

## Kendalls 481

### Chapter 481

Rosemi was frantic. "Kelly, I know that our family has wronged you, and Jackson has too. I'm sure you know that the one Jackson loves has been you all along. He had no choice but to marry that b\*tch, Krystal. You know all this. You know very well just how good Jackson has been to you. He's not the one who talked to the media about the scandal. It was Krystal. She's the one who pushed all the blame on you on purpose so that everyone would attack you. I even had a fight with her over this."

She grabbed Kelly's hand and started pleading, "I know Jackson has made a serious mistake. I don't expect you to find a way to let him walk free. I just want you to talk to your birth mother and the rest of the family. As long as your brother forgives Jackson, he'll get to serve a lighter sentence. I'll make sure Jackson and Krystal get a divorce, too. Once they get a divorce, you and Jackson can register your marriage. This way, it'll become a family dispute, and if we hire a good lawyer, maybe Jackson could get out of prison sooner. Kelly, Jackson's still the father of your unborn child. Can you bear to see the father of your child in prison?"

Kelly withdrew her hand.

She took a sip from the glass of warm water before saying, "Mrs. Whittle, I was very clear just now. My brother only went to confront Jackson because he wanted to stand up for me, but Jackson nearly killed him. Even though my brother survived, I can't pretend as if nothing happened. My brother would be heartbroken if I went to him and pleaded for his forgiveness on Jackson's behalf."

Kelly put on a grand show of brother-sister bond before adding, "If I do that, then who will stand up for me the next time I get hurt? Furthermore, he's not just my brother. He's also Kendall's brother. There's no point asking me for help, Mrs. Whittle. You should be asking Kendall instead. My brother will forgive

Jackson if Kendall talks to him about it.

"Kendall is Young Mistress Coleman now, and Dylan Coleman adores her. Old Madam Coleman chased her out of the house, but in less than a day, she immediately changed her mind and tried to bring Kendall back. This proves just how unshakable her position in the Coleman Family is. If she's willing to plead on Jackson's behalf for old time's sake, he might not even have to go to prison."

Kelly didn't want Rosemi to bother her anymore, so she shoved everything over to Kendall instead.

"It's not as if I haven't tried to look for Kendall," Rosemi stated somewhat embarrassedly. "She's Young Mistress Coleman and not someone I can just meet whenever I want to."

The person she once felt nothing but contempt and disdain for was now someone she couldn't even meet if she wanted to.

Things in Orapolis had changed too quickly. Rosemi had been caught off guard and didn't know what to do.

In just several months, Whittle Holdings went from a flourishing business to one on the brink of bankruptcy.

Just a few months ago, she was still the glorious Mrs. Whittle with a crowd of people trying to get into her good graces, but now, even the wives of barely notable businessmen were staying as far away from her as possible. Everyone avoided her like the plague.

Rosemi had tried to ask her maiden family for help too, but they couldn't help her in any way, and they were also worried that they would suffer because of their connection to the Whittles.

This was the reality now.

"Kelly, why don't you come with me when I visit your brother at the hospital?" she pleaded.

"I went by myself a few times, but every single time, your other brother, Roger, would kick me out. The family doesn't even want to talk to me. They keep chasing me out even though I tell them I came to apologize and discuss compensation."

She knew that her son had committed a crime, but with the victim's forgiveness, it was possible for him to get a lighter sentence.

It would be even better if they could turn this into a family dispute instead.

However, Krystal refused to get a divorce, and Jackson was still in custody, so he and Kelly couldn't register their marriage anyway.

Rosemi had only said that because she was overwrought.

Still, Kelly didn't even bother responding to that.

Why would she even consider getting married to Jackson now? Wasn't it better for her to marry Brian and become Mrs. Zorn instead?

Brian was the one who truly loved her, unlike Jackson, who didn't even know how to fight for their relationship and only knew how to tell her to compromise.

Secretly, Kelly was envious of Kendall.

Regardless of whether Dylan was impotent or paraplegic, he was still willing to stand up against his grandmother just for Kendall's sake, and he even won. Tilly had publicly acknowledged Kendall as her granddaughter-in-law.

That's true love. Jackson's too weak and spineless.

"Kelly, think of the baby. Could you accompany me to the hospital for the baby's sake?"

Rosemi grabbed Kelly's hand and started pleading again.

After a long pause, Kelly reluctantly agreed.

Nelson had been heavily injured because of her and he nearly died. It was only right for her to visit him.

She hadn't gone back to Parker Residence lately. If she did, her adoptive parents would once again admonish her for being heartless and not visiting Nelson in the hospital even though he nearly died because of her.

Although she hadn't been home for several days, Adam and Charlotte didn't say anything. Charlotte had only called her once to lecture her.

When Kelly saw Adam at the office today, the look in his eyes made it clear to her that her relationship with her adoptive parents was weakening. One day, it would crumble apart.

This was yet another reason why Kelly's resentment toward Kendall deepened.

Once Kendall gets back to the office, I have to put the plan that Brian and I came up with in motion.

They were going to arrange for handsome men to approach Kendall, and at the same time, they were going to let her deal with a representative from Brian's company under the guise of signing a business deal, but in reality, Kelly and Brian were going to set a trap for both Kendall and Parker Corporation.

"Kelly."

Rosemi took a red velvet jewelry box out of her bag and passed it to Kelly as she said, "This is for you. It's my favorite necklace."

Kelly took a look inside the box. It was a very pretty necklace, and one that Rosemi loved wearing the most.

It was incredibly valuable.

She closed the box and pushed it back toward Rosemi. "This is too much, Mrs. Whittle. I can't accept it. I don't need any more jewelry."

After spending the night at Brian's place, he showered her with gifts, including a lot of new clothes, several designer bags, and over a dozen sets of jewelry.

He was a lot more generous than Jackson.

Or rather, he had a lot more money than Jackson, to be more precise.

The Whittles couldn't compare to the Zorns at all.

Once again, Kelly regretted being so foolish in the past as to not choose Brian from the start.

None of this would've happened had she chosen him from the beginning. Her life would've been perfect.

Everything had been ruined due to one false move.

"Kelly, you're pregnant with the Whittles' child. Jackson has wronged you, and I feel deeply remorseful. This necklace is just a token of my apology. Just take it. I'll feel better if you accept it."

However, Kelly continued to decline.

She stroked her belly.

"This child is also mine. I'm keeping the baby because, as the mother, I can't bring myself to harm the baby. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Mrs. Whittle, when the child is born, he or she will take my last name. I can raise the baby by myself."

Since she couldn't bear to abort the baby, she needed to do a good job of appeasing and convincing Brian so that he would be willing to accept the child as well.

Although she hadn't been home for several days, Adam and Charlotte didn't say anything. Charlotte had only called her once to let her know.

When Kally saw Adam at the office today, the look in his eyes made it clear to her that her relationship with her adoptive parents was weakening. One day, it would crumble apart.

This was yet another reason why Kally's resentment toward Kendall deepened.

Once Kendall gets back to the office, I have to put the plan that Brian and I came up with in motion.

They were going to arrange for a handsome man to approach Kendall, and at the same time, they were going to let her deal with a representative from Brian's company under the guise of signing a business deal, but in reality, Kally and Brian were going to set a trap for both Kendall and Parker Corporation.

"Kally."

Rosami took a red velvet jewelry box out of her bag and passed it to Kally as she said, "This is for you. It's my favorite necklace."

Kally took a look inside the box. It was a very pretty necklace, and one that Rosami loved wearing the most.

It was incredibly valuable.

She closed the box and pushed it back toward Rosami. "This is too much, Mrs. Whittle. I can't accept it. I don't need any more jewelry."

After spending the night at Brian's place, he showed her with gifts, including a lot of new clothes, several designer bags, and over a dozen sets of jewelry.

He was a lot more generous than Jackson.

Or rather, he had a lot more money than Jackson, to be more precise.

The Whittles couldn't compare to the Zorns at all.

Once again, Kelly regretted being so foolish in the past as to not choose Brian from the start.

None of this would've happened had she chosen him from the beginning. Her life would've been perfect.

Everything had been ruined due to one false move.

"Kelly, you're pregnant with the Whittles' child. Jackson has wronged you, and I feel deeply remorseful. This necklace is just a token of my apology. Just take it. I'll feel better if you accept it."

However, Kelly continued to decline.

She stroked her belly.

"This child is also mine. I'm keeping the baby because, as the mother, I can't bring myself to harm the baby. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Mrs. Whittle, when the child is born, he or she will take my last name. I can raise the baby by myself."

Since she couldn't bear to abort the baby, she needed to do a good job of appeasing and convincing Brian so that he would be willing to accept the child as well.

Chapter 482

Rosemi frowned. "The baby's Jackson's child. How can the baby follow your last name?"

"If the child took Jackson's last name instead, then everyone will know that the child's father is an imprisoned criminal," Kelly retorted coolly.

After a pause, Rosemi insisted, "No matter what, the baby's still Jackson's child."

"Mrs. Whittle, I'm not trying to deny the fact that Jackson's the father, but from the looks of it now, it's better if the child takes my last name, and if I'm the one to raise the child. Let's go, Mrs. Whittle. We'll buy something and head to the hospital to visit my brother."

That reminded Rosemi of her goal to save her son. The baby wasn't even born yet, so it wasn't time to argue over this with Kelly. She chose to put up with it for now.

"Alright. Let's buy some fruits before we visit your brother at the hospital."

Jackson beat Nelson up so badly, yet all you plan on bringing with you are a bunch of fruits. How insincere of you. Kelly snorted to herself. That being said, she didn't comment on it aloud.

The two women dropped by a grocery store to buy a bag of apples. Rosemi also bought two boxes of supplements. Then, she and Kelly went to the hospital.

Ever since Nelson regained consciousness, he spent the whole day staring at the door to his hospital room.

Kendall called him frequently to check on his injuries, but she hadn't visited him at the hospital for quite some time now.

Nelson was worried that something had happened to her.

Otherwise, she wouldn't go so many days without dropping in on him.

His parents confiscated his phone to prevent him from calling Kendall.

This further fueled his suspicions that something had happened to her. Whenever he asked the rest of the family, they would claim that she was busy and had no time to visit him yet before promising that she would come and see him when she was free.



"Drink some soup, Nelson."

Sally held the bowl of soup in her hands and fed a spoonful of it to him.

He gulped it down before asking, "Who sent this soup over, Mom? It's delicious."

"Kendall got the chef at her house to boil it and send it over to you every day. See? She still cares a lot about her big brother. She's just too busy right now and can't make the time to see you. You know how big Parker Corporation is. Kendall has to work hard if she wants to inherit the company."

Milo backed his wife up and added, "It's true. Kendall's very busy with work right now. She and Dylan will come and see you once she's less busy."

Thankfully, the media had reported on Kendall and Dylan's relationship, so Milo and the others could get updates from the news.

Now that Tilly had relented and given both Kendall and the Parkers a public apology, the Woods couple believed that Kendall's life with the Colemans would improve.

Milo couldn't sleep at all when he found out that the Colemans had chased Kendall out of the house, but he couldn't let it slip in front of Nelson, so he had to hide outside the room and deal with his worries by smoking.

The family doted on Kendall and showered her with love all these years. Although they were not as rich as the Colemans, she was still their most precious daughter.

Alas, when she got married and suffered at the hands of her in-laws, they couldn't do anything to stand up for her and seek justice on her behalf.

Milo felt despondent because of that.

"I didn't ask about Kendall in the first place," Nelson threw back curtly.

Everyone's lying to me.

Do they think I became dumb after getting my head bashed in?

He stopped asking about Kendall because he didn't want his parents to continue worrying so much.

After seeing the way his parents' expressions became relaxed again the past two days, he figured that whatever Kendall's situation was, it had been resolved.

He didn't know what kind of trouble she had been in.

However, with Dylan supporting her, any kind of problem could easily be settled.

The thought of this left Nelson with complicated feelings.

When he found out that Kendall wasn't his sister by blood, his feelings toward Kendall became a lot more complex, but once Dylan came into the picture, he gave up all hope and decided to stay as her brother for the rest of their lives.

By now, Nelson understood that Kendall's identity as the Parkers' daughter was unshakable, and she needed someone like Dylan to support her. He could never be enough to support her.

Knock! Knock!

Someone was knocking at the door to Nelson's ward.

"I'll get it," Milo said.

He didn't forget to pocket Nelson's phone as he got up to answer the door.

The first thing he saw when he opened the door was Rosemi's face.

His expression hardened and he immediately slammed the door shut.

Rosemi was dumbstruck.

Milo had already slammed the door in her face before she could even force herself to smile.

She felt humiliated.

She wouldn't have even bothered looking at people like the Woods Family if her son hadn't gone and beaten Nelson up.

You're all just a bunch of country bumpkins!

As if any of you are even worth wasting my breath to talk to you!

Rosemi took a few moments to compose herself before knocking on the door again.

If she wanted to save her son, she had to set aside her haughty airs, apologize to the Woodses, pay off all of Nelson's medical expenses, and do her best to gain their forgiveness. That was the only way she could get a lighter sentence for Jackson.

Milo didn't want to open the door.

"Who is it?" Sally asked him.

"Is it one of the Whittles?" she guessed.

Ever since Jackson and Krystal had been taken into custody, both the Whittles and the Caddels came to look for the Woodses. Both families wanted to try and resolve the issue with money.

It went without saying that Kendall was firmly opposed to the idea, but even the Woodses weren't willing to settle things out of court, either.

Nelson had gotten lucky. He had been brought to the hospital in time. Any later, and he would've died.

Jackson had been brutal. It was as if he had been trying to beat Nelson to death.

The Woodses couldn't forgive Jackson.

They didn't need money, but even if they did, they still wouldn't agree to settle with money.

"It's Mrs. Whittle," Milo replied with a grim expression. "That arrogant woman."

He had a poor impression of Rosemi, or rather, he had a poor impression of all the Whittles. Jackson had tried but failed to harm Kendall, but then he turned around and hurt Kelly instead. Kelly's reputation was ruined, and she was pregnant, too. Milo sorely wished he could beat Jackson up.

"May I come in?"

Kelly's voice rang out.

Milo frowned.

Did she come with Mrs. Whittle?

He had closed the door as soon as he saw Rosemi's face, so he didn't see who was standing beside her.

"May I come in?"

Kelly's voice rang out again.

Milo mulled it over in silence for a while, but in the end, he opened the door. This time, the first thing he saw was his blood-related daughter's face.

Kelly was the combination of both her parents' features. She looked like both of them.

However, Milo's expression was even more complicated as he stared at his daughter.

She was materialistic, looked down on the Woodses, and wasn't willing to return to the family, but even if he set that all aside, he was still furious over the way she treated her birth mother.

"Um... I-I'm here to visit Nelson."

Kelly couldn't bring herself to greet Milo as her father, so she didn't address him at all.

Milo glanced at Rosemi.

Kelly followed his gaze and put on a smile as she said, "Mrs. Whittle is here to apologize. We ran into each other at the hospital entrance, so we came over together."

He pursed his lips in silence, but eventually, he stepped aside and allowed them into the room.

Kelly frowned as soon as she walked into the room. Ever since she became pregnant, she hated being in a hospital as the smell of hospitals nauseated her.

Milo didn't want to open the door.

"Who is it?" Sally asked him.

"Is it one of the Whittles?" she guessed.

Ever since Jackson and Krystal had been taken into custody, both the Whittles and the Caddells came to look for the Woodses. Both families wanted to try and resolve the issue with money.

It went without saying that Kendall was firmly opposed to the idea, but even the Woodses weren't willing to settle things out of court, either.

Nelson had gotten lucky. He had been brought to the hospital in time. Any later, and he would've died.

Jackson had been brutal. It was as if he had been trying to beat Nelson to death.

The Woodses couldn't forgive Jackson.

They didn't need money, but even if they did, they still wouldn't agree to settle with money.

"It's Mrs. Whittle," Milo replied with a grim expression. "That arrogant woman."

He had a poor impression of Rosami, or rather, he had a poor impression of all the Whittles. Jackson had tried but failed to harm Kendall, but then he turned around and hurt Kally instead. Kally's reputation was ruined, and she was pregnant, too. Milo sorely wished he could beat Jackson up.

"May I come in?"

Kally's voice rang out.

Milo frowned.

Did she come with Mrs. Whittle?

He had closed the door as soon as he saw Rosami's face, so he didn't see who was standing beside her.

"May I come in?"

Kally's voice rang out again.

Milo mull'd it over in silence for a while, but in the end, he opened the door. This time, the first thing he saw was his blood-related daughter's face.

Kally was the combination of both her parents' features. She looked like both of them.

However, Milo's expression was even more complicated as he stared at his daughter.

She was materialistic, looked down on the Woodses, and wasn't willing to return to the family, but even

if he set that all aside, he was still furious over the way she treated her birth mother.

"Um... I-I'm here to visit Nelson."

Kally couldn't bring herself to greet Milo as her father, so she didn't address him at all.

Milo glanced at Rosami.

Kally followed his gaze and put on a smile as she said, "Mrs. Whittle is here to apologize. We ran into each other at the hospital entrance, so we came over together."

Ha pursad his lips in silanca, but avantually, ha stappad asida and allowad tham into tha room.

Kally frownad as soon as sha walkad into tha room. Evar sinca sha bacama pragnant, sha hatad baing in a hospital as tha small of hospitals nausaatad har.

Chapter 483

The moment Kelly and Rosemi came in, Nelson closed his eyes and pretended to sleep. He didn't want to see either of them.

Kelly was miffed, but she didn't show it. Nelson did get himself injured because he helped her out.

"Mr. and Mrs. Woods, I'm very sorry about what happened. Is Nelson getting better?" Rosemi smiled sheepishly and handed the gifts to Sally.

However, Sally refused to take it, so Rosemi had no choice but to place the gifts on the bedside cabinet instead. "I know apologies are worth nothing, but I still want to say I'm sorry for what my son did. None of us wanted this. They're young. Accidents happen."

She had wanted to say Nelson did it first but ultimately decided against it. Pointing fingers was pointless at this point. Nelson might have thrown the first punch, but he was unarmed; he didn't use any weapons. On the other hand, her son used a fire extinguisher. One wrong move with that kind of item could cost someone their life.

This is all Krystal's fault. If she hadn't taken that fire extinguisher, none of this would have happened. My son wouldn't have been arrested. She never liked Krystal to begin with. The only reason her son married her was due to the fact he had to take responsibility.

At first, they could at least get some connection with the Zorns through the Caddels, but now that the Zorns had stopped working with them and that the Caddels were coming after them, Rosemi's distaste for Krystal started showing. She'd rather have her son marry someone like Kendall at this point.



"It's not all Jackson's fault. Please forgive him, for the sake of Kelly's child. I know he shouldn't have hurt Nelson. I'll make him apologize when he's released. Kelly's pregnant with his child, and you're going to be grandparents, so can't you just forgive Jackson since he's the child's father? We're a family here. You don't want the baby to be born without a father, do you?" And now she started emotionally blackmailing everyone.

"I will not sign the papers." Nelson opened his eyes and icily said, "Dad, Mom, I need some peace. They have to leave."

He was disappointed by Kelly's total silence. He stood up for her when Jackson dumped her, but the guy knocked him out with a fire extinguisher and almost killed him. And what did Kelly do?

This was her first visit since he regained consciousness, and she came with Rosemi, too. He was sure she would never come if Rosemi hadn't forced her into this, not even until he was discharged. I helped her for nothing. I almost died, and now she's trying to convince me into helping Jackson get a lighter sentence. What a disappointment.

The Woodses asked Rosemi to leave. "Mrs. Whittle, you need to leave."

Panic-stricken, Rosemi pulled at Kelly, trying to ask for her help.

Before Kelly could say anything, Nelson added coldly, "You weren't raised in our household, but our blood flows in your veins. We're siblings, but I don't need you to thank me. I bet you think I'm annoying. You'd ignore me even when I'm dying all because of a man who dumped you. If you're here to help Jackson out, then I advise you never to come again. I don't want to see you."

She opened her mouth, but in the end, she said nothing. Her parents pushed her out and slammed the door shut. Rosemi kept banging on the door and only gave up when she received no response.

"Why didn't you help me out, Kelly?" Rosemi grumbled.

Kelly answered coolly, "What do you expect me to say? Those are my parents, and Nelson's my real brother. He's hurt because of me. What do you want me to say? Jackson might be my baby's father, but

he's not my husband. Why should I help him? He's nothing but my ex. I have things to settle back in the company. Goodbye, Mrs. Whittle."

She never wanted to help Jackson anyway. This was the perfect excuse to stay away from this case. Before she left, she added, "Mrs. Whittle, there's no use asking me for help. They listen to Kendall more than they listen to me. If you want to ask for help, go to Kendall instead. But I recall you guys played a part in her getting kicked out of the Coleman household, so I'm pretty sure Master Dylan is going to come at you sooner or later. Congratulations, you just played yourself."

With that, Kelly left without even turning around to look at Rosemi, whose face had turned sullen.

"Kelly? Kelly!" Rosemi called out after her, but Kelly didn't stop. She muttered, "She's changed."

She used to care about Jackson a lot, but now, she doesn't even give a crap about him even though he's about to be prisoned. But I guess it's our fault that she doesn't care anymore.

Still, Rosemi suspected Kelly was planning on getting an abortion to start anew. I have no idea how long Jackson's gonna stay imprisoned. And I heard Brian fancies Kelly, too.

Now, her expression was as black as thunder. I cannot let this happen. She carries a child of the Whittles. If she aborts it, Jackson will lose the only thing that ties him to her. It'll be impossible for him to stand back up. If the child remains, at least he has a reason to get close to Kelly. Even if he can't convince her to get back with him, at least he can make her cough up some money.

We still have some funds for now. I'm going to hire someone to keep an eye on Kelly. If she does try to abort the child, I can stop her in time.

The Woodses tossed Rosemi behind their minds after they chased her out. Sally quickly came back to her son. "Don't take it to heart, Nelson. Kelly didn't mean it."

"If she doesn't think of me as her brother, then she's not my sister. Fool me once, shame on them. There won't be a second time." Nelson said coldly, "I'm an idiot. You're her mother, but she barely came to see you when you were in the hospital after that car accident. Remember what Kendall said? If it weren't for

Mrs. Parker, she wouldn't even have come. If she doesn't even care about her mother, how can I expect her to even care about me?"

"From now on, Kendall's my only sister." Someone as heartless as Kelly, I'd rather not have her as my sister.

Sally let out a sigh. She was between a rock and a hard place. Nelson was her son, and Kelly was her daughter. She didn't want them to fight.

With that, Kelly left without even turning around to look at Rosami, whose face had turned sullen.

"Kelly? Kelly!" Rosami called out after her, but Kelly didn't stop. She muttered, "She's changed."

She used to care about Jackson a lot, but now, she doesn't even give a crap about him even though he's about to be imprisoned. But I guess it's our fault that she doesn't care anymore.

Still, Rosami suspected Kelly was planning on getting an abortion to start anew. I have no idea how long Jackson's gonna stay imprisoned. And I heard Brian fancied Kelly, too.

Now, her expression was as black as thunder. I cannot let this happen. She carries a child of the Whittlows. If she aborts it, Jackson will lose the only thing that ties him to her. It'll be impossible for him to stand back up. If the child remains, at least he has a reason to get close to Kelly. Even if he can't convince her to get back with him, at least he can make her cough up some money.

We still have some funds for now. I'm going to hire someone to keep an eye on Kelly. If she does try to abort the child, I can stop her in time.

The Woodsons tossed Rosami behind their minds after they chased her out. Sally quickly came back to her son. "Don't take it to heart, Nelson. Kelly didn't mean it."

"If she doesn't think of me as her brother, then she's not my sister. Fool me once, shame on them. There won't be a second time." Nelson said coldly, "I'm an idiot. You're her mother, but she barely came to see you when you were in the hospital after that car accident. Remember what Kendall said? If it weren't for

Mrs. Parkar, sha wouldn't avan hava coma. If sha doasn't avan cara about har mothar, how can I axpect har to avan cara about ma?"

"From now on, Kandall's my only sistar." Somaona as haartlass as Kally, I'd rathar not hava har as my sistar.

Sally lat out a sigh. Sha was batwaan a rock and a hard placar. Nalson was har son, and Kally was har daughtar. Sha didn't want tham to fight.

Chapter 484

At the main house of Coleman Residence.

"Here, have some meat, Grandma." Dylan filled Tilly's plate with her favorite food.

Tilly grinned from ear to ear. "I can take anything I want by myself, Dylan. You should finish lunch as soon as you can. There's work to be done."

He had promised to have lunch with her, and he did, much to her surprise. She was happy that he had purposely made a trip back from the company to have lunch with her, but at the same time, she couldn't help but worry that he might tire himself out.

Dylan took a few more pieces of meat for her.

Mary smiled before teasing him. "Don't ignore me, Dylan. My plate's still empty."

He quickly filled her plate with some food as well. He used to respect Mary out of courtesy as she was Tilly's friend. However, that changed after the recent incident. He now respected her from the bottom of his heart. He was truly grateful for her as she was the only one who dared to tell the truth even to a raging Tilly to help him and Kendall out.

Jane filled Mary's plate with some food as well, and the old ladies had a wonderful time enjoying lunch with their grandchildren.

"Just go back to work after this, Dylan. You don't have to stay with me. I'm already content that you're willing to have lunch with me. That is good enough for me."

Dylan was the head of the family. He had a lot of things to do. Before Kendall showed up, he spent most of his time working. He had no time for her, but after Kendall showed up, she saw him more. Tilly had to say that Kendall changed him—he was even more of a human now.

"Don't worry, Master Dylan. I'm here with them. They won't feel lonely," Jane assured.

Thanks to the crisis concerning Dylan and Kendall, Jane and Yoseph hadn't been fighting for days, nor did they pull any pranks on each other. After all, they had just witnessed a relationship that was full of challenges and hurdles. At the very least, their relationship was happy and without obstacles to the point where both families already wanted to match them up. The only thing that irked her was the fact that Yoseph had never once confessed his true feelings for her. She could feel his love, but she still wanted to hear him say it.

"And there's me, too!" Alice quickly interjected. Don't want everyone to ignore me.

Emily glanced at her son, looking like she had something to say.

Dylan only left home after they had all finished their lunch.

"I'll send you off, Dylan." Emily would like to talk with her son alone.

He grunted in acknowledgment. After the forced separation, he realized they had to handle the relationship with his family well. The elders might not come after Kendall thanks to him standing by her side every time, but that didn't mean they could just do nothing about it.

It needed time and effort to create a better relationship with the in-laws. Kendall was a kind, smart, and wise woman. He was sure the feud between Kendall and her in-laws would be settled if she was given time to deal with it. You need a peaceful family if you want to have any success in life.

Emily pushed him out of the house.

Ronnie was waiting outside, and he was about to take over, but since Emily wasn't letting Dylan go, he followed them instead.

"Dylan, we've apologized to the Parkers. So, when are you bringing her back?"

Now that she knew Kendall was at the Ford Residence, she was worried. "Scott likes her a lot, and Eric loves his son. Are you fine with her staying with them? It's been days."

Dylan turned around. "So, you're now worried someone might steal my wife away, huh?"

She knocked on his head lightly at that. "What are you talking about? I'm just worried about you." A momentary pause later, she added, "I don't like her, yeah, but you do. You'd throw your dignity away just for her, and it hurts me to see you in such a miserable state."

She could still remember how he was crawling on the ground, and it ripped her heart into pieces. The pain her son had gone through from losing Kendall had finally opened her eyes to the truth. As long as her son was happy, she could live with Kendall, even if she didn't like her.

And Fergus did say they could travel the world if she didn't want to see Kendall. Or they could spend some time on their private island.

"Don't worry, Mom. She's mine. Nobody can take her away—we're meant for each other."

Dylan was not superstitious, but Tilly did mention something like reincarnation and fate twice. He believed this relationship was what fate wanted. There were a lot of beautiful women in his life, but none made him fall for them. Yet, Kendall had made him fall in love easily. She was the woman in his dream as well. This must be fate.

"Eric's wife woke up the night Kendall went to their place. Now, everyone treats her like the goddess she is. She had saved Scott's life, and now Eric's wife woke up because Kendall visited them, so they all see her as their lucky charm."

"That's merely a coincidence."

"Well, at any rate, I have assigned Emma to her just in case."

"You have planned everything out, haven't you?"

Dylan said nothing, but his silence was as good as an answer.

"So, locking yourself in the study and going on a hunger strike for a day was also a part of your plan?"

Dylan remained silent.

This boy... In the end, Emily sighed. "I hope it was worth it."

"It will be. I don't take mindless risks."

She scoffed. "You can't know everything. So, any good news from Kendall?"

He answered without hesitation, "She misses me."

Emily knocked his head again.

Ronnie was holding back his laughter.

"Stop telling me about your love life."

Dylan answered, "But it is good news. It'd be worrying if she doesn't miss me."

"Quit giving me that. Is she pregnant? It's been months, and there's still no news about the baby."

Even though Dylan wasn't impotent, everyone was still worried about him. Only when Kendall was pregnant could they be sure he could function as a man.

"Mom, do you know why I still haven't picked her up?"

"How should I know?"

"I'd have to abstain if I picked her up right now." Her period lasts for a week.

Emily was rendered speechless at that. Welp, there goes my dream of having a granddaughter. "Don't use protection. You guys aren't young anymore. Get a child as soon as you can." She figured the problem wasn't on her son for the lack of babies. They just don't want a kid yet.

"We promised we wouldn't want to have kids anytime soon," Dylan answered honestly as he didn't want his mother to complain about it to Kendall.

Chapter 485

"What?! Why aren't you getting a baby?" Emily panicked.

She had three sons and a daughter. Dylan was the eldest, and she wanted him to give her a grandchild. Yoseph and Jane were still playing around, while Matthew was still proudly single. Thus, her only hope of getting a grandchild rested upon Dylan and Kendall.

"Not for now. I'm planning on holding a wedding after I'm all healed and when she isn't as busy anymore. After that, we'll have our honeymoon, and only then will we start thinking about having a baby. Mom, you know she's not in a position to have a child right now. Pregnancy takes ten months, and



she can't work too hard during that period. She just started work at Parker Corporation. If she gets pregnant now, her effort would have been for nothing."

Emily stayed silent. She was clear about the situation as well. "Adam can still go on for a decade or two. She can learn the ropes after she gives birth to the baby, but Kelly's still a problem. If Kendall can't grow fast enough, her father will be put in a predicament."

"Actually, no. The Parkers are disappointed in Kelly. They still keep her around for a lot of reasons."

They didn't want Kelly to leave at first. Everyone would call them cruel if they chased her off one year after their real daughter returned. Plus, Kelly had been working for the company for years. Chasing her away might cost them a part of the management. They had to wait until Kendall showed some results and became everyone's leader before they could kick Kelly out.

"Guess I'll have to wait for God knows how long for my first grandchild." Emily sighed. "I'm not gonna

meddle anymore. Just live life happily. I'll nag Yoseph instead. I can't believe he's still not making any progress, and it's been so long." Jane's still not his official girlfriend yet even though they've been living under the same roof for a while now.

Dylan smiled. "And Matthew too. He's at that age as well."

If Matthew were here, he would complain as loud as possible. He loved his life of freedom and wouldn't trade it for anything, not least marriage.

The mother and son kept chatting, and when they returned to Dylan's place, both of them were greeted by a mew. And then, an adorable Ragdoll appeared out of nowhere. It approached Dylan and meowed at him.

Emily was shocked. Her son despised furry animals. No family member would take their pets near his abode, or he might kill them.

After the accident, Dylan wasn't in the best of moods for a time. Any little sound would be enough to trigger him. He'd hurl anything he could get at anyone he could see. Lots of servants resigned because of his violent tendencies, and nobody would get near him.

Tilly wanted to take Kendall's hand in marriage because she wanted to hire a free servant for Dylan. Kendall grew up in a village and was the real daughter of the Parkers. She fit the bill. At least, that was what Emily knew. What she didn't know was that the marriage only happened because of a fortune-telling session that Tilly had gone to. "Ronnie, take the cat away!" Emily spoke before her son could.

Ronnie wouldn't do it. That's Young Mistress Kendall's cat, and this isn't the first time it escaped.

What's Pet Palace doing?

"Mom, this is Kendall's cat." Dylan bent down and picked the cat up. The feline creature lay on his lap quietly as if it knew him.

Emily was stupefied. She knew Kendall had a few pets. All of them were gifts from Dylan, but that didn't change his distaste for furry pets. The couple even argued over these pets once, but they relented in the end. And now he's holding the cat? He loves her, huh?

"It's probably missing Kendall. It's been a few days since it saw her." He patted the cat's head and stared at it with gentle eyes. It's my honey's cat, after all.

Emily only watched on in silence.

"Go home, Mom. I should be going to work now."

She had said all she wanted, and her son had to work. There was no point in staying.

Once she was gone, Dylan told Amos, "Take the cat inside and call Pet Palace. Tell them to send the cat bed and cat food over."

"You wish to keep it around, sir?" Amos asked.

"Yeah. It's a smart cat. It knows where to search for its master. We can keep it around until Kendall's back. But make sure to clean up after it every day. It sheds a lot."

The Ragdoll looked happy about getting patted, and it helped Dylan in overcoming his disgust for fur. These animals are cute.

Amos took the cat and said, "Of course, sir. We'll keep an eye on it. We won't let it run around."

Cats would leave their hair everywhere they went.

Amos asked a servant to fill a basin with water so Dylan could wash his hands. And then, Dylan went to work. Amos saw him off before he took the cat into the house, patting the kitty as he said, "You're lucky Young Master Dylan loves Young Mistress Kendall. That's the only reason you have survived twice."

The Ragdoll mewed twice. It was as if it could understand what Amos had just said.

Amos called Pet Palace and told them what Dylan wanted.

The staff members were worried Kendall's cat might come right to Dylan's place after escaping, and their guess was correct. However, they couldn't believe it when Amos told them about Dylan's request. Still, they quickly packed the cat's bed, toys, and food before sending them to Dylan's house.

Young Master Dylan wants to keep the cat? It was shocking news, but it was understandable. Kendall wasn't back yet, and he needed something to remind him of her, so the cat was his choice.

Emily told Tilly what she saw earlier once she returned to the main house.

Tilly remained silent for a long time. Eventually, she said, "This is not the first time." He's broken a lot of his own rules just for Kendall.

Chapter 486

Once at the company, Dylan video-called Kendall. "Hey, honey."

"Hi," she happily replied. "At work?"

"Yeah. Gotta work overtime so that I can pick you up myself. Once I'm done with my work, I'll head over to bring you home." And stay at Eastfort for a few days with you.

"Don't overwork yourself," she reminded. "Or I'm going to spank you when I get back."

Dylan smiled. "I know what I'm doing, but I'm still happy you care about me so much."

"You dummy." Nobody likes getting nagged. At least, I don't.

"Are you outside?"

"Yeah. Since I'm staying here for a bit anyway, I figured I could find some business partners."

And see if I can get some deals. I need results to show I'm better than Kelly. She made her way up step by step, too, but she was raised as the heiress. She has a better education than I do.

Aside from that, Kelly was more daring and experienced than Kendall was. She might have been reborn, but she had no experience in business in her previous life, so she had to start from scratch. "Eric is willing to work with me." She would share any good news she had with her husband. "But there's no sense of achievement in that. Everyone knows I saved Scott. Eric working with us is

something done out of gratitude." However, she wasn't stubborn. A deal was a deal, so she took it anyway.

"So, how is the negotiation going with everyone else? There are a lot of circuit board manufacturers in Eastfort. The competition's stiff, and you're an outsider. Be careful, okay? Your competitors might come after you."

Dylan gave her some tips. The business world was a war zone, and some businessmen preferred dirty tricks. He wasn't by her side at the moment, so all he could do was remind her of the risks.

She smiled. "One of the Fords is with me. Nobody's going to attack me. Besides, I'm competing fair and square. Not like I'm using any privilege."

After she went through her own company's strengths, she thought Parker Corporation was one of the top circuit board manufacturers around. They were branching out recently, though their main business was still circuit board production.

A smile tugged on Dylan's lips. "I see I'm worried for nothing. You're an important guest of the Fords. Nobody's going to pull a fast one on you."

"An electrical appliance company is interested in a partnership. I've seen it. Its scale is fine. It'd be a big partnership if this works."

"Do your best, honey!" he encouraged.

"Thank you, darling." She gave him a sweet smile.

And the sight of her beaming smile made him gulp. He wanted to pull her into his embrace and kiss her a thousand times.

"So, are you calling me because you miss me, or is it for something else?"

"Both."

Kendall asked curiously, "What is it? Good news or bad news?"

"Mom says she wants a grandchild. You tell me."

She paused for a moment before asking, "So... how did you answer?"

"I told her we aren't gonna have a kid in the nearest future."

"Did she curse me?"

Just because Emily didn't go down hard on her, that didn't mean she accepted her. She knew the Colemans only accepted her because they loved Dylan deeply. Part of that was her fault, too.

She had to learn how to change. Just because she was loved by Dylan, that didn't mean she could just ignore her in-laws. She had to live with them for life. Zero communication was impossible.

"No. I told her about our situation, and she's been understanding since. I told her to nag Yoseph and Matthew if she wants grandchildren." She can't just nag me alone.

Kendall chuckled. "They're gonna fight you if they find out."

"Hey, I've been shouldering everything for a long time. It's about time they help me out."

They flirted for a while before Kendall reluctantly ended the call. She didn't want to use too much of Dylan's time.

At the same time, Jane entered the Dynasty Hotel while holding a bouquet. A beautiful lady like her holding a bouquet was something that attracted everyone's eyes. She went straight to the reception and asked, "Is Mr. Coleman in?"

The receptionist asked, "May I have your name, miss? And why do you wish to see Mr. Coleman?"

Jane placed the bouquet on the counter. Proudly, she replied, "Ninety-nine roses. All for him."

The receptionist looked at the bouquet. Politely, she said, "Miss, I'm sorry, but I can't let you in. Please go home."

Yoseph had a lot of admirers, but this was the first time someone gave him flowers. He's a guy. No way he likes flowers.

Jane persisted. "I just wanna give him these flowers and have a little chat. I know where his office is. I'm just not sure if he's in at the moment."

The receptionist was in a dilemma.

"Wait. Are you keeping it a secret because a lot of women have given him flowers?" Jane suddenly questioned.

The receptionist smiled. "You're the first, miss." Everyone else gives him neckties, watches, and shirts. Some even give him cars. But Mr. Coleman is rich enough to afford everything, so he refused all their gifts.

The Colemans had fifteen young, successful men in the family. A lot of women thought they had a good chance of marrying one of them, but all the men had impossibly high standards in their choice of women. Aside from Yasmine going after Dylan relentlessly, none of the other fourteen young men was embroiled in any scandal. However, Yasmine failed to make Dylan fall for her in the end, and the one who did it was Kendall. Oh, how I envy her.

"I bet nobody else would do this, huh?" Which makes me the first. "Fine, it's alright. I'll call him instead." She was in a hurry, and she'd hate to put the receptionist in a hard place. And so, she called Yoseph herself.

And he picked it up right away. "Sup, Feisty?"

"I'm right in front of your hotel's reception."

"You want me to pick you up?"

"Oh, so you're in?"

He chuckled lightly. "You came without finding out my itinerary?"

"Yep," Jane admitted.

"I'm in my office. Are you coming up yourself, or do you want me to pick you up?"

"I'm going up." With that, she hung up.

Yoseph wanted to say something, but it was too late. With resignation in his voice, he said, "Man, you're always in a hurry. At least let me finish." If this was something urgent, you'd drive me crazy with that attitude of yours.

Chapter 487

Jane hung up and said, "He's in his office. I'm seeing him myself." She then picked the bouquet up and went for the elevator without waiting for the receptionist to say anything.

The receptionist had tried to say something, but Jane was already long gone. However, the receptionist didn't go after her, seeing as Jane knew Yoseph. Perhaps this lady is Mr. Coleman's true love.

Jane hopped into the elevator and went straight to the top floor. When she emerged from it, she was greeted by a grinning Yoseph.

However, his face fell the moment he saw the bouquet in her hands. "Who bought you this?" Who dares to steal my lady from me? And I can't believe she took it!

"I did." Then, she gave him the bouquet.



He took it instinctively. "You did? But it's a lot. How many flowers are there?"

"Ninety-nine. It's for you."

A grin broke out on Yoseph's lips, and he held the flowers tight. "For me? Do you know what ninety-nine roses mean, Feisty?"

"Means I'm rich. Ninety-nine is nothing. I can get nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine roses for you if you'd like, boy."

An awkward look filled Yoseph's face. Why on earth did I have to fall in love with her? So unromantic. "Don't call me boy. You're younger than me." He returned to his office with the bouquet in hand.

His secretary had been listening to their conversation. He was shocked beyond words at first, but then he held back his laughter as he found the situation quite hilarious. The receptionists might not know who Jane was, but he knew. She was the woman whom Yoseph loved, though they got along weirdly. Most people would think they were enemies since they always argued every time they met.

As soon as they entered the office, Yoseph closed the door behind him. The moment he turned around, however, Jane approached him and pinned him against the door.

Hey, I should be the one doing that.

"Yoseph."

"Yes?" he whispered. He was afraid if he were any louder, she might not continue what she was doing. And he wasn't about to let her shy away from it.

"I heard your mother and grandmother talk about your and Matthew's marriage. Said it's time to settle down."

His eyes glinted. Ah, so she's in a hurry. He held back his delight and answered calmly, "I am at that age. It's time to find someone and settle down."

"Do you have someone in mind? If you don't, can you go with me? If you do, ditch her and pick me."

Yoseph almost laughed out loud. Wow, she's really in a hurry. This is already a confession. "Yeah, I have someone in mind," he answered honestly and held the bouquet up. "Don't ruin this. It's my first bouquet. High sentimental value."

"So, who do you have in mind?"

He grinned at her, the love in his eyes almost palpable. He huddled closer and pecked her lips. Hoarsely, he said, "Do you have to ask? Who else but you?"

"Do you love me?" she whispered.

He held her chin with one hand and raised it, his eyes staring into hers. Lovingly, he confessed, "Of course. I love you with my life, Jane."

Jane let him go and turned around as she laughed. "I win! I've finally made you confess!" She went to the sofa and continued, "You dumb\*ss. You just wouldn't confess, no matter how much you love me. You just had to make me do this."

Yoseph smiled. He picked the bouquet up and went with her. He sat down beside her and placed the bouquet on the coffee table. To the back of the sofa he leaned, and he pulled her toward himself. He held Jane in his embrace as he said, "We know how much we love each other even without the confession." He knew she was clear about how much he loved her.

She retorted jokingly, "Well, I'm not the brightest bulb. I have no idea you love me unless you tell me so."

He scraped her nose lightly. "If you're stupid, no one in this world is considered smart anymore."

Jane hated being held. She turned around and pinned him down. She preferred to be the dominant one.  
"Yoseph."

"Yes?"

"Don't say anything. I wanna look at you."

He wrapped his arms around her waist and asked lovingly, "You think I'm hot, aren't you? I'm the perfect match for you."

"Yeah. You and your brothers are all hot. If all of you guys show up at a banquet at once, it'd be perfect. You guys would be the nicest view in town."

And then, Yoseph pushed her head down to give her a deep kiss.

After that, he brushed his finger across her lips. With envy in his voice, he whispered, "You were drooling just talking about them. Jane, you are mine. You're only allowed to love me and no one else."

"I just think you guys will look awesome if you show up all at once. I've never said I'd fall for them."

She bit his lip softly. Then, with an equally territorial voice, she said, "I've put an imprint on you. You're mine now. And don't worry. I won't ever abandon you." And then, she laughed. "As I recall, Kendall used the same idea to make Dylan marry her."

She was good friends with Kendall, and Kendall told her all about her relationship with Dylan. Kendall's bravery was something to be admired. If it weren't for that, Dylan would still be aloof and distant.

"So, you wanna take a page out of her book and marry me?" Yoseph smiled.

"Nuh-uh. You haven't even proposed to me. No way I'm gonna marry you."

He froze for a moment before responding, "I thought you were proposing to me."

"You can't expect me to do everything. I gave you the flowers, and I confessed. Now it's your turn. You're doing the proposal. Fail it, and I won't marry you."

She threatened him without feeling any guilt at all. He loved her, after all. "But I don't wanna get married so soon. We've been fighting all our lives like enemies. We need some good memories in our relationship. Oh, I know. Why don't you woo me? I wanna feel what it's like to be chased after. And then, we'll start dating. We're gonna make sure the dates are awesome. I wanna have some sweet memories to cherish when we get old."

Chapter 488

A speechless Yoseph looked at the girl before him. We're childhood friends. We like each other, and marriage should come naturally. Is courting even necessary?

And then, Jane started calling his name in a cutesy, bubbly way. "Aww, Yoseph..."

He shivered at her tone and relented almost immediately. "Fine, I'll woo you. I'm going to give you a bouquet and cook for you every day. If I have time, we'll go shopping and see some movies. We'll do everything a couple would. But please don't call my name in that cutesy way ever again. It didn't melt my heart; I almost hurled. You're not a cutesy girl."

She chuckled. "Sure, I don't like being coy, or cutesy, or anything." She was a straightforward woman who'd get disgusted at even the idea of having to be coy. She held Yoseph's head and kissed him again, to which he gladly played along.

After that kiss, she leaned on his chest. "Do you know why I confessed, Yoseph?"

"Because you love me."

"I just think we're blessed. We need to treasure what we have. Treasure our happiness." Jane drew circles on his chest.

It was just something she did out of boredom, but Yoseph loved it. He was a healthy man, and this woman was the one he loved. Isn't she worried she might arouse me? Though, he knew her too well. She was just doing it out of boredom—no sexual hints behind it. She wasn't that kind of patient woman.

If she wanted him, she'd just strip him naked and ride him.

Just the thought of that made him chuckle.

"Look at Master Dylan and Kendall. They love each other, but many people don't want them to be together. Our families want us to be together. We have all we need, so we have to treasure it. And why are you laughing? Did you think of something funny? Share it with me."

He smiled and replied, "No. I don't think of funny jokes." I can never tell her why I was laughing, or she's gonna kill me.

"Fine. Did you hear what I said anyway?"

"Of course."

Jane touched his face and complimented him, "Good boy." She left the sofa and approached his desk. A moment later, she turned her head around. "Do a lot of girls try to see you?"

"Yes, but I don't let them in." Yoseph approached her from behind and wrapped his arms around her. "I like you. Everybody else is boring for me."

She turned around and announced, "Nobody can take you away from me. Not unless I dump you first."

He was dumbfounded for a moment before he snapped out of it and asked, "Will you dump me, then?"

"You have my imprint, so I won't. I won't dump you like how those f\*ckgirls do to other boys."

"Good to hear."

"You're busy, aren't you? I'll go home now." She pulled his hands away and tried to leave.

However, Yoseph stopped her. "Since you're already here, why don't we have some snacks? There's a lot of your favorites in the first floor's buffet corner."

"I want the ones you make."

"It's the weekend tomorrow. I'll do it for you then. Anything you like. Just name it." He was glad he was a good cook. He could make anything she wanted.

"Really?" A grin curled Jane's lips.

"I never lie to you. Let's go." He held her hand and went for the entrance. Before he left, he picked the bouquet up.

"Won't the bouquet get in your way?"

"Hey, this is my first bouquet from my girlfriend. Gotta show it off at all times."

Jane didn't say anything further, but she felt delighted inside.

On the other hand, Frank was very much not delighted.

Desmond furtively went to see Amelia. When he was approaching the Taylor Residence, he saw her

holding an umbrella, and a man was standing beside her.

Desmond had no idea who the man was. He seemed unfamiliar, and Desmond was reminded of the fact Amelia had a blind date to attend last time, but Frank ruined it. The guy came again? He doesn't know when to give up, does he? And they're strolling around the place with nothing but an umbrella shielding them from the sun.

In all his arrogance, Desmond eliminated this man as a potential date for Amelia. He's not thoughtful at all. Mr. Mendelson wouldn't have taken her out on a hot day like this. "Faster. I need to see if that's Ms. Taylor," he said.

The driver stepped on the gas and approached the pair.

Desmond rolled the window down and stuck his head out. Amelia looked up, and their eyes met. "Ms. Taylor." He grinned.

She quickly held the arm of the man beside her.

Caleb froze for a moment, but then he realized soon after that she was putting on an act for someone. He looked into the car, but there was only the driver and the middle-aged man. Nobody else was there.

Frank's not around. After noticing his absence, she let go of Caleb's arm. "Hi, Mr. Desmond." She smiled as well. "What brings you here?" Is Frank in a bad mood again?

"I'm here to pick you up." He cut to the chase. Desmond was here for her. All he did was glance at Caleb, and he already knew that the guy before him was fighting a losing battle.

Caleb was about Amelia's age, but he was not a handsome man. Frank was a lot more good-looking than he was. One look at him, and Desmond heaved a sigh of relief. As long as Ms. Taylor is not blind, she won't leave Mr. Mendelson for this guy.

"And who is this, Ms. Taylor?"

"He's Caleb, the son of my mother's best friend," she answered curtly.

Not even Frank had the right to pry too much into her private life. Since she wasn't saying much, Desmond wouldn't ask any further. "Will you come in right now, or should I wait?"

Dammit, Amelia cursed in silence.

Caleb asked in concern, "Why is he here, Amelia?"

"He's taking me to someone. To cheer him up. Some people love to see me suffer so that they can be happy. My house is right ahead. Can you go by yourself? I'll be back in a minute." A pause later, she said apologetically, "I might have to stand you up. Sorry I can't have lunch with you and your mom."

He was Harriet's son and her blind date. Frank picked her up during the last blind date, and he kept her at his office for the whole day. And she missed that date because of that.

Chapter 489

Harriet had watched over Amelia for years. She wanted Amelia to marry her son, so she didn't mind her standing Caleb up. This time, she even brought Caleb to the Taylor Residence.

Caleb and Amelia had known each other since they were children, but there were no romantic feelings between them, so the blind date was awkward for Amelia. For them to have some time alone, Sophia made her go on a stroll with Caleb.

Amelia felt like crying. I can't believe she'd tell me to stroll with him in this heat. I'm gonna die.

"And he is?" Caleb wanted to know who this man was. He's ruining things for me.

"This is Mr. Desmond, the butler of the Mendelsons. He's a good guy. He's nice to me. It'll be fine. Just tell my mom I went with him."

She's gonna kill me when I come back, though. The last time she returned, Sophia grilled her for everything. Even after she said she was suffering for Kendall's sake, Sophia still didn't believe her. She said Frank had special feelings for her, and Sophia warned her to stay away from him.



Amelia was amused. Yeah, right. He never had any special feelings for me. He just wants to torment me so Kendall will get mad enough to come after him. That way, he can keep her locked in his house. I will not let him ruin Kendall's happiness. He won't kill me. Unless he wants her to hate his guts forever.

In all honesty, she wanted to stay away from him as well, but Frank was an unreasonable man-child. She could only do as he pleased as her family didn't have enough power to fight him off.

"He's a Mendelson?" Caleb frowned.

He might have just returned from his overseas travel, but he, too, knew who the most powerful men in Orapolis were. First was Dylan; the second was Frank; Benjamin was the third. These men were powerful, and none of them were kind souls. Anyone who got on their nerves would end up in the worst place of their lives. But the Taylors should not have any connection with the Mendelsons. I've known them since childhood, after all.

"Come in, Ms. Taylor," Desmond told the driver to stop. He then got out of the car and opened the door for Amelia, inviting her in.

She handed the umbrella to Caleb and apologized, "Sorry, but I have to go now. Take the umbrella. Don't get scorched." She got into the car before he could say anything.

Desmond didn't want her to stay with Caleb either. She's gonna marry Mr. Mendelson. I'm not letting this Caleb guy steal her away.

And so, Caleb could do nothing but watch as she was taken away.

A long while later, Amelia asked, "So, what is it this time? Who got on his nerves?"

Instead of answering, Desmond asked, "You didn't want to stay with him, did you?"

She pouted. "I just don't want to go on a blind date, but my mom and his mom kept pushing us into it." She'd rather fight with Frank than spend all that time with Caleb. It was awkward. At least fighting with

Frank had a modicum of fun in it.

"He seems interested in you." Desmond was old enough to see through a lot of things. He knew Caleb had ideas about Amelia. Fortunately, the same couldn't be said about her. Still, I have to talk to Mr. Mendelson about this, or else someone is going to take Ms. Taylor away someday.

"I don't know. Anyway, tell me what happened."

"Master Dylan came to see him."

Oh. Happily, she asked, "And Master Dylan beat him up badly, didn't he?"

Ms. Taylor, aren't you taking too much pleasure in Mr. Mendelson's suffering?

"Hah! Served him right. I don't know how to fight, but if I can fight like Kendall, I'd whoop his \*ss too. He's good enough to get any single woman he wants, but he just has to go after Master Dylan's wife. He deserves that beating."

Desmond sighed. "Indeed. Can you talk to him when you see him later, then?"

"Mr. Desmond, he trusts you the most, and you're older than him. You're basically his elder. If he doesn't even listen to you, what makes you think he'll listen to me? You can wish for the sun to rise from the west, and that'd probably come true sooner."

Ms. Taylor, I'd appreciate it if you would be a bit more indirect with your words. "Ms. Taylor, what's the best way for a man to forget about a woman?" He changed the subject.

Without hesitation, she answered, "Hammer his head until he loses his memories. Then, he can restart without any ties to the past."

Desmond gave her a look.

"Don't give me that look. What else do you expect me to say?"

"Perhaps 'start a new relationship.'" Like you and him dating. Then, he's gonna shift his attention to you. He'll eventually let go of his obsession with Young Mistress Coleman.

"You think he's gonna start a new relationship? You should try wishing for a dragon instead. I bet you'll get one even before he starts a new relationship," Amelia rebuked. "Besides, he has no new crush. No way he can start a new one. And he's super picky about his women. I bet he doesn't care about any other woman but Kendall."

Frank didn't even have any admirers. Yasmine tried to chase him for a few days, but she gave up soon after. Frank was an ideal man, but he was even more aloof than Dylan. Not even the most stubborn woman would go for him. I'm not stubborn. So, I won't go for him. Anyone who falls for him is blind. I'm not blind. I have good eyes.

Desmond was speechless. A while later, he asked, "Is Young Mistress Coleman well?"

"If your master isn't sabotaging her life, then yes, she's very well."

A moment of silence later, he remarked, "She and Master Dylan are deeply in love. Master Dylan did a lot for her."

"Duh. Mr. Desmond, you gotta keep telling your master to stop wrecking their relationship."

Alas, the wrong subject again. Fine, I'm not talking anymore. Every time I say something, she manages to insult Mr. Mendelson.

When Amelia arrived, Frank was swimming in the pool by himself. He didn't even try to ice the bruises he got from Dylan.

Desmond knew he wanted to keep them on so he could prove to Kendall that Dylan wasn't the only one who was hurt.

And that was why Desmond felt for him. She is Master Dylan's wife. They're deeply in love. So of course, she cares about her husband. She thinks Mr. Mendelson is the villain, who keeps trying to wreck their relationship. So, she won't care about him. In fact, she might even laugh at him. He then asked Amelia to approach Frank alone.

She fidgeted. "Mr. Desmond, he won't drown me, will he?"

He promised, "He won't. He's tolerant when it comes to you. Just approach him. Don't worry. If he tries to drown you, I'll step in right away."

Chapter 490

After hearing what Desmond had to say, Amelia snorted to herself. If anything happens, he's going to take Frank's side. He's just trying to convince me to go over and let Frank torture me.

"Do you know how to swim, Ms. Taylor?"

Amelia begrudgingly answered in the affirmative.

"I'll bring you a swimsuit. Please get changed and go swimming with Mr. Mendelson. Perhaps you could compete against him to see who can swim faster. I'm sure he will be distracted if he loses."

In reality, Desmond thought that she had a slender, attractive figure. She would surely be able to distract Frank if she put on a swimsuit.

"Don't bother. I'm not interested in swimming with your master."

She called out to Desmond, who was about to leave, and said, "Bring me a pot of tea and some snacks. Oh, and a plate of fruits too."

He looked at her.

"I'll sit by the pool and watch your master swim instead so that he won't end up drowning without anyone noticing him. Don't worry. If he starts drowning, I'll save him within three minutes. I won't let him die."

He didn't know what to say.

Amelia then headed off toward Frank.

Desmond had no choice but to arrange for the staff to prepare tea and snacks for her.

Frank continued swimming for an unknown amount of time until he seemed to be tired out. When he saw Amelia coming over, he came out of the pool and sat down on the side.

"Desmond brought you here again," he commented coolly.

She went behind him and pretended to slip. She lurched forward and shoved him from behind.

Frank couldn't react in time and ended up falling into the pool.

The water splashed all over.

Amelia quickly stopped herself and stood safely by the side of the pool as she exclaimed apologetically, "I tripped by accident, Frank. I didn't mean to push you into the pool."

His head broke through the water. He wiped his face and swam over to the side before climbing out of the pool again.

She remained standing by the pool with an innocent expression.

Then, she tried to scurry away from the side of the pool.

However, Frank caught up to her and grabbed her.

"I really didn't mean it, Frank! It was an accident! Just an accident. Don't do this. I'm here to try and lift your spirits."

Splash!

He dragged Amelia back to the pool and threw her in.

Although the weather was hot outside, the water in the indoor pool was chilly.

After getting thrown into the pool, she nearly choked on the water. Thankfully, she knew how to swim and instinctively reacted to the situation. Soon, she swam over to the other side of the pool.

"Frank Mendelson, you're a scumbag!"

She climbed out of the pool and started berating Frank in her disheveled state.

"I already said it was an accident."

"Was it an accident, though?" he asked coolly with an icy stare.

She felt a prick in her conscience, but she stubbornly insisted, "It was!"

"Well, it was an accident on my part, too. My hands slipped, and you ended up falling into the pool. Why didn't you hold on to me?"

Amelia was speechless.

Why didn't Master Dylan beat this scumbag hard enough until he couldn't even get out of bed?

"You're just a mean and heartless scumbag."

"How have I failed you? What have you done for me?" Frank fired back.

She was dumbfounded.

A few seconds later, she retorted, "Whenever you're in a foul mood, you'll start taking it out on me. You get your happiness from seeing me suffer instead, so haven't I done enough for you? I was supposed to go on a blind date, but you got Mr. Desmond to drag me here because you're in a bad mood. I'm going to hold you accountable if I don't get married, Frank."

"How are you going to hold me accountable? Make me take responsibility for it by marrying you?" he countered.

"Hah! Even if you wanted to marry me, I refuse to marry you."

Frank stared at Amelia darkly.

"This time, I didn't ask Desmond to bring you here."

He defended himself after a minute of silence.

He touched his face, which was still bruised.

She didn't even bother asking about my injury.

"Mr. Desmond went to look for me himself? Why would he have come looking for me without your permission? It had to be your doing."

Frank sat down. "I don't care if you believe me. It's not like I'm begging you to believe me anyway."

At this moment, Desmond came over with a few other household staff.

They laid out a round table by the pool and filled it with tea, pastries, fruits, and even snacks that young women preferred.

Desmond and the others realized that the atmosphere was rather tense. They hurried away as soon as they set the table as if they were afraid their employer was going to throw them into the pool next if they were too slow.

After all, they had seen Amelia's drenched clothes.

Mr. Mendelson must've thrown her into the pool.

Frank's eyes swept across the table. He scoffed and said to the woman in front of him, "You seem to be making yourself at home here, Amelia. Look at you asking Desmond to prepare snacks for you as soon as you come over."

He got up and looked through the snacks on the table. "I've been staying in this house for 31 years. I never knew we had such snacks here."

He turned to Amelia and said, "You sure know how to win people's favor. Desmond's so taken with you that he even prepared all of these snacks for you."

She came over to the table as well.

"That's because I'm a charming person with a winning personality. Mr. Desmond can't help but take a liking to me. I'm not like you, someone who's impossible to like."



Frank's eyes darkened as he stated coolly, "You do know that Desmond likes you, huh? Excellent. Since he likes you so much, why don't I play matchmaker for the two of you? Desmond will fulfill his dream of a May-December romance."

Amelia's expression soured. "Don't try to twist my words, Frank. The sort of liking I'm talking about is not the same as the one you're talking about."

Meanwhile, Desmond, who was hiding not too far off from them, sneezed. He quickly covered his nose and mouth.

"What's the difference? They're all a form of liking anyway."

Frank's eyes fell onto Amelia's figure. Her clothes were drenched through and clung to her skin, which highlighted the curves of her body.

He quickly averted his eyes. Perhaps it was out of fear that he would get the urge to do something if he continued staring.

"Desmond."

Knowing that Desmond wasn't far off, Frank called out to him and instructed, "Bring her a set of dry clothes."

"I don't have any clothes here in your house."

As soon as Amelia said that, she realized how suggestive her sentence sounded.

However, it was too late to take it back.

"That won't stump him," he replied plainly.

Desmond would just bring my clothes for her to wear.

She thought that Desmond would send someone out to buy a set of clothes for her, but instead, he soon came back bearing a set of clothes that were very familiar to her.

"Ms. Taylor, we don't have your clothes here, so I had no choice but to bring you some of Mr. Mendelson's clothes instead. Please make do and change into these. The changing room is right over there."

Desmond passed the clothes to her and kindly pointed her in the direction of the changing room.

Amelia looked at the clothes that he had given her. These belonged to Frank, and he had worn them

before.

They were probably his favorite set of clothes as she had seen him wearing them quite a few times.

Should I change into them or not?

"What's the matter? Turning your nose up at my clothes?" Frank called out darkly when he noticed her hesitation.