

## **Kendalls 491**

### Chapter 491

"We're not the same height. Your clothes won't suit me."

"So, you admit that you're short."

Amelia was speechless.

She was short in comparison to him, but she was considered tall for a woman.

"Is there anyone among your bodyguards who's about the same height as me? Ask him to lend me his clothes. They'll fit me better."

Frank threw her a look once more.

"Either wear those or don't bother changing. It's not as if it's me who needs a change of clothes."

Amelia pursed her lips and walked over to the changing room.

A little while later, she came back out again.

Frank studied her. His clothes were very baggy on her.

"Desmond, head over to her house and bring over a set of her clothes."

"Don't! Go and buy a new set of clothes. If you ask Mr. Desmond to take my clothes from my house,

then as soon as I head home, I won't be able to step out of my house alive again. My mother will tear me apart."

"Buying you new clothes costs money," Frank stated coolly.

"You can't afford to spare that little bit of money?"

"I can, but I'm not buying it for me, and we're not related in any way. Why should I pay for you?"

Amelia had nothing to say in response.

She checked her pockets and found nothing apart from her water-damaged phone.

Nowadays, it was so convenient to rely on digital wallets to pay for everything. A phone would suffice, so she wouldn't need to carry an actual purse around.

"I don't have any money on me. Lend me some and I'll pay you back later."

"You'll have to pay interest on that."

"As if you need to earn that tiny bit of interest," Amelia grumbled.

"I like earning money off of you."

Amelia was so angry that she wanted to throw something at him, and the only thing she had right now was her phone, so that was what she hurled at him.

Knowing how good Frank's reflexes were, he could easily avoid her phone.

However, she never would've thought that he would remain in his spot, and her phone ended up smashing him in the face.

"Ouch—" Frank groaned loudly.

Amelia jumped in fright.

Her phone crashed to the ground, but she didn't pay any attention to it. She was worried that she might've thrown too hard and ended up ruining his face. What if he latches onto me because of this? What will I do?

"Uh. Hey. H-How's your face?" Amelia inched closer and asked carefully.

"Y-You could've avoided it. Why didn't you move away?"

Frank bent down so that Amelia could get a good look at the bruise on his face and declared icily, "Ms. Taylor, take a look at this. We're here at the scene of your crime. Since you're the reason why my face is all banged up, you're responsible for making sure the swelling goes down."

Amelia was speechless.

His face had already been covered in bruises as a result of his fight with Dylan.

All she did was throw her phone at him, and here he was putting all the blame on her.

Master Dylan, I'm being held accountable for your actions. When Kendall gets back, the two of you had better treat me to a good meal.

A little while later, voices echoed from the majestic living room.

"It's so cold!"

"Be gentle."

"I'm going to get frostbite."

Frank kept grumbling from time to time.

Amelia's expression was stormy. She couldn't stop herself from smacking Frank on the shoulder as she fumed, "Can't you be still? If you think I'm not being gentle enough, then go ahead and do it yourself! This is a piece of ice; of course, it'll feel cold! What else do you expect it to be?"

Frank fell silent after getting smacked.

Desmond, who was hiding in a corner, nearly choked as he held back his laughter.

He could tell that Frank was doing it on purpose.

Although the two were bickering all the time, at the very least, Frank was showing signs of initiating contact with Amelia.

Soon, Sir will no longer have any feelings for Young Mistress Coleman.

"I heard that you're going on blind dates."

Frank tried to strike up a conversation.

"That's none of your bloody business!"

After a pause, Frank commented, "You should watch how you behave in public, Ms. Taylor. Don't speak so crudely."

"I can't help but do that whenever I'm in your presence."

"Does Kendall know about this side of you?"

You've never seen just how harsh Kendall can be. She comes off even stronger than I do, you know. I'm no match for her.

Naturally, Amelia stopped herself from saying any of this out loud.

Even though it was the truth, she couldn't be the one to say it, or otherwise, it would seem like she was trying to badmouth Kendall in front of Frank.

"Did Master Dylan go too easy on you? Why do you keep dragging Kendall into everything? She's Master Dylan's wife and will be his wife for the rest of their lives. You should just give up."

Frank didn't say anything.

"Why don't I introduce you to a few other women and you can try dating them? Once you meet someone new, you'll realize that you don't love Kendall all that much."

Frank scoffed. "Do you even have any friends you can introduce to me, apart from Kendall?"

Amelia couldn't respond to that.

Frank turned to look at her, and she instinctively fired back, "I'm the matchmaker. I'm not included in the list of candidates."

"What's with your huge reaction? I didn't say I wanted you to introduce yourself to me. Is it because you already had that thought in mind?"

Frank stroked his face. "I'm pretty handsome."

Amelia was dumbstruck. Narcissist.

"I dare you to say that I'm not handsome."

"Yes. So handsome. The most handsome in the whole wide world!"

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At Coleman Empire Holdings.

Dylan wheeled himself out of his office a few minutes after it was time to get off work.

Ronnie waited for him by the office door.

When Ronnie saw Dylan coming out, he swiftly took over pushing the wheelchair as he handed an envelope to Dylan.

Dylan took out the stack of photos from the envelope and flipped through them before stuffing them back into the envelope.

He held it out and Ronnie took it back.

"Get someone to send this to the Zorns, specifically Mrs. Zorn."

"Got it."

The envelope was full of Brian and Kelly's intimate photos, as well as photos of all the receipts of the luxury items Brian had recently given Kelly.

Dylan had sent someone to take these photos.

Brian and Kelly took photos of Frank's high-profile confession to Kendall to try and separate Dylan and Kendall.

Thus, Dylan was going to give them a taste of their own medicine.

The whole city knew about Kelly and Jackson's relationship.

Even Yasmine, who was once good friends with Kelly, had severed all ties with her.

The Zorns' family elders would certainly disapprove of Kelly, yet Brian had secretly moved in with her and bought her a mountain of luxury goods.

Dylan wouldn't have to deal with Brian and Kelly himself once the news was brought to Brian's mother's attention instead. Someone else would sort them out for him.

He wasn't going to let anyone who tried to ruin his marriage with Kendall walk away unscathed.

Ronnie wheeled Dylan into the elevator. Once they were out of the building, Ronnie passed the envelope to Luka and had him send it over to the Zorns.

It was evening. The sun dyed the sky in hues of fiery red and orange as it slowly sank into the horizon.

Dylan stared at the crimson sky and snapped a photo of the picturesque sunset before sending it to Kendall.

Soon, Kendall replied. 'It's so pretty!'

Dylan's expression was soft and gentle as he tapped away on his phone. Soon, he sent out a reply to his beloved wife.

'Let's enjoy the sunrise and sunset together for the rest of our lives.'

Kendall's reply was simple. 'Okay!'

She added a hugging emoji.

Dylan chuckled. How he wished he could pull her into his arms right now.

He was so used to having her by his side that it was hard for him to bear being separated for even just a few days. He missed her too much.

Chapter 492

Late at night.

Kelly was riding in Brian's car as he drove them back to his place.

As soon as they drove up to the compound, they noticed that the lights inside the villa were on and that there was a luxury car parked outside.

Both of them recognized the car.

It was the car that Brian's mother, Jacqueline used the most.

"My mom's here?"

Brian was puzzled. "Why would my mom come here to look for me?"



He was also panicking slightly because of his relationship with Kelly.

After moving in with Brian, Kelly did return to Parker Residence to apologize to her adoptive parents. She admitted that she shouldn't have divulged Kendall's private matters and asked for their forgiveness.

However, she had no intention of moving back in with them.

Brian hoped that she could stay with him too.

They got along well and got what they wanted out of the relationship, so they had a good time together.

Ever since Kelly started her relationship with Brian, not a day went by without her regretting her decision to choose Jackson in the past. I should've chosen Brian from the start. I wouldn't have ended up in this state if I had.

Although the Parkers didn't say anything about chasing Kelly out of the family, she could tell that their relationship would never be the same as it was in the past again.

They didn't chase her out for two reasons. The first was the support she still had among the Parker Corporation employees. She was also in charge of several business deals at the company and the clients might not be happy if someone replaced her so abruptly.

Secondly, the Parkers had raised her for over two decades. Even though she turned out not to be their birth daughter, they still treated her like their daughter and couldn't bear to part with her. That was why they kept her on and allowed her to remain the daughter of the Parkers.

They cared about their dignity and reputation as well and didn't want to end up going back on their words so quickly.

Kelly knew all of this. Thus, she had to start setting up her escape route so that she would end up with something.

"Brian, why don't I... hide outside for now? I'll go in once your mother leaves."

Kelly was flustered at first, but once she got over that, she quickly thought about getting out of the car and finding a place to hide, and having Brian enter the house himself.

She felt aggrieved about it.

When she was still the Parkers' only daughter, Jacqueline was always kind to her whenever she went over to Zorn Mansion, yet she now had to hide from Jacqueline out of fear.

She had to make sure Jacqueline didn't find out about her relationship with Brian.

She was already labeled as a seductress and a homewrecker.

A lot of people had seen the video of her and Jackson being intimate together. Her reputation among the upper echelon of society had been destroyed, and everyone called her a b\*tch.

Even Yasmine cut off all ties with her.

Therefore, she knew that Jacqueline would no longer show any fondness for her, especially since she wasn't the Parkers' birth daughter.

Sometimes, society was too realistic to a fault.

"Kelly," Brian called out to her.

Kelly turned out and stared at him hopefully.

She hoped that Brian would be willing to be honest with his mother, for her sake.

"Make sure you stay completely hidden. I'll come and find you when my mom's gone."

Kelly didn't think that Brian called out to her only to remind her to keep herself out of sight.

Even though she was the one who suggested that she hid outside, she still couldn't help but feel disappointed.

"Yeah. I won't let your mother find out that I'm here," Kelly said before getting out of the car.

Once she ducked into a dark corner, Brian honked, and the household staff came out to open the gates for him.

Brian parked the car and one of the household staff came over to inform him quietly, "Young Master Brian, Mrs. Zorn is here. She discovered Miss Kelly's things and was so furious that she threw everything out."

Brian's expression stiffened.

"Alright. Don't follow me in."

Brian didn't want the household staff to watch him being berated by his mother.

He stood by the door for a whole minute before heading in.

Jacqueline was sitting on the couch with an infuriated expression. The coffee table in front of her was filled with photos.

One of the armchairs had a pile of jewelry, makeup, handbags, and more. These were all things that Jacqueline had unearthed after ransacking her son's room—everything that Brian had given to Kelly.

Jacqueline would be a fool if she didn't realize what was happening after finding all these things in Brian's room.

Kelly's pregnant with Jackson's child! The nerve of her to move in with my son!

When did she become so shameless and disgraceful?

No wonder Yasmine, who was so close to her last time, decided to cut off all ties with her.

When Jacqueline saw Brian coming in, she immediately gathered all the photos on the coffee table and threw them at him as soon as he was right beside her.

The photos fell and scattered all over the floor.

"Mom."

"Brian Zorn, do you still take me as your mother? Look at what you've done. Are you a fool or are you just as shameless as Kelly Parker? Have all the other women in the world died? Why must you insist on getting together with Kelly?"

"Everyone in Orapolis knows about Kelly and Jackson's relationship and they're all avoiding her like the plague. Look at you, though. Here you are taking in the woman that even Jackson tossed aside. In the past, I never said anything even though I knew you liked her, but what was she doing all that time?"

"She kept leading you on while she secretly had a relationship with Jackson. She's just stringing you along as her spare wheel. She even got Jackson to start a relationship with Kendall! That woman's despicable! Even Yasmine who has grown up sheltered and unexposed to the evils of the world knows enough to cut off all ties with Kelly."

"Do you have too much money? Is that why you gave Kelly all of these luxury items? I'm your mother, but I've never received gifts like these from you. It has only been a few days and yet you're already hiding her in your place and spending hundreds of thousands on her."

"Is she worth it? She doesn't deserve you treating her so well! Where's that b\*tch? Tell her to come in, get her things, and leave! You're not allowed to have anything to do with her anymore.

"Oh, right. I threw out all of her things. Call her up and tell her not to come back here again. This isn't her home! As for all the clothes you bought for her, tell her to pay the retail price for anything she's worn. I'll take all the ones she hasn't worn and give them away to someone else."

Jacqueline wasn't going to let Kelly take anything away.

Her tirade went on and on.

Brian's ears almost started bleeding from all of his mother's shrieks.

He bent down to gather a few photos, and his expression hardened as soon as he saw them.

These were photos of him and Kelly together, along with the receipts of everything he bought for Kelly. Who managed to take all these photos and deliver them to my mother?

No wonder she came over so suddenly.

Someone had exposed his relationship with Kelly to Jacqueline.

Brian knew it had to be Dylan.

He had done the same thing which led to Kendall getting chased out of the house by Tilly.

Dylan was starting to take his revenge!

"Mom, don't be angry. Let me explain."

Brian sat down beside his mother and started appeasing her.

Jacqueline smacked him on the arm while scolding him, "Don't want me to be angry, huh? What's there for you to explain? Are you going to tell me that these photos are fake? I went to the shops and checked for myself. It's all real. I found all the things you bought for Kelly. Everything's on that chair over there. I have both witnesses and evidence, so how are you going to weasel your way out of this?"

"Why are you acting as if you've never seen a woman before? How can you bear to put up with a woman like that? The world is full of decent, outstanding young women. Why can't you date one of them instead?"

"Tell that b\*tch, Kelly, to get lost and stay as far away from you as possible!"

Chapter 493

"Mom, when it comes to my relationship with Kelly, it's not what you think it is. I'm a grown man now. I know what I'm doing."

"What is it then, if it's not what I think it is?" Jacqueline fumed. "Do you think you can hide it from me? The two of you are living together! I can't believe how shameless that b\*tch is. She's pregnant and yet she's still... here with you. How did the Parkers raise their daughter? They raised her to be a seductress!"

"Mom, Jackson was the one who set Kelly up back then. He drugged her. She's a victim. Someone took that video on purpose. I suspect that Kendall's the one behind all of this. She's jealous of how capable Kelly is and she wants to take the family inheritance away from Kelly, so she plotted everything to tarnish Kelly's reputation. She's done such a good job that everyone's opinions of Kelly have been affected."

Jacqueline slammed her hand on the coffee table.

Brian's defense finally came to an end.

"What do you mean by Kendall wanting to take the family inheritance away? Who's the Parkers' true daughter? Who wouldn't leave their family assets to their child? Kendall is the Parkers' only blood-related daughter. The family inheritance belonged to her right from the start. Kelly has stayed with the

Parkers for so many years now and enjoyed everything that should've belonged to Kendall in the first place. What more does she want? Kendall was the daughter of a wealthy family, but she had to grow up in a poor family from the countryside. Isn't she the one who suffered?"

Jacqueline wasn't truly on Kendall's side. She didn't like Kendall because Kendall married Dylan, who was the one Yasmine had always wanted to marry.

However, Jacqueline still believed that it was only right for Kendall to inherit the Parkers' family fortune.

Kelly wasn't the Parkers' blood-related daughter, but she took Kendall's place and enjoyed a life of luxury. It was Kendall who suffered, not Kelly.

"I don't care whether Kelly or Jackson schemed against each other. All I know is that she's a woman with a tarnished reputation and even Jackson has abandoned her. You're Brian Zorn! Do you need to take in a woman that someone else has tossed aside?"

"Mom! Can you not say such harsh things about her? You're a woman and you have a daughter too. Why must you be so hard on her?"

"You're still trying to defend Kelly! Are you trying to give me a heart attack? Call Kelly in now and tell her to get lost! Don't think I don't know that the two of you came back together. I already got people to keep an eye on the two of you. Don't think you can hide anything from me."

Jacqueline wasn't a fool. Once she received the photos, she started looking for proof herself.

She arranged for people to secretly tail her son, so naturally, she knew that he and Kelly came back together.

She figured that Kelly was too afraid to come in after seeing her car in the driveway.

Brian eventually stammered, "Mom, Kelly's just staying here for a few days..."

Jacqueline glared at him.

He faltered and didn't dare to continue.

"Are you going out to get her, or do you want me to send someone out to drag her in?"

"Mom."

"Go!"

Brian had no choice but to head out and bring Kelly in. He was boiling with rage.

Dylan Coleman's too vicious!

If Dylan had heard that, he would have said, "Weren't you two just as vicious when you did the same to Kendall and me? What's the matter? You can dish it out but can't take it yourself?"

Meanwhile, Kelly hugged her knees and stared into the darkness as she continued hiding in the dark corner outside.

A crescent moon hung in the sky.

How did I end up like this?

Whenever Kelly had time to dwell on things, she would wonder how her life came to this.

According to her plan, Kendall was supposed to have her life ruined and her reputation destroyed. She was supposed to be a penniless outcast of society.



The sound of rushed footsteps and Brian's calls dragged Kelly out of her reverie. She quickly stood up and called out to him, "I'm here, Brian."

Brian opened the gates to the villa and hurried out.

"Kelly."

Kelly came out of the darkness.

Brian swiftly jogged over to her.

"How did it go, Brian? Has your mother left?"

She had been caught up in her thoughts and wasn't paying attention, so she didn't know if anyone left.

Brian was staring at her apologetically.

Kelly understood the look right away. "Your mother hasn't left yet, and she wants me gone, right?"

Brian nodded.

Kelly was an intelligent woman. She only ended up in this state because she chose Jackson.

Brian pitied her and also felt that the situation was lamentable.

Had she chosen him from the start, he would've married her. She would've become Mrs. Zorn and would've still been able to lead a life of luxury even without inheriting the Parkers' family business.

Alas...

"Kelly, someone sent photos of us together to my mom. She knows everything now and is furious. I can't calm her down."

"Who sent our photos to her? Dylan?"

This was all too familiar.

Just not too long ago, she and Brian did the very same thing to Kendall, which led to Tilly chasing Kendall out of the house.

Words couldn't describe the utter delight Kelly felt when she saw the grievances Kendall had to suffer as her in-laws kicked her out.

Kelly thought that Kendall would've lost her most powerful ally this way, but who would've known that Tilly couldn't be relied upon? She surrendered after just one day and personally went over to the Parkers to give her apology.

She even wanted to bring Kendall back to the Colemans herself.

Kendall won yet again. She won because of Dylan's deep love for her.

"Who else could it be apart from him?" Brian seethed.

After a moment of silence, Kelly said, "In that case, the only thing we can do is go in and face your mother's anger. Brian, don't defend me no matter what your mother does to me later."

"Kelly..."

"Things can only calm down once she has vented all her anger and chased me out. That's the only way we can continue our relationship. If you show her that you're reluctant to see me go. If that happens, it'll affect our ability to be together in the future, and our plans as well."

Brian stared at her in silence.

All of a sudden, Kelly tip-toed and wrapped her arms around his neck before giving him a gentle yet passionate kiss.

Brian couldn't hold back. He swiftly held her tightly and kissed her back fiercely.

After the kiss, Brian said apologetically, "I'm sorry that you have to suffer so much, Kelly."

"Sacrifices have to be made to attain victory," Kelly replied quietly. "What's a little suffering now? One day, I'll get everything I want. I'll get to stomp on every single person who made me suffer. They'll be at my mercy. I'll make them bow at my feet."

"Kelly."

Brian held her close and promised, "No matter what happens, I'll always be on your side."

"I know, Brian. I trust you."

Kelly gently pushed him away and said, "Let's go in. There's a rainbow after every storm. The fiercer the storm now, the greater our happiness will be in the future."

Brian clutched her hand tightly and brought her into the house.

Kelly looked at the brightly lit house. Her eyes grew colder with every step she took as hatred filled every fiber of her being.

Dylan Coleman!Kendall Parker! Since I'm forced to suffer, I'll make sure the two of you do too!

Chapter 494

"Hello, Mrs. Zorn."

Kelly greeted Jacqueline politely, the same way she always did in the past.

As for Jacqueline, she greeted Kelly the way one would greet a mortal enemy. She shot up and raised her hand to slap Kelly.

However, the slap failed to land on Kelly's face.

Kelly had grabbed Jacqueline's wrist in time.

"I didn't do anything wrong, Mrs. Zorn, so you can't treat me this way."

Kelly flung Jacqueline's hand aside, but Jacqueline quickly moved to slap her again.

This time, Kelly wasn't quick enough to stop her and her right cheek started stinging from the slap.

"You sly vixen! You deplorable b\*tch! If you want to seduce a man, go ahead and target any other man out there! Don't try to seduce my son. You didn't do anything wrong, huh? You bewitched my son, my perfectly decent son who has now fallen head over heels for you. I have every right to hit a shameless seductress like you! Shouldn't you be reining yourself in for the sake of your baby? You're a pregnant woman!"

This was what Jacqueline detested the most about Kelly. She didn't know how to take care of her body

despite being pregnant.

"Mom!"

Brian rushed forward to shield Kelly when he saw his mother slapping her. "Mom, how can you hit her?"

"Get out of the way, Brian!"

Kelly pushed Brian aside as well. She touched her cheek and said, "Mrs. Zorn, if it's wrong of me to stay at Brian's place temporarily, then yes, I was wrong. I accept the fact that you're admonishing me for that. That being said, I didn't seduce Brian, and you shouldn't call me a vixen or a seductress. I know that your opinion of me has been affected by my situation with Jackson. I suppose you won't believe me even if I tell you that Jackson schemed against me.

"I apologize for being the reason why you're so upset at this hour of the night, Mrs. Zorn. It's my fault. I'll leave now."

Kelly took out her phone and transferred some money to Brian immediately. "Brian, you took care of me while I stayed here with you for a few days. I've just transferred some money to you to cover my stay.

"I'm leaving now, Mrs. Zorn. Please don't be angry anymore. It's not worth it if your health gets affected because of me."

Kelly turned to leave at once.

"Hang on." Jacqueline stopped her. "Return everything my son gave you."

Kelly froze for a moment before taking off her necklace, earrings, rings, and everything else Brian had given her.

Once she was completely stripped of all the valuables, Jacqueline called out coldly, "All your clothes are out in the trash. If you want them, go out and retrieve them."

Kelly bit her lip and walked off without saying anything.

As soon as she stepped out of the house, she saw Adam's car on the road. Soon, it stopped outside the gates.

The car doors opened, and Adam and Charlotte stepped out.

"Kelly."

They called out to her from the gates.

Kelly's eyes misted over.

Regardless of everything—the mistakes she made in the past, the many times she hurt Kendall, and all of their disappointment toward her—they still came to her in her hour of need.

"Kelly!"

Brian ran out after Kelly and Jacqueline followed closely behind him.

When Jacqueline saw the Parkers, she said to Brian, "I already told Mr. and Mrs. Parker to come and take her home. Let them see how the wonderful daughter they raised tried to seduce my son."

"Mom!"

Brian growled.

Jacqueline scoffed.

Kelly ignored the two and ran to the gates.

"Are you alright, Kelly?"

Although Charlotte was displeased with Kelly, she still felt angry and upset to see Kelly's swollen cheek.

Before Kelly reached them, Charlotte came forward and grabbed Kelly's hand. "Come with me! These men are all scum. Haven't you suffered enough at their hands?"

Not every man was as distinguished and remarkable as Dylan.

Not everyone could be as lucky as Kendall.

Kendall and Dylan's relationship had been a product of their intertwined fate in their previous life, which they were making up for in this life.

Adam stepped past Kelly and Charlotte and continued striding forward.

"Adam? Adam!"

Charlotte called out to him, but he didn't stop.

Adam swiftly approached Brian and Jacqueline. The latter held her head up proudly with a haughty look in her eyes.

Adam didn't bother looking at her. He raised his fist and smashed it right into Brian's face. Brian immediately started bleeding from his nose and the side of his mouth.

"Adam Parker! What do you think you're doing? How dare you hit my son? You raised a lowly b\*tch as a daughter who seduced my son! How can you even think about hitting my son?"

Jacqueline's heart was aching for her precious son.

"It takes two to tango. Do you think your son's so great? What gives you the right to hit my daughter? I raised her with love and care. Even though she's not related to me by blood, she's still my precious daughter. Since you hit my daughter, I hit your son. Do you think your son's the only one with parents? Do you think my daughter doesn't have parents who'll stand up for her?"

"Why, you..."

Adam snorted and walked off.

Jacqueline was hopping mad.

"You're just picking on the weak because you don't dare to go up against the strong, Adam Parker! You didn't even have the guts to lift a finger against Dylan when your actual daughter suffered at the hands of the Colemans and got chased out of the house! Do you think you can just walk all over the Zorns?"

Adam stopped in his tracks.

He turned around and retorted icily, "Don't bother trying to instigate me. Dylan loves Kendall dearly and sincerely. She suffered because of some black-hearted person's schemes. It wasn't Dylan's fault, so why should I hit him?"

Jacqueline had nothing to say to that.

Adam didn't want to waste any more time on them. He already took revenge on Kelly's behalf by hitting Brian, so he walked off without saying another word.

"Daddy," Kelly called out to him.

Adam raised his hand. He wanted to hit her, but when he saw her red and swollen right cheek, he lowered his hand again.

He marched straight toward the car without saying anything.



Charlotte quickly pulled Kelly along, and the two women got in the car as well.

No one spoke throughout the ride home.

Kelly's feelings were a mess right now.

She thought about getting the Parkers killed so that Parker Corporation would be left without a leader. That way, she could take control of the company and chase Kendall out.

However, she only thought about it and hadn't done anything to that effect.

She knew that her adoptive parents were taking Kendall's side more because they were disappointed by her actions, and Kendall wasn't the same as she used to be. Kendall was related to them by blood. It wasn't surprising if they showed her more favor.

Since they came to get her and Adam even took revenge on her behalf, she decided to try her best to avoid doing anything that would harm their lives.

There were other ways to claim the family inheritance.

She couldn't end up committing a crime just for the sake of gaining the inheritance anyway. Even if she succeeded that way, she would still end up in prison.

Keep a cool head!

You must remain calm and level-headed, Kelly!

You can't do anything rash again!

You'll lose if you do anything reckless.

Kelly couldn't afford to lose anymore.

Chapter 495

After Adam and Charlotte took Kelly home, they didn't punish or scold her, and only looked at her with a deep gaze before they went upstairs silently.

Kelly was left looking at their retreating figures from the staircase and slightly panicked.

She would rather have her parents punish her like before. Adam would slap her when she did something wrong, but now that they had stopped doing any of that, they must have given up on her.

Are they going to abandon me? Kelly paled at that.

Regardless of what happened to Kelly, Kendall managed to negotiate two deals for the Parker Corporation in Eastfort without relying on the influence of the Ford Family.

When she went to discuss business, she didn't let Jane accompany her because she didn't want to rely on their power.

The person who went with her was Emma.

However, even though Emma was capable, she was still Dylan's secretary. She could not help Kendall much since she didn't know much about Parker Corporation's products. The most she could do was drink alcohol on Kendall's behalf.

As soon as her old friend left, Dylan flew to Eastfort with great fanfare to bring his lovely wife home.

He took a private plane which landed directly at the private landing area in front of the Ford Residence.

Knowing that Dylan was coming to pick Kendall up today, Eric and his son especially came back from the hospital and waited for Dylan's arrival.

Not only was Dylan well-known, but he also had a reputation in Eastfort.

When those who were close friends with the Ford Family discovered Dylan personally coming over to pick up his wife, they came up with all kinds of excuses to visit the Ford Residence and shamelessly stay there.

All of them wanted to see Dylan's gallantry for themselves.

Rumor had it that Dylan looked like God himself sculpted him, but the man was aloof.

They knew they would regret it if they missed the chance to see the man from the legends.

"Miss Parker, are you leaving?"

Scott was like a piece of gum that stuck to Kendall at this moment. His father tried to peel him off of her several times but to no avail.

The boy felt somewhat apologetic because he was the one who told Kendall to come to see him and play with him, and yet he hadn't spent a second with her since he had to keep his mother company after Kendall's arrival.

It was no wonder he felt sorry for her.

"Mhm, I am going back. I can't keep staying here when I have a mountain of things to deal with back home." She then added with a smile, "Don't be sad, Scott. You can come with your parents to see me in Eastfort when your mother is feeling better."

At the rate that Margaret's recuperation was going, Kendall believed they would be able to visit Eastfort right around the new year.

"But I don't want to let you go, Miss Parker." The boy pouted and linked his arms around her neck. "Miss Parker, can you please tell Mr. Dylan not to come so that you can stay here and play with me for a little longer? I promise I will play with you this time!"

Kendall smiled at that. "But Mr. Dylan's plane is already here."

Scott watched the roaring private planes that slowly approached and finally landed in his home's landing area.

As the Ford Family had a lot of private planes, they built that plane parking lot for their convenience.

"I really, really don't want you to go, Miss Parker." The little guy's reluctance was evident.

Emma smiled and patted his head from the side. "And you are willing to let me go, Scott? Why don't you say goodbye to me?"

Scott was still hugging Kendall's neck tightly when he mumbled to Emma, "I don't want to part with you too, Miss Finley, but there is no use in feeling that way. You will still go back anyway."

"All good things come to an end," Kendall interjected, earning a pout from the boy.

"Miss Parker, I am still a young child. I don't understand all that adult stuff."

Kendall laughed when she heard the child's reply. She then saw Dylan get off the plane, so she carried Scott and went to greet the man.

A pair of big hands suddenly reached over and took Scott out of her arms.

"Go on, Young Mistress Coleman. I will carry Scott."

Dylan wouldn't leave as soon as he arrived, but the young couple had been separated for many days after all. Anyone else would be third-wheelers if they were to join in on the couple's reunion, so everyone tactfully let Kendall go there alone.

Even Scott was not allowed to follow Kendall.

Seeing this, Kendall flashed Eric a smile before she hopped over to her man.

She missed him like crazy!

She could throw herself in his arms and hug him tight if she could.

"Miss Parker! Don't go, Miss Parker! Mom prepared you a gift. I haven't even passed it to you."

Margaret couldn't be discharged from the hospital yet. Knowing that Kendall was going back, Margaret

asked someone to prepare a generous gift for the woman as her gratitude for saving Scott.

Margaret might lose her mind if the son she had given her life up to save was dead.

Kendall was the Fords' savior.

Eric hugged his son tightly and coaxed, "Miss Parker isn't leaving now. She has to eat with us before that. You can give the gift to Miss Parker later. She is only going over to welcome Mr. Dylan."

"I want to welcome Mr. Dylan too! Why aren't you letting me go over?"

Eric's eyes softened as a smile appeared on his face. "You will be a little third wheel if you go with Miss Parker."

"I am not a little third wheel!"

"And that is why you can't go. It's because you are not a third wheel."

Scott only tilted his head as he looked at his father with big, black, and bright eyes. He seemed to be in deep thought.

Kendall, on the other hand, was completely distracted by Dylan, who walked out of the plane with Ronnie and the rest of his men behind him.

"Hubby!"

Thinking she was close to being a tortoise, she ran toward Dylan and disregarded her image instead.

"Honey." Dylan quickened his steps as he still couldn't run.

Ronnie and everyone else read the room and stopped walking with Dylan, lest they interfered with the couple.

"Hubby!"

As Kendall ran up to Dylan, she threw herself into his arms and tightly wrapped her arms around his waist. "I miss you so much, hubby! You have finally come to bring me home."

Dylan hugged his lovely wife in return.

He missed her tons as well after being apart for so many days.

Soon, he loosened his grip and slightly pushed the delicate woman in his arms away. When she looked up at him, he lowered his head and sealed her red lips with his.

Eric immediately pulled his son's head against his torso when he saw that.

Confused by his father's sudden action, Scott started struggling to raise his head as he whined, "Dad? Dad!"

Eric looked at the couple in the distance kissing without care after meeting each other, and he continued to hold his son's head to prevent the boy from seeing this scene.

Even though they were far, the little guy was too curious a boy to see this. He would ask about it if he

witnessed the couple's intimacy.

As for Eric, he thought it was too soon to have 'the talk' with his son.

The best way was to prevent his son from seeing such a PG-13 scene.

One of the people in the group of bodyguards was Toddy, who couldn't help feeling envious when he saw his boss affectionately kissing the lady boss.

When Dylan came to pick up Kendall, he insisted on coming along because of Emma.

Chapter 496

Toddy didn't dare to take a gamble after being threatened by his boss.

He, too, had missed Emma throughout the ten days she was in Eastfort with Kendall.

It wasn't that the two didn't talk on the phone during that time.

However, he could tell from how cold her tone was that she didn't wish to converse with him.

From his realization, he felt it was hard to talk to her over the phone.

And that was how Toddy decided to bite the bullet and come here with Dylan.

On the other hand, this was the couple's first separation after marriage. Although the separation time was only ten days, it felt like seasons had passed for the couple very much still in love.

Ten days felt like thirty years to them!

Dylan poured all his longing for Kendall into his deep kiss.

Kendall knew that he was cold on the outside and warm on the inside, but every time they kissed before today, she was usually the one who would tease him.

Now that Dylan was in control, she was absolutely weak against his relentless kisses.

When she was almost out of breath, he finally moved his lips away reluctantly. His dark eyes which shone brightly when he stared at her made her heart flutter.

The way he ogled at her like he wanted to swallow her right up fueled the fire in her as her heart trembled. She, too, wanted to have her way with him right this instant.

Still, the married couple was sensible enough not to act on their desires.

They were at the Ford Residence after all.

Not only that, there were a lot of people watching them from near and far.



Dylan's thumb landed on Kendall's moist, red lips, and as he gently stroked them, his eyes were filled with tenderness. "Kendall." His voice was hoarse and gentle as he murmured, "I could die from missing you."

She nuzzled her cheek against his thick and big palm. She then grabbed his hand and looked at him. "I missed you very much too. I think about you all the time."

Hearing that, Dylan let a small smile show, only to pull her into another crushing embrace again the next second.

Neither of them said anything as they quietly clung to each other.

Everyone around them only looked on without interfering.

At that moment, it felt as though Kendall and Dylan were the only ones in the world.

Dylan finally let go after a while.

"Mr. Ford and everyone else is waiting over there, Dylan. Let's go," Kendall suggested as she laced her fingers with Dylan's.

Dylan hummed in reply before he added, "Kendall, I prefer hearing you call me your hubby."

"Hubby."

"Mm."

"Hubby, honey, darling! I will call you that daily if you like it. I will keep calling even if you grow sick of it someday!"

Dylan pulled their clasped hands closer to his mouth, and his warm lips soon pecked on the back of her hand. "I will never get sick of it."

Hearing that brought a smile to Kendall's face.

After the young couple expressed their heartfelt love to each other, and they finally stopped cooing at each other, everyone else started moving again.

Eric held his son in his arms and led his cousin, his cousin's wife, and some other people who insisted on staying at the Ford Residence to take a closer look at Dylan.

Toddy, who was pushing the wheelchair, also brought a group of bodyguards and followed the couple.

Dylan had been walking for a while now.

Out of worry that he would be exhausted, Kendall still had Toddy push the wheelchair over so that she could wheel Dylan.

Scott finally wiggled out of his father's hold then. When he succeeded, he hopped toward Dylan like a chick. "Mr. Dylan!"

Dylan turned to complain to his beloved wife, "Look at the brat trying to take my wife away from me."

"Scott is just a three-year-old!" Kendall chuckled.

"No matter how old he is, he is male that isn't your family. You can't be so nice to men from other families."

Dylan knew that the boy might have been far earlier, but he had seen how that little brat clung to his wife's body. Fortunately, Eric was smart enough to peel that boy off, preventing him from disturbing the couple's reunion.

"Let's have a daughter someday. You know what they say about daughters being their father's lover in their past life. That way, you won't get jealous and try to fight with our child for my attention!" Kendall huffed.

"Daughters are great. They are a rarity in our family. The reward for giving birth to a daughter is 500 million. Darling, let's have tons of daughters. We can make more money that way."

"Pfft! As if you need more money. The one thing you have the most is money. I do want a daughter, but it seems like it would align more with the stars for us to have a son."

"We must have a daughter," Dylan then added. "I like daughters. Also, I have a feeling our first child will be a girl. She will look like you, and she will be chubby and soft. I know she will be adorable."

Kendall froze when Dylan unknowingly described her baby from her past life.

Her baby was like the deepest thorn in her heart.

Even after Kendall was reborn, she reversed the situation and did not allow herself to be involved in the tragedy of her previous life. She didn't want to let the baby suffer the pain of falling to death. However, her actions were a sign that their mother-daughter fate had ended in her previous life.

As much as she missed her baby, she was glad that her child wouldn't have to go through the pain it went through.

She believed that the baby could be reborn into a good family and have parents who loved her.

There was a high possibility of her and Dylan's child... to be a boy.

And if she was right, that meant that her baby hadn't come back to her.

Why would my baby come back to a useless woman who couldn't even protect her... Regardless of whether it was going to be a boy or a girl, the thought of having a baby again was painful for her.

When Dylan hadn't gotten a reply, he turned to look at Kendall, only to see the sadness in her eyes.

He quietly patted her hand which was pushing his wheelchair. Seeing that she had come back to her senses, he calmly commented, "Kendall, what is meant for us will come to us."

Whatever will be, will be.

She only smiled bitterly in response.

"Mr. Dylan!" Right then, Scott came tottering over before he climbed up Dylan's thigh like a monkey. As he made himself comfortable on Dylan's lap, he lifted his handsome face and whined adorably. "You are finally here, Mr. Dylan. I missed you so much!"

Dylan tapped him on his forehead. "Boy, do you know where the sun will rise from tomorrow?"

Scott automatically chirped, "From the east! My teacher told us that the sun always rises from the east."

He might be young, but he was already a kindergarten student. It would be his last school year once the summer break was over.

He would learn a lot of things then, and no adult would be able to take advantage of him anymore!

"The sun will come up from the west tomorrow," Dylan suddenly corrected him.

"Why?"

"Because of you, boy."

The child only blinked in confusion. "Me? Why me, Mr. Dylan?"

"The sun will rise from the west if there ever comes a day when you miss me."

Scott continued to gawk at him until he eventually understood what Dylan meant. His face then turned solemn as he complained, "You are insulting me, Mr. Dylan! You are doubting my feelings!"

"Oh my, and now you are losing your temper with me!" Dylan continued to tease the child. "When have you ever missed me? You have only missed Miss Parker. You might have even thought of letting out a few dogs to bite me when you heard that I was on my way for Miss Parker. You say you miss me, but you don't feel that way at all. I can read minds, you know. I know what you are thinking."

Chapter 497

Scott was silent for a moment before he muttered, "Mr. Dylan, do you know how to read minds?"

Dylan nodded in response and asked in return, "Tell me, then. You don't want me to come to pick up Miss Parker, do you?"

The child fell silent as he mulled over whether to admit it or not.

"Mr. Dylan." He finally spoke again. "I, really, really like Miss Parker! I don't want her to go home."

The boy's answer was tantamount to indirectly admitting that he secretly didn't want Dylan to pick up Kendall.

Since Scott thought Dylan knew how to read minds, he was sure the man would know what was on his mind even if he didn't outwardly admit to it.

Seeing how startled Scott was upon believing Dylan's words, Kendall couldn't help but let a smile slip.

Scott happened to see the curling of her lips then. The moment he was hit by realization, he fell glum as he grumbled, "You lied to me, Mr. Dylan."

He swiftly slid off of Dylan's thighs and trudged to Kendall, pitifully asking for a hug.

Kendall then relented and did as the child wanted her to.

"Miss Parker, Mr. Dylan made fun of me and lied. I am sad."

"Come, let me hug you." Kendall giggled. "Don't mind Mr. Dylan. It is his hobby to tease you."

The boy tightly wrapped his hands around her neck and cooed, "I won't be sad anymore if you carry me over, Miss Parker."

"Okay, okay. I will carry you."

"Let the other misters push Mr. Dylan along. Let's go, Miss Parker!"

Just like that, Kendall lovingly brought the child away with her.

As she walked away, Scott, who was hanging onto her neck, made a face at Dylan.

Dylan was speechless at that. Clever brat. He even knows how to take his revenge.

He immediately took his revenge by taking away Dylan's wife after the man tried to fool him.

Ten minutes later, guests and the house's owners sat separately in the living room.

When Dylan came to pick up his wife, he had prepared a lot of gifts for the Ford Family to thank them for taking care of his wife for so many days.

After they exchanged pleasantries, Dylan and the others stayed at the Ford Residence for lunch before leaving.

Of course, Scott was reluctant when they sent Dylan's group off.

He didn't forget to personally pass the present his mother prepared for Kendall. "Miss Parker, this is the gift Mom got for you. She wanted me to pass it to you."

It was a red brocade box.

As Kendall bent down to take the brocade box, she patted Scott on the head and said softly, "Help me give my thanks to your mother, okay?"

"I will come to see you when I can make time. Let's wait for your mother's discharge. You can all come to my house then."

When Scott heard that, he stole a glance at Dylan and muttered, "But Mr. Dylan doesn't want me there."

Little snitch, Dylan quietly thought.

"Don't worry!" Kendall laughed. "You can come because I like having you come over. I am the one who has the final say at home."

Scott immediately beamed when he heard her words. "Dad, Mom, and I will go to your place when Mom is out of the hospital. You have to make yummy food for me then."

Kendall had cooked a few times out of boredom during her stay at the Ford Residence.

Ever since the boy had had a taste of that deliciousness, he hadn't been able to forget about her cooking.

It seemed that he was a little gluttonous on top of being a little snitch!

"Ahem!" Dylan let out a cough to catch their attention.

Hearing that, Eric stepped forward and took his son back, not letting his son hold Kendall any longer.

Dylan had been accommodating to Scott, and yet the boy dared to tell on Dylan!

With the Fords sending them off, the Coleman couple, surrounded by their bodyguards, got on Dylan's private plane that took off soon after.

Scott waved at the plane as he watched it leave.

See you again, Miss Parker!

Dylan, on the other hand, was musing to himself, Let's never meet again.

...

At the Mendelson Group, Frank was absent-mindedly looking through the documents in the president's office, but he would occasionally take his phone to look at the time.

After the nth time he picked up his phone, he finally couldn't stop himself from giving Amelia a call.

The call got through, but it took a long minute before Amelia picked up.

"Are you a tortoise? What took you so long to pick up?"

"I don't want to take your call. So what? Bite me."



Frank instantly choked when he heard that. Bite her? We'll see if she stays arrogant when I bite her for real.

He was sure that she had been giving her an attitude lately because he had been treating her better. I give her an inch and she takes a mile!

"Make it quick. Shoot your sh\*t."

"Amelia, you are the daughter of a wealthy family. Can't you talk a little more ladylike?"

"What, do you not sh\*t?"

When Frank didn't answer, Amelia continued, "Why do I have to act all proper in front of you? I have done the most embarrassing things in front of you. Not only that, you were the one who made me do them."

Frank's voice turned cold and low when he heard that. "Don't push it, Amelia. I have been in a good mood these days, but I am not feeling that great today. It won't do you any good to piss me off."

"Not like it does me any good even when you are in a good mood. Also, when have you ever been in a good mood?"

As if someone owed him tens of billions, Frank had been frighteningly gloomy all day long.

"My mood's great when I give you money to pick up."

Amelia was quiet for a beat before she muttered, "It was only a little more than ten thousand. I took no time to pick it all up. I will be in a great mood if you give me a few million that I will get tired from picking them up."

Frank chuckled at that. "If you do one thing for me, I will throw millions in cash and have you pick them up until your arms are limp."

"Forget it if you are trying to inquire about Kendall," Amelia rejected his offer without any hesitation. "I won't help you even if you give me ten million."

"I don't need you to inquire about her. Dylan picked Kendall up today. As her best friend, shouldn't you go and see her?"

Frank hadn't seen her in a long time, and he couldn't help but wonder if anything had changed about her.

Amelia let out a laugh when she saw through what he was thinking. "You are trying to get me to be their third wheel, aren't you? Master Dylan and Kendall are like newlyweds now. I wouldn't go to them at a time like this. I don't want to make Master Dylan angry."

Amelia was sensible enough to know that the young couple was going to be lovey-dovey with each other. No matter how good her relationship with Kendall was, she wouldn't go to the Coleman

Residence today.

"Frank, stop trying to do evil things. Kendall is still talking about seeking you out to settle things for beating up Master Dylan when she comes back."

Kendall wouldn't forgive and forget so easily. She wanted to teach Frank a lesson when she came back.

Frank only muttered in a sad voice, "But Master Dylan beat me up too! He was the one who made a move first."

"He has gone easy on you, considering your actions. My only regret is not learning martial arts as Kendall did. Otherwise, I would have beaten you up as well."

Frank's expression was dark now and instead of continuing with the conversation, he swiftly brought up something else. "Where are you now?"

Amelia was a loyal friend. He had used her for so long, but he hadn't gained any benefits from it.

This call was a ...

Waste of time. No, that is not right.

But it feels wrong to say that it is not a waste of time as well.

"Why do you care where I am?" she barked a question in reply.

"Are you on a blind date again?"

He hadn't realized how his voice became cold when he asked that.

However, Amelia also didn't pick up the tone of his voice. "I am going to watch a movie," she threw out.

"Who are you watching the movie with?" he asked again gloomily.

"And what's that got to do with you?"

She hung up the call immediately after that.

Frank wanted to smash his phone at that point. How dare she hang up on me?!

Chapter 498

Despite his anger, Frank didn't slow down as he immediately made another call after being hung up on.

The moment the receiver took the call, he coldly demanded, "I want to know who Amelia is with and where she is. Give me an answer after ten minutes."

He hung up right after he barked his order.

After thinking about it, he made another call to Desmond.

"Desmond, go to the bank and get me a change of one million," he ordered after Desmond took the call.

Desmond, of course, was dumbfounded as he asked in confusion, "What do you need so much change for, Master? What denominations would you like the change to be?"

"Ones, fives, tens, and twenties will do. Let fifty be the maximum denomination. After you get the money, scatter the change in the hall. I have some use for the notes."

"Yes, Master." Desmond gave a short reply.

However, he couldn't help but wonder what Frank was planning to do by scattering the one million in the living room.

Is he thinking of sleeping on a floor of money?

Frank received a message ten minutes later, and that was when he found out that Amelia wasn't lying about going to the movies. Not only that, she was going with Caleb.

The truth was, she didn't want to take it another step further with Caleb because she didn't have any romantic feelings for him. However, Caleb persistently asked her out every day regardless of what she felt for him.

Under her mother's nagging, Amelia had no choice but to go out with Caleb.

The tickets for the horror thriller movie were bought by Caleb. It was the kind of movie most women would be afraid to watch, and yet these were what he bought out of all the other movies available. So much for his good intentions.

"Go. Bring Amelia to me. Just send her home. You don't have to bring her here. I'll be off work in a while."

It was almost evening, anyway.

As the boss, no one would say anything even if he left work early.

Frank's mood only got better after ordering someone to pick up Amelia.

He wanted to call Kendall, but he eventually decided against it after staring at her number for a long time.

As Amelia said, Dylan was bringing Kendall home today. It would be nighttime by the time they arrived home, greeted their elders, and had their dinner.

Also, the couple's absence probably made their hearts grow fonder.

Not only could Kendall not pick up his call at a time like this, but Frank would also be an utter \*sshole for interrupting the couple's lovey-dovey time.

Calling her now would only make her hate him more.

She was going to come here soon anyway to avenge Dylan.

Thinking of this, Frank put the phone on the table and quickly processed several important documents. When he was done, he took his phone and left work early.

Once again, Amelia was forced to the Mendelson Residence by Frank's bodyguards. She was somewhat used to it by now.

She was grateful that they forcibly brought her here because she didn't have to be with Caleb anymore.

It felt awkward having to try to get along with someone she didn't like.

Hmm? She suddenly came to her realization.

Why don't I feel awkward with Frank?

It was probably because they were always so busy messing with and taking revenge on each other that they disregarded the awkwardness which stemmed from unfamiliarity.

Frank was already home by the time Amelia arrived.

"Mr. Desmond." Amelia shuffled to Desmond when she saw him. "What is the matter with Frank? Did he go crazy again?"

She was used to being brought over whenever something was up with the man.

Desmond turned his head to look at the gate of the main house before he replied softly, "Ms. Taylor, I'm not sure what the Master is thinking either. He told me to go to the bank to get a change of a million and scatter the money in the hall an hour ago."

Amelia was also dumbfounded when she heard that. "What is he up to? Change for one million? What is the denomination for the change?" she asked in confusion.

"The only note that is missing is a hundred."

Having to withdraw so much change last minute, Desmond had to drop by several banks to get enough change for one million.

He didn't take the denominations according to Frank's order. As there weren't enough ones and fifty cents, Desmond ended up bringing back a lot of coins of bigger value.

Hearing that, Amelia hesitantly started, "I will go in and take a look."

"Please go in, Ms. Taylor. Master is waiting for you inside. I will be right out here."

Not knowing the reason Frank scattered money on the floor, Desmond didn't dare follow Amelia, lest he got in trouble as well.

Amelia looked at Desmond upon hearing that. "You always make it sound nice, Mr. Desmond, but I always end up wondering why I believed you in the first place when I am deep in it."

Desmond let out a low chuckle. "Do forgive me for that, Ms. Taylor."

No matter what, he was the housekeeper for the Mendelsons.

Pouting, Amelia asked, "I haven't eaten yet. I hope you prepared my share of dinner."

"Don't worry. I won't let you starve, Ms. Taylor. I had the chef prepare your favorite food for you. I'm sure you'll enjoy it. You can sneak some away with you if you can't finish eating. Oh, I mean, take away the food."

"Now that sounds better."

She was curious about Frank's motives for throwing money on the floor. Without dawdling as she had always done, she soon entered the main house.

She was greeted by the sight of a money-covered floor as soon as she went in.

Frank, on the other hand, was staring straight at her as he sat on the sofa.

She kept standing there and as she pointed at the change all over the floor, she asked Frank, "What is

this, Frank? Showing off your wealth? You should be throwing bills with Mr. Franklin's face worth millions if you are trying to show off."

"One million." Frank stood up and looked at Amelia as he chirped, "You complained about me giving you too little money last time, and that you picked all the money up in no time. Well, I will give you a million now so that your hands get weak from picking it up. You can have dinner after you pick the money up. You can take however much you manage to collect."

Amelia paused for a moment before she countered, "You think I have never seen a million?"

It wasn't like someone from her background would ever need more money.

Despite saying that, Amelia bent down and started picking up the biggest denominations.

"Geez, you are so petty. It will take me a while even if you used bigger notes. Just how long will it take me to pick up all this change?"

That brought a big smile to Frank's face. "You will collect everything quickly if I use bigger notes. There is more for you to pick up when they are smaller denominations. I will let you have a taste of getting weak in your hands from picking up money. Pick them all up, okay? You need to pick them up and count the total before you can eat. I will let you cramp and go weak from picking up money and counting them."

Amelia stood up then.



Thinking that she didn't care for his money, Frank blurted out, "You can't leave if you don't do what I told you!"

His challenge had turned into a threat now.

Still, Amelia turned around and walked out.

"Guards!" Frank raised his voice and called out. "Stop her!"

Soon, two bodyguards stopped Amelia as she started to leave.

Desmond, who was keeping watch outside, knew something was wrong when he heard the commotion inside. He quickly entered the hall and coaxed Amelia. "Ms. Taylor, it won't take long for you to pick up the money. Whatever you pick up will even go into your own pockets! You can't even imagine how many people out there want this opportunity to be theirs!"

To his surprise, Amelia said, "Mr. Desmond, can you please bring me a broom? It is too slow to pick them up one by one and I am starving. I want to eat as soon as possible. I will sweep them all together before I pick them up."

Frank did tell her to pick up the money, but he didn't say she wasn't allowed to do it the easy way.

"Also, is there a bill counter at home? Bring a few over too, please."

Ms. Taylor isn't leaving.

At that point, Desmond took a glance at Frank.

As though he had only heard Amelia saying that she was hungry, Frank stomped over, his face somber.

Chapter 499

Amelia watched Frank walk up to her. As he was much taller than her, she had to look up to see his face.

"You did not say I couldn't sweep the bills with a broom." She thought he was going to stop her from sweeping.

However, his words only made her blink in confusion.

"You're hungry?" he asked in a low voice.

Just as she thought he was going to stop her, he asked if she was hungry instead.

Hearing that, she wondered if she should tell the truth or not.

What if she told him the truth, and he ended up starving her even more? Knowing his foul personality, there was a possibility that would happen.

And so, she eventually lied. "I am not hungry. It was just nonsense I came up with. The denominations are too small. I would still be pissed even if my arms went limp from picking them all up."

The picking-up process would be much more enjoyable if these were bigger bills she was picking up.

"Is one million not enough for your pocket money?"

Amelia was at a loss for words. Oh, fine! It might be pocket money, but one million is no meager amount.

Many people would not even know when they could make a million in their lifetime. (It is the author here. I can't even come up with a hundred thousand. President Mendelson, I don't mind small changes. Please give me a chance to pick up money till my arms go limp.)

"You were the one who said you're hungry."

Frank was a stubborn man. Now that he heard her talk about being hungry, he was going to cling to her words.

"If you think I eat too much, you can let me go home after I collect the money. I won't eat anything from here."

"So, you do know that you eat a lot," he refuted.

Amelia didn't know what to say in reply.

Due to her habit of taking pictures of handsome men, she couldn't mingle with the upper-class circle. In a way, Kendall was her only friend.

Therefore, Amelia did not need to pretend to be noble and ladylike. She could do whatever she wanted as long as she was comfortable.

It was the same for her appetite. She could eat whatever and however much she wanted.

She was unlike other women who wanted to maintain their figure and ladylike image, not daring to eat too much. When Amelia attended banquets, she always thought it was unappetizing every time she saw the other women eating practically nothing.

She liked finding a quiet place to eat her heart out with Kendall.

"Desmond, is dinner ready?" Frank asked solemnly, to which Desmond quickly replied, "It is ready, Master. Would you like to have dinner now?"

He guessed what Frank meant but after watching on for a while, he couldn't figure out what his master wanted to do. Is he going to eat by himself in front of Ms. Taylor? Or does he feel bad because she is starving?

Frank hummed and his eyes swept in Amelia's direction as he said indifferently, "You can eat after you pick up the money. And you aren't allowed to use a bill counter. You have to do the counting yourself. You can leave after you are done counting. But if you can't finish... My floor's pretty clean if I do say so myself. I don't mind you lying down on the floor."

Desmond immediately started bad-mouthing Frank the moment he heard those words. Master, I can tell that you are single by choice.

You have different feelings for Ms. Taylor, but you don't even know it. You are asking for it. You will regret it when you start trying to win her over someday.

Amelia, on the other hand, was grumbling to herself, I knew he wouldn't be up to any good when he walked over.

He's already merciful by allowing me to sweep the money with a broom and have dinner after that.

Still, what a jerk!

She was quietly cursing him out to the point Frank kept sneezing even after he turned around and walked into the dining room.

Suddenly, the man came to a stop, and he turned to glare at Amelia.

"You are scolding me and even my ancestors," he stated.

"Am not."

"Especially me. You have thoroughly cussed me out."

Amelia's heart thumped but still, she stubbornly denied his claim. "I would never have the courage to do something like that."

When Frank proceeded to let out a light chuckle, she felt her cheeks warm up, possibly because of his laugh.

With the help of a broom, Amelia quickly swept all the money in the hall into a pile. Desmond then got her a huge bucket to put the money in.

Amelia couldn't help thinking that Frank was blatantly showing off his wealth!

After putting all the money into the bucket, Amelia washed her hands and unceremoniously waddled into the dining room.

Frank had already started eating when she entered but despite seeing her, he didn't say anything.

Amelia, who had no cutlery prepared for her, shamelessly went to the kitchen and got herself a plate and fork. She then plopped down in front of Frank and started inhaling the food.

Desmond hadn't lied to her after all. These were all her favorite dishes.

And so, she ate with great relish.

"Frank, the chef at your house is great at cooking. They can probably compete with the Colemans' chef."

Impassively, he asked, "You have had a meal at the Coleman Residence before?"

"Sure did. I have also had food that Young Master Yoseph cooked himself. His cooking is seriously delicious. And they look good too. I couldn't bear to poke my fork into the food he prepared. Young Master Yoseph is also super good-looking. He kind of looks like Master Dylan. They are brothers after all. Not only is he a funny guy but he's also handsome and he cooks. Where else can I find a man like him? I heard that Master Dylan is also a man of many talents, but he keeps it all hidden. Kendall and Master Dylan are a match made in heaven. I didn't believe in love before I saw them together. Now, I sometimes want to be deeply in love at least once."

It was a pity that Ronnie, whom she liked, had no special feelings for her.

I might die before I ever succeed in love.

Ha... Forget it.

She continued, "The young masters of the Coleman Family are all amazing. They are the best among the best. I also met Young Master Robert the last time I followed Kendall to the Coleman Family's horse farm on a vacation. He's also a handsome man. His riding skills were superb—what are you doing, Frank? I'm not done eating! Why are you taking the food away?"

Amelia kept praising the sons of the Coleman Family as she ate, but the expression of the man across her changed suddenly. Frank then turned his face away and ignored her before unexpectedly taking away all the food in front of her.

Not only that, he even snatched away her plate and fork as he cleared the table.

How quick of him to turn against me, she thought.

Frank's face was dark as he grunted, "Go to Yoseph then if he is so good at cooking and decorating food. Tell him to make you more of those delicious and pretty dishes you like so much."

Amelia opened her mouth but didn't know what to say for a moment. After a while, she touched her face and asked the gloomy-faced man, "Frank, does my skin look thick to you?"

Hearing that, he took a look at her. Her skin looked just about right to him.

"Exactly. I can't possibly get him to cook for me! Even the most important people in Orapolis can't get him to do anything he doesn't want to. Who am I but a wee lassie?"

Jane was the only reason Amelia had the chance to try Yoseph's cooking.

"I am glad you're self-aware," Frank mocked. "You are but an ant compared to him."

"Right! I can't possibly get him to cook for me but since I'm friends with Jane, I can always get a free meal there when Jane finally becomes the young mistress. I won't have to worry about not having food when both the young mistresses are my friends!"

Chapter 500

Without saying another word, Frank stormed off, leaving behind a baffled Amelia.

However, her stomach was more important to her at this moment. After Frank left, she slipped into the kitchen by herself and brought out the confiscated food again.

She proceeded to sit alone at the dining table and continue eating.

Yum!

Delicious!

She felt more at ease eating without the man's sharp eyes on her.

On the other hand, Desmond had watched the two enter the dining room together.

He had also seen Frank come out of the dining room after no more than five minutes. Frank could easily be mistaken for an enraged bear if a pair of fluffy ears had been added to his angry face now.

But what about Ms. Taylor?

When Desmond saw his master walk to the sofa and sit down grumpily, he couldn't help his curiosity and he eventually slipped into the dining room.

He was then greeted by the sight of Amelia freely chomping down her food.

They must have had another squabble and Master was the one who lost this time.

And now that Master isn't eating because he's worked up, Ms. Taylor is thoroughly enjoying her meal.

They're born enemies!

Ring! Ring!

Amelia's phone began to ring then.

She proceeded to take out her phone and quickly answered when she saw it was a call from her mother.

"Amy, when are you coming home? How did your movie date with Caleb end up with you being at the Mendelson Residence?!"

As angry as Sophia was, it wasn't like she could do anything to Frank.

She even had suspicions that her daughter was the one who had the Mendelsons' bodyguards bring her away because she didn't want to date Caleb.

"Mom, I'll be home as soon as I'm done."

"What are you busy with?"

While drinking the soup, Amelia explained, "Mom, as I said, I am a servant in the Mendelson Residence. Of course, I'm busy with cleaning and doing chores."

And of course, Sophia didn't believe her.



She knew that Frank had forced Amelia over to his place at first, probably to mess with Amelia so bad she had no choice but to complain to Kendall about it.

However, Amelia hadn't gone to Kendall even after a long time had passed, and yet there was always someone from the Mendelson Family who was there to pick up her daughter.

There must be a reason behind this that Sophia refused to think too much about.

She knew that Frank was as scary as Dylan. She didn't want her daughter to have anything to do with Frank.

Fortunately, Frank was very good at keeping secrets. Up to now, no one knew that Amelia was invited to the Mendelson Residence every day.

Amelia would have to suffer if reporters were to hear of it.

One of the reasons Sophia was worried was because she heard that Yasmine was wholeheartedly aiming to marry Frank after she gave up on Dylan.

She didn't know what Yasmine would do if she knew that Amelia was always with Frank.

It wasn't like Amelia had the skills to fend for herself as Kendall did.

"What are you eating?" Sophia asked.

"I'm having soup! The chef here was also hired from a five-star hotel. The soup is super good."

Sophia was silent for a beat before she growled, "Get your butt here. Right. This. Instant!"

"I have to count money, Mom!" Amelia refuted. "That's my pay today. I'll be home after I'm done counting."

"You can count when you're home."

"But Frank said I can't do that. It's better to settle anything money-related as quickly as possible."

This daughter of hers could give her a heart attack at this point. "Caleb and you..."

"I don't like him, Mom."

"He has a crush on you, and he doesn't mind that you often throw him aside halfway to go to the Mendelson Residence. What about him is it that you don't like? Amy, our family can tolerate your hobbies, but others can't. Considering how Mrs. Mullinsky surprisingly doesn't dislike you and Caleb likes you, you—"

"Mom, my phone's signal is weak after my phone made contact with water the other day. I can't hear you. I'm hanging up, okay? Let's talk tomorrow."

Amelia usually went home around midnight, and Sophia would always be asleep by then.

The only time the mother and daughter had to chat was in the morning when they had their breakfast.

Just like that, Amelia cut the call with her mother.

Sophia was left fuming and helpless. As both a woman and someone who had experienced it, she had a hunch Frank had feelings for her daughter.

However, Kendall was the one whom Frank was in love with. The whole of Orapolis had seen how persistent he was with Kendall.

The more Sophia thought about it, the more upset she became.

She finally decided she would pack up with Amelia when she came home and sneak off to the airport for the earliest flight out tomorrow on a vacation.

That was her way of preventing the Mendelsons from coming for Amelia again.

...

Kendall heard that absence made the heart grow fonder, but she had not experienced it until tonight.

Dylan was like a wolf that would lick off even her juices from her bones if he could.

"Darling..." Kendall murmured before she drifted off to sleep.

"Hmm?" He hugged her and hummed a reply before adding gently, "What is it?"

"I... never want to be away from you for more than three days from now onward."

It is way too tiring.

She finally fell asleep after uttering those words.

Pity and love filled Dylan's eyes when he looked down at the delicate woman in his arms.

He admitted he was a little too hungry for her, but she was enthusiastically reciprocating as well!

He couldn't hold back because of that.

His big palm landed on her face to touch her cheek gently. "I don't want to be separated from you too," he whispered. "Not even for a day."

The days without her by his side had been difficult.

He had to spend those days on work and taking revenge on his enemies to pass time.

While Kendall slept soundly, Dylan didn't feel sleepy at all.

He got up and walked to the suitcase that Kendall brought back from Eastfort.

They had been busy having dinner with the elders at the main house after coming home in the evening. Coupled with rolling in the sheets, they hadn't had the time to unpack her luggage.

Now that she was asleep, Dylan wanted to help her tidy up.

The suitcase had a passcode. After giving it a thought, he entered the passcode and actually managed to open it with the right passcode.

The passcode was the date of their wedding anniversary.

To be exact, it was the date they went to get their marriage certificate.

They hadn't had their wedding ceremony, after all.

Apart from some clothes, there was a big, tightly wrapped gift box which he had no idea what was in it.

Dylan curiously took out the big gift box. He wanted to open it, but he seemed to have thought of something before he gave up peeking.

After putting the gift box back into her luggage, he locked the suitcase and left the rest of the unpacking for Kendall to do tomorrow.

He would be in for a surprise that way.

It was Valentine's day tomorrow.

And it happened to be Dylan's birthday as well.

It was near afternoon when Dylan woke up the next day. He must have slept too late last night that he slept past the time he was usually awake.

The first thing he did upon waking up was to reach out to the other side of the bed, only to find the spot empty.

Kendall had left the bed a long time ago.

Seeing this left Dylan grumpy.

It was the sweetest thing having to see his lovely wife's playful smile first thing in the morning.

But she didn't wake him up or wait for him today!

As he quietly complained, he quickly got to freshen up. Just as Dylan was about to leave the room, someone suddenly pushed the door open from outside.

He then heard those familiar footsteps that put him at ease.