tilly chose to concede in the end. Through their conversation, she was aware that her grandson had fallen too deeply for Kendall. If she was to break them up, she was afraid that Dylan would be ruined by her own hands.

Since this was the successor she and her husband so painstakingly raised, she was not about to let this ruin his life.

At that, Dylan revealed a content smile. "Thank you, Grandma."

"Not too fast. Although I permit you to let her into the household, this doesn't mean that I approve of

her. She'd still need to prove herself in the future. Also, you can't be overprotective of her either. You'd need to have her get along with your mother and aunts. If she wants to be the madam of the Coleman Family, she will have a lot of hoops to jump through." The old madam drafted her own terms.

Since Dylan was the current head of the Coleman Family, this meant that his wife would naturally be the madam of the household.

As the madam of the Colemans, she would need to be able to hold herself well. In other words, Kendall was still lacking in terms of social aspect.

"Understood, Grandma. I'll tell Kendall to bond more with Mom and our aunts."

"She's learnt the basics of etiquette; that's about enough. From now on, she'll have to learn to deploy them in real life, so you should bring her to social events and parties. I'm old now, so I don't have the energy to bring her around. With your protectiveness over her, I don't think that anyone else would dare to lead her around as well. Since you cherish her that much, you should shoulder this task."

Hearing that, Dylan nodded repeatedly. As soon as Tilly was done, he asked, "Grandma, can we not do this again?"

The old madam glared at him. "Do you want to drive me to an early grave?"

Dylan quickly replied, "Thank you, Grandma. I promise not to anger you again."

Snorting, Tilly said, "You did not anger me, not on the surface, at least. But, your acts of self-harm and abuse are akin to a knife in my heart. I still feel pain inside."

"I apologize, Grandma."

"Eat up. You've been starving all day, so you must be famished. Go on." Tilly started to urge her grandson to eat.

Finally in a relaxed state, Dylan felt that the weather was stunning today, for he was in high spirits.

He had planned to call Kendall in a while after he finished with work. That way, he could pick her up from Eastfort after he paid a visit to the parkers. In actuality, he believed that it was his fault that their daughter suffered, so he wanted to apologize to them.

Naturally, he was not about to let the culprit that separated them temporarily off the hook.

Frank, who was also having his breakfast, sneezed hard.

"Master," Desmond called out in worry.

Rubbing his nose with a tissue, Frank responded impatiently, "I'm not that weak. What is this breakfast? It's absolutely disgusting."

Out of a bad mood, he felt that he was chewing on candle wax, despite having a delicious breakfast. As such, he blamed it on the chef.

Courageously, Desmond said, "Master, you're only feeling that the breakfast is awful due to your bad mood. The chef is personally hired by you and it was you who approved of his skills."

Frank turned around and stared at his butler.

"Master, how about I invite Miss Taylor for breakfast now?"

"How about you look at the time? By the time she arrives, I'll be eating lunch already."

Desmond did not dare to speak after that.

After a moment of silence, Frank ordered, "Invite her, but send her to the company. I'm going to take a look at the company today."

Since he had stayed at home for quite some time, he thought that he should return to the company.

Luckily for him, Eric from Eastford did not punch him in the face that day, unlike Dylan, who would always aim for his face. He was starting to suspect whether Dylan only hit him on the face so violently because he was jealous of his good looks.

If Dylan could hear his thoughts, he would reply that Frank was the one in love with him instead, seeing how he was always targeting him and wanting to take him and his wife as his own.

At this thought, Frank was disgusted by that and thought Dylan was a shameless man. Ew! Dylan quickly replied, "Thank you, Grandma. I promise not to anger you again."

"Okay." Desmond immediately smiled brightly.

Yet, this made Frank frown. "Desmond, why are you suddenly so happy now that I ordered you to pick Amelia up? What, are you thinking of getting together with her? Do you fancy her or something?"

Cough, cough... Desmond nearly choked to death upon hearing this.

What train of thought is this?

Why would I fancy Miss Taylor? I treat her as the future madam of the family.

"Master, I-I'm at the age where I could be Miss Taylor's father. Why would I fancy her? I'm happy because your mood would get better if I invited her over. I'm happy because of you, Master."

This made Frank stop frowning, although he was still teasing him, "If you like her, I can help you out. With me by your side, I can make sure you make her yours."

Desmond responded, "Master, I don't like—no—I don't fancy Miss Taylor. I only treat her as my junior. She could be my daughter, so I treat her as one."

Snorting twice, Frank stated, "I thought you were into her, seeing how you kept helping her in secret. You even dare to disobey me because of her."

Desmond could feel a bead of sweat forming on his forehead. "Master, that's because I don't want you to regret this. After all, Miss Taylor is a very close friend of Miss Kendall. If you hurt her, it'll be equivalent to hurting Ms. Parker. You'll regret this."

This made Frank stare at him. "Is this true?"

Desmond kept nodding, almost wanting to swear to God. "Master, all the things I do are for you. I don't harbor any ill intentions. You shouldn't say that I fancy Miss Taylor, Master. If I were to do that, I'd be

destroying Miss Taylor's reputation."

Although Frank calmed down, he made a sarcastic remark. "Does she still have any reputation to uphold?"



Thinking of Amelia's hobby, Frank found himself speechless.

Indeed, she had a bad reputation.

"I don't have the appetite anymore. Have somebody pick up Amelia and let her bring me something to eat at the company." As soon as he stated that, Frank stood up and left the dining area.

Desmond, who reacted after he walked out, affirmed respectfully. Raising his hand, he wiped his forehead only to find himself full of sweat.

Master really scared the wits out of me earlier. Thankfully, he still believes in me.

Only God knew how much he was working behind the scenes to ensure that his master would not suffer when he wanted to vye for her affection in the future...

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After Desmond saw Frank out the door, he quickly departed for the Taylors.

Amelia was relieved after knowing that Kendall was safe. On top of the fact that she did not have to wait upon Frank, that twisted man, she fell into such a deep sleep to the point where she was still in dreamland when Desmond arrived at her place.

Phoning her non-stop, Desmond did not get an answer. In an act of desperation, he could only ring the doorbell.

The Taylor Family only hired two servants; one of them was responsible for cooking while the other cleaned the household.

Hearing the doorbell ring, the servant in charge of cleaning did not even put her broom down when she rushed to open the door. She kept her guard up at the sight of Desmond and asked, "Sir, may I ask who you're looking for?"

"Hi. Is Miss Amelia Taylor at home?"

After scanning him from head to toe, the servant replied, "Miss is still asleep. Can I ask for your name, Sir? Also, why are you looking for Miss so early?"

"I'm the butler of the Mendelson Family, Desmond," he announced his identity.

After all, all the servants working for the wealthy families knew about the rich. The Mendelsons only got famous because Frank was the sworn enemy of Dylan, whose influence was so great that it impacted Frank's reputation.

If Frank could hear this, he would be shouting at how he was not inferior to Dylan. Even without Dylan, he was a relatively famous person.

"Please wait for a moment, Mr. Desmond. I'll inform the madam." The servant then shut the door and went inside.

Meanwhile, Sophia was not on the ground floor as she was right in front of her daughter's room. She knocked on the door in an attempt to wake Amelia up.

"Amy, wake up. It's already 8.00AM. Why are you still asleep? Wake up and eat something. Then, accompany me to meet Harriet at Urban Break. I want to introduce her son to you." Sophia was worried sick about her daughter's love life.

Every time she set up a blind date for Amelia, there would be no follow-up from the man. This was because each time Amelia met someone, she would tell her date that she fancied a lot of men, so most of them thought that she was loose.

If one worried about being cuckolded after marriage, who would continue to stay in contact?

The slightly wealthy all knew about the particular hobby of Amelia, who loved to take candid photos of handsome men. One time, she even got into trouble with Frank because of that.

If one really married such a woman, not only would they be constantly jealous, they might even have to be prepared to clean up her mess, for she might implicate her husband due to her peculiar hobby.

Hence, this was why Amelia had countless dates to no avail.

This time, the son of Sophia's long-time friend had returned from abroad. Since he was abroad for some time, she thought that he might be more open. As for Harriet, she basically watched Amelia grow up and believed that she was not one who would betray her husband. As for that hobby of hers, they thought that she would still be able to control herself if they advised her about it.

Therefore, the two mothers agreed to let their children meet up.

"Amy, do you hear me? Get up now!" Sophia started to bang on the door.

At that moment, she had the impulse to kick the door down.

Finally, Amelia opened the door.

At the sight of her messy hair and cartoon-themed pajamas with no slippers, Sophia was livid!

Poking her daughter's forehead, she chided, "Look at you! You're a mess from head to toe. Also, can't you get another pair of pajamas? Are you still a child, sleeping in cartoon-themed clothes?"

Amelia stepped back and tilted her head, not letting her mother poke her.

"Mom, you'll drill a hole into my head."

"There's nothing in there anyway."

"It's precisely because I'm dumb that you shouldn't poke me. If I become a fool from all your poking, then nobody will marry me. You'll have to take care of me for life then."

Sophia was speechless with anger. As she entered the room, she went straight to the wardrobe and opened it before picking a set of clothes for her daughter. She then turned around and threw it to Amelia. "Change into these. Remember to comb your hair and tie it."

Amelia, who caught the clothes thrown by her mother, looked at it before her expression turned sour. "Mom, I don't like these clothes."

The clothes would make her look very conservative.

And I am not one.

She preferred something simpler and comfortable.

"When you go to the date later, you'll wear this. Also, act more ladylike." Sophia rejected her daughter's pleas and insisted on her changing into the clothes.

"Mom, I don't want to go on a date. Mrs. Mullinsky's son always bullied me when we were younger. I don't want to have a blind date with him."

"Well, she's the only left who doesn't look down upon you now. If not him, then who? Both of you didn't know anything back then. It's normal for children to fight. Now that you're all in your twenties and thirties, why bother remembering the niggles from your childhood?"

Hence, this was why Amelia had countless dates to no avail.

"Amy, Harriet and I have a very deep friendship. She watched you grow up too. If you married into her family, I don't have to worry about you getting bullied. Our families are quite a match too, so there's no issue of who is the superior one. I've seen Kendall getting bullied by her in-laws, so I'm not about to let you face the same thing."

Mentioning Kendall made Sophia's tone gentler as she sighed and said, "With Kendall's condition, she would've led a very happy life if she met a man with a similar family background to hers. Yet, she had to get married to the Colemans... They have more rules than hair there. The women of the Coleman Family cannot work and they can only stay at home."

"Although Kendall still insisted on working, even with Master Dylan shielding her, she still got chased out of the family by Old Mrs. Coleman in the end."

"Amy, how is Kendall now?" Sophia was still worried about her daughter's best friend.

After Kendall's incident, she had been urging Amelia to accompany her.

"She's in Eastfort for a change of pace now. Since she saved the young master of the Ford Family in Eastfort, nobody dares to disturb her for the time-being as she's under the Fords' protection."

"Will she and Master Dylan file for divorce?"

Amelia replied unwaveringly, "They won't."

Sighing again, Sophia did not continue the conversation regarding Kendall. Instead, she went back to

talking about the blind date and urged her daughter to change.

Under her mother's pressure, Amelia could only hug the clothes before begrudgingly entering the bathroom.

Just as she entered, the servant knocked on the door.

Since the door was not closed, the servant stood at the entrance and told Sophia, "Madam, there's a Mr. Desmond at the door. He said that he's the butler of the Mendelsons and that he's here for Miss."

Turning around, Sophia asked, "The butler of the Mendelsons? Why is he here for Amy?"

In actuality, Sophia was clueless about Frank's constant 'pickup service' for Amelia. This was because she was mostly picked up outside their compound. If Amelia was at home, then Desmond would call her first before she made up an excuse to go out.

Since she often came home late every time she went out, Sophia had gotten used to it, so she did not know the countless times where her daughter had interacted with Frank.

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Amelia, who heard what the maid said, instantly dashed out from the bathroom. "Mom, it's Desmond. He's really the butler of the Mendelsons. If he's here for me, that means that something must've happened. Mom, could you go down and welcome him for me?"

This stunned Sophia. "Do you know him very well? Desmond?"

This was because she heard her daughter address him by name.

If she did not know him well, why would she address him so directly?

"Mom, quickly head down and greet him. Frank deeply trusts his butler, as Desmond handles all the aspects of the Mendelson household. You don't want to offend him." Amelia purposefully stated that as if Desmond would actually be offended while she pushed Sophia out of her room.

In truth, Frank's butler, Desmond, and Dylan's butler, Amos, were not someone ordinary people should cross.

This was why everybody usually addressed them as 'mister'.

After pushing her mother out of the room, Amelia hurriedly shut the door before putting back the clothes Sophia chose for her. Then, she picked out clothes that she liked and tidied herself up before heading downstairs.

By then, Sophia had already invited Desmond in.

"How can my Amy help you, Mr. Desmond?" Sophia wore a polite smile on her face.

Thinking that since he had stated his identity and Sophia knew who he was, Desmond reasoned that his master would want him to pick up Amelia often, so he chose to come clean.

"It's like this, Mrs. Taylor. My master wants me to pick Miss Taylor up because he wants to meet her. Also, he wants Miss Taylor to prepare breakfast for him. My master is in a bad mood today, so he skipped breakfast and went straight to work."

Sophia was completely befuddled upon hearing this.

Am I hearing things?

Mr. Mendelson had his butler come over to pick Amy up, so he could see her and eat the breakfast she prepares?

W-Why does this sound a bit suspicious?

This makes it seem like Amy and Mr. Mendelson are a pair.

In reality, the person Frank loved was Kendall. After all, he was the one declaring his love for her so blatantly that caused Kendall to be ousted from the Colemans by her mother-in-law.

It was after a while did Sophia snap back to reality and asked, "Mr. Desmond, I don't really understand your words. You said that you're picking Amy up and sending her to the Mendelson Group under orders

from your master... and she needs to prepare breakfast for him as well? It's not like it's Amy's fault that your master is in a bad mood and went to work without breakfast, so why are you here for her?"

Frank smiled and replied, "Mrs. Taylor, our master likes it when Miss Taylor accompanies him when he's down."

Hearing this, Sophia stared at him wide-eyed. "Give me a second, Mr. Desmond."

She tried to digest what Desmond was telling her before she questioned, "Mr. Desmond, does your master meet with my daughter on a regular basis?"

She only knew about Amelia taking candid photos of Frank, who then had his bodyguards remove the photos upon discovering them.

Besides that time, when did Amy meet with Frank?

Sophia was completely oblivious as to what was going on.

Did she take photos of him in secret after that?

Swearing by it, Amelia had promised to never take any candid photos of Frank again.

Yet, just as Desmond was about to explain the situation to her, they heard a stomping sound coming from the stairwell. It was Amelia, who was running down the stairs in a hurry.

When she was still upstairs, she heard the conversation between Desmond and her mother, which spooked her.

How could Desmond tell Mom that I see Frank frequently!?!



"Desmond."

After Amelia ran downstairs, she approached them and pulled Desmond aside while saying to Sophia, "Mom, excuse us for a moment."

Sophia did not know what to say. Seeing how she acted, she knew that they knew each other quite well.

What is this brat hiding from me?

She then remembered that Amelia had been going out rather early in the morning lately and always came back late. Sometimes, she did not even know whether her daughter came home.

Then, her eyelids started twitching. Don't tell me that Amy has been returning so late because she was together with Mr. Mendelson?

But, why?

After Amelia went outside with Desmond, she exclaimed in an angry yet panicked tone, "Mr. Desmond, why are you here without informing me beforehand? Also, you can't tell my mom that I meet Frank frequently. She doesn't know anything about this."

Desmond replied innocently, "Miss Taylor, I did try to call you, but you didn't answer. Also, you have

been together with Master very frequently lately. You cannot hope to hide this. Your mother will come to know this eventually. So, you should accept this fact sooner or later."

Amelia felt a rush of blood to her head right then.

"Desmond, I'm the target where your master takes his anger out on. Don't make it seem like we have something romantic going on between us. What do you mean 'together with your master'? I can't hope to hide this? You're sounding as if I'm having an affair with Frank."

This made Desmond smile. "Alright, I admit it was a slip of the tongue from my side. Miss Taylor, my master is in a bad mood today. He went to the company without any breakfast. With how heavy his workload is, he won't take it if he doesn't have breakfast. So, please come with me now. We can pick up breakfast from the hotel outside and give it to him."

Hearing this, Sophia stared at him wide-eyed. "Give me a second, Mr. Desmond."

At that, Amelia took a few steps backward. "Desmond, please don't make it hard on me. Everytime your master is in a bad mood, you come to me and I become his outlet for releasing stress. Have you considered my feelings? If he's so capable, then he can go fight it out with Master Dylan. I believe that Master Dylan is more than willing to do so. If he doesn't want to eat, it means that he isn't hungry. I do not want to serve him breakfast. When he's on the verge of dying from starvation, you can come find me. I'll ask for his bank account password. Then, I can inherit his wealth when he dies, hahaha."

Yet, Desmond only replied, "If you get married to my master, Miss Taylor, his riches will all be yours."

Suddenly, Amelia's smile froze up as she choked on her saliva.

"I was only joking, Desmond. Please don't pull this kind of prank on me. Who would want to marry to such a demented person like your master? People who fall in love with him are all blind. I admit that I have stellar vision, so I definitely am not blind."

Besides, Frank only had Kendall in his heart. With how insistent he was toward Kendall, Amelia thought that it would be very hard for another woman to enter his heart.

She admitted that she did not possess such qualifications to do so, nor did she want to hurt herself trying. After all, her love for Ronnie ended in tatters and she grieved over that for a good few days.

"Let's go, Miss Taylor." Desmond, who saw that it was getting late, was not interested in chit-chatting with Amelia as he gestured for her to get into the car.

Yet, Amelia stated, "Desmond, I thought I made it clear that I'm not going. My mom has set up a blind date between me and Mrs. Mullinsky's son. I need to attend that. She's very worried since I've failed so many blind dates." She then turned around to walk back into the house.

At that moment, Desmond waved his hand and two bodyguards from the Mendelsons immediately blocked her path.

"Miss Taylor, I don't want to hurt you, so please don't force their hand and come with me quietly. The master is still waiting for your breakfast."

Amelia's face darkened. "You can't always force me!"

In reality, even though they were 'inviting' her every time, the truth was she did not have a say in the matter just like right now.

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In the end, Amelia was still dragged away by Desmond.

After waiting for her daughter's return but to no avail, Sophia could not hold it in anymore as she went out to see what was going on. To her dismay, Amelia had already left with Desmond, leaving her all alone. What just happened?

On the other end, both Dylan and Tilly conceded to each other after a lengthy talk with each other. After he had breakfast, he went out with his bodyguards in tow.

The first stop was the Parker Residence.

Despite the countless honks the driver sounded at the entrance upon reaching their villa, there was only one servant who came out and took a look before heading back in. After that, nobody else showed up again.

"Young Master."

Ronnie turned his head and told Dylan, "I think that President Parker doesn't want to see you."

A moment of silence came before Dylan uttered, "I'm getting off."

Ronnie immediately went down and soon enough, Dylan alighted from the car and sat in his wheelchair.

With Ronnie pushing him, Dylan personally pressed the doorbell.

Ding dong, ding dong...

Adam, who heard the doorbell, pretended as if nothing happened, for he was still reading the newspaper.

Due to his bad mood, he had not returned to the company these last few days. The Parkers couple even switched off their phones upon knowing that his daughter went to Eastfort.

They did not want to handle their relatives' thirst for drama, which was disguised as concern and comfort. Also, the paparazzis did not dare to follow a scoop at the Colemans, so they hid nearby their villa, hoping to get a glimpse of them instead.

For decades, the Parkers had not gotten so much attention until now.

Charlotte looked at her husband. "Honey, ignore him. If you find the doorbell annoying, just listen to music with your headphones, or you can just stuff your ears with cotton."

"Master Dylan is here."

"So?" Adam was still furious about that day and the anger stemmed from his empathy toward his daughter.

Since Kendall did not grow up under their care for twenty-five years, they felt that they had owed her too much. Therefore, how could they not feel anything when watching their child be wronged?

Under the worst case scenario, Adam planned to keep her under his wing forever if the Colemans ever rejected his daughter.

Although the Parkers were not as well-off as the Colemans, they still had ample money to raise their daughter.

Charlotte sighed. "Kendall doesn't want to divorce Master Dylan and he feels the same. They still love each other a lot. Old Madam Coleman's words don't represent Master Dylan."

"And? He still watched my daughter get bullied. Does he think I'll forgive him just because he came in person? Does he think he can take my daughter back just like that? Dream on! Unless that old hag apologizes in my house and personally accepts Kendall back in front of the media, I will not let Kendall step back into that wretched household!" Adam was very adamant about this.

As much as he was very satisfied with his son-in-law, he knew that he could not concede on this matter.

If Tilly did not lower her head this time and allow Dylan bring back Kendall in tow, Adam knew that Tilly would bully his daughter in the future again.

"Do you think the old madam would do that?"

Charlotte thought that Tilly would not lower her head just because of Kendall, admitting that letting Dylan come in person was already the concession on Tilly's part.

"You're too softhearted. You've already forgotten how wronged our daughter felt that day. I, for one,

haven't forgotten about it. Just recalling it sends pangs to my heart."

Charlotte replied, "How could I forget about that? But, Kendall still wants to be together with Master Dylan. We should also think of his dignity as well. I don't want to see our daughter not ending up with Master Dylan ever again."

Adam said determinedly, "If that happens, I can raise Kendall for the rest of my life!"

This made Charlotte sigh.

Although she did feel for her daughter, she was scared of breaking their relationship apart.

"I'm going to call Kendall and ask for her opinion."

Taking her phone out, Charlotte switched on her phone and called Kendall.

At that moment, Kendall and Emma were walking around the scenic area of Eastfort with the young master of the Ford Family.

After Margaret woke up, Eric and Scott stayed at the hospital.

However, Kendall and Emma were guests after all, so they could not simply ignore them. Eric promised Dylan that he would keep Kendall in protection until Dylan resolved the issue between his grandmother and her.

Hence, Eric could only arrange for his cousin and his cousin's wife to accompany them.

"Hello, Mom," Kendall answered the call.

"Kendall, are you feeling somewhat better now?" Charlotte was asking about her mood.

"I feel much better now, Mom. You don't need to worry about me. I assume the situation at home must be quite noisy now due to my incident. You and Daddy need to take care."

This was because she knew that the media was still stalking them.

"The reporters haven't been blocking the door, so our lives aren't really affected. It's just your dad is still in a bad mood. He hasn't gone back to the company yet. Kelly didn't come back the whole day yesterday either, so I'm not sure if she went to the company or not."

Seeing how the reporters were not blocking the entrance anymore, Charlotte thought that her son-in-law must have done something.

As much as he was very satisfied with his son-in-law, he knew that he could not concede on this matter.

"Kendall." After a slight pause, she decided to come clean. "Master Dylan is here, but your dad is refusing to let him in."

Since the grandmother and grandson had both conceded, Dylan phoned his wife immediately, stating that she should relax for a few more days before he came to pick her up.

Kendall did not think that he would still go to the Parkers even when she was not at home.

Yet, Dylan had always treated Kendall's family very well. Even when she was not around, he would still visit, albeit his intention was to snitch on her to Charlotte sometimes.

"Kendall, did Master Dylan contact you? Did he come here today to pick you up?"

Pondering for a while, Kendall replied, "Mom, I have been keeping in contact with Dylan. He knows that I'm not in Orapolis. In fact, it was him who asked for a favor from the head of the Fords. He arranged for me to have a vacation in Eastfort with Emma. I think he came to our house to apologize to you two."

I was wronged, and my husband feels that he has failed to protect me.

"About that... Your dad is still angry and refuses to let him in..."

"Mom, just let Dad be. I don't think Dylan will hold it against him."

Although Kendall could not bear Dylan being refused outside, this was because her father was standing up for him, so she could not just let Adam down. In the end, she decided to spectate and not help either side.

With how importantly Adam treated his son-in-law, she believed that he would not fall out with him for real.

Sighing, Charlotte stated, "If you say so. In that case, I won't say anything and leave your father be. Kendall, rest up well and play around for a few days."

Kendall smiled. "I'm waiting for Dylan to pick me up."

She also had her own pride. After all, why would one return on their own after being chased out?

No matter what, I'm going to wait for Dylan to come pick me up.

"Okay, I won't bother you, then. I'm going to hang up and switch my phone off, so that those busybodies won't have the chance to call me."

The mother and daughter hung up after a few more exchanges.

At the side, Adam listened intently to their conversation even though he did not prevent his wife from calling Kendall.

When the call ended, he shook his newspaper before saying to the servant that came in to report, "Go out and tell the person ringing the doorbell this—it's easy to chase someone out, but it's not so easy to want them back. What do they treat my daughter as? Someone who comes and goes at the beck of their call? Tell him to go back to where he came from!"

Nodding, the servant quickly left.

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Dylan rang the doorbell until the maid returned. He stopped pressing the doorbell button and let out a smile, which frightened her and halted her footsteps.

He had always been an indifferent and difficult man to them. Even if he loved Kendall so much, his gentleness was only shown to her as he remained cold in front of the rest.

Now that he flashed a smile at the maid, she was truly shocked.

"Chloe," greeted Dylan with a smile, which pulled her back to senses as she hurriedly came to him.

He stood beyond the gate with that fawning smile. "Chloe, did my father ask you to let me in?"

At the sight of the legendary Dylan Coleman's handsome face—this time with a smile—Chloe could feel her heart racing despite her age. Still, she had to relay the words with heavy hearts. "Young Master Dylan, Sir told you to return to where you came from. He said that it's easy to drive one away, but not when to take someone back."

Dylan knew that his father-in-law was still angry at him. In fact, it was a breeze to take Kendall back. Since she was currently in Eastfort, it took only one flight for him to bring her back. However, the couple would have a hard time if he failed to seek forgiveness from his in-laws.

Noticing the drooping smile of his, Chloe felt sorry for him. "Young Master Dylan, Sir is still livid about it. Why don't you come back a few days later? I'm sure his anger will be appeased when the time comes. Plus, Young Mistress Kendall is out."

"Thank you, but could you relay my message to him? That I'll stay here until he lets me in. If he insists, I'll stay for the night too."

The corner of Ronnie's lips twitched. He's going lengths for Young Mistress Coleman.

Chloe lifted her head at the scorching sun. "It's hot outside. You should return home, Young Master Coleman. You can visit again when Sir calms down a few days later."

Still, Dylan did not budge an inch. Knowing that he had made up his mind about it, she decided to tell him everything she heard. "Young Master Coleman, according to Madam, Sir wants to bring Young Mistress Kendall back. He won't allow her to leave unless Old Madam Coleman visits and apologizes personally."

As he fell into silence, Chloe turned around and entered the house. Ronnie glanced at the blazing sun before looking at Dylan, who was already sweating.

Based on the weather, the temperature might rise over 104°F at noon. It was only 9.00AM, yet their skin was burning from the heat. If Dylan stayed until the day ended, he would definitely be down by heat stroke.

"Let's return to the company, Young Master Dylan. Work is piling up, awaiting you to settle. We haven't settled the scores with the troublemakers, who caused all these, either," persuaded Ronnie.

"None of 'em will get away with this," commented Dylan indifferently as revenge was not a matter of urgency.

Rather, seeking forgiveness from the in-laws to ensure his marriage life was of utmost priority.

"But President Parker is enraged. He won't let you in. Look at the sun. Your legs haven't fully recovered yet. They'll hurt if you stand for too long. You might even suffer from a heat stroke. If Young Mistress Coleman finds out about it, she'll be upset."

Dylan raised his hand, motioning Ronnie to stop. "Ronnie, you don't have someone you like, so you don't know how I'm feeling right now. No matter how hot it is, and even if I faint, I'm staying here today."

Feeling helpless, Ronnie grabbed an umbrella from the car to hold it over Dylan.

"Stay away from me!" Dylan's expression darkened as he would not be able to suffer from a heat stroke and make himself look pitiful in his in-laws' eyes that way.

"Young Master Coleman."

"What's wrong? Are you not going to listen to my orders anymore?"

"It's not like that." Ronnie lowered his head and kept the umbrella. After placing it in the car, he returned to Dylan's side to persuade him again. "Young Master Coleman, if you're going to stay here, have a seat."

"It's my leg day."

Ronnie was rendered speechless. We can never persuade him without Young Mistress Coleman around.

Adam heard the situation from Chloe. He flicked the newspaper and said, "Let him be. Even if the heat kills him, it's his own problem."

Charlotte parted her lips, but she did not say anything in the end. Chloe did not have the audacity to utter a word either.

Old Madam Coleman has crossed the line that day. It must've been hard for Young Mistress Kendall and it's only been a day. How would Sir possibly let her return to Coleman Residence?

The Kendall couple were in the air-conditioned room whereas Dylan and his bodyguards were suffering from the heat by the gates.

Every single one of them were drenching in sweat, yet no one was able to dissuade Dylan. Furthermore, how could they get into the car when he was standing under the hot sun? They had to do the same.

"Let's return to the company, Young Master Dylan. Work is piling up, awaiting you to settle. We haven't settled the scores with the troublemakers, who caused all these, either," persuaded Ronnie.

The reporters, who were hiding in secrecy, witnessed the scene and did not know what to do. If they took and released the pictures, it would enrage Dylan and the whole company would be done for; if they kept quiet about it, it would be a waste to let such juicy news slip through their fingers.

Being a reporter had never been easy.

One of the culprits, who made Dylan suffer under the hot sun, was not having an easy time either.

The executives were rounded up in the conference room in Mendelson Group. Sitting in the middle was the head of the Mendelson Family, Frank. He was staring at the jam-filled bread and cup of instant coffee placed before him.

He asked Desmond to have Amelia prepare breakfast for him, and now he knew why Desmond dared not tag along her up the stairs. Desmond could not stop her from giving Frank those.

In actuality, Frank had never eaten jammed bread nor drank instant coffee for his whole lifetime. To make it worse, he especially informed the secretary to have Amelia bring the breakfast into the conference room.

I must be out of my mind. Why did I expect her to prepare me a healthy and nutritious breakfast? I didn't know that she would take this far.

The executives watched their president in silence, wondering how much longer was he going to stare at that jammed bread.

"President Mendelson." The one who broke the awkward air was Frank's chief assistant, Chris. Not only did he earn Frank's trust, they were also best friends.

Chris looked at him as he pointed at the food. "If you'd like to have your breakfast before the meeting, please enjoy your meal. We can wait."

The executives nodded in ones and twos to show their willingness to wait. They had once pictured how luxurious their president's breakfast would be, but it turned out to be what they had on a daily basis; the food did not seem as good as theirs either.

Scowling, Frank grabbed the bread. "What the hell is this?"

"It's bread with jam, President Mendelson. Ms. Taylor brought it over for you a moment ago," answered Chris.

Words failed Frank as he thought, Amelia Taylor! She must be doing this on purpose!

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"Is it good?" Frank asked Chris.

Chris almost burst into laughter, but he held it in in the face of Frank's serious expression. He replied professionally, "You will know it once you have it, President Mendelson. After all, everyone's palettes are different. Some like it, but some might hate it."

The executives nodded approvingly at his words. It was true that some people liked jammed bread and some did not prefer it.

After a moment of silence, Frank finally grabbed a piece of jammed bread to take a bite. The sweetness made his brows creased.

It's so sweet! Is Amelia trying to make me diabetic?

However, he could not spit it out under everyone's watchful eyes. He forced himself to swallow the piece of bread while deciding to have someone buy tons of jammed bread to jam them into Amelia's mouth. She should have a taste of her own medicine.

Yet, he figured that it did not taste that bad upon having his first bite, hence the second bite. It's good, he thought to himself.

After taking one bite and another, he finished the whole bread and was craving for more. However, the empty paper bag rendered him at a loss for words.

The others watched how their superior president relished in a simple jammed bread as though it was a premium breakfast. At that, they made up their mind to have bread with jam and instant coffee for their breakfast tomorrow.

Finishing the last bite of his meal, Frank cast his gaze onto the cup of instant coffee.

Since Amelia dared to prepare this, it should not be a problem. She seems like she's going to have me killed, but she's just a paper tiger. She's not as cruel as Kendall. Kendall... I wonder how she's doing right now.

No matter how influential he was, he could not find out her condition because his power did not stretch to the Fords. Still, considering how she had saved their young master, Eric should be treating her with respect upon rescuing her.

Just what is Dylan thinking? Even if Eric has a spouse, she's been vegetative for years and he's still a fine man. His kid is still young and has taken a liking on Kendall. Isn't Dylan afraid that Eric would fall in love with her? How dare he treat me like a sinister thief while putting his faith on Eric.

Holding the cup of coffee, Frank furrowed his brows and started drinking it down. The cup soon became empty probably because he was thinking of Kendall, or the coffee actually suited his taste buds.

"How's the taste, President Mendelson?" questioned Chris mischievously.

That breakfast was personally brought over by Amelia. Although the fact that she was invited to Frank's residence every day was unbeknownst to Sophia, Chris was aware of everything.

After all, many of Frank's orders were directed to him.

Chris and Desmond shared the same notion about how slowly Frank's attitude toward Amelia changed. Frank was the only one unaware about his feelings as he kept insisting that he liked Kendall.

Chris more or less knew the reason why Frank liked Kendall, but he believed that it was mere obsession instead of love.

"I won't die from it," replied Frank with a deadpan face.

Chris let out a silent chuckle, whereas the executives shared the same thought. You clearly enjoyed 'em. Stop denying.

It was not until then that they finally understood why Frank informed his assistant to have the young lady send breakfast to the conference room—he was trying to show off in front of them.

Although he did not expect the lady to bring a jammed bread and a cup of instant coffee, he finished off everything.

What's the lady's last name again? Taylor? Guess we should look into it, including her family background. She might be our future boss in the future.

After finishing his breakfast, Frank proceeded with the meeting as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile, Amelia was waiting for him in the guest room.

It was not her intention, but Sophia kept ringing her up. Knowing that the cat was going to be out of the bag anyway, she recounted everything that happened recently to Sophia and was given a lecture.

Amelia felt utterly wronged as she was innocent.

After all, it was not her initiative to meet so frequently with the man. It was Frank, that merciless man, who vented his anger at her upon failing to win Kendall's heart. What else could she do about it?

Sophia felt helpless as well, knowing that her daughter was a loyal person and cared a lot for Kendall.

"Did President Mendelson hurt you?" asked Sophia over the phone in concern. She could still remember Desmond's words about how vile Frank's temper was. No one would know what someone like him would do when he was upset.

"He's having a meeting."

"Why aren't you coming back when he's busy? Come. Harriet has been calling a few times. She and her son are in Urban Break."

Her daughter's love life was the cause of her distress. If the blind date today was a failure, she wondered when she could watch Amelia walk down the aisle. She bet her friend was the only one who would be able to accept Amelia's weird hobby.

That breakfast was personally brought over by Amelia. Although the fact that she was invited to Frank's residence every day was unbeknownst to Sophia, Chris was aware of everything.

"Mom, I don't wanna meet her son. Why don't you relay the message to her in my stead? It's not that I don't wanna leave, but I can't. Frank asked his bodyguards to watch by the door."

If it was not for the two brawny men guarding the door, Amelia could have made herself scarce. In a fit of pique, she purchased and brought a jammed bread and a cup of instant coffee into the conference room for Frank on purpose.

She was aware that he would add her name into his death note for sure. Why would someone rich like him have that kind of breakfast?

She could not even forget everyone's gaze that landed upon her when she entered the room with the food. If only eyeballs could pop out of the eye sockets, they would have filled the room to the brim.

"You..." Sophia intended to give some advice, but knowing what kind of situation Amelia was in, she sighed. "I don't think you'll ever marry someone."



"That works out for me. I don't wanna marry someone either. What's good about marriage anyway? Kendall is happy after marrying Young Master Dylan, but she's driven away by Old Madam Coleman in the end. I should stay at home with you and Dad. Ethan told me that, if I don't marry someone, he's willing to look after me forever."

Sophia almost hurled her phone onto the ground. "Ethan, that boy! I'll smack his head when he's back. How could he say something like that to you?"

"Ethan is the best!" Amelia was super protective of her brother and so was he about her.

"You should take care of yourself. Don't tick Mr. Mendelson off. Judging from his feelings for Kendall, I don't think he'll do anything to you. If you're able to leave at noon, you should come to Urban Break." Sophia could never forget about her daughter's blind date.

"Got it, Mom." Amelia pouted because she did not think she could leave at noon. If Frank ordered someone to bring her over, she would be staying for the whole day with him. He would not let her go until it was late at night.

Hmm? It sounds like there's something going on between us if I put it that way. Eww! No! I don't wanna have anything to do with that guy. He's a pervert! And way too obsessive. I don't like an obsessive man.

Still, she noticed Frank's feelings and every sacrifice he made for her best friend, which made her feel a little envious, although it was heart-wrenching to watch.

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After the call with her mother ended, Amelia continued waiting for Frank in the guest room while killing her time by reading web novels and watching short clips.

She almost died out of boredom when Frank's secretary entered the room. With utmost decorum, she said, "Ms. Taylor, President Mendelson wants to see you."

Amelia thrust her phone into the pocket before rising to her feet. She took barely two steps before halting to ask her a question gingerly, "About the breakfast I prepared, did he eat it?"

The secretary reciprocated with a smile as she answered, "Yes, he did. He enjoyed it."

"He did? Really? Did he vomit or chew me off?" She was flabbergasted.

The secretary was at a loss for words. Ms. Taylor is one daring woman. She must be pulling a prank on President Mendelson with that breakfast. She's bold to do that.

Due to his public display of affection, everyone in the Mendelson Group was aware that he coveted a married woman. Many of them speculated that it was Frank's way of taking his nemesis down.

Either way, it was true that Frank treated Kendall with care.

Considering that Amelia and Kendall were best friends, the secretary assumed that Frank was putting up with Amelia's prank as a token of affection for Kendall.

Amelia arrived at the presidential office under the secretary's guide. "President Mendelson wants you to enter alone, Ms. Taylor."

"Oh, alright. Thanks." Once the secretary left, Amelia lifted her leg to kick the door open.

The secretary was so speechless as she happened to turn her head and witness the violent scene.

Oblivious of the spectator, Amelia carried on with the kicking. Although Frank said 'come in' as per custom, she did not bother to stop booting the door. One minute later, Frank finally opened the door by himself and his face darkened upon realizing how she intended to swing her foot again.

"Greetings, President Mendelson." She flashed a sweet smile appropriately while setting her foot down.

He looked at how her footprint covered the door as his expression became rigid.

"Get a cloth and wipe it clean before you come in," he behested without closing the door before returning to his seat. "If you don't make it squeaky clean, get me a new door."

Between the option of purchasing a new door and cleaning, she opted for the latter. She obtained a piece of cloth from the secretary and dampened it. When she returned to the 'crime scene', she began wiping off her footprints from the surface while grumbling in undertone.

Her actions made the secretary chuckle in silence. She could see how her boss was tolerating Amelia's antics too. Who else would have the audacity to do that to Frank's face?

A couple of minutes passed and Amelia was sitting opposite of Frank with an office table between

them. His alluring eyes zeroed in on her quietly.

"If you keep staring at me, I might think that you've fallen for me, President Mendelson."

The nerves on his temples protruded. "Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

"How was the bread? Is the coffee to your taste?"

He kept his lips sealed as he had no no plans on telling her anything about the food.

"I heard that you have a blind date today," he finally spoke about the matter he heard from Desmond.

Desmond's intention was to make Frank nervous. After all, it was not like everyone would pass up a girl like Amelia. If Frank held onto his obsession toward Kendall, he would regret for his lifetime once Amelia married someone else.

Besides, he could not covet another man's wife and snatch her away, could he?

"What's wrong? Can't I go on a blind date?"

Momentarily paused, Frank questioned, "Who's that guy?"

"It has nothing to do with you. It's not you, anyway."

"Kendall is the only one I love." His facade grew dim as his voice deepened when he said that. It was as if he could dispel the smidgen of unsettledness in him that way.

Why am I feeling this way? She's going on a blind date and it's none of my business.

"Kendall doesn't love you, Frank. If you truly love her, you should let her go and let her live in peace with Young Master Dylan. Do you know what true love is? I bet someone who's forceful like you don't. "

Frank glared at her menacingly and snorted. "And you do?"

Aside from liking Ronnie, she had no dating experience at all, yet she spoke like a relationship professional.

"Of course, I do. True love isn't about possessing, it's about wishing the best for the other party. If you leave her alone and give your blessings to her and Young Master Dylan, watching her happy alone is enough for you to feel joy. After all, she's the sunshine of your life."

He retorted, "I'm not that kind of a great person. I only know that the woman I like must marry me and we'll have kids together, and you're asking me to let her go with another man? Dream on. They can only seek happiness together over my dead body."

"So, that's not true love. It's an obsession. You're reading your feelings wrongly."

"Tell Dylan the same thing. Let's see if he's willing to relinquish Kendall to me," he countered.

"Why must he do that? You're not the person Kendall loves; it's him. And they're a loving, married couple. Who gives a homewrecker like you the right to ask him to give up on Kendall for you?"

Frank jumped to his feet, bending over to yank her over by the collar as he raised another hand high up.

A frightened Amelia shut her eyes, but he did not swing his hand onto her cheek. Not feeling the expected pain on her face, she slowly opened her eyes. His grim countenance was so terrifying that she shrank her neck in surprise.

Assh\*le! He always loses his temper when I scold him. He must be doing it on purpose! He's using it as an excuse to be physical!

Frank felt the intense urge to slap her in the face because she said he was a homewrecker.

Homewrecker? Kendall and I had a baby. Dylan Coleman is the homewrecker, not me! And yet she's taking his side by saying that I'm the homewrecker.

His blood was boiling, but he could not bring himself to slap her upon looking at her terrified self with those tightly shut eyes.

I must be crazy. Why am I feeling sorry for her?

Kendall had been the only exception for him as of today; his soft spot and gentleness were reserved for her and only her.

Releasing Amelia's collar, he put down his hand and returned to his seat. With an icy tone, he claimed, "I don't hit women."

She sunk onto her chair as she was scared out of the daylight.

"Mark my words, Amelia Taylor. Kendall and I had a baby, and we're a couple. Dylan is the

homewrecker, not me!" he insisted.

"That's just a dream, Frank. It's only a dream!"

While he kept silent with a darkened expression, she could finally understand Desmond's helplessness and Kendall's troubled feelings. Both of them must be running out of luck for meeting such a boss and madman!

Ha ratortad, "I'm not that kind of a graat parson. I only know that tha woman I lika must marry ma and wa'll hava kids togathar, and you'ra asking ma to lat har go with another man? Draam on. Thay can only saak happinass togathar ovar my daad body."

"So, that's not trua lova. It's an obsassion. You'ra raading your faalings wrongly."

"Tall Dylan tha sama thing. Lat's saa if ha's willing to ralinquish Kandall to ma," ha countarad.

"Why must ha do that? You'ra not tha parson Kandall lovas; it's him. And thay'ra a loving, marriad coupla. Who givas a homawrackar lika you tha right to ask him to giva up on Kandall for you?"

Frank jumpad to his faat, banding ovar to yank har ovar by tha collar as ha raisad another hand high up.

A frightanad Amalia shut har ayas, but ha did not swing his hand onto har chaak. Not faaling tha axpectad pain on har faca, sha slowly opanad har ayas. His grim countananca was so tarrifying that sha shrunk har neck in surprisa.

Assh\*la! Ha always losas his tampar whan I scold him. Ha must ba doing it on purpasa! Ha's using it as an excusa to ba physical!

Frank falt tha intansa urga to slap har in tha faca bacausa sha said ha was a homawrackar.

Homawrackar? Kandall and I had a baby. Dylan Colaman is tha homawrackar, not ma! And yat sha's taking his sida by saying that I'm tha homawrackar.

His blood was boiling, but ha could not bring himself to slap har upon looking at har tarrifiad self with thosa tightly shut ayas.

I must ba crazy. Why am I faaling sorry for har?

Kandall had baan tha only axcaption for him as of today; his soft spot and gantlanass wara rasarvad for har and only har.

Ralaasing Amalia's collar, ha put down his hand and raturnd to his saat. With an icy tona, ha claimad, "I don't hit woman."

Sha sunk onto har chair as sha was scarad out of tha daylights.

"Mark my words, Amalia Taylor. Kandall and I had a baby, and wa'ra a coupla. Dylan is tha homawrackar, not ma!" ha insistad.

"That's just a draam, Frank. It's only a draam!"

Whila ha kapt silant with a darkanad aexpression, sha could finally undarstand Dasmond's halplassnass

and Kandall's troublad faalings. Both of tham must ba running out of luck for maating such a boss and madman!

Chapter 470

"President Mendelson, can I leave now?" Amelia gave up trying to convince Frank.

He was too obsessed, so she knew that she could never convince him.

Kendall had gone physical with him the last time and he allowed her to pummel him. After that, he rested at home for a few days and did not leave the house for that period. Even till then, he could not bear to part with her.

"Leave?" He sneered coldly, "What, are you that excited to meet your blind date?"

Through his bodyguard, he heard that Sophia told Amelia on the phone, saying that if she could leave at noon, she should try her best to rush to Urban Break and meet her blind date since he had been patient despite waiting so long.

Perhaps the other party himself was not exactly a regular person, so he did not want to be too picky either.

"Yes, I'm indeed excited to meet my date." Amelia had no intention to go for the blind date, but she admitted it just to leave.

At that point, Frank lifted his mug and held it high as he glanced at her.

Is he going to throw that at me? She instantly pulled out the chair and scrambled to curl up underneath his desk.

Yet, she did not expect him to also pull out his chair and bent down to look at her underneath the table.

"What's with you? Is there money on the ground?"

"I wish."

At that point, Frank instantly rummaged in his pocket for his wallet and flung all of the cash in his wallet under the table. He ignored her shocked look and said, "Pick up all the money and go into my pantry to make me a cup of coffee."



As he said that, he placed the mug he had held up high previously underneath the table too. He then took a seat back onto his black swivel chair.

As for Amelia, she was rendered rather speechless.

So, his action earlier wasn't intended to throw the mug at me but to have me make him a cup of coffee? That b\*stard! Why couldn't he have just said it instead of scaring me?

Amelia no longer rejected a gift horse in the mouth as she glanced at the pile of money underneath the table. Then, she gathered the entire lot without any qualms.

Subsequently, she held the stack of money in one hand and grabbed his mug with the other as she rose from underneath the table and stood upright.

"Am I allowed to leave after making your coffee?"

"When have you ever left before 11.00PM since the day you came to me?"

At that point, Amelia's expression darkened. "Rephrase that, because I didn't come to you. You were the one who forcefully dragged me to you!"

Frank lifted his head to look at her and tried to explain himself, "I instructed my men to invite you over, but I had no idea what they did to you. Anyway, it wasn't what I'd intended."

Amelia snorted derisively. That's bullsh\*t! He's a nasty man!

She stuffed the money into her pockets and turned around to walk off with his mug in her hand.

"The pantry's on your right," Frank reminded her.

Amelia, who was about to walk out of the door, shifted in her direction and headed toward the pantry on the right.

He mentioned earlier that it was just a tiny pantry, so she trusted his words and expected exactly what he had described. As soon as she walked in, she realized that she was naive.

"Amelia."

Frank did not tag along into the pantry, but it felt like his voice was following her.

However, she ignored him.

"You're going on a blind date today, so why didn't you doll up for the occasion?" He knew that she could hear him.

Amelia stuck her head out from the pantry and responded confidently, "I'm a natural beauty, so I don't even need to doll up specifically for the occasion because that would be unnecessary and a waste of time too. I'd be much happier getting some more sleep than wasting the time to doll up."

Frank nodded. "Yeah. That's true."

"But you could have at least put on some prettier clothes. It's scorching hot out there, so aren't you tempted to put on a pretty, slinky dress? Do you even have one? Do you need me to buy you some nice dresses?"

Amelia withdrew herself and went back into the pantry. While brewing his coffee, she replied, "I don't like to wear them."

"Kendall doesn't either. It's no wonder that you guys are best friends. I noticed that you guys seem to be quite uncomfortable and fidgety in ball gowns whenever you attend dinner parties."

Gosh, he brought up Kendall again. Well, indeed, Kendall isn't fond of wearing dresses. That's because she's a martial artist and it'd be quite hard for her to get around in a dress.

"I reckon you'd look much prettier in a dress for your blind date."

"Is there any point in this conversation right now? Are you trying to rub salt in my wound? You've forcefully held me captive here and I don't even get to meet my blind date, so why are you here talking about what I should or should not wear?!"

B\*stard! Nasty, awful b\*stard!

At that, Amelia decided to use as many coffee beans as she could to make him a cup of pure, unadulterated, bitter coffee. He doesn't deserve a good cup of coffee!!!

Kendall would never fall for such a nasty man like him either! Neither would I! Whatever it is, anyone who falls for him must be blind!

At that point, Frank stopped speaking.

Since Amelia was brewing him a cup of special coffee, she took a while to finish things up.

She had no chance of leaving either, so she felt super bored and took a seat on the couch in the reception area. Then, she took out the money she had gathered underneath the desk and counted them repeatedly.

I'm bored, I'm bored, I'm bored! This is the only thing I can do.

She was unaware of it, but Frank noticed her unamused expression while swiping the notes and he revealed a faint smile, which was unbeknownst to himself.

I didn't bring much cash with me today. I should bring some more next time and spread it all over the ground so she can take her time to collect and count 'em.

Frank's mood was somehow lifted now that he had managed to stop Amelia from attending the blind date.

As for Dylan, who was forced apart from his wife because of Frank, he stood under the scorching sun in front of the entrance to the Parker Residence.

The merciless sun shone brightly and Dylan's handsome face was crimson from the hot weather. Sweat dripped down his face profusely since he stood there the entire morning and his feet felt sore as his knees rattled from fatigue. However, he persisted and maintained his stance.

The bodyguards, who had stood there along with him the entire morning, shot sympathetic looks at him. They had tried more than once to convince him to take a seat or wait in the car, but he refused to listen to them.

Ronnie signaled for the others to keep an eye on Dylan as he stepped away stealthily. He moved somewhere further and placed a call back to Coleman Mansion; he rang specifically to speak to Tia.

That was because she was the butler for the main house, so he would have to go through Tia to speak to Tilly. Soon enough, Tia answered the phone.

"Ronnie, how's Young Master Dylan doing?" There was a frantic note in Tia's voice because this was the first time ever she had received a call from Ronnie.

He was one of Dylan's personal bodyguards and was basically always by Dylan's side. Everyone in Coleman Mansion could practically memorize Ronnie's contact number.

As a result, Tia had assumed that something bad must have happened to their young master.

"Tia, is Old Madam Coleman at home right now? I need to speak with her urgently."

Ronnie did not have the time to exchange pleasantries with Tia and he had to quickly grab the chance to seek help from Old Madam Coleman. Otherwise, he would be in deep trouble if Dylan found out.

Tia hastily replied, "Old Madam Coleman's here. Hold on. I'll pass the phone to her."

As Tia spoke, she grabbed the cordless phone and headed over to Tilly, who was currently speaking with Jane.

"Old Madam Coleman, it's Ronnie on the line. He has something urgent that he needs to talk to you about."

"Quick, bring me the phone."

Tilly reacted the same way as Tia did and assumed that something bad had happened to Dylan.

Subsequently, Tia hastily handed over the cordless phone to Tilly.

"Ronnie, what happened to Dylan?"

"Old Madam Coleman, Young Master Dylan is currently in front of the Parker Residence, but President Parker refused to let him in. He's been standing outside for the entire morning and he seems to be on the brink of collapsing, yet he still refuses to leave."

As soon as Tilly heard that, her expression paled instantly.

Oh, no! Dylan's legs were not even fully recovered yet! After standing for such a long period, he must be in excruciating pain. At that thought, she could only imagine the pain he was currently in.

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Tia hastily replied, "Old Madam Colman's here. Hold on. I'll pass the phone to her."

As Tia spoka, sha grabbad tha cordless phona and haadad ovar to Tilly, who was currantly spaaking with Jana.

"Old Madam Colaman, it's Ronnia on tha lina. Ha has somathing urgant that ha naads to talk to you about."

"Quick, bring ma tha phona."

Tilly raacted tha sama way as Tia did and assumad that somathing bad had happenad to Dylan.

Subsaquantly, Tia hastily handad ovar tha cordless phona to Tilly.

"Ronnia, what happenad to Dylan?"

"Old Madam Colaman, Young Mastar Dylan is currantly in front of tha Parkar Rasidanca, but Prasadant Parkar rafusad to lat him in. Ha's baan standing outsida for tha antira morning and ha saams to ba on

tha brink of collapsing, yat ha still rafusas to laava."

As soon as Tilly haard that, har axprassion palad instantly.

Oh, no! Dylan's lags wara not avan fully racoverad yat! Aftar standing for such a long period, ha must ba in axcruciating pain. At that thought, sha could only imagina tha pain ha was currantly in.