

## **Kendalls 541**

### Chapter 541

"It's John Read, but he's not as handsome as you. My husband is the most attractive man in the world to me."

Dylan chuckled. "You don't need to go out of your way to coax me. I have full confidence in myself, and I trust you. I know you won't cheat on me."

Kendall wouldn't cheat on him.

He wouldn't give her the chance to either.

When they first got married, he told her that if she cheated on him, he would break her legs and lock her up inside his world. She would never be able to come into contact with another man again.

At the time, they hadn't developed feelings for one another yet.

Dylan's warning had been cruel and domineering.

After ending the call, Dylan called out, "Come in."

Emma opened the door, but she didn't walk in. She simply gestured for Frank to enter by himself.

Ronnie and Randy brought in the money that the Mendelsons' bodyguards withdrew as the latter wasn't allowed to step foot into Dylan's office.

Frank walked in as well.

Once Ronnie and Randy left, Frank sat down in front of Dylan's desk. His eyes flitted across the documents in front of Dylan.

Dylan closed the folder to keep it safe from prying eyes.

They were business rivals, after all.

The documents that Dylan was dealing with were of utmost importance. He couldn't allow his enemy to look at it, not even a glance.

Frank scoffed.

It's not as if I'm here to commit corporate espionage.

Upon taking his seat, his gaze was naturally drawn toward the horoscope figurines on the desk.

They were all in pairs and Dylan had arranged them in order. The figurines were intricately made and looked very realistic.

Although the individual figurines were small, there were a lot of them, so they took up quite a lot of space.

Frank couldn't resist reaching out to pick up one of the Gemini figurines as he was a Gemini.

A hand whipped across the table and smacked Frank's hand to stop it from touching the figurine. Frank

felt a flash of pain as his hand was smashed against the desk.

"Don't touch my things!" Dylan warned icily.

Frank looked at him and grumbled, "When did you become so petty, Dylan? It's just a figurine. I only wanted to check it out because it looked so well-made."

It's not as if it's made of gold.

It was a stuffed figurine.

It wasn't expensive at all.

Look at Dylan treating it as if it's some sort of treasure.

"This is a present from Kendall. She made it herself, you know. It's very well-made, isn't it? Kendall's so good with her hands. She makes very realistic-looking figurines too. She said she's going to give me so many presents every day until I won't have enough space to keep them all."

Dylan boasted about the gift he received from his beloved wife.

His features softened to form a warm, gentle expression.

Unfortunately, that was not a sight Frank was happy to see!

Kendall won't even give me a blade of grass, but she wants to give Dylan so many presents that he

won't have space to keep them all.

Even though Frank had decided to wish Kendall well and cherish the person in front of him instead, it was still a painful blow to see his enemy being so blissfully in love.

"I'll show you this too."

Dylan took out the favorite gift he received from Kendall, which was a wire dragon sculpture, and showed it to Frank.

"It's exquisite, isn't it?" Dylan asked Frank.

Frank studied it carefully before replying, "Yes, indeed. Did Kendall make this too?"

She's so good with her hands.

Oh, that's right.

Frank recalled the information he got when he first asked his people to look into Kendall. The information stated that Kendall used to run a training institute and had an online shop on the side selling handmade trinkets. His men had even included screenshots of the items she had on sale.

He didn't think much of it at the time.

It turned out that she was indeed great at craftwork after all.

"Of course. Kendall made it just for me."

Dylan's continued boasting succeeded in darkening the expression on Frank's face. Even Frank's alluring eyes were no longer filled with envy.

Why is he staring at me with envy? I'm not a woman! Is he trying to seduce me and make me cheat on Kendall? That's never going to happen! Dylan thought.

Frank had the urge to walk out of the office immediately.

He didn't want to stick around for any more boasts from his mortal enemy.

However, a glance at the 150 thousand he got his bodyguards to withdraw was enough to keep him in his seat.

He took the cash out of the little box. They were separated into bundles of ten thousand each, and there were fifteen bundles in total.

Frank stacked the cash on the desk. Soon, it was the most eye-catching thing there.

"150 thousand."

Frank pushed it over to Dylan.

Dylan gestured for the little box.

Frank complied and gave it to him.

Dylan piled the cash back inside the box before closing it and putting it on the floor behind him.

Once that was done, he informed Frank, "150 thousand will buy you ten minutes of my time. If it goes any longer, you'll need to pay another 150 thousand per minute."

Frank's face twitched. "Dylan, do you think of nothing but money now? Are you in urgent need of money?"

"No, but I enjoy earning money, especially yours. After all our years of acquaintance, this is my first time earning money from you."

Frank paused. "What about all the business deals you snatched away from me? Didn't you earn anything from that?"

"Those profits weren't your money."

Frank was speechless.

"You've used up one of your ten minutes," Dylan kindly reminded.

Frank was dumbfounded.

I came to the wrong place.

I've given Dylan 150 thousand for nothing.

150 thousand wasn't much to him, but that didn't mean he wanted to give it away to his enemy.

Even the thought of it made him feel as if he had indigestion.

"Dylan, since you told me to cherish the person in front of me, you should teach me a few tricks to go with it."

Frank got straight to the point.

150 thousand was all Dylan was going to get from him. He wasn't going to give Dylan the chance to earn another 150 thousand.

"I don't have any tricks."

"You and Kendall..."

"We both took a liking to each other. No tricks were involved. We're both truly in love with one another as if it's our first time falling in love. We love each other so much that we're going to spend the rest of our lives together."

Frank had nothing to say.

He felt so envious hearing Dylan's words!

At the same time, he felt as if someone had stabbed a knife into his heart!

"When we first got married, it was Kendall who kept flirting with me," Dylan added.

This only twisted the knife in Frank's heart even further.

He had been so good to Kendall, but she wouldn't even let him hold her hand.

Yet, he too was aware of how well Kendall treated Dylan.

"You're a mess right now. I suggest taking some time to clear your head first before making your decision."

Since Frank's situation involved Amelia who was Kendall's good friend, Dylan was generous enough to give some sound advice.

It was true that Frank's mind and heart were a mess right now.

This was the very reason why he wanted to vent to Dylan.

Dylan was tight-lipped and wouldn't go around talking about his private matters.

Even though Frank knew Dylan would laugh at him, he still chose to look for Dylan.

"I've taken up enough of your time."

Frank got up and turned to leave.

"Hang on," Dylan called out. When Frank turned back around, he said, "Next time, I won't see you if you don't come bearing at least a million."

"You should just rob a bank."

"Don't come to see me then if you think it's too expensive."

Frank was vexed. "If I come to you again, then I'm a..."

In the end, Frank didn't complete his sentence. He was afraid it might come back to bite him in the ass.

"I wish you all the best on your perilous quest for love! You can see yourself out!"

What should I do? I want nothing more than to beat this man up, Frank thought to himself.

Chapter 542

Alas, Frank had to take a few things into account. Firstly, he couldn't defeat Dylan anyway. Furthermore, he was in Dylan's territory right now. If he started a fight here, he would be the one who suffered.

Thus, Frank stopped himself from doing anything rash and left with a gloomy expression.

I did this to myself by coming here and letting Dylan make a mockery out of me.

Once Frank was gone, Dylan threw himself back into his work.

Soon, it was time for his meeting.

He was hard at work the entire morning.

In the blink of an eye, it was time for lunch.

Kendall had just walked out of the elevator when she received John's call.

"You're waiting for me outside our company building, Mr. Read?"

Kendall was taken aback.

John chuckled and explained, "It's only right for a gentleman to wait for the lady."

Kendall laughed and said, "I just came down, so I'll be right there."

"Alright. I'm at the entrance so your driver can take the day off. I'll drive you back later."

Kendall acknowledged this before ending the call.

"Young Mistress Kendall."

Henry, who had been waiting outside, walked over and greeted her politely as soon as he saw her.

"Mr. Fisher, I have a meeting with Mr. Read and he's waiting outside now. I won't be needing the car for at least the next two to three hours. You can have your meal and take a break after. Come back over in the evening."

Henry thought that Kendall would be following her routine of driving over to pick up Dylan before heading out for lunch together. He didn't expect her to have a meeting with a client.

Although he was surprised, he didn't show it as he responded respectfully, "Just give me a call if you need me, Young Mistress Kendall. I won't be far off."

He was going to hang around nearby as he didn't want to take too long to come over if she had a sudden need for his services.

"Alright."

Henry stood in the lobby and watched as Kendall walked out.

He saw a black sedan waiting outside the company. A man in a suit was leaning against the car. That's probably Mr. Read, the one Young Mistress Kendall mentioned.

It was too far for Henry to take a good look at the man, but from the silhouette, he surmised that it was a young man.

Young Mistress Kendall has to interact with all kinds of people during her meetings with her clients. Is Young Master Dylan alright with that?

However, as soon as that thought occurred to Henry, he swiftly shook his head to stop himself from going down that train of thought. Young Master Dylan trusts Young Mistress Kendall! She probably wouldn't do anything to betray his trust.

That being said, the thought of Dylan's condition made Henry's expression a little grim.

Kendall had no idea that Henry was preoccupied with these thoughts. Before she even walked out of the building, John quickly took an umbrella from the car and opened it before hurrying over to her.

"Ms. Parker."

John came over and held the umbrella over Kendall, then he walked with her and said, "It's too hot right now. Why didn't you bring an umbrella, Ms. Parker? You could get a sunburn from the blazing sun."

Kendall smiled. "I usually get in the car as soon as I step out of the office, so I rarely spend any time in the sun. I never needed an umbrella."

John was pretty thorough.

"Have you been waiting long, Mr. Read?"

"Not at all. I called you just as soon as I arrived."

They walked over to the car and John did the gentlemanly thing of opening the door for Kendall. Once Kendall was in her seat, he walked over to the other side and got into the driver's seat.

Then, he started driving.

"I heard about a new buffet restaurant, Ms. Parker. The food is supposed to be excellent. Why don't we give it a try?" John suggested while driving.

Kendall didn't object. "I'd love to try it then."

She would bring Dylan with her some other time if the food was good.

"Are you free this afternoon, Mr. Read?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Previously, you said you wanted to take a look at our production floor. If you're free this afternoon, I'll give you a tour of the place. Parker Corporation is one of the best in the industry when it comes to manufacturing circuit boards. We have a lot of employees so we can deliver the final product promptly. We also have strict standards when it comes to quality control. You won't regret working with us."

John smiled and said, "We're on our lunch break right now, Ms. Parker. Let's eat first instead of discussing work. I'm fully aware of Parker Corporation's standing and performance in the industry. I have an important meeting this afternoon so I'm afraid I can't carve out the time to visit your production floor. Let's do it some other time."

Good-Trust Electronics produced all manner of electronics, which meant they had a never-ending need for circuit boards. Thus, a deal with them was worth a significant amount of money.

This was Kendall's cursory observation.

As for what things were truly like, Dylan was already looking into this on her behalf, and she would soon receive the results of the investigation.

"I like working with frank and easygoing people," John added.

Kendall chuckled. "When it comes to business, who wouldn't want to work with someone who's frank and easygoing? If it's someone who's fussy, overly critical, difficult, thinks that the client should be put on a pedestal, and wants to be waited upon hand and foot by the other party, then even if we do work with them once, there certainly won't be a second time."

John was dumbstruck.

It felt as if Kendall was saying this to him on purpose.

After a brief silence, John said, "Oh, by the way, there's a box of pastries in the back. Someone gave it to me, but I don't quite like sweet things, so you can have it, Ms. Parker."

"Thank you for the offer, Mr. Read, but I don't like sweet things either," Kendall declined.

She was willing to deal with John, but she wasn't going to accept any gifts from him.

There could only be two reasons why Kelly gave such a handsome client to her. The first possibility was that it was hard to close the deal with him, and the second was that Kelly wanted her to fall in love with John and betray Dylan.

Dylan was perfectly capable of maintaining a healthy marriage. No one else knew about this and they still assumed that the rumors of him being impotent were true. They thought that she would cheat on him at some point because her needs weren't being met.

Kendall knew that this could be a trap, but she had to walk into it anyway.

Thus, she had her guard up against John.

"But I heard you enjoy desserts a lot, Ms. Parker."

Kendall chuckled. "It's just for show. In reality, I don't like eating desserts."

"Oh. I see. What do you like eating then?" John asked.

"There are too many for me to list one by one."

John smiled and didn't continue pressing the matter.

Kelly had told him about Kendall's likes, but now that he was testing it out for himself, it had been disproved.

Perhaps Kendall was lying to him.

On the other hand, it could be just as she said. She had merely been putting up a front in the past and didn't truly enjoy desserts.

When they arrived at the new buffet restaurant that John mentioned, they found that it was quite full.

"There are so many people here."

Ever since Kendall returned to the Parkers, whenever she ate out, it would be in a private room that was reserved beforehand. It had been quite some time since she ate in the main dining area with everyone else.

"Why don't you take a seat first?" John suggested attentively. "I'll help you get some food. I remember what you liked eating when we ate together the last time."

Chapter 543

Kendall smiled faintly. "Thank you for offering, Mr. Read, but I'm used to doing things myself."

"You're the most independent woman I've ever met, Ms. Parker. It's hard for others to show their concern and consideration for you."

"I did grow up in a small town."

John smiled. He didn't say anything else.

Kendall wanted to sign the contract with Good-Trust Electronics as soon as possible whereas John wanted her to fall in love with him as soon as possible. As it was, he was on the offense as he tried to drag things out while she played defense by keeping her guard up against him.

No one made any progress.

During the ride to the restaurant, Kendall did say that there was no reason to stubbornly try to close the deal with a difficult client. Parker Corporation was an established company that had been in Orapolis for many years now. Their business had always been doing well. Moreover, they had a deal with one of Coleman Empire Holdings' subsidiaries, along with the deal that Mendelson Group insisted on signing with them.

Therefore, Parker Corporation didn't need to sign this contract.

It was quite likely that Kendall was only willing to deal with John because she wanted to gain more experience and produce some results.

Naturally, if he continued dragging things out the way he did now, Kendall could easily set her eyes on a different company. All she wanted was to prove herself to the veterans in the company. She didn't need to work with Good-Trust Electronics to do so.

John understood the situation perfectly well.

She's not as easily won over as Kelly said she is.

Perhaps it was because Kendall had Dylan. No matter how remarkable and accomplished John was, he couldn't compete against Dylan.

John decided against following Kelly's suggestions. He decided to focus on closing the deal with Kendall first. Once the companies signed the contract, he would have more chances to interact with Kendall. Who knows? Maybe she'll fall in love with me someday.

...

At Mendelson Residence.

Amelia had a blast when Frank wasn't around.

Desmond treated her as if she was the lady of the house and would do his best to satisfy all her needs, from food to entertainment.

She was sitting on the couch eating the snacks Desmond brought her. Desmond claimed that Frank had bought the snacks but didn't eat them. No one else did either and it would be a waste to throw everything away, so he asked for her help to finish them off.

A zombie movie, one of Amelia's favorite movie genres, was playing on the television. This one featured Woody Harrelson.

Both Amelia and Kendall enjoyed watching Woody Harrelson's movies as he was often quite comical.

"Oh, dear!"

Desmond came over and sighed.

Amelia looked at him and asked, "Why are you sighing, Mr. Desmond? Is something troubling you? Why don't you tell me about it? I might be able to help you."

Desmond sighed again. "Mr. Mendelson left the house on an empty stomach this morning. I just called Joshua and he told me that Mr. Mendelson is still busy working. It seems as if he doesn't plan on having his lunch either. The rest of them are too afraid to try and convince him. They wouldn't be able to anyway. Mr. Mendelson made a trip to Coleman Empire Holdings before he went to the office. I'm sure he must've fought with Master Dylan. I think Mr. Mendelson must've been so infuriated by Master Dylan that he got an upset stomach and lost all his appetite. He has been having a hard time lately and has become so skinny now. I've known him ever since he was a baby. It pains me to see him like this, but I can't do anything about it."

Desmond kept sighing as he secretly spied to see Amelia's reaction.

Amelia froze briefly before carrying on as usual. She kept munching on the snacks that Frank bought but didn't eat. Why didn't he eat them? They're so good! Why did he buy them if he wasn't planning on eating them?

She couldn't be bothered to figure him out. That unfathomable man.

"He's a grown man in his early thirties, Mr. Desmond. He's not a three-year-old. Even three-year-olds know how to tell an adult when they're hungry or thirsty. If he's not eating, then it means he's not hungry and doesn't want to eat. You don't need to worry so much. You age faster if you worry too much, you know."

Desmond was speechless, but he still had to try. "I'm sure Mr. Mendelson will listen to you, Ms. Taylor. Why don't you bring some food over to him?"

"I'm not doing it."

Amelia refused at once. "He doesn't listen to me anyway. I'm like his mortal enemy. He can't stand letting a day go by without messing with me in some way."

"But if Mr. Mendelson doesn't eat, his blood sugar level will drop. What if he faints at his desk and no one finds out? What if something bad happens because of this? You're in his employment now, Ms. Taylor. He pays your salary. What if something happens to him and you don't get paid? You would've wasted all your time with nothing to show for it, right?"

Amelia did not know how to react.

"I know you don't have a good impression of Mr. Mendelson, Ms. Taylor. I'm sure there are times when

you wish he was gone, but seeing as how Mr. Mendelson treats you well every now and then, are you really willing to watch him die of hunger?"

After a pause, Amelia said, "Relax. He values his life very much. He won't starve himself to death. If he does, then considering the fact that he occasionally treats me well, I'm willing to call..."

Amelia didn't finish her less-than-pleasant sentence.

Desmond was used to hearing these things. In fact, he was surprised to see that Amelia didn't finish her sentence. After mulling it over, he was secretly pleased.

Ms. Taylor's attitude toward Mr. Mendelson is beginning to soften.

This is good news!

"Ms. Taylor, Mr. Mendelson is having a hard time right now. He's not eating but he still has to work. His body will crash under this kind of pressure."

Amelia recalled the anguish Frank felt when Kendall came by a while back. Her heart twisted up as well.

"Pack the food, Mr. Desmond. I'll make the exception just this once and bring some food over to him."

In the end, Amelia wasn't cruel enough to stand by and let Frank starve.

Desmond grinned and said, "Everything's all prepared. I'll arrange for someone to bring you over right away. Don't worry. I'll tell Mr. Mendelson to give you a bonus for making the trip."

Amelia chuckled. "You make it sound as if all I think about is money."

She had a few million in her bank account so she was a millionaire herself.

Naturally, she was still relatively poor when compared to people like Frank.

"You're not greedy for money and you don't lack it either, Ms. Taylor, but Mr. Mendelson has too much money on his hands without a place to spend them. You're a good person, Ms. Taylor, so you should help Mr. Mendelson out by letting him spend more money. The more money he spends, the more motivated he is to earn even more."

Once Ms. Taylor becomes the lady of the house, she can stay at home and focus on nurturing the family, while Mr. Mendelson continues to be the breadwinner. Wouldn't that be wonderful?

Amelia chose to ignore what Desmond said.

She knew he was an expert in buttering her up.

Desmond then brought four lunchboxes out of the kitchen.

"There's so much food! Frank isn't someone with a big appetite. I don't think he can finish all of this," Amelia said.

Whenever she ate with Frank, she was always the one who ate more.

"Mr. Mendelson won't have much of an appetite if he eats by himself. You'll have to eat with him too,

Ms. Taylor. Remember to eat with relish. That way, Mr. Mendelson's appetite will improve as well."

"But I've already eaten."

Her meal was followed by a lot of snacks too. She couldn't fit anything else into her stomach.

"It's fine, Ms. Taylor. I'm sure Mr. Mendelson's appetite will improve just by having you seated across from him."

A beautiful dining companion works wonders.

Amelia grabbed the lunchboxes from Desmond and left.

She didn't want to stick around for any more of Desmond's nonsense.

## Chapter 544

Frank was busying away at the company, and he didn't realize it was lunchtime. None of his employees came to tell him as they were worried he might think they were disturbing him. It was already one in the afternoon when he realized he was starving. He stopped working and got up to get himself some water. Just then, someone entered his office without knocking. A frown furrowed his forehead. They should've knocked, even if it was lunchtime. Rude.

But when Amelia came in, his frown disappeared. Fine. Not like someone coming in without knocking can scare me anyway. Besides, Amelia won't hurt me. "What brings you here?" He put his glass down and went around his table to approach Amelia.

Amelia placed the lunchboxes on the coffee table. "Desmond said you might be starving, so I came. Said you might die from starvation, so I might want to come and contact the morgue."

"He wouldn't say something like that. He's nicer to me than my uncles."

"Yet you still make him worry. You won't even eat. If you really think of him as your uncle, then at least don't make him worry."

Frank stayed silent for a few moments. "I was just too busy, so I forgot to eat. You know I haven't been coming to work lately so work has piled up. I forgot about lunch because I was too immersed in my work. When I realized I was hungry, everyone was already gone."

"And nobody came to remind you? What about your bodyguards? What were they thinking?"

Frank stared at Amelia.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You're actually a beautiful girl, Amelia."

Amelia smiled. "Obviously. I was born pretty." Wait. What's with the sudden compliment?

"Are you worried about me? Is that why you came?" Frank asked carefully, though he hid it behind a mask of calmness, and Amelia missed it.

"Did it rain money today?"

"No."

"Good. Then I'm not worried about you. Not like I'm the one starving. I don't even care if you die from hunger. I won't even cry."

"Cruel."

Amelia humphed. "I don't want to hear that from you." You're worse than I am. "I did what Desmond asked. Don't forget about my double bonus. See ya."

She tried to leave, but Frank got in her way. She stepped to the left, but Frank obstructed her. She then stepped to the right, and Frank obstructed her too.

"What are you doing, Frank?" Amelia snapped.

"You're staying with me. I don't like having lunch by myself. Stay."

"I've had my fill, thanks."

"You don't have to eat. Just stay."

"I don't have time for this."

"I can pay you."

Amelia laughed. "I don't need money."

"But it's virtually free."

Amelia stayed silent for a while. "If you're going to make me count all the notes again, I'd rather not take your money."

A smile curled Frank's lips. "I can give you millions in cash. If you'd like, you can count them all by hand."

"Oh, fine. Desmond almost went on his knees before I came. I'll stay, but only for him. Don't give me cash. Just Venmo me the money. Too many notes spoil the fun."

"But sending the money via Venmo takes out all the fun of counting my money." Frank pulled Amelia

back to the couch and made her sit down. "I'll wash my hands. Don't try to run." After a pause, he threatened, "If you try to run, my men are going to take you back to me, and..."

"And what? You're going to break my legs?"

Frank was a little annoyed. I'm not that violent. Even when he knew she was taking photos of him secretly back then, all he did was capture and imprison her for the night. That was shady, yes, but he never hurt her. "You want Kendall and Dylan to be happy, don't you?"

"Duh. She's my best friend. I want her to be happy with the one she loves. Even better if they can have a kid of their own. However, she told me Dylan's mom would love it if she could get pregnant with a girl. You should pray for her. Also, I can't wait to be the baby's godmother." Hey, wait a minute. She shot Frank a nasty glare. "Wait, if I try to run, you're going to ruin their relationship again? I can't believe you, Frank! She doesn't even love you at all, and you won't give her up? You're mad! Obsessed!"

The yelling didn't faze Frank. As long as the threat works. He went to wash his hands, while Amelia kept yelling at him. She was right. He was prone to obsession. Before this, he was obsessed with Kendall and the baby, but now, he would turn all his attention to Amelia. They're surely going to have a daughter first, Frank thought as he washed his hands. Once the baby is here, I want to be her godfather too. Next best thing after a father. Wonder if they'd let me, though.

He came back out a few minutes later. Amelia was still cursing him under her breath, but she laid out the food on the table anyway.

There was love in Frank's eyes. After he gave Kendall up, he asked Dylan for tips. Dylan told Frank that Amelia was a nice woman. Since then, Frank realized he felt differently toward Amelia. They started out on the wrong foot, though. Even now, Amelia was still cursing him all the time. A moment

later, he approached her.

"Smells nice."

Amelia answered, "Duh. Your chef is about as good as Yoseph. I had the honor to enjoy his cooking once, and it was delicious. I envy Jane. She has a lot of good meals waiting for her from now on." Anyone who marries Yoseph will live a life filled with good food.

Frank stayed silent. Is she saying I suck at cooking? He had heard of Yoseph's master cooking, and that was to be expected since he was handling the Colemans' food and beverage business. Frank sat down and dug in. "Want some?" he asked.

"No."

"Just watching me eat gets boring. There are snacks in that cabinet. Lots of it. Take anything you like."

Amelia looked in the direction he was pointing and saw the new cabinet. It's all snacks in there? But he's not a fan of snacks, so why did he set that up? For his guests?

Chapter 545

Amelia approached the cabinet and opened it. It was all imported snacks inside—most of it her favorites, but there were also many snacks she had never tried before. One of the snack boxes caught her eye. That's pretty. She took it. "So, why did you get these? For the guests?"

Frank looked at her for a moment and returned to his lunch. He was starving. He skipped breakfast, and Amelia was the one who brought him lunch. Even if she wasn't the one who made it, he thought the food was great. "Just eat the snacks. Don't ask too many questions."

Amelia pouted. Fine. Not like I wanted to ask anyway. She opened the box and had a bite, then she closed the box.

Only one piece? "That bad?" he asked. But she likes dessert. Kendall too. It's one of the reasons they are good friends.

"The box is pretty, and the snack is too, but the taste is just meh. Kendall's snacks are better."

Ever since Kendall started working at Parker Corporation, she almost never made any snacks. I miss her snacks.

Frank was silent. He never had the honor of enjoying Kendall's cooking. She was a woman of many talents. She could cook, bake, fight, and produce good art. She could also crochet. She gave Dylan the figurines of the horoscopes she made herself, and he loved them.

He would love to have a gift from Kendall, but she wouldn't even give him a moment of her attention.

He was the one who almost ruined her life, after all. It was fortunate that Dylan was there to save her. It was too late for regrets, so Frank could only hope for her happiness. "That's not the only snack. Have some more."

"What if they're all bad?"

"Then just toss them away."

Amelia stayed silent for a while. "I should stop. I'll just take this with me." I can always give it to someone else if I don't like it. Throwing these away would be a waste.

Frank looked at her. "Stay with me."

"Sorry, busy schedule."

"Your only job is to make soup. I'm still working, so you have nothing to do."

"I'm seeing Kendall later," said Amelia honestly.

Frank said nothing. Every time Kendall was mentioned, he would have a brooding look on his face. Even though she knew Kendall didn't like Frank at all, Amelia still felt hurt. He can't let her go. Kendall's right. Falling for him will only bring me agony.

Once Frank was done with lunch, he stood up and did the dishes. Amelia wanted to help, but he wasn't saying anything at all, so she sat back down.

A moment later, he came back out and put the cleaned lunch boxes into the bag before handing them to Amelia. "Go. Lunch break is almost over. If you're quick, you might be able to have a little chat with Kendall."

So, he's telling me not to disturb Kendall during working hours? Amelia was jealous, but she stayed calm and took the bag. Then, she stood up. "I'm going, then. Are you coming back tonight? Or is there another appointment?"

"Another appointment after dinner. You're coming with me. I need a partner."

Amelia declined, "I'm just a cook. This is beyond my job scope. Moreover, you've never brought any partners with you to any event before. Everyone knows you're single. Who'd be stupid enough to make you bring a partner along?"

Frank gazed at her. Calmly, he said, "You're part of my household now, so you're following my orders. I'll be going back at five and setting off for the appointment at seven. Get ready before then."

"Wait. What do you mean I'm part of your household?"

"You're my cook. That makes you part of my household. Everyone working in my place is part of my household, and I'm the master. So, you listen to me."

Amelia wanted to argue, but Frank had a point. She glared at him for one whole minute before she finally left for Kendall's company in a huff. The driver took her to Parker Corporation. Once there, she saw a car parked in front of them. "I'll get off here." She picked her phone up and got out of the car. "You wait for me here," she said.

The driver answered, "Take your time, Ms. Taylor. I'll wait for you."

Desmond told him to take Amelia anywhere she wanted and that he must wait for her no matter how long it took. He also told him to treat her with respect like how he would Frank. Even though Frank told everyone he liked Kendall, his servants felt like he was nice to Amelia. Kendall was everything to Dylan, and Frank could never win a fight against Dylan. He would have to give up on Kendall sooner or later. Amelia would be the only one left for him.

Amelia was about to say something, but then she saw the driver of the car in front of them going around to open the door of the passenger seat. A woman got out of the car, and even though Amelia only saw her back, Amelia recognized her.

Kendall? And who's the guy? He's so gentlemanly. When Kendall got out of the car, he was staring while smiling at her. The closer Amelia got, the clearer she could see the man. Gosh, he's handsome. Just like a god. I've never seen him before. Who is he? And why is Kendall with him?

She would've taken a photo of this guy if it were the old her, but now she only wanted to know why her friend was with the guy. If the Coleman elders find out about this, they're going to kick up a fuss again. Amelia didn't go forward. Instead, she stayed where she was and watched as the man walked Kendall all the way to the building. He then saw her off before turning around to return to his car.

Only then did Amelia approach the building. The guards knew her. She was Kendall's friend, so they let her in.

A moment later, she ran into that man. Even though she was a hot guy connoisseur and saw the handsome Frank every day, she still couldn't help but gawk at the man.

John gave her a glance before walking past her. He was born handsome. When he was a child, everyone loved him. When he grew older, men envied him, while women went crazy for him.

Chapter 546

John had been used to getting stared at by people, so he didn't think much about it when Amelia did so as well.

Even after he had walked past her, Amelia couldn't help but turn to look at his receding back for a while before finally heading into the building.

The receptionists greeted her politely, "Good afternoon, Ms. Taylor."

"Good afternoon." She smiled in return. "I'm here to see Kendall."

"Ms. Parker just went upstairs. Do you want me to inform her?"

"Nah, it's alright. I want to give her a surprise," Amelia replied.

The receptionists smiled and let Amelia go upstairs on her own.

Kendall had just gone back to the office she shared with Jessie. She was about to get herself a glass of water when her friend showed up. Delighted, she said, "Amy! What brings you here? You should've called."

Amelia said hi to Jessie before replying to Kendall with a smile, "So, are you happy to see me? Hope you like the surprise."

"I do." Oh, we should move somewhere else. Don't want to get in the way of Jessie's work, after all.

Kendall took her friend into the VIP room. "What would you like to drink?"

"Anything you make."

Kendall chuckled and made some tea for her. "So, to what do I owe this pleasure?" After serving the tea, Kendall went to take some snacks as well.

Instead of answering her friend's question directly, Amelia said, "I got a job."

"What kind of job? What company? Taylor Group, perhaps?"

Sheepishly, Amelia responded, "No... I'm not working in a company. It's Frank. He threatened and bribed me into working as a cook at his household with high pay. Though, all I have to do is make soup for him. I don't have to do anything else. Well, not like I can, either. My cooking sucks."

I can't believe him! I thought he would confess to her and set off on the road of courtship. Man, I would've loved to see him fail, get jealous, get angry, and then basically beg Amy to take him. He deserved it for all the stunts he had pulled on my friend, Kendall thought to herself.

That was a thought similar to Dylan's. They both wished Frank a very rocky path of courtship.

"We got into a little tussle this morning. He got really upset and left without eating breakfast. He even skipped lunch after that. Mr. Desmond was worried Frank might get sick from starving himself, so he asked me to send some food over. So, I did. Then, I came here for a visit. I hope I'm not intruding."

Ah, so that's how it is. Kendall smirked at her friend, teasing, "Are you sure it was Mr. Desmond being

worried? Somehow, I think it was you."

A hue of red painted across Amelia's cheeks. "Stop making fun of me, Kendall. It's not like we're dating. He still can't let you go. And if I don't do what he says, he will always use your happiness as leverage to make me comply."

Kendall was speechless upon hearing that. Is he stupid? I can't believe he's using me as a threat. That's going to make things harder for him.

However, she wouldn't help him out. "I can see that you're treating Frank differently than you did to Ronnie. What you had for Ronnie was only admiration. There was no romance in it. However, I can see that you actually have feelings for Frank. Be careful, though. He's an obsessive person. To the point of insanity. If you want to be with him, you'll have to go through hell. I wish you nothing but happiness, and you know that. To be frank, I don't really approve of you dating him, but that's your choice. Either way, I'll respect your decision and give you my whole support."

Amelia smiled. "I'm twenty-six, Kendall. Not a kid anymore. I know what I'm doing. I won't regret this. No matter how hard it's going to be, I'm walking this path."

"Good luck."

"Oh, pardon me for asking this, but who was that hot guy who gave you a ride just now? I had seen you with a guy at the entrance the moment I arrived here."

If anyone else were to ask this question, Kendall would feel upset, even though she wouldn't show it. She would take it as a probe into her personal life, but this was her friend. So, Kendall thought nothing of it. "He's a client of mine. Kelly gave him to me," she emphasized.

A frown formed on Amelia's face. "Kelly? Kendall, you should be careful. I don't think she did it out of the kindness of her heart. You just started working here. Don't fall for her wicked scheme."

"You have got to trip and fall a few times on the path of life," said Kendall. "I'll be careful, so don't worry. Besides, I have Dylan."

Oh, yeah. She does. Good. I don't have to worry about her. Amelie felt relieved at the thought of having Dylan watching over her friend.

I knew it. She wouldn't be worried as much once I brought up Dylan. "She's going for a honeytrap," Kendall muttered.

Oh, I see. Hah! Like Kendall's going to fall for that. Who would cheat on a perfect guy like Dylan? Unless they're blind, of course. Besides, they love each other. Kendall won't fall for that.

However, Kendall didn't tell her friend that in her past life, she had refused Dylan and chose to marry Jackson instead, despite her parents' warning. And that cost her her family and their inheritance. Thanks to a higher power, she was reborn and given a chance to rewrite her life. In this life, she would only date Dylan. Even if there were someone perfect out there, she wouldn't fall for him.

"So, what are you going to do with her?"

"I will end her life," hissed Kendall.

Amelia looked at her friend and saw traces of hatred in her eyes. She held Kendall's hand, encouraging her, "What's yours is yours. She can't take it. I can feel it in my guts that she will lose. Everyone knows

her true colors now. Only the guys are still hanging out with her. None of the girls want to have anything to do with Kelly." Unless they want something from her.

"I will protect what is mine."

"Do your best!"

"You too."

Oh, this is about Frank again, isn't it? Amelia blushed at that.

Amused, Kendall teased, "For someone who has seen so many pretty boys, you are quite innocent when it comes to love."

"Kendall!" Amelia blurted.

Just then, Kendall's phone rang. She checked who the caller was and took the call in front of her friend.

"Ms. Parker."

"What is it, Mr. Read?"

John gently said, "I've dealt with some of the more urgent documents and changed my schedule. Now, I have time to survey your company. Do you have time for me, Ms. Parker?"

Her eyes glinted with suspicion, and she smiled. "Of course. As long as you have time for us."

"I like your style, Ms. Parker." He smiled.

"We all like to deal with people whose style we vibe with, don't we?" said Kendall.

Chapter 547

"Well then, see you later."

"See you later." Kendall hung up.

Amelia asked, "Going to see a client?"

"Yep. In a minute."

Envious, Amelia said, "I'd love to go to work like you, Kendall. Being a businesswoman is better than relying on someone for survival. I would like to work, but my family wouldn't let me. They said we have enough money, and I don't have to work because I'm already rich. Besides, I will be marrying off to some rich guy, so there is much less of a need for me to work. They even said that my job is to raise a family, not work a job."

Amelia complained that her family was too traditional. She much preferred to have freedom like Kendall to do anything she wanted. When she brought Kendall's case up, her mother argued that Kendall was different. Kendall was the only child in her family, so she must take over the family business. If she had any brothers, she wouldn't even have to work. Her parents wouldn't let her. Amelia had no arguments left after that.

"Just do whatever you want. You don't have to work in your family's company, and I don't think your family can force you not to work. It's not a bad thing for the rich to build a career for themselves. It's actually a good thing. Women need to be independent. We only have ourselves to rely on.

"If you can't even fight for your rights in your own family, then you're going to have it bad when you move into your husband's home. If his family has a lot of rules like Dylan's, then all you can do is be a stay-at-home mom and live under someone else's shadow for the rest of your life. I think you should do whatever you want. If your mother blames me for brainwashing you, tell her to come to me. I'll convince her."

Amelia smiled at that. "I can't do whatever I want anyway. To be honest, I never wanted to work in a company. All I want is a coffee shop of my own. I'll prepare some bookshelves with some books on them so that I can have a cup of coffee and read at the same time. Ah, what a peaceful life."

"Not bad. You can start to plan for it. You should tell Frank about it. I think he'll support you as well." Frank doesn't seem like the guy who'd ask his girlfriend or wife to be a stay-at-home mom.

Amelia blushed again and shot her friend a look. "Why would I ever ask him? It's not like he's my boyfriend. He's just my employer. There's nothing between us."

Kendall chuckled at her response. "Yeah, yeah. I know." You guys are going to date eventually.

They chatted for a while more. Then, John called and informed Kendall of his arrival. Amelia decided to take her leave just then, and Kendall went down to see her off. I'll show John around the company after Amy leaves. "Just do whatever you want, Amy. You hung on to your hobby even though a ton of people found it unacceptable. You don't have to care about what they have to say. Just do what makes you happy."

Amelia nodded. "I will. Let's have a meal together sometimes. I miss your snacks. Frank's office has a cabinet full of snacks, and I got a box of snacks from him. The container was beautiful, but the snacks

aren't as nice as yours."

"I'll make some snacks for you when I have time."

Amelia teased, "Don't tell Master Dylan you're coming to my place to make snacks. You know how your man is. He might kill me out of jealousy."

"Well, he won't do anything to you. He's only going to..." Pounce at me at night. Kendall didn't say it out loud out of embarrassment.

Even though Amelia wasn't married, she was old enough to know about the birds and the bees. She wiggled her eyebrows and smirked at her friend.

Kendall then changed the topic, "So, Frank's office has a lot of snacks, huh?"

That question wiped Amelia's smile off her face. "Yeah. It's weird, isn't it? Not like he's a fan of snacks. I don't understand why he would prepare so many snacks in his office. Perhaps, it's for his guests."

"Do you happen to like those snacks?"

"Yeah, most of it... Wait, are you trying to say that he did it for me? No way. Rather, I think he did it for you. We have the same taste in snacks, after all." I bet he did it for her, no doubt about it.

Kendall didn't say anything to that. No, I'm pretty sure he did it for you. Sure, we have similar tastes in snacks, but I don't eat a lot of snacks. However, you do. Every time you're bored, you'd devour bags of snacks like a piglet.

A car slowly approached Parker Corporation, but then someone stopped it. The one who stopped the car went around it and banged at the car's window.

Kendall stopped in her tracks abruptly.

"What is it?" Amelia asked in concern.

Kendall was looking outside the company. Following her gaze, Amelia checked out what Kendall was looking at. The ladies were merely a few dozen yards away from the exit, so they could see clearly what was going on outside.

"That's Mrs. Zorn," explained Kendall calmly. "Yasmine's mother."

"Why is she here? It seems like she's been waiting outside for a while," said Amelia.

"The car she'd just stopped belongs to Kelly."

Oh, I see. "They say Kelly's dating Brian while pregnant with Jackson's kid. Brian's been treating her like she was his goddess years ago, but she wouldn't even accept his love. I wondered why at first, but then I finally realized the reason after her scandal with Jackson was exposed. All this time, she's been playing hard to get. Brian's nothing but a backup plan for her.

"She knew he liked her but wouldn't accept his love, yet she remained friends with his sister. She kept going to their place so he would never forget about her. Then, her plan backfired, and she's now pregnant with Jackson's kid. Right after Jackson has been sent to prison, she quickly hooks up with Brian. Man, she's a completely different person now."

Kelly was a haughty and arrogant woman. She looked down on Amelia's hobby. Even when they were to meet at an event, she would never even spare Amelia a moment of her time, nor would she befriend Amelia. The only people she would talk to were ladies like Yasmine, Laura, and Alice.

"Brian loves her deeply. He's blinded by love, but his mother isn't."

Kendall knew why Jacqueline came. Back when she attended an event with her parents, she talked to Yasmine about the matter. Yasmine must have brought it up with her mother, and now she's here.

Kelly had lunch with Brian. They parted ways moments ago, and Kelly came back to the company. However, she didn't expect Jacqueline to show up, and it made her nervous. She was scared of Jacqueline's intimidating attitude, but she composed herself quickly. Not like she saw me with Brian. I have nothing to be afraid of. With that thought in mind, she got out of the car.

Chapter 548

"Mrs. Zorn," Kelly greeted politely. However, all she gained in return was one tight slap. It caught her by surprise. She didn't expect Jacqueline to toss all decorum behind and go straight for violence. It was too late to dodge, and the slap landed. The loud smack echoed through the air, and she could feel a burning sensation on her cheek.

John and the guards were stupefied. They had no idea who Jacqueline was, but anyone who could drive a car as expensive as hers must be a big shot. They wondered what kind of beef she had with Kelly.

Kelly held her swollen cheek, fury welling in her eyes, but she remained composed. "What did I do to deserve this, Mrs. Zorn? Tell me, please."

Jacqueline pointed at her, roaring, "I told you to leave my son alone! I'd rather have him go his whole life single and unmarried if the alternative is you! Have some shame, will you? You're pregnant with Jackson's kid. Now that he's going to jail, you broke up with him and hooked up with my son. He's not going to be the father of another man's child. As long as I am alive, you're never marrying him, you b\*tch!"

I can't believe it! Jacqueline used to think Kelly was a decent girl, but what happened after that proved her wrong. Horribly wrong. All this time, Kelly had been playing hard to get so her son would remain in

love with her. He was merely her backup plan all along. If Kelly had chosen Brian in the first place, Jacqueline wouldn't have gotten so mad, but alas, there were no ifs in this situation.

"We're only talking about business, Mrs. Zorn. Nothing more, nothing less."

"As if. I know you two are hooking up behind my back. I'm not stupid, Kelly. Do you want me to show you the proof?"

Kelly froze for a moment. "I'm telling the truth, and it's up to you to believe it or not. Also, it takes two to tango. You keep saying I'm seducing your son, but in fact, he's the one who comes to me first most of the time. Why don't you try asking him about it and see if I'm speaking the truth?"

"Why you little..." Jacqueline was furious, but she couldn't argue about that. She knew how much Brian loved Kelly. Kelly might be a shameless whore, but her son was a stupid git blinded by love. Hate to admit it, but she's right. It takes two to tango.

"Mrs. Zorn, I'm letting this slide because you're Brian and Yasmine's mother. But next time, watch your tongue. I have to go now."

She saw Kendall and Amelia coming out of the building, and John was waiting outside the company. They saw everything. Her face was black as thunder when she realized that. Refusing to argue with Jacqueline any further, Kelly went back to her car and honked at her, telling her to move.

Jacqueline cursed, "Damn that b\*tch." She moved away in the end.

Kelly stepped on the pedal and came to the company's entrance. The guard opened the door, and she drove into the parking lot. When she passed by Kendall, it took her all just to stay calm. She saw me getting humiliated! Her hatred for Kendall deepened further.

Even now, she still didn't have the drugs she told Brian to get, and his excuse was that the doctor was

nowhere to be found. I'm going to the hospital tomorrow and setting up a record. Then, I'll find out where to get the drugs. Contraceptives are easy to come by. I can get a ton of them from the pharmacy.

But I still don't have a good candidate to help me out with the poisoning. I can't infiltrate the Colemans. Well, I can slip the drug into her food or drinks when Kendall goes back to our parents' place, but the effect won't be as effective if the poison isn't given regularly.

Oh, wait. John! He sees her every day now. I think he can sneak some pills into her water or soup. The more contraceptives she takes, the harder she can get pregnant, and maybe she'll be barren, too. But I have to ask Brian about this. After all, he hired John. John's working for him.

"She did not look happy," Amelia remarked.

"Nobody's going to look happy when they're slapped," said Kendall.

"She deserved that, though. Good thing you snapped out of it early. If you had dated Jackson longer than you did, you might have been the one suffering now. Just look at what he did to Kelly. He's a scum, and he almost killed your brother. You have got to make sure you ruin his life. Send him to prison for years."

Kendall growled, "Naturally. And it's not like Kelly's the victim, either. This is probably the consequence of her actions." If the gods hadn't given me a chance to rewrite history, I would've ended up worse than her.

"Yeah, it's what she gets for all her scheming. Jacqueline is not one to be trifled with. There's no way she can marry Brian now." Amelia gleaned a bit of satisfaction from Kelly's tragic end.

Hey, Brian might be using her as well. Maybe he's getting back at her for using him as a backup plan. Once he gets tired of her, he's going to ditch her. Someone like Brian must be bothered by how badly Kelly treats him.

Once the ladies went a bit further, John came up to them, smiling. "Ms. Parker."

"Thanks for your patience, Mr. Read."

"Of course."

John could have gone inside himself, but he parked his car outside so that Kendall would welcome him. He looked at Amelia, and Kendall introduced her to him.

Amelia gave him a nod. "Mr. Read." She then turned to her friend. "I'll be going now, Kendall."

"Sure."

The driver drove up to Amelia, and she got into it. A moment later, she was already out of sight.

"Come in, Mr. Read." Kendall invited John into the company.

He smiled at her for a moment before walking toward the building. None of them talked about the little commotion that happened earlier.

When they were about to reach the building, Kelly drove back out again, and they moved aside for her. She saw them on her way out. They look perfect together, dammit.

She got envious again for some reason. Why do all the guys around her have to be so perfect? Everyone I run into is either scum or trash!

After she got into the company, she snapped a photo of her swollen cheek and sent it to Brian, telling him about his mother's shenanigans. She also told him to be prepared for the questioning, just in case.

Brian made a call and did his best to comfort her, but she was still mad. Thus, he promised to give her a few sets of jewelry, and that finally calmed her down a little. However, she didn't want to work in the office today, as she didn't want others to see her swollen cheek. So, she told her father she had something urgent to handle before leaving the company.

Chapter 549

Soon, Kelly returned home.

Charlotte, who had invited a few friends over for poker, briefly looked up before returning to her game and simply asked, "Why are you back?"

"I left a document at home, so I'm here to get it. I see you're playing cards, Mommy. How's your luck?"

"It's fine, I guess."

Charlotte didn't even glance up once during their conversation.

Kelly's face was swollen on one side, so she avoided going over to watch and instead waved to the ladies before heading up.

As soon as she went upstairs, she immediately phoned her servant and requested her to bring her an ice pack; she even specifically instructed her not to alert the ladies to avoid her mother asking too much.

The servant quickly sent the ice pack upstairs.

"The ladies did not notice, right?" Kelly asked as she took over the ice pack.

"Mrs. Parker did, but she didn't ask about it," the servant replied.

Kelly was taken aback and felt downhearted when she was reminded that her relationship with her adoptive parents had worsened. After coming back to her senses, she said, "There's nothing else. You may continue with your work."

Back then, when her adoptive parents urged her to stay away from Jackson, she refused to listen and even asked them not to interfere.

Now, they couldn't care less about her.

Kelly wasn't happy at all. If they chose to stop fussing about her, it meant that they no longer cared or loved her. It's all because of Kendall. Why can't she just vanish into thin air?!

Then, she closed the door and returned to her couch. While she applied the ice pack to her face, she chatted with Laura.

There hadn't been any news from Laura for some time, but she did continue to secretly observe Dylan and Kendall's affairs.

Kelly no longer had any bosom friends. The people who used to hang out with her and Yasmine were now avoiding her. All she did was have an affair with Jackson, yet those people avoided her whenever they bumped into her like she was the plague.

In the past, she used to look down on wealthy young ladies from slightly less well-known families, but now, they all despised her for being promiscuous and cheap.

Fortunately, Laura wasn't the same. She still treated her just like before.

As she was talking to Laura, they arrived at the topic of Kendall once again.

"It's all because of Kendall that I ended up like this today."

They were communicating through voice messages.

"Ever since I convinced her to visit the Colemans to call off the marriage and took drastic measures like slicing her pulse, she started changing. There must be some scheme behind this; I suspect that the current Kendall is a fake, so I asked Mommy to do a paternity test with her."

"I don't know the results, but based on the way my mother treats Kendall, I know there's nothing wrong with the test results. Perhaps there is, but someone powerful might've changed the results."

"You see, Laura, every person's personality is fixed. Isn't it strange that she completely changed all of a sudden?"

Laura responded, "It is. She used to come to my store with your mother to pick out clothing. Her fashion taste was rather questionable, but after refusing the marriage, her taste has significantly improved."

"She loved Jackson to the point of being willing to die for him. For him, she went on a hunger strike and even dared to offend Master Dylan. However, she lost her love for him out of nowhere and willingly married Dylan. This simply makes no sense."

"Exactly. However, there's nothing wrong with the paternity test either..." Kelly remarked.

"Her physique remains the same. Perhaps she's being possessed."

Laura said, "If that's the case, even if you ask your mother to conduct a hundred paternity tests, the result will also show that they are biologically related. Usually, you would need to find an eminent priest for stuff like this."

"If a person is controlled by a spirit, wouldn't he or she be in a muddled state? She's the opposite, though—that shrewd woman is becoming more and more cunning."

She dared not underestimate the enemy now.

"Maybe it's a powerful spirit. Why don't you find an eminent priest to observe her?"

"How would I know any priests? I don't even believe in the supernatural."

She didn't believe in Heaven or Hell; she only knew that the winner ultimately ruled everything.

"Do you know any, Laura? Perhaps you could introduce one to me."

"I do know a very powerful medium. He is not a priest but a medium who specializes in tarot reading, gathering spirits, and telling fortunes. I'll give you his contact information. You can speak to him. He is a powerful one. By giving him Kendall's date of birth, he can torment her until she'd rather end up dead."

Kelly was dubious. "Is he that powerful?"

She thought, Who would be bold enough to offend those alleged mediums if they were that powerful? Wouldn't that be a death wish? The world would be in chaos by then.

"Some even know how to cast a spell that can kill someone."

"Does that medium know how to do so?"

"I don't think so..."

Laura boasted the other party so well, but when Kelly asked, she dared not say more.

Deep down, Kelly knew that the so-called medium Laura wanted to introduce to her was probably a fluke.

"If you don't believe in the medium, you can go to a church to find a priest and ask around. They would immediately know if a person ran into evil."

"I heard that Old Madam Coleman went to a medium on Master Dylan's behalf and got his fortune read. Following the medium's guidance, she went to your family to make a marriage proposal and specifically requested that Kendall wed into their family. Perhaps you could go to that medium and ask what happened."

Kelly was unaware that such a thing had happened.

All this time, she always thought that Kendall's rural upbringing and her rightful status as the Parker Family's beloved daughter were the reasons why the Colemans wanted her to marry into the family. Kendall would know how to take care of Dylan, yet her family background wouldn't embarrass him.

Little did she expect Old Madam Coleman to have visited a medium and requested the marriage under the medium's suggestion.

Did that mean Master Dylan and Kendall were destined to get married?

In that case, what was the point in her asking? The result would only make her angrier.

After thinking about it, Kelly said to Laura, "Laura, you should give me the medium's contact. I'll book a fortune-telling session."

She wanted to see her destiny and Kendall's. More importantly, she needed to know who would win in the end and inherit everything from the Parker Family.

The current Kelly despised Kendall so much that she was prepared to do anything that would cause Kendall misfortune.

"Okay." Laura readily gave her the medium's contact information.

"This should be carried out discreetly, Kelly. Never let the medium know your real identity. In the event of an accident, you'd be able to save yourself."

"You have to remember that Master Dylan and President Mendelson are supporting Kendall. Both of them aren't people you want to mess with," Laura warned Kelly.

Once Dylan knew that the two of them were targeting Kendall behind their backs, Laura would never be able to stay in Orapolis, and Kelly would not be better off either.

"Of course."

While replying, she suddenly asked, "Did you complete all 40 sets of garments that Master Dylan requested you to make for Kendall?"

"There are still two sets of winter clothes left unfinished. What's the matter?"

Chapter 550

Instead of responding immediately, Kelly questioned Laura, "Do you wish to see Kendall and Master Dylan being all lovey-dovey?"

"So what if I don't want to? I don't even dare confess my love to him," Laura said dejectedly.

She had fallen in love with Master Dylan for as long as Yasmine had.

Though Yasmine had already given up, she was unable to do so.

However, she could only keep her love to herself since she lacked the courage to act upon it—this was something she regretted immensely.

Had she known that Dylan's legs could be healed, she would have willingly wed him while he was still crippled. She believed he would not reject her, but she was worried that he would never be able to get up, and she would have to spend the rest of her life with a crippled husband.

To put it simply, Laura's love for Dylan was superficial.

Just like Yasmine, she was only in love with Dylan's status and his attractive appearance.

Once he became crippled, their love was gone.

"When Master Dylan was at his weakest, Kendall took the opportunity to marry him, and she successfully won his heart. Now, even the elders of his family have accepted her. Her status in the

Coleman Family is extremely secure."

After saying all that, Laura felt more and more regretful.

She knew Master Dylan before Kendall.

But now, she could only watch while Kendall secured her position as the eldest mistress of the Coleman Family.

"That might not always be the case. If she can't give birth to a son or daughter in her lifetime, the elders of the Coleman Family will never keep her around."

Laura was stunned for a while before asking, "Kelly, did they manage to heal Master Dylan's manhood as well?"

"How would I know? My legs go soft whenever I see him. This man is too terrifying. I have no idea where Kendall gets the nerve to act so arrogantly in front of him. However, he only ended up like this after getting into the car accident."

"Since his legs can be cured, his manhood might've been cured as well. If he has fully recovered, it would be in Kendall's favor. If she bears a child for him, her status in the Coleman Family would be secured. In the future, we'd have to be humble and show respect to her. A bumpkin like her doesn't deserve all of this!"

In her mind, Laura thought that Kelly's biological parents were the real bumpkins here.

Just as she was about to speak her mind, she quickly swallowed her words back.

She and Kelly were on the same side now, so she couldn't argue with her.

After the mix-up was revealed, Kelly didn't like her biological parents and always referred to herself as the young lady of the Parker Family; her expression would immediately turn dark whenever somebody mentioned her biological parents in front of her.

"What do you want me to do?" Laura asked calmly.

Since Kelly had said so much, she must have had something in mind.

"You're aware of what the aroma of musk does, right?"

Kelly spoke in a low tone and explained, "When young women are exposed to musk, it often leads to infertility. If they come into contact with it during pregnancy, it will result in miscarriage."

Laura was speechless. "Is Kendall pregnant?"

Kendall's pregnancy meant that Master Dylan had been cured.

"No, but there's no assurance she won't become pregnant later. Since Master Dylan is deeply in love with her now, he'd want to have kids with her. He will seek medical treatment everywhere, and once the problem is treated, they will start a family."

"Kendall still has two sets of unfinished winter clothes, right? Stuff some musk into her clothes, and it will come in handy during the winter."

Since winter clothing was made of sufficiently thick materials, it would be easy to conceal anything in it.

Laura was startled upon hearing this.

If she hid musk in Kendall's clothes, Kendall would be infertile. However, if she was pregnant, a miscarriage would occur if she wore those clothes during the wintertime.

Assuming that Kendall was already pregnant now and the fetus would be completely developed by winter, a miscarriage would be extremely harmful to her body if that happened. This meant that Kendall might no longer be able to bear children in the future due to one miscarriage.

For a moment, Laura wanted to agree to it and follow Kelly's instructions.

However, when she imagined Dylan's glacial eyes boring right into her, it sent chills all over her body.

Once she returned to her senses, she was already covered in sweat.

All of that only came from her imagination, yet she was frightened.

"Kelly, I won't do as you say, and I don't have the guts to do so either. Musk has a distinct color and smell. If Kendall smells the musk in her clothes, would she still wear them? My years of hard work would be ruined once she discovers something deliberately hidden inside her clothes."

Thanks to her sweat and tears throughout the years, Laura had earned her status and the approval of many noblewomen. She wouldn't throw it all away just because she was jealous of Kendall.

She wanted her to live in misery and even die, but she wanted all of these under the condition that she would suffer no consequences.

Thus, she was always behind Kelly, instructing and pushing her to deal with Kendall.

"Kelly, a customer just asked me to choose a dress for her. I'll be hanging up first." Without waiting for Kelly to respond, she quickly hung up the phone.

She felt that Kelly's hatred toward Kendall was too deep.

When the call was over, Kelly swore quietly, "You're useless!"

If they wouldn't help her, she would find a way herself.

As long as her road to obtaining love was bumpy and she wasn't living contentedly, Kendall shouldn't too!

After some time, the swelling on Kelly's face subsided as she applied the ice pack, and she finally went downstairs.

She even brought a document with her.

She warmed up a glass of milk for Charlotte after going downstairs, then walked over with it.

"Mommy."

Kelly addressed Charlotte with a smile and handed the cup of milk to her, saying, "Mommy, I made you

a cup of warm milk."

"Okay. Just leave it there. I'll drink it later."

Kelly did as instructed.

She took another look at Charlotte and asked, "Mommy, how much did you win?"

Lady Luck was on Charlotte's side today. She had won quite a fair amount, so she responded happily, "Ah, not much. I only won a few thousand."

The other ladies added, "You've won so much of our money, yet you're saying that you did not win much."

One of them said to Kelly, "Kelly, your mother has been blessed with good fortune today. She's so lucky that it terrifies us. Why don't you sit down and play in her stead?"

Kelly quickly replied upon hearing that, "I have to go back to the company, so I won't be able to accompany you guys today. Maybe next time."

"Don't pull Kelly into this just because you want your money back. Kelly, go deal with your business if you have something to do. I'll be here winning several more grand."

Kelly grinned and said, "Okay, I'll head off to work first. Mommy, don't forget to drink your milk."

"I got it," Charlotte answered without even looking up.

Kelly spoke to the ladies for a brief while before leaving.

After she left, Charlotte took the glass of milk and wanted to drink it. However, she appeared to have thought of something as she set the cup down and continued to play her cards.