

Kendalls 531

Chapter 531

"Have you met with the clients that Kelly assigned you?" Since his daughter said she was fine, Adam decided not to harp on this issue. Even if he doubted his daughter, he could trust his son-in-law.

"I've met up with one of them, but I haven't contacted the rest," Kendall replied honestly.

"Keep up the good work. If there's anything you don't understand, just come up to me. You can also ask around. The seniors in this company have worked with me for over ten years. I'm sure they'll be more than willing to lend you a hand." He was trying to remind her that she also had to get on with the seniors in the company.

"I understand, Daddy." Kendall was respectful of the seniors in the company and they were polite to her. Whenever she had questions, even though they were willing to teach her, they wouldn't clarify their points. As such, she had to interpret what they were trying to say. She had seen how they treated Kelly. It seems that I have to work harder.

"Run along, now. I'm going to attend a cocktail party in the evening. Come with me if you're free. Your mom will be attending as well."

The three of them rarely appeared in public together.

"I'm free tonight, but I'll be busy on Wednesday. It'll be Mrs. Wright's birthday and she has invited Dylan's mom and his aunts to her house. I'm going over with them."

Adam nodded. "You need to socialize with others more. To everyone else, you're the heir to the Parker

Corporation, so you have to get to know the big shots in the business world. Regardless of whether you'll be working with them, you have to be on good terms with them. You're the Young Mistress of the Coleman Family now and you'll take charge of the family in the future. Therefore, you must get to know more people. Since Dylan's mother is willing to take you along when she meets her friends, you have to remember their names and learn from them. You have been attending etiquette classes for quite a while now and it's time you put what you've learned to good use."

"I got it, Daddy."

"Alright, then. Don't leave so soon when you get off work. Inform Dylan about it so that he won't get mad." Adam knew his son-in-law's temperament very well, which was why he promptly reminded his daughter.

Kendall hummed in response. After leaving her father's office, she sent a message to Dylan to inform him that she was going to attend a cocktail party with her parents.

Dylan asked, 'Can I tag along?'

Kendall smiled. 'If I remember correctly, you don't like attending these kinds of cocktail parties.'

'Since you're going there, I'd like to tag along.'

'You can go wherever you want. There's no need for me to take you along.'

Truth was, Dylan had received the invitation card to the cocktail party. However, he wasn't interested in attending these sorts of parties. As such, whenever he received those invitation cards, he would ask

Toddy and Emma to handle them for him.

'I'll be going with you, then.' Dylan directly made a decision.

Kendall replied with a smiling emoji. She knew that Dylan loved following her around.

Time seemed to go by quickly when one was busy. Soon, the sun started to sink below the horizon.

Charlotte arrived at the company pretty early. She had changed into an evening dress, which made her look elegant and demure. Knowing that her daughter was going with them, she had also brought along another dress so that Kendall could get changed in the company.

When most of the employees had gotten off work, the three of them shuffled out of the company, only to see Dylan standing at the entrance.

When Adam saw the man waiting outside the company, he said to his wife with a smile, "Look at Dylan. Is he worried we'll sell his wife to someone else or something? He's even coming with us to an ordinary cocktail party!"

"Are you not happy that they're lovey-dovey?" Charlotte retorted, to which Adam chuckled.

"Of course, I'm happy to see that they're deeply in love. As parents, we certainly hope she'll always be happy."

Kendall stepped out of the company first. "Darling."

She looked gorgeous, standing there clad in an evening dress. Dylan could not even move his eyes

from her. At that moment, he had the urge to keep her inside their house so that no one else could see her beauty.

Certainly, he wouldn't put that into action, for he had promised the woman that whatever she wanted to do, she had his full support. He wouldn't restrict her with the Coleman Family's rules. She was always free and had her personal space.

"Why didn't you go in?" Kendall jogged toward Dylan. Meanwhile, Ronnie and the others greeted her politely. Then, she fished out a pack of tissues from her exquisite bag and pulled out two pieces before caringly wiping the sweat off Dylan's forehead. "It's hot outside."

Although it was evening, the weather was rather humid. The weather in Orapolis could be scorching in both summer and fall.

"I only arrived a moment ago. Since you were coming out, I decided not to go in." Dylan enjoyed his wife's caring gesture. "Did your mother bring you the evening dress?"

"Yes."

"It looks great on you."

Kendall asked mischievously, "Which one looks better? The dress or me?"

"The dress is beautiful, but you look even more stunning."

"You're such a sweet talker."

"Do I get a reward?"

A bashful Kendall said, "My parents are just over there and there are many people around us." Despite what she said, she still wrapped her arms around Dylan's neck and gave him a peck on the cheek before hurriedly releasing him. Pretending that nothing had happened, she murmured, "I'll make it up to you when we go home."

To get their child back sooner, the couple had been frequently doing the deed at night. Dylan stared fixedly at her with his deep, gentle gaze.

Adam and Charlotte were too embarrassed to leave the building as they were worried that they would interrupt the couple.

When Dylan saw them, he gently greeted them by saying, "Mr. and Mrs. Parker."

Only then did they go over. "Why didn't you go in, Dylan? It's humid outside," Charlotte said, worried the weather was too sultry for him.

"It's fine. I only arrived and got out of the car a moment ago. The car is air-conditioned, so it's not hot at all."

Since he had said so, Charlotte stopped speaking further.

Dylan turned to Adam and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Mr. Parker. I hope the organizer won't blame you for my presence without an invitation card."

"I'm sure they'll be elated to see you at the party."

Whatever the party, it would be an honor for the organizer to have the Dylan Coleman there. Even if Dylan only showed up momentarily, the organizer could brag about it for a long time.

"Let's go," Adam said. His car was still inside the company. After saying something to Kendall and Dylan, he took his wife's hand and got back into the building.

On the other hand, Kendall and Dylan got into their car. These days, Dylan rarely needed to use the wheelchair, though he would still bring it along. Whenever he was exhausted, he could have a seat.

Following that, Dylan passed her a box of snacks. "You don't really have a chance to have your food quietly at a party. I'm worried you'll be starving, so I've brought you some snacks to fill you up."

Kendall took the snacks with a smile and murmured, "Thanks, darling."

Meanwhile, Dylan looked lovingly at her.

She opened the box that contained an assortment of snacks, all of which were her favorites. After having a piece, she held one out to Dylan. "Why don't we have it together?"

"Sure." Dylan didn't have a sweet tooth but whatever his wife held out to him, he would just eat it. He wouldn't mind the overly sweet taste.

After Adam's car was gone, Dylan's fleet of vehicles then started moving. Soon, several cars left the Parker Corporation's building.

It wasn't until the cars were out of sight that Kelly walked up to the window.

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The Parker Corporation's building wasn't as tall as that of Coleman Empire Holdings, and Kelly's office wasn't at the top. With her perfect eyesight, she could look down from her office and see everything clearly.

Her adoptive parents were taking Kendall to a cocktail party, and she supposed that Dylan was tagging along because he loved following Kendall around.

In the past, whenever her parents attended a party, they would take Kelly along. She would be lying to herself if she said she wasn't jealous.

All the things that belonged to her gradually fell into Kendall's hands. There was no denying Kelly was burning with jealousy.

Truth was, she was aware that her parents were going to attend a cocktail party and she had offered to keep them company.

However, her father turned her down, saying that she shouldn't attend a cocktail party since she was pregnant. Even if she didn't drink any alcohol, the presence of a large number of people and the smoke coming from cigarettes were hazardous to her child.

Although her father was well-meaning, she was still resentful. Presently, she sat down in front of her desk and called Brian.

When the call was connected, she asked sweetly, "Have you gotten off work, Brian? Why don't we

have dinner together?"

"I'm on my way to your company."

Jacqueline had repeatedly warned Brian against contacting Kelly, but they would still meet up in secret. It wasn't like Jacqueline could keep an eye on her son all the time. Since they had to be stealthy, it brought them a sense of excitement whenever they met. Whenever there was a chance, they would make out with each other.

Other than during the early stage of pregnancy, Kelly rarely suffered from morning sickness. Moreover, it wasn't conspicuous that she was pregnant as she had been trying to keep in shape. As such, hardly anyone could tell that she was pregnant.

"I'll be waiting for you in the company, then."

"Haven't you gotten off work at this hour? You're pregnant now, Kelly. Don't tire yourself out." There was a hint of worry in Brian's voice.

"It's fine. I can handle it."

"Wait for me at the entrance, then. I'll be there in a few minutes."

"Alright."

After the call ended, Kelly fished out some cosmetic products and wear makeup while looking in a mirror. All of a sudden, she recalled Kendall's reminder and looked down at her belly. Since she was

wearing clothes, it was hard for anyone to notice that she was pregnant. However, whenever she took a shower and looked in the mirror, she could see that her belly was bulging slightly.

There was no doubt the baby in her womb was full of vitality. The doctor said that she should get a check-up soon. She had been hesitant for the past few months since she found out she was pregnant.

After stroking her belly, she entered the bathroom and removed her makeup. She was only a young woman who was 26 years old. Even if she showed up with a bare face, she wouldn't look less beautiful than anyone. She was confident that her face was alluring.

Several minutes later, she got into Brian's car.

"Why didn't you put on any makeup today?" Brian noticed that she was barefaced the moment she entered the car.

"I removed it as makeup is bad for the child. Since I've decided to give birth to the child, I have to ensure it'll be healthy."

According to Kendall, it would only be harmful to both Kelly and the child if she still ignored her health. Although Kelly wasn't fond of Kendall, there was no denying the latter was right.

A glint flashed across Brian's eyes as he grunted impassively. "You have a point."

The atmosphere in the car turned awkward in an instant. After all, Kelly was pregnant with Jackson's child, but she was Brian's woman now.

A moment later, she said, "John met up with Kendall. He said that they got along well and Kendall was impressed when she saw him for the first time."

Kelly had seen John before and there was no doubt he was handsome. He was just as good-looking as Dylan and Frank.

There was a smug smile on Brian's face as he muttered, "It took me a long time to find a man that met your criteria. Given his gentleness, I'm sure Kendall will fall for him as they meet up frequently."

Kelly grunted at that. "She's very lucky."

When they tried to set Kendall up back then, they had arranged for an old man named Reill for her. Unfortunately, Kendall managed to escape.

"She's with Dylan all the time, so she won't fall for a man who isn't handsome."

They had been planning this for quite a while. In their eyes, Dylan was still an impotent man. Even though he treated Kendall well, they still believed that he couldn't consummate his marriage. The reason he doted on Kendall was that he felt guilty.

Kendall might not feel lonely now, but could she stay with an impotent man for all her life?

As she spent more time with a man who was just as handsome as Dylan, coupled with the fact that he was brilliant and caring, it was likely that she would fall in love with him.

"We'd better not contact John frequently so that he'll work his magic." Kelly then reminded him by saying, "He's also a professional manager, so he's able to manage Good-Trust Electronics for us."

Good-Trust Electronics was a joint venture by Brian and Kelly that was used to fool Kendall. They also hoped to use the company to steal money from the Parker Corporation and put it into their own pockets.

Once the Parker Corporation was emptied, even if Kendall managed to become the president, she would only get an empty shell or even a company in debt.

"I got it."

Kendall wasn't a formidable opponent, but they had to be wary of her husband, Dylan. As such, Brian had to be cautious. He and Kelly were not the people in charge of Good-Trust Electronics on paper. Even if Dylan looked into the matter, he wouldn't get to them.

"Brian."

"Yeah?"

"Do you have any food in your car? I'm starving."

A pregnant woman would get hungry easily. After all, there was one more person in her belly to digest the food.

At that, Brian replied apologetically, "I'm sorry. I don't have any snacks in my car. We're going to have dinner anyway. I booked a table and ordered some dishes in advance. Food will be served as soon as we arrive."

Kelly stroked her belly and said, "I'll have to stuff some snacks into my bag so that I'll have something to eat when I'm hungry."

"Sure. We'll get some snacks later."

"Okay. By the way, can you help me with something?"

"What is it?"

"Do you know anyone in the medical field? I'm looking for a genius in medicine who can develop their own drugs."

Brian took a glance at her before focusing on the road again. "What kind of drugs do you want?" he asked.

"I need a slow-releasing drug that will gradually make a person delirious. I also need a drug that will make a woman infertile."

A glint flashed across Brian's eyes. "Are you going to poison Kendall?"

"It'd be best if she cheats on Dylan and becomes pregnant. I'm sure Dylan and the Colemans will never forgive her," Kelly muttered. "But what if she never betrays Dylan? All the same, I have to make sure she will be infertile. As long as she can't produce a baby, the Parker Corporation will belong to my child and me as the company has to be passed down to someone."

"Are you going to give the slow-releasing drug to your parents?"

"Yes. Since they've been providing for me for over 20 years, I'm not going to kill them. I just want them

to go mad and I'll send them to a psychiatric hospital. Without them, Kendall won't be a match for me and I can finally take over the Parker Corporation!"

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"As long as our plan works out, Dylan will stop loving Kendall. By then, I'll make life a living hell for her."

After pondering for a moment, Brian replied, "I can help you get the drugs, but you'll have to drop them on your own. I can't help you with that. You'll also have to be careful when dealing with Kendall. She's been vigilant against you, so it'll be hard for you to poison her."

Kelly grumbled, "Although she's vigilant against me, she's completely at ease when she's with her parents and the Woodses. Just get me the drugs and I'll make the arrangements."

To snatch the Parker Corporation, Kelly had made some preparations.

At that, Brian couldn't help but glance at her. Although he had always known that she was ruthless, he was still surprised.

Be it her adoptive parents or biological parents, they were all Kelly's pawns. He supposed he was also one of her pawns.

Despite knowing that, he didn't point it out bluntly. He only said, "Alright, I'll help you get the drugs. However, it'll probably take some time. I know a genius in medicine who is elusive, so it's hard to get in touch with him. Nonetheless, once I find him, I'm sure he'll be able to develop anything other than a drug that will bring a dead person back to life."

Kelly's eyes brightened when she heard that. "Brian, since he's such a genius, do you think we can make him side with us?" she asked.

"Well, you're not the only one who wants to do so. Many people who have witnessed his skills would like to get him to side with them. However, no one has succeeded so far. Other than being a genius in medicine, he's also an expert in martial arts, astrology, and fortune-telling. More importantly, he's not short on money. All in all, he's a capable person."

Kelly was tempted when she heard that. "Is there such a wonderful person on earth?"

"There are always amazing people out there. Just because we're not aware of them, it doesn't mean they don't exist. If I manage to find him, I'll introduce you to him. The last time I met him was three years ago. At that time, he told me he was looking for an apprentice. He's been traveling around the world because he's looking for a suitable person."

"He has some pretty high standards there!" Kelly remarked. "Is he very old?"

After giving it some thought, Brian replied, "When I saw him three years ago, he looked like he was in his forties or fifties. However, I suppose he looks much younger than his real age."

Truth was, Brian only got to know the genius by chance.

"In other words, he's probably in his sixties or seventies."

He grunted in response.

"I hope to meet that kind of genius sooner. If we manage to gain his favor, we no longer have to be wary of Dylan."

Brian smiled helplessly. "Kelly, don't you think you're oversimplifying things?"

A genius like him wouldn't easily interfere in someone else's conflicts.

It was extremely difficult to buy some drugs from him. If he was fond of a person and it so happened that he needed some money, he would sell the person some drugs at a high price. However, if he was asked to develop poison, he would drug the person first to let them go through the torment before giving them the antidote.

Although Brian had promised that he would get the drugs for her, he didn't have to go looking for that genius. He could get the drugs with ease. He decided to hold Kelly up as he was worried that she might make a mistake when she was too eager to achieve her goal.

Simply put, he believed that Kelly couldn't possibly poison Kendall. Moreover, he was still reeling from the shock that was caused by Dylan's retaliation. If something went wrong again, he would probably be destroyed by Dylan.

He deliberately brought up the genius so as not to get the drugs for Kelly. If she became impatient and decided to get the drugs herself, it would have nothing to do with him once the incident was exposed as she would be solely responsible for it.

At any rate, the mention of the genius successfully distracted Kelly from obsessing about poisoning her adopted parents and Kendall.

On the other hand, Kendall had no idea that Kelly was planning to poison her. Although she had asked some people to keep an eye on Kelly, she was only aware of the woman's whereabouts. She wouldn't

have been able to find out about the discussion between Kelly and Brian.

When Kendall, her parents, and Dylan arrived at the hotel where the cocktail party was held, they surprised everyone at the venue. It was only natural that they became the center of attention.

When the organizer saw Dylan, his eyes started glistening like he was a starving wolf.

Fortunately, everyone was aware that Dylan loathed attending this kind of party. Although he had appeared, he wouldn't come into contact with anyone else. The others would only greet him from a distance, but they wouldn't dare approach him.

In such a situation, his wife, Kendall, proved to be very important.

After getting the signal from their husbands, the wealthy ladies went over to Charlotte and made small talk with her. Since Charlotte was Kendall's mother, they could also naturally approach Kendall.

In fact, just like Dylan, Kendall hated this kind of party. In her previous life, after she returned to her parents' side, she frequently attended all sorts of parties with her mother and Kelly. However, she had always been pushed around, so she didn't have any fond memories of such parties.

After she was reborn, she decided to walk down a path that was different from her previous life. Despite that, she still had to socialize with others. As such, she had been trying to get to know all the big guns in the city.

"You're so lucky, Mrs. Parker!" One of the wealthy ladies looked at Kendall and praised Charlotte with a smile. "Kendall is a good child to be willing to keep you company at such a party, which is unlike my

daughter. She's never willing to attend any parties with me as she thinks that these parties are boring."

Taking Kendall's hand, Charlotte looked lovingly at her daughter and said with a smile, "Please stop praising her, Mrs. Fennimore. Otherwise, she'll probably start blushing."

Kendall called out, "Mom!"

The other ladies started laughing.

"Kendall."

When Kendall heard a familiar voice calling out to her, she turned around and saw Yasmine and Jeffrey coming to her with their arms crossed. She blinked as she was surprised to see Yasmine here.

One had to know that the attendees of this party were mostly on the same level as Adam when it came to their social status in Orapolis. Families like the Colemans, the Mendelsons, and the Zorns would not attend under normal circumstances.

Yasmine was a young lady from the Zorn Family. Among the socialites in Orapolis, she was one of the most prestigious young ladies, along with Alice.

In the past, there was no way she would show up at such a party. However, it was different this evening.

Kendall gazed at the man beside Yasmine. She knew that after Yasmine gave up on Dylan, she went on to woo Frank for quite some time. However, perhaps she came to realize that she wasn't really into Frank and that the man only loved Kendall, so she gave up on him as well.

As for the man standing beside Yasmine now, Kendall had no idea who he was. She had heard Yasmine mention a man named Jeffrey before, so she supposed he was that man. Judging from how loving they looked, Kendall supposed they were together now.

"Miss Zorn," she replied with a polite smile.

The other ladies promptly greeted Yasmine. It seemed that they were not surprised at her appearance.

As Kendall observed the ladies' reaction, she realized that it wasn't the first time Yasmine attended this kind of ordinary cocktail party. She reckoned that Yasmine only did this for the man beside her.

"I didn't expect to see you here, Kendall." Yasmine lifted her wine glass as she intended to clink glasses with Kendall.

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Kendall clinked glasses with Yasmine. After both of them took a sip of wine, she turned to Jeffrey.

Seeing that, Yasmine promptly introduced her partner to the other woman. "Kendall, he's my partner, Jeffrey Schubert. We've known each other since we were very young."

Kendall nodded at Jeffrey. "Mr. Schubert."

Jeffrey responded with a smile without saying a word, for he saw Dylan glaring at him from a distance. He was wary of Dylan's gaze, which seemed sharp enough to cut him into pieces.

Yasmine swept a glance over the wealthy ladies before asking Kendall, "Can I have a word with you?"

Kendall then said to her mother, "Mommy, let me speak to Miss Zorn."

Charlotte felt relieved since Yasmine was now more polite to her daughter. What was more, the woman found a partner and also stopped pestering Dylan. As such, she didn't stop her daughter from having a chat with Yasmine alone.

"Jeffrey, I'll have a chat with Kendall," Yasmine turned to him. She used to be a willful person in the past, but when she was with Jeffrey now, she was gentle. After being showered with love, she had become more tender.

Jeffrey nodded lovingly. Yasmine then said to Kendall with a smile, "Let's go somewhere else."

Following that, they shuffled out of the venue.

Dylan's gaze darkened as he watched his wife leave with Yasmine, but he never stopped her, nor did he tell Ronnie to follow Kendall and protect her. Yasmine had never been a match for Kendall, after all.

When they arrived somewhere quiet, Yasmine stopped in her tracks and turned around. With the help of the lights, she sized Kendall up.

Kendall smiled. "What's wrong? Don't you recognize me anymore?"

"We haven't met each other for quite some time, and you've become more beautiful and elegant."

Kendall replied with a smile, "A rainbow will appear after a storm. I've weathered the storm only to be greeted by the rainbow. Since I'm in my element now, it's only natural that I look beautiful."

Yasmine couldn't help smiling. "You're as thick-skinned as ever."

"Thanks for your compliment."

Yasmine went on to say, "Kendall, you were chased out by Old Madam Coleman because of Brian. He decided to retaliate against you because he loved Kelly deeply. Regardless of the reason, he's in the wrong, and I'd like to apologize to you on his behalf."

"Your brother is pretty loyal," Kendall said scornfully. "Kelly is pregnant with Jackson's child, but she still got together with Brian. Is he ready to be the child's father or something?"

"Are they still together?" Yasmine had no idea about it, for she had stopped contacting Kelly.

"Do you think they've broken up?"

Yasmine was startled for a moment before saying, "My mom had stopped Brian and Kelly from getting together, so I thought... He's been coming home on time recently. How is it possible that... I can't believe I was friends with someone like Kelly. Was I blind or something?" Kelly used to be her best friend.

"Before I came here, I saw Brian going to the company to pick Kelly up."

Yasmine's expression darkened.

Brian was handsome and wealthy. As long as he made himself available, he could choose from a myriad of women. However, he insisted on getting together with Kelly, who was pregnant with Jackson's child.

It wasn't until Jacqueline blew her top previously that Yasmine found out Kelly and Brian were living under the same roof, and they had even made love. As such, Yasmine stopped contacting Kelly.

"Thanks for informing me about it, Kendall." Yasmine pulled herself together and apologized to Kendall. Then, she tried to plead with her, saying, "Kendall, now that your relationship with Dylan has strengthened, the seniors in the Coleman Family wouldn't dare target you again. Since you're doing great now, could you help me put in a good word for my family in front of Dylan?"

Not only did Dylan send Jacqueline photos of Brian and Kelly dating, but he had also been going against Zorn Holdings. As such, the conflict between both families intensified.

This was terrible news to the Zorn Family. Moreover, Frank wouldn't join forces with the Zorns, for he was in favor of Kendall.

After a moment of silence, Kendall replied, "To be honest with you, Yasmine, I'm not ready to forgive Brian and Kelly. Dylan is standing up for me and protecting me. If I put in a good word for the Zorn Family, it's no different from slapping him in the face."

She went on to say, "I will never do that. Although I'm fine now, it doesn't mean your brother's actions never brought me any harm. I can never forgive him. If you were in my shoes, I believe you wouldn't put it past you either. After all, we're not saints."

Yasmine parted her lips but couldn't utter a word. Given her temperament, she could never forgive someone who tried to harm her.

"Yasmine, even though we're not love rivals anymore, we can never be friends. Brian wants to protect Kelly, so we're destined to be on opposite sides. The most I can do is to ask Dylan not to bring the Schubert Family down when Zorn Holdings eventually goes bankrupt."

Kendall continued, "I can tell that Mr. Schubert is truly in love with you. Both of you will get married sooner or later, and the Schubert Family will be your home. By not dragging the Schuberts into this

matter, I can at least assure you that you'll spend the rest of your life peacefully. As for what your family will do and whether you'll side with them, that's up to you."

Yasmine let out a long sigh. "At the end of the day, it's my fault. If I hadn't been too extreme, things wouldn't have turned out this way."

"Even if you were not involved, Kelly and I would still end up falling out," Kendall replied dispassionately. "It's not that I want to fight, but she's just unresigned. I'm just trying to protect what's rightfully mine."

She was the biological daughter of her parents. Hence, it was only natural and righteous that she wanted to protect the Parker Family.

Putting their grudges from the previous life aside, she and Kelly could never get along, for Kelly believed that she was the invader even though she was her parents' biological daughter. It was because of her presence that Kelly was robbed of her rights.

Yasmine fell silent again. She had stopped loving Dylan, and she was in a relationship with Jeffrey now. As such, she had become calmer and more mature. More importantly, she could take a step back and see the crux of the matter. It was apparent to her that Kendall couldn't be blamed for what had happened.

"In that case, thanks for not dragging the Schuberts into this matter."

At the very least, Yasmine and the Zorns still had something to fall back on.

There was no doubt the Schuberts were not as wealthy as the Zorns. However, if Zorn Holdings went bankrupt, the Schuberts could provide shelter for her family members so that they didn't have to sleep on the streets. Furthermore, her brothers were all capable people. With the help of the Schuberts, they could go to another city and start over. They couldn't possibly make a comeback, for Dylan would only suppress them.

"By the way, didn't you send me an invitation card the other day? I'm worried I won't be able to attend

the party."

Since they had talked things out, Kendall decided not to attend the party that Yasmine was going to hold in a resort.

Yasmine understood the other woman's concerns, so she nodded. "No worries."

"If there's nothing else, I'll go back in. My husband can be a little domineering. If I don't return sooner, he'll be displeased."

Yasmine replied with a smile, "Go ahead. You're a lucky woman."

Dylan cared about her, which was why he could be a little possessive. Other women didn't have the opportunity to see his domineering side.

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In the past, Yasmine had always followed Dylan around, but in the end, she was left with nothing. Not only were her feelings hurt, but she had also dragged her family into this matter, which caused the strife between Coleman Empire Holdings and Zorn Holdings to intensify.

If there was a drug in the world that could reverse time and allow one to make things right, Yasmine would get it without hesitation. Unfortunately, such a drug didn't exist in this world.

When Kendall returned to the venue and saw her mother talking to the other wealthy ladies, she decided not to interrupt them. Instead, she directly headed to Dylan's side.

At that moment, Dylan sported a dark expression, but when he saw Kendall going straight to him upon her return, his eyes brightened instantly as he watched the woman approach him with a smile.

"Are you alright?" he asked caringly. Nonetheless, a hint of ruthlessness flashed across his gaze. If he found out that Kendall had suffered any grievances, he would get his men to teach Yasmine a lesson.

Kendall replied with a smile, "What could happen to me? Yasmine has never been a match for me."

Dylan pinched her face lovingly. "I know. My wife is very capable, after all."

When he recalled that Kendall loved giving her opponent shoulder throws in the past, he beamed.

Likewise, Kendall knew her husband very well. When she saw his smile, she figured that he must have recalled her past self.

Dylan would always catch her being rough with others, and he had caught her getting involved in car racing on two separate occasions. As such, she wasn't even allowed to touch the steering wheel now.

"I'm very gentle now."

"Yes, yes, yes. You're very gentle." There was a smile on Dylan's face when he spoke.

Hearing that, Kendall glowered at him.

The married couple showed their affection for each other in public as though there was no one else around them.

Meanwhile, Frank parked his car in front of the Taylor Residence. He didn't bring any bodyguards with him and was on his own.

He went on to wait in front of the Taylor Residence for a long time. He didn't call Amelia, nor did he ring the doorbell. He just remained seated in the car, silently looking at the villa under the night sky.

The sky turned a shade darker, and Brandon finally returned from a gathering.

When the chauffeur pulled up, he honked and motioned for the car in front of the villa to move somewhere else.

What's wrong with him? Why is he parking his car in front of someone else's house? It seems that he's deliberately blocking our way.

When Frank heard the honk, he came to his senses. He then rolled down the car window and looked back.

On the other hand, the chauffeur also rolled down the window and stuck out his head before demanding, "What's wrong with you? How can you park your car in front of someone else's house? Hurry up and move your car away!"

Brandon didn't realize that Frank's car was in front of his house, for he was inebriated tonight. As he leaned against the seat, he felt sleepy. Either way, the chauffeur would handle such a matter for him.

"Is that President Taylor?" Frank asked in a husky voice.

The chauffeur snorted. "It seems that you know whose way you're blocking."

When Brandon heard Frank's voice while sitting in the backseat, he shuddered and sat up straight, sobering up in an instant. He hurriedly pushed the door open and got out of the car. With the help of the streetlights, he realized the visitor was indeed Frank.

That realization stunned him. Then, he went over in a hurry and asked cautiously, "Why are you here at this hour, President Mendelson? Is there anything I can help you with?"

The chauffeur was speechless. Turns out he's the head of the Mendelson Family. Why is he alone? Whenever he showed up in the past, he'd be flanked by at least four cars with bodyguards in the vehicles.

Frank also got out of the car. "I'm not here to ask you for a favor. It's just that when I passed by your place, I realized the night view was marvelous. As such, I decided to stop my car here and enjoy it."

It was the first time Frank lied to anyone.

Brandon was speechless. Did he just say he happened to pass by my place? The Mendelson Residence and the Taylor Residence are far apart. Even if the night view here is nice, it's nothing compared to his place. He's lying.

Upon realizing that the other man was lying, Brandon was anxious as he wondered what Frank was up to. Is he here for Amy?

"Have you just returned, President Taylor?"

"Yes." Isn't it obvious?

"I suppose I'm blocking your way. Sorry about that. I'll move my car somewhere else now." After looking around, he continued, "It seems that it's not easy to move my car here. Why don't I drive my car into your yard first? Once your car goes in, I'll come back out."

Brandon was stunned for a moment before he pressed the doorbell in silence. When he saw a servant coming over to open the door, he said to Frank with a forced smile, "President Mendelson, since you're here, why don't you come in and drink some coffee with me?"

Frank appeared to be pondering on it.

"If it's not convenient for you, then—"

"It's not a good idea to drink coffee at night, for it'll affect our sleep."

"You have a point. We'd better not drink coffee at this hour so as not to affect our sleep." Brandon let out a breath. He never intended to invite Frank into his house, for the man was in a somewhat ambiguous relationship with his daughter.

Although Frank had promised that he wouldn't do anything against Amelia's will, Brandon still hoped that his daughter would stay away from this man. After all, Frank and Dylan were birds of a feather—it was hard to deal with them.

What Frank said next stunned Brandon. He uttered, "I'm a little peckish, though. I'd like to have supper. Why don't I come in and have some food?"

Brandon replied hesitantly, "Sure. This way please, President Mendelson."

When Frank saw the servant opening the door, he said to Brandon, "Since you're so hospitable, it would be impolite of me to turn you down. In that case, I apologize for bothering you at this hour, and thanks for the supper."

Despite the smile on Brandon's face, he cursed at the man in secret. Frank entered his car, and Brandon watched as the former drove in and parked his car in the yard. A moment later, Brandon's car entered the compound as well.

Sophia wasn't asleep at this hour. When she learned that her husband had returned, she left the house to welcome him home. Seeing her husband, she went over and said, "You must be drunk again. I told you not to drink so much since it's bad for your health."

All of a sudden, Frank said, "Hello, Mrs. Taylor."

Sophia stopped in her tracks abruptly and traced the voice. When she saw Frank, she was astounded. Why is the head of the Mendelson Family here?

Ignoring how startled Sophia looked, Frank said apologetically, "I was passing by your place and stopped my car here to take in the night view. Coincidentally, Mr. Taylor returned home and invited me to have supper. I couldn't possibly turn him down, so I apologized for bothering him and came in."

Suddenly, he called the older man 'Mr. Taylor' instead of 'President Taylor'.

Brandon and Sophia were speechless, thinking that this young man was indeed thick-skinned. Then, Brandon nudged his startled wife and put on a smile. Following that, he stepped forward and invited Frank into the house.

Watching as the men entered the house, Sophia came to her senses and asked the chauffeur, "What's going on?"

The chauffeur replied, "We came home and saw President Mendelson's car blocking our way. I had no idea who he was at that time, so I got out of the car and reasoned with him. Only then did I realize he was President Mendelson."

After a pause, he continued, "Then, Mr. Taylor got out of the car and invited President Mendelson into the house for coffee out of courtesy. President Mendelson said that coffee at this hour would affect their sleep, but he could have some supper. That was what happened."

Sophia was astonished. Not only had Frank come all the way here on his own, but he had also been waiting outside their house. Sophia recalled that she had forced Amelia to go out for a movie with Caleb, and her daughter still hadn't returned. At that instant, she had a premonition. There's no way Frank happened to pass by this place. He's here for my daughter!

Chapter 536

Sophia wanted to call her daughter and tell her not to come back tonight. Unfortunately, what she was most worried about eventually happened, for her daughter had returned.

It was Caleb who sent Amelia home. Seeing that the door to the residence was still open, Caleb instinctively drove the car into the yard.

When Amelia saw her mother standing there, she thought that Sophia was waiting for her to come back and verify that she had indeed gone out with Caleb to watch a movie.

Truth was, Caleb had bought two tickets to a romantic movie, and Amelia was bored throughout the entire process. She wasn't interested in the movie at all, for she was a big fan of thrillers and horror movies.

Fortunately, Caleb had bought her a lot of snacks, so she could kill time by having some food. When the movie was finally over, they went somewhere else to get supper. Only then did Caleb send her home.

Amelia got out of the vehicle and called out to her mother, "Mom."

Caleb did the same and greeted Sophia politely.

"You're finally back. How was the movie?" Sophia asked them with a smile.

However, Amelia didn't respond to her.

Caleb glanced at Amelia and replied with a smile, "I think it was alright, but Amy didn't seem interested, so she was bored. She killed time by having some snacks. I'm sorry for not asking in advance. I didn't know she's a fan of thrillers and horror movies."

Sophia glared at her daughter for a moment before saying to Caleb with a smile, "You can watch a horror movie with her next time. By the way, Amy's dad is going to have supper. Why don't you join him, Caleb?"

She had to let Frank know that her daughter had a partner now so that he would stop taking Amelia somewhere else all the time.

"Mom, we've had supper. Both of us are stuffed now," Amelia explained.

Although she had known Caleb since they were young kids, she didn't have any romantic feelings for him. Nonetheless, Sophia and Harriet would always force Amelia to go on dates with Caleb.

Caleb was aware of the fact that Amelia frequently visited the Mendelson Residence, but he was still willing to go out with her. While Amelia felt helpless, she couldn't help suspecting that he had an ulterior motive.

With a smile, Caleb replied, "I only watched you eat, so I didn't have much food. I can go in and have supper with Mr. Taylor."

Amelia pressed her lips together, not intending to speak any further. Just as she turned around to enter the house, she saw a familiar car. Upon making out whose car it was, she was stunned. Why is Frank's

car in my yard? She turned to her mother and asked, "Mom, is Frank here?"

A glint flashed across Caleb's eyes.

Sophia hummed and explained to Caleb, "President Mendelson happened to pass by and bumped into my husband. As such, my husband invited him to have a seat inside."

Certainly, Amelia didn't believe her mother's statement. To be precise, she doubted Frank's words. There's no way Frank passed by this place on his own. I suppose he's here for me.

For a moment, Amelia was anxious as she had no idea how she should face Frank. Even Kendall could tell that she had fallen for Frank, but Amelia couldn't be honest with herself about it. More importantly, she was hesitant to make a move upon realizing that Frank still hadn't forgotten about Kendall.

It only took Amelia several minutes to pull herself together. Then, she entered the house calmly. The instant she stepped into the living room, she saw her father having a chat with Frank. She had no idea what they were talking about, but she thought they both looked happy.

The lights in the kitchen were on, and it seemed that the servants were preparing supper for them.

When Frank saw Amelia, he took a glance at her briefly before shifting his attention back to Brandon.

"Dad," Amelia elegantly walked over and called out to her father. Then, she took a seat beside her father and looked at Frank before saying scornfully, "What brings you here tonight, President Mendelson?"

Frank gazed at her. Amelia thought there was a hint of love behind the man's gaze, but upon closer look, she felt she was mistaken. Indeed, the man had a pair of inscrutable eyes.

"Well, a very strong hurricane swept me to this place."

Amelia was baffled by his trash talk. Still, she played along by saying, "You're right. Given the fact that you're such a heavyweight, only a very strong hurricane could sweep you off your feet."

"You're exaggerating. I'm not that heavy."

Amelia sneered. "You have a point, President Mendelson. You've indeed lost some weight recently, so you'd better have more food. If you keep on losing weight, you'll look skinny and pale."

Frank nodded in agreement. "Yes, I've indeed lost some weight recently. I'm supposed to have more food. Anyway, I heard that you're skillful at preparing soup, Ms. Taylor. Why don't you come up with a figure? I'd like to hire you to prepare soups for me every day."

Amelia refuted, "Who told you that?"

He's aware that I can't cook! Even his cooking skills are better than mine. Whenever I prepared food for him in the past, he'd dismiss me. I wish I could cook as well as Kendall.

"Well, Mr. Desmond told me that." Frank lied to her unabashedly by bringing up Desmond.

Amelia cursed Frank in secret for being shameless. Despite that, she put on a smile and replied, "Mr. Desmond was just being polite. My cooking skills are terrible. There are very skillful chefs in the Mendelson Residence that you've hired from five-star hotels, so I'd better not embarrass myself."

"There's no doubt the dishes they prepare are palatable, but they make terrible soup. It's decided, then. Just come up with the remuneration as you see fit. I'll be responsible for providing you with meals and accommodation. I suppose you'd be fine with it, President Taylor."

Frank tried to hire Brandon's daughter as a cook right in front of him.

Although Brandon was drunk, he was still clear-headed. With a meek smile, he said, "You think too highly of Amy, President Mendelson. She has rarely cooked since she was a young kid, so how is she supposed to cook for you? I bet if you sprinkle some salt and pepper into a bowl of water, it'll still taste better than the soup she prepares."

"You must be too busy with work, so you don't understand Amy very well. I've had a taste of the dishes and soups made by your daughter, and I think her cooking skills are wonderful."

Brandon was speechless at that.

"It's decided, then. I'll ask Mr. Desmond to come over and pick Amy up for work."

Brandon and Amelia were astonished, for they had never seen a man as domineering as Frank.

Just then, Sophia and Caleb entered the house. The moment Frank saw Caleb, he squinted his piercing eyes, looking dangerous. I can't believe this guy still hasn't given up on wooing Amelia.

Although Caleb felt uneasy as the other man stared at him, he didn't back down. He greeted Frank politely and took a seat beside Amelia.

"I'm exhausted, Dad. I'll go upstairs now." Upon finishing her words, Amelia got to her feet and went upstairs, for she was not happy about Caleb sitting beside her.

It wasn't that she was worried Caleb would do anything to her. On the contrary, Caleb was a true gentleman. Although he treated her well, he would never take advantage of her. He even claimed that as long as she was willing to marry him, he would prepare a wedding at any moment. It was apparent to Amelia that Caleb didn't love her, but he was still willing to marry her.

He was aware that she frequently visited the Mendelson Residence and that she was in an ambiguous relationship with Frank, but he didn't mind it and was still willing to go on dates with her. Perhaps his parents were pressuring him to go out with Amelia, but she still believed that he had an ulterior motive.

When Amelia returned to her room, she lay down on her bed and spaced out at the ceiling. A moment later, her phone buzzed. She picked it up and realized Frank had sent her a message.

'I'm going home. Don't forget to come to work tomorrow. If I don't get to drink your soup the next morning, you know what will happen.'

When Amelia saw the man's threatening message, she was so furious that she had the urge to smash her phone to the ground.

He's such a terrible guy! Whoever falls for him must be blind! Well... it seems that I'm one such person.

Chapter 537

Amelia didn't respond to Frank's message.

At the break of dawn the next morning, Amelia was woken up by Desmond's call.

"Mr. Desmond." Amelia tried her best to suppress her fury. "You'd better have something very important to say. Otherwise, you'll never have a sweet dream again."

It was immoral of Desmond to disturb her while she was asleep.

Desmond knew he was in the wrong for waking Amelia up at this hour, but Frank had told him the day before that he had to come over to the Taylor Residence and pick Amelia up at the break of dawn. Frank insisted on having the soup prepared by Amelia first thing in the morning. Otherwise, he would eat nothing and head straight to the company.

Desmond had always doted on Frank, so he didn't have the heart to see him starve. Furthermore, he hoped that Frank and Amelia would get together one day.

This time, Kendall had hurt Frank deeply, and it seemed that he had indeed given up on her. This was wonderful news for Desmond. Frank had even sent Dylan the paintings he had drawn in the past, and it seemed that he was determined to sever ties with Kendall. Certainly, Desmond was more than happy to see that happen.

"Ms. Taylor, it's a very important matter to me. Mr. Mendelson insists that you prepare breakfast for him. Otherwise, he'll starve himself for the entire day."

Amelia's expression darkened as she snapped, "What does it have anything to do with me if he wants to starve himself? Just inform me when he's dead. I'm more than willing to handle his corpse."

With that, she directly hung up the call. Frank is such a horrible guy! I must be blind to have fallen for him! After she shut off her phone, she lay back down in bed and closed her eyes.

When Desmond called again and realized her phone had been turned off, he had no choice but to ring the doorbell.

A moment later, a series of knocks at the door made Amelia unable to fall asleep. Infuriated, she got to her feet and yanked the door open, only to see her mother standing in front of her. She had no choice but to stop herself from cursing. "Mom," she called out meekly.

"Morning." Sophia was still clad in pajamas. It was apparent that she had been disturbed during her sleep as well. With a gloomy expression, she glared at her daughter and snapped, "That guy named Desmond just won't stop ringing the doorbell. It's annoying. Since he's here for you, you should settle this matter yourself!" After a pause, she asked, "You and Frank..."

"Mom, there's nothing between us. He's just trying to torture me."

Sophia stared at her daughter for several minutes before letting out a sigh. "Forget it. Perhaps this is your destiny. Just get changed and follow that guy to work. Don't forget to demand a higher salary."

Amelia was stunned. "Mom, are you telling me to be his cook?"

"Are you going to be his wife, then?"

Hearing that, Amelia was rendered speechless. To restore peace to her family, she had no choice but to get changed, wash up, and leave with Desmond. She pulled a long face on the way to her destination.

Desmond knew that she was incensed, so he didn't dare talk to her.

It was only 6.00AM when they arrived at the Mendelson Residence. When Amelia realized what time it was, she had the urge to go upstairs and splash a basin of water on Frank. What right does he have to ask someone to get me out of bed so early in the morning while he's still sound asleep?

"Ms. Taylor, all the ingredients are ready. You just have to put them into the pot," Desmond said politely and left the place in a hurry.

Amelia tried her best to stop herself from going upstairs to put her idea into action. Then, she entered the kitchen silently.

Just as Desmond said, all the ingredients had been prepared for her, and even the right amount of water had been put into the pot. All she had to do was drop the ingredients into the pot.

Seeing that, she was torn between tears and laughter. Given her cooking skills, it would be a miracle if Frank drank her soup. After dropping the ingredients into the pot, she didn't have to do anything else. The chef respectfully asked her to leave the kitchen.

Everyone in the Mendelson Residence was tactful. Although Frank always pulled pranks on Amelia, he treated her well. She was the second woman after Kendall who could approach Frank.

Presently, Amelia was bored since she had nothing to do. Still displeased at the fact that she had been forced to wake up at the break of dawn, she decided to retaliate against Frank. He had been pulling pranks on her all the time, and it was time she counterattacked.

With that in mind, she headed upstairs. Previously, she had left behind several cosmetic products in the guest room. After sneaking inside, she found the items.

More than ten minutes later, Frank got out of bed. He was used to going out for a run first thing in the morning, and it was no exception that day. He changed into his sportswear and put on a pair of sneakers before shuffling out of his room. The moment he opened the door, he saw someone lying in a puddle of blood, and beside her was a knife.

"Amelia!" Frank exclaimed at the top of his lungs. Amelia could tell that he was truly frightened.

The next moment, he anxiously squatted down and carried the blood-soaked Amelia up. Then, he ran down the stairs and yelled, "Quick! Get the car ready! We're going to the hospital!"

Amelia was dumbfounded. She just wanted to scare him, but it never crossed her mind that he would take it seriously.

Isn't he an intelligent and calm man? Can't he tell that I merely dissolved my lipstick into some water and poured it over my clothes? The blood on the knife is also covered with liquid dyed red by my lipstick.

When Desmond and the others arrived and saw how anxious Frank looked, they were shocked. Desmond promptly asked, "What's going on, Mr. Mendelson?"

"Call the ambulance. Wait, no—get the car ready and go to the hospital at once. Amelia hurt herself with the knife, and she has passed out from severe bleeding!"

As Frank replied to Desmond, he dashed toward the door with Amelia in his arms. He was so quick that Amelia was deluged with a sense of weightlessness.

"Hey, stop! I didn't pass out from severe bleeding!" Seeing how Frank wanted to send her to the hospital, Amelia couldn't keep putting up the act any longer. She opened her eyes and struggled out of Frank's arms before landing on the floor. Frank was astounded at that.

"Don't you think my acting skills are excellent? Take a closer look. Does the stain on my clothes look like blood to you?"

Upon closer look, Frank realized it looked nothing like blood at all. His face turned grim in an instant.

"I suppose you were frightened." Since Amelia had achieved her goal, she was gleeful.

When Desmond caught sight of Frank's dark expression, he moved backward in silence. Then, he and the bodyguards snuck out of the place. Ms. Taylor crossed the line by pulling such a prank in the morning. Well, bless her.

"Amelia!" Frank roared through clenched teeth. "Is it fun for you? Didn't you realize how frightened I was? When I saw you lying in a puddle of blood, I was scared out of my wits!"

"Well, it's not fun. My clothes are dirty, so you have to buy me new ones. If you hadn't asked Mr. Desmond to bring me here so early in the morning, I wouldn't have done such a thing."

Frank took Amelia's wrist and dragged her back into the living room, his expression furious.

"What are you doing? Release me! Hey, stop being so forceful. My wrist hurts! Frank, you just don't know how to be gentle to a girl, do you? Slow down, I can't keep up with you. Are we going back upstairs? Why are you dragging me along? Ah!"

Chapter 538

Frank immediately carried Amelia once more. A startled Amelia instinctively extended her hands and wrapped her arms around the man's neck.

When Frank ran down the stairs with Amelia in his arms earlier, she was pretending to have passed out, so she didn't have anything particular in mind. Now that her eyes were wide open and her arms were draped around Frank's neck, she looked at his handsome face that was just inches away and felt her heart throbbing.

She wanted to release him, but she realized that she would only be more embarrassed if she did that as she wouldn't know where to place her hands. After giving it some thought, she carefully clenched the man's clothes, determined not to wrap her arms around his neck again.

Frank brought her to the second floor and entered the guest room where she had stayed before. Then, he brusquely threw her onto the bed. Fortunately, the mattress was soft. As such, despite his rough actions, she didn't feel any pain. However, she still felt dizzy after she plopped onto the bed.

"What's wrong with you, Frank?" Amelia sat up and glowered at him. "Can't you be more tender with a girl? At the very least, I'm a beautiful girl."

"I'm more good-looking than you are," Frank retorted coldly.

At that instant, Amelia was rendered speechless. As she stared at his outrageously handsome face, she thought angrily, Why is there such a stunning man in this world? He's even more good-looking than any woman.

If not for the fact that Frank always appeared solemn and had been in an authoritative position for years, his face would have invited a lot of trouble for himself.

"Go and change out of your clothes now." Frank's fury subsided after tossing the woman onto the bed. Although he had been scared out of his wits, he was glad that it was just a prank and that she wasn't injured.

Amelia pressed her lips together, but she still obediently entered the bathroom to get changed. It was indeed uncomfortable to keep wearing these damp clothes.

When she left the bathroom, she saw Frank standing by the open window. She wondered what was so interesting to behold outside the mansion. Therefore, she went over and asked nonchalantly, "What are you looking at? Are there beautiful girls out there?"

"There are wolfhounds."

Amelia was speechless at that. I almost forgot that he has many wolfhounds. Previously, his wolfhounds raced after me and almost ate me up.

Since then, she never had the guts to step into the backyard, for she was worried she would come across those ferocious wolfhounds again.

"Wolfhounds are savage. You should probably get some pet dogs. Kendall has some pet dogs and Ragdoll cats. They are Dylan's gifts to her. She truly treasures her pets, and they're very cute. She's shown me her pets before."

She went on to say, "The Colemans have a Pet Palace. Their pets are all kept in that place, and someone takes care of them. Whenever I step into Pet Palace, I don't want to come out again. Those pets are adorable. I like them very much."

Frank turned to her and saw how envious she looked. After a moment of silence, he explained, "Dylan doesn't like any furry pets, so the Colemans' pets cannot stay in their residence. They're all gathered together in a place that's far away from his house."

After a pause, he continued, "He broke his own rules by giving pets to Kendall."

"Dylan treats Kendall well. If the man I'm going to marry in the future is half as good as Dylan, I'll have no more regrets in life."

Frank stared fixedly at her.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Do you think I'm not as lucky as Kendall and I'll never find a man who will treat me well?"

She went on to say, "Anyway, marrying someone is not on my bucket list. Being single, I have the freedom to do whatever I want, and no one can restrict me. I've always been fond of handsome men, and my biggest hobby is collecting photos of good-looking men."

After a moment of silence, she continued, "Many people think that I'm not a loyal woman since I love handsome men so much. As such, all of my past blind dates have been unfruitful."

At the mention of her unsuccessful blind dates, she didn't feel dejected at all, for that wasn't what she

wanted in the first place. She was more than happy to get turned down by the men during those blind dates.

The person she was fond of and wanted to fall in love with was Ronnie. Unfortunately, when she confessed her love to him, he rejected her. Then, she stopped coming into contact with Ronnie as

frequently as she used to. Dylan had stopped asking Ronnie to send her home, and he was subsequently replaced by one of Frank's bodyguards.

"Have you been collecting photos of handsome men?" Frank spoke in a calm voice, so it was hard to tell what he truly intended.

Amelia replied regretfully, "I've taken photos of all the famous handsome men in Orapolis except you and the Coleman men. I'm hoping that Kendall and Dylan will get married sooner so that I'll see all 15 Coleman young masters standing together. That will be a pleasing sight to behold."

A glint flashed across Frank's eyes as he asked impassively, "How are you getting along with that guy named Caleb?"

"We... I guess we're getting along well." Thinking of something, Amelia started praising Caleb all of a sudden. She said, "Caleb and I have known each other since we were young kids. Although we're not childhood sweethearts, we know each other very well. He and his family members are tolerant of me as well. They've never dismissed my hobby."

Frank sneered.

"Why are you sneering?"

Hearing that, Frank extended his hand and placed it on Amelia's shoulder before exerting more force with his hand. He said, "Since you love handsome men so much, you must have come into contact with many men before. Can't you see that Caleb is just using you?"

Amelia was astounded, for she indeed thought that Caleb had an ulterior motive.

"Do you know what he's trying to achieve by approaching you?"

Amelia questioned, "Do you know why?"

Frank retracted his hand and replied dispassionately, "There's nothing in the world that I'm unable to find out." Then, he directly brushed past the woman.

"Where are you going?"

"Can't you see what I'm wearing? I'm going out for a morning run."

"Why are you still going for a morning run at this hour? After you're done with running and having breakfast, it'll be noon when you head to the company."

"Are you worried that my salary will be deducted if I'm late for work and that I won't have money to provide for you?"

Amelia snorted. "I don't need you to provide for me. I'm not short on money. I'm just worried that if you keep on slacking off, the Mendelson Group will go bankrupt one day. By then, you won't have enough money to pay for my service as a cook."

"Since you're getting a salary from me, it's no different from me providing for you. At the end of the day, you're just worried I won't be able to provide for you."

Amelia was stunned by his sophistry. After Frank left the house for a jog, she went downstairs. When she stepped out of the house, she saw Desmond and the others watching Frank go for a morning run.

"Are you fine, Ms. Taylor?" There was a hint of pleasant surprise and regret in Desmond's voice. He thought that after Frank furiously dragged Amelia to the room, the younger man would probably land a forceful kiss on her lips or something. Now, it seemed that nothing had happened between them.

Noticing the regret in Desmond's voice, Amelia was displeased. "Did you hope that something would happen to me, Mr. Desmond?"

Desmond denied it, saying, "That's not true. You're reading too much into it, Ms. Taylor. Here, I'm the one who treats you best."

After examining Amelia's face for a moment, he still couldn't find any traces. It indeed seemed like nothing had happened between them. I'm so disappointed in you, Mr. Mendelson!

Chapter 539

One hour later.

Inside the dining room.

The table was laden with a delicious feast.

Amelia served Frank a large bowl of the nutritious soup she supposedly made.

After having a spoonful, Frank praised, "The soup you make is always excellent."

Amelia paused for a moment before replying, "I'm not the one who made it."

All she did was pour the ingredients into a pot. Everything else had been done by someone else.

She didn't want the credit for something she didn't do.

"It has only been a while since we last met but you've already started practicing humility."

Amelia was speechless.

Frank's just saying whatever he wants, no matter how ridiculous.

"Take a look at this."

All of a sudden, Frank pushed a stack of paper over to Amelia.

"What is it?" Amelia asked.

Frank didn't respond.

He wanted her to see for herself.

Out of curiosity, Amelia checked the papers and was surprised to find that it was information about Caleb.

"Did you run a background check on Caleb?"

"My subordinates have been too bored lately because they have nothing on their hands, so I gave them some work to do. Beats them rotting away at home."

The Mendelsons' bodyguards wanted to roll their eyes.

Unsurprisingly, with Frank involved, the information gleaned was beyond thorough. There was even information about what Caleb did in his childhood.

One particular event had been circled in red.

The red ink stood out too much. Amelia's eyes were drawn to it right away.

It turned out that Caleb was a homosexual. No wonder he didn't mind the unusual relationship I have with Frank.

Caleb never loved Amelia.

He only wanted to marry her because he was the only child in his family and his parents wanted grandchildren. He had to shoulder the responsibility of producing offspring.

By marrying Amelia, he could mask the truth that he was a homosexual.

Furthermore, even though he planned on having a child with Amelia, he didn't intend to do it the traditional way. He wanted to do it by using IVF and had already made all the preparations for it. As long as she married him, he would be able to set his plan in motion.

Not only would he be able to placate his parents by giving them a grandchild, but he would also be able to maintain his clandestine relationship with his lover without anyone suspecting a thing.

Once Amelia finished going through the information, Frank asked, "How do you feel?"

"He's trying to use me, so how do you think I feel? You know, if he was honest with me, I might've agreed to go along with it since I wouldn't need to actually be his wife, but I would still have a child of my own. I would have been able to placate my mother too and wouldn't have to hear her saying that being 26 and single means I'll end up an old maid."

That was not what Frank expected to hear. "A guy like him? With his gene pool? What kind of child can he give you anyway?"

"Caleb's pretty handsome, though he's not as handsome as you... Frank, have you ever thought about having a child of your own?"

Frank rolled his eyes at her.

It was then that Amelia recalled how hung-up Frank was over Kendall's baby, and she realized how dumb her question was.

Her mood soured.

Frank is hung up on Kendall.

He was able to conjure up the image of a baby that looked so much like Kendall in his dream. He said that was his and Kendall's daughter...

Frank noticed that Amelia's mood dipped. He knew why, but he didn't say anything.

He knew that he was never going to be with Kendall, not in this life.

He pushed her away and thus, she slipped away from him. There was no way for him to make up for it.

She was with Dylan now.

Amelia kept telling him that true love meant wanting the other person to be happy instead of being possessive toward them.

Frank didn't know whether or not what he felt for Kendall was love.

After finishing the dream and realizing that the baby wasn't his and Kendall's daughter, he chose to wish Kendall happiness instead.

He had no other choice.

As for what he owed Kendall and the baby, he was going to make up for it by doing his best to help Kendall if she ever needed help in the future.

The moment Frank stopped obsessing over Kendall, it felt as if the sky above him slowly turned blue again.

Dylan told me to cherish the person in front of me.

The person in front of me...

I treated her poorly and kept messing with her back then. She probably never even considered being with me.

Frank didn't know how to explain himself and make amends.

I'll just have to take it one step at a time.

"I'm full. You can take your time eating."

Frank's emotions were a mess right now.

He set his cutlery down and walked off.

"All you had was some soup, so how can you be full?" Amelia queried.

Frank was already out of the dining room by then.

He wove through the hall and marched out of the place without pausing.

Desmond had already arranged everything. As soon as Frank walked out of the house, he got in the car and the procession of cars drove off to Mendelson Group.

Along the way, Frank suddenly instructed the driver, "Take me to Coleman Empire Holdings."

"Yes, President Mendelson."

Dylan carefully placed the gifts that Kendall had given him on his desk.

He now had a complete set of all twelve horoscopes.

Kendall made all of them herself.

She's so good at craftwork! The little figurines look so quaint and she even put sound boxes inside that are activated whenever you press the figurines! All the sounds match the horoscopes too. It's so adorable!

Emma knocked on the door before entering Dylan's office.

She came to a stop when she saw him fiddling with the twelve horoscope figurines as she didn't know

whether she had come in at a bad time.

"Bring it over."

Dylan didn't even look up at her.

He was playing with two Pisces figurines that made a sound each time he squeezed them.

Emma brought the documents over to him.

Dylan took the document and used one hand to sign it while he continued playing with a Pisces figurine with the other. After signing his name and stamping the document, it was now a legally-binding document.

"Have you made up your mind, Miss Finley?" Dylan asked all of a sudden.

Emma took the document back from him and replied, "Kendall and I are good friends, so it's only natural for me to help her out when she needs me."

"Are you sure about your decision?"

Dylan looked up. His perceptive, unreadable gaze fell upon her.

Even though Emma had worked for him for many years now and was used to his brisk manner, she still felt a flash of nervousness when he looked at her like that.

Then, she met his eyes and smiled. "Yes, I'm sure."

"In that case, you'll start reporting to Kendall tomorrow. I'll double your salary and benefits."

Emma didn't decline the offer.

"Thank you, President Coleman."

"Do a good job."

"I will."

After a brief moment of thought, Dylan said, "As for Toddy..."

"President Coleman, Mr. Heller and I are just colleagues."

Emma's tone became a lot colder at the mention of Toddy.

Dylan was going to say that Emma was free to inform him if Toddy ever bothered her and that he would deal with Toddy on her behalf.

To his surprise, Emma cut him off with a statement of her own.

It was enough for Dylan to know that Toddy had a tough road ahead of him if he wanted to win Emma back.

Perhaps he might even have to watch as she walked down the aisle with someone else.

"I'll only discuss your work with you. I won't get involved in your private matters."

"Thanks for your understanding, President Coleman."

Emma was grateful to have a boss like Dylan.

She learned a lot during her time with him.

"By the way, President Coleman, President Mendelson is here again."

Before coming into Dylan's office, she got a call saying that Frank had come.

Dylan frowned and instructed coolly, "Turn him away if you can, but if you can't, then tell him to head to the bank and withdraw a few hundred thousand first. He needs to pay me if he wants to vent to me or seek my advice."

Chapter 540

Frank had arrived with his guards in tow. Naturally, ordinary employees wouldn't be able to stand in his way.

Emma specifically waited right outside the elevator.

As soon as the doors opened, she did her best to block Frank from going any further.

Frank cocked his eyebrows and eyed her coldly, but he didn't get his men to push her away.

He knew that she was Dylan's secretary, as well as Kendall and Amelia's friend.

Knowing who she was, he wasn't going to harm her in any way. He wouldn't dare to.

"President Mendelson, President Coleman has said that if you're here to vent to him or ask for his advice, you'll need to pay him. You'll need to head to the bank and withdraw a few hundred thousand in cash first before he sees you."

The Mendelsons' bodyguards were speechless.

Frank was silent for a moment before he instructed the bodyguards behind him, "Head to the nearest bank as quickly as possible and withdraw 150 thousand in cash."

"Yes, President Mendelson."

The bodyguards went off to do as told.

"You can wait in the VIP lounge first, President Mendelson."

Emma smiled as she waited to show him the way.

Frank pressed his lips together in silence before humming in acknowledgment.

It was his way of tacitly agreeing to Emma's arrangement.

Emma led Frank to the VIP lounge and made a pot of tea for him.

"Please have some tea, President Mendelson. I'll get back to work now."

Frank hummed in acknowledgment once more.

Emma left the lounge after serving Frank a cup of tea.

She went back to her office and carried on with her heaping pile of work.

After deciding to join Parker Corporation as Kendall's secretary, she started finalizing her work and sorting through everything in preparation for handing over the tasks to the person replacing her.

Technically, she should be handing these tasks over to Toddy.

It was hard to find a secretary who met Dylan's standards in such a short amount of time. Since she

was leaving for Parker Corporation, Toddy would have to replace her temporarily. After all, he played the roles of both general secretary and assistant.

Frank sat in the VIP lounge alone and drank his tea.

Emma had made him a pot of good quality green tea. It suited his tastes fairly well.

Earlier on, Frank had been a little rash when he decided to come here.

Now that he was clear-headed again, he figured that he was already here anyway, so he didn't want to leave just like that.

Still, he didn't expect Dylan to be this calculative. I just want to talk to him, but he insists on getting paid for it.

However, if Dylan had been the one who needed his help, he would've demanded payment too. He wasn't going to offer his help for free.

Time was extremely precious for men like them who ran their own companies. They didn't want to waste a single second.

Dylan had only asked for a few hundred thousand, and for a man in Dylan's position, that was considered a bargain.

Meanwhile, Dylan was busy with work, but no matter how busy he was, he could still find the time to send a text to his beloved wife.

He informed her that Emma had decided to join Parker Corporation.

Kendall was thrilled and texted him back to ask if he had time for a call.

Dylan smiled and made the call himself.

"Don't you have meetings every morning, darling? Am I keeping you from your work?"

"Not at the moment. The meeting is at ten this morning."

"That's good. Did Emma choose to come over willingly? You didn't force her, right?"

"Do you think your husband is an unreasonable man who'd force someone else to do such a thing?" Dylan asked instead.

"Of course not," Kendall quickly refuted. "In my eyes, my husband is the most reasonable man in the world. He'd never act unreasonably, not even for his family. He's a handsome, good-tempered man. My love for him is taller than the highest mountain and deeper than the deepest ocean."

Dylan's chuckles came through the phone.

"It's been a while since I heard you showering me with empty flattery, Kendall. Now that I'm hearing it again, I find that I do miss it after all."

Kendall giggled. "This isn't empty flattery. I mean every word I said. I love my husband dearly, ardently, most deeply."

"You love me so, but you don't understand me, hm? I'm not someone who never behaves unreasonably. I'm a very protective person, especially when it comes to you. Whenever you're involved, I'll always stand by your side, no matter whether you're right or wrong. Therefore, I'm fairly unreasonable too."

Kendall was a little stupefied. "Well, I'm the exception."

"Yes. You're the exception. You're the only one in my entire life."

"I love you so much, darling. I wish I could get you in bed right this instant."

"You can have your way with me tonight when we get home."

Kendall was speechless.

The couple had been working very hard to let their baby come back to them as soon as possible. Kendall might not even be able to head to work every morning if Dylan wasn't trying to be considerate of his beloved wife's aching body.

"By the way, Frank's here to see me."

Dylan knew that Kendall was just used to flirting with him and wasn't truly in the mood to get things on, so he thoughtfully changed the subject to avoid making her feel embarrassed. She would blame him for being a poor conversationalist again and say that it was his fault for making the conversation awkward.

"What does he want?" Kendall went along with it to get over the awkward silence.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him yet. I asked the staff to turn him away, but if they can't, then to tell him he needs to pay for my time, so I'll only meet him once he withdraws a few hundred thousand in cash first. If I don't make it harder for him to see me, then he'll keep coming over every few days and take up even more of my time. It'd be a loss for me."

"A few hundred thousand to him is the same as a few hundred to a regular person," Kendall replied. "He has more than enough money. If he tries to take up any more of your time again, you should tell him that he needs to pay at least a million before you'll see him."

"I'll tell him later that next time, he needs to have at least a million ready before he can see me," Dylan agreed.

"That's more like it. Why shouldn't we profit off of Frank if he's serving himself up on a silver platter? We don't often get a chance to take his money. Think about it, darling. Wouldn't it be so fun to keep pocketing your mortal enemy's money? If nothing goes wrong, then in a few more weeks, we'll know whether or not our baby's coming back to us. If our baby girl comes back, then we'll need to start setting aside money for her milk and diapers. It's very expensive to raise a child, you know. There's no end to things you'd have to pay for. Don't they say that parenting's the biggest investment in life? We're going to need a lot of money to raise our baby."

Dylan chuckled. "Don't worry. As long as I'm around, both you and the baby won't ever suffer in any way."

He was going to give his wife and daughter all the best things life had to offer.

Knock, Knock!

Someone was knocking on the door.

Dylan guessed that it was Frank who had his entrance fee ready.

Thus, he said to his beloved wife, "Frank's coming in, Kendall, so I have to go. Why don't we have lunch together today, if you're free? If you have a business meeting, we'll talk more when we get home."

Kendall had taken over several difficult clients from Kelly and Kelly purposely brought it up with the veterans at the company. Everyone had their eyes on Kendall now.

If Kendall was able to handle these clients, then it proved her capabilities, but if she couldn't, then the company veterans would not approve of her quite so easily.

Naturally, Adam could still hand the company over to his daughter. At most, these veteran employees would simply move to a different company.

"I'm not free for lunch today. I have an appointment with Mr. Read."

Dylan remained silent for a moment before asking, "Mr. Read? The one who looks as handsome as me?"