

Kendalls 561

Chapter 561

Frank stared at her, tempted to ask whether she would be his future wife, yet when the words were almost out of his mouth, he couldn't bring himself to say them. He was afraid that it would scare her away; he was terrified that she wouldn't trust him. After all, he was too obsessed with Kendall in the past.

However, now that he pondered about it, he wasn't really obsessed with Kendall. He was more interested in the baby whom he thought was his own daughter.

"Why are you staring at me like that? Never seen someone this pretty?"

Frank scoffed, "As if. I'm prettier than you."

Amelia was annoyed. A man, prettier than me?

After having his stomach filled, Frank saw Amelia was about to help him clean and immediately stopped her. "I'll wash them."

"Wow, the president cleans his own lunch boxes!"

"Yup, I eat food too. Stop putting me on your pedestal."

In response, Amelia giggled.

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Meanwhile, in the hospital...

While waiting for the result, Kendall was honestly nervous despite her serene appearance, and so was Dylan, who was sitting beside her.

After a while, the result came out. When Kendall heard her name being called, she hastily walked over and accepted the examination report from the doctor, only to see a 'faint positive' on it.

"Doctor, what does this mean? Am I pregnant or not?"

"We're ninety-nine percent sure that you are pregnant. 'Faint positive' indicates that you had just gotten pregnant recently. Come test it out again in one week and you'll find yourself fully positive."

At once, Kendall's heart skipped a beat. She knew that it was still early for a definitive result, but a faint positive was already enough for an answer—she was pregnant with her and Dylan's child. Has my baby come back for me?

After hearing how the doctor was ninety-nine percent certain that Kendall was pregnant, Dylan immediately revealed a beaming smile. When he took the examination report from Kendall's hands, although the result was merely faint positive, the doctor assured them that she was pregnant, and there should be no doubt about it.

I am going to be a dad! And that's my baby right there!

In Kendall's dream, the baby never got to know its own father even at the moment of its death while

Dylan, as the father, didn't even know that the child that died right in front of him was his own flesh and blood. Although that was merely a dream, the excruciating pain and remorse were engraved deep in her heart, as though they had truly experienced the scarring tragedy.

In real life, however, as long as the baby found its way to them, Dylan would unquestionably protect it as well as its mother, and there was no way he would allow the misfortune in Kendall's nightmare to repeat.

"Darling." Kendall embraced Dylan's arm and blissfully said, "I wanna snuggle into your arms and hug you with all the strength I have, but... the others might laugh at us." After all, the hospital was packed with people passing by.

Out of nowhere, the man beside her stopped. The next moment, he lifted her and began to spin around, happily yelling, "Honey, we're going to be parents! I'm so happy. So happy!"

Amused by his gesture, Kendall immediately laughed aloud as she, too, was blissed out. The passersby would turn over to them, but she was no longer afraid of their mockery. It was good news, and good news should be shared with others.

The thrilled, joyful response of the couple put a smile on many faces. Some were smiling as they reminisced about the moment that they first became parents. Perhaps we were this happy too!

Ronnie and the rest were gladdened by the sight, pulling out their phones at the same time as they intended to give Amos a call. However, also at the same time, they gave it up and put their phones back into their back pocket. It was their Young Master and Young Mistress' good news, so it was only reasonable that they were the ones to spread the joy.

After celebrating for quite some time, the couple slowly regained their composure.

"I should go tell my parents." Holding her husband's hand, she walked forward with smiling eyes, eager to share the joyous news with her parents.

"No, we'll get tested once more next week. Let's only tell them once we receive a concrete answer." Being the rational one, Dylan knew to keep an open heart.

"You're right. Well, let's wait for another week for a more precise result before disclosing it to them. Right, I gotta tell Mom and the rest since they're all in the hospital right now. Mom knows that I went for the test anyway." Considering Sally and Milo would be bringing Nell back to the countryside to recover, she thought it fine to inform them of the news earlier.

"Mm-hmm," Dylan blurted.

When they returned to Nell's ward, his discharge procedure was already completed, and everyone was waiting for Kendall and Dylan to come back.

After seeing Kendall, Sally hastily walked over to her and asked out of concern, "How did it go, Kendall?"

Smiling, Kendall closed in on her mother's ear and whispered to her about the result.

Lifting the corner of her lips, Sally replied, "That must be true! The doctor said there's a ninety-nine percent chance, didn't he? So, he must be right! Oh, my... Oh, lord am I relieved!"

Back when Kendall got married to Dylan, Sally was utterly devastated as Dylan was said to have

broken both his legs in a car accident and would no longer be able to reproduce, which meant that Kendall would have to live through an empty marriage for the rest of her life.

Although Kendall was insistent on marrying Dylan, Sally couldn't help but blame the Parkers, Kendall's biological parents, for not stopping their daughter from getting married to Dylan despite their wealth and influence. As such, Sally grew to think that these businesspeople would happily sacrifice the happiness of their own daughters for the sake of benefits.

Nonetheless, after having witnessed the betterment of the relationship between the young couple, Sally began to perceive Dylan as a man who was worthy of getting married. Though, unfortunately, he was unable to reproduce, causing Kendall to have to live her life as a hollow wife.

Even later, despite Sally finding out that Dylan was fine, her anxiety remained. But now that she was informed of Kendall's pregnancy, she was finally, thoroughly relieved.

"Nonetheless, Kendall, the first three months will not be stable ones, so better not announce it just yet. Regardless, please be careful and don't get yourself injured. I reckon staying at home to rest is most ideal."

After all, pregnant women tended not to talk about their pregnancy in the first three months since that was when their babies were still unstable embryos which might lead to miscarriage. And once these pregnant mothers miscarried, they might actually receive words of mockery instead of consolation.

"Mom, it's not even one hundred percent. Besides, I feel healthy. It'll be fine."

Furthermore, it wasn't likely that her pregnancy period would interfere with her work either. Even Kelly was working her tail off when she was pregnant.

In Kendall's previous life, her pregnancy period was rather relaxed as her baby was a loving one. Apart from the initial episodes of morning sickness, nothing else came after as she was able to eat and sleep in peace. After the child was born, it turned out to be a good child as it was an obedient one who loved to laugh and would hardly cry.

As Sally was no fool, she was aware of the ever-intensifying power struggle between Kendall and Kelly. Since Kendall was now at a disadvantageous spot, the consequences were already foreseeable if she were to miss work due to her pregnancy.

Thereupon, Sally stopped advising Kendall and reminded her, "You may choose not to disclose this to others, but I think you should tell your parents. If your father knows about this, I'm sure he'll lessen your workload so that you can be more at ease."

Kendall gently nodded in response.

On the other hand, the others who overheard the conversation between the mother and daughter could already vaguely guess what was happening.

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After everyone else took a look at Dylan's deep, passionate gaze toward Kendall, the answer couldn't be any clearer. It must be a piece of auspicious, good news. Even though it wasn't a hundred percent certain, the Woodses were already excited for the young couple. Moreover, with how Sally advised Kendall not to spread the news, the rest instantly knew what was up and refrained from questioning it.

Knock, knock! Someone knocked on the ward door before the door opened.

Then, Ronnie walked in and respectfully reported, "Young Master Dylan, the vehicle is ready."

"Mm-hmm." Dylan then turned to his mother-in-law and stated, "Mom, I've readied an RV for you so you can relax on your way home. More importantly, Nell's body has yet to recover fully, and the RV can certainly help with that."

Without refusing Dylan's kind offer, Sally happily replied, "You're always so thoughtful." She then put Kendall's hand in that of Dylan's before sternly continuing, "Master Dylan, I shall leave Kendall in your hands. Take good care of her, will you?" As well as the child in her.

"Mom, don't worry. As long as I'm alive, I'll never let anyone hurt Kendall."

The baby would safely return to his and Kendall's side for sure.

The Woodses acknowledged Dylan's promise and believed that he was capable of fulfilling it.

Later, upon farewell, Milo, Sally, and Nell entered the RV prepared by Dylan and departed from the hospital.

Then, Kendall looked at the time and found that it was already noon. She turned to look at Roger. "Roger, come join us for lunch. I'll go get Emma as well. It's her first day as an official member of Parker Corporation."

Emma was to be her secretary, but she didn't go to work this morning. Because of that, Kendall felt somewhat sorry for her.

Fortunately, she'd given her father a heads-up and communicated with Jessie in advance. As such, her father would help her arrange everything else.

Looking at Dylan, Roger rejected his sister's invitation and smilingly replied, "Maybe next time. Emma has yet to get off work, so I'll wait and have lunch with her once she's finished." With that, he speedily glanced at Dylan and added, "Can't let Mr. Heller have the upper hand, can I?"

Toddy was Dylan's competent assistant and good friend. Dylan was aware of whom he should value more between his good friend and brother-in-law. Besides, Toddy had just commenced his gratifying phase, so Dylan showed zero sympathies for him.

"Then we shan't trouble you further, Roger."

Roger responded with a smile. As he watched his sister get in Dylan's car, the couple then left the hospital escorted by their bodyguards' vehicles.

"Roger Woods." All of a sudden, a shout in a familiar tone sounded behind him. At once, the smile on

his face vanished as the person who called for him was his very biological sister—Kelly.

Kelly derided the Woodses for not being as wealthy and influential as the Parkers who owned a giant corporation that could grant her certain inheritance. Even to this day, she had never referred to Roger as her own brother, nor had she ever addressed her parents as "Dad" and "Mom." What she had done earned Roger's disapproval.

Roger could never bring himself to smile at this biological sister of his. He turned around and watched as Kelly approached him.

Kelly was also expecting. In fact, she had gotten pregnant a few months earlier than Kendall. She was expected to deliver the baby in three months, yet her body was still so slim, and her tummy hadn't even expanded. Those inexperienced couldn't even tell that she was pregnant.

Thanks to Jackson and her, Nell almost got himself killed. And after Jackson was imprisoned, Kelly found another man and her lack of self-respect drew Roger's dislike.

"Why are you here?" Roger blandly asked, "Are you here to see Nell getting discharged?"

Though, that was unlikely. In order to defend her, Nell was almost beaten to death by Jackson and during the former's time in the hospital, she barely even visited him. Worse, she even brought Rosemi, who wanted Nell to forgive Jackson, over to help her son alleviate his sentence. She was even intent on turning the entire drama into a mere family feud so that Jackson could be released without charges.

At the end of the day, Kelly and Nell were biological siblings. However, not only was she unaffected by her brother's condition, but she even brought Rosemi over to disrupt the Woodses' feelings, and Roger was genuinely irritated by that.

"Huh? Nell is getting discharged today?"

Nonetheless, Roger realized that he had been overthinking Kelly's single reply.

Upon noticing Roger's glare, Kelly hastily explained, "I honestly didn't know that Nell's getting discharged today. Kendall didn't even tell me about it. She must be afraid, thinking that if I were to come and see Nell getting discharged, I'd be hogging all the attention. Obviously, she's maintaining such a good relationship with you guys solely to aggravate the distance between us?"

Roger had always been a benign man who rarely lost his temper. Nevertheless, the instant Kelly threw shade at Kendall, he was infuriated.

"For whose sake do you think Nell got hospitalized? Whose biological brother do you think Nell is? If you at least see him as your actual brother or at least have some gratitude, you'd know that he's getting discharged today. How many times have you visited him during his time in the hospital? Pfft, you? Coming to see him getting discharged? It'll be the end of the world before you'd ever do that."

"Besides, you're still as petty and condescending as ever. Kendall isn't how you imagine her to be. She had never badmouthed you with us nor had she tried to pick us apart. Anyway, who even are we to you? Do you even acknowledge us as your family? There's no acknowledgment, bond, and the slightest respect. Is there even anything between us for her to pick apart?"

Immediately, Kelly's face turned into a frown. If it weren't for the fact that she saw Kendall and Dylan hugging each other and spinning so happily on her way to her pregnancy checkup, she wouldn't have had the horrifying thought about them bearing a child, yet she was unable to steer away from that idea.

Although it was being spread around that Dylan was no longer able to reproduce due to his critical injury, that was merely a rumor. Essentially, if his body were truly ruined, there was no way Kendall would have gotten pregnant.

As such, jealousy and resentment arose in Kelly's heart. Her plan hadn't even been actualized as she desired. As a matter of fact, she called for Roger because she was seeking assurance. However, before she could make a proper statement, she was horrendously rebuked by him.

Suppressing her dissatisfaction, she then forced a grin and remarked, "I'm sorry. I've been too busy to visit Nell in the hospital."

Roger let out a couple of scoffs, wanting to expose her for having fooled around with Brian, but no matter what, she was ultimately his biological sister, so he decided to drop it. But of course, he reprimanded her countless times in his mind, including how she wouldn't rest despite her pregnancy.

"And Kendall is by no means freer than you," Roger countered aggressively.

"So have Kendall and Master Dylan returned?" Kelly went on a tangent as she didn't want to hear more of Roger's defense of Kendall. He was her biological brother, yet he would only denounce her to protect Kendall. A clueless person might even assume that Kendall was the biological sister while Kelly was the adopted one.

Roger remained silent with a glower.

"Earlier, I saw Kendall and Master Dylan celebrating with an examination report in his hand. Is Kendall... pregnant?"

Furrowing his brows, Roger caught the dullness in Kelly's eyes and asked, "Isn't everyone saying that he's unable to reproduce? How do you think Kendall's gonna get pregnant with that?"

Kelly was the vilest younger sister there ever was, and she must not bear good intentions in her attempt to ask about Kendall.

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"Given the advanced technology nowadays, Master Dylan might actually have been cured." Kelly was insistent on manipulating the conversation.

"If that could be healed, there wouldn't have been men who couldn't become fathers."

Kelly was at loss for words. Indeed, some unfortunate men could never be cured.

"Then, what examination report did Kendall go to take?"

"What report would there be if she wasn't getting tested? That was Nell's, of course!"

Skeptical, Kelly replied, "Wasn't Nell discharged today? What report is there to take?"

"Nell had a final examination before getting discharged so that the doctors could make sure he was safe to leave."

Hearing that, Kelly grew speechless. As the Woodses were highly protective of Kendall, it would be unlikely for Kelly to get anything out of Roger.

"Ah." With that, Kelly's attitude toward Roger obviously grew bland. "I'm leaving, then."

After taking a few steps away, she suddenly stopped and turned her head around. "Have you been pursuing Emma? Master Dylan's secretary, I mean. Why was she in Parker Corporation earlier? Did Master Dylan fire her, or did Kendall abuse her power to create the opportunity for you and deliberately

ask Master Dylan to let Emma be her secretary?"

Instantly, Roger's face grew dull. "I like Emma. What's wrong with me wooing her? No matter where she goes, she's an excellent woman. I won't allow you to insult her."

"She's not even yours yet and you're already this protective. Do you think you can actually win her over? She has been by Master Dylan's side for years. She has seen more than you ever have, and her standards are high. She's completely out of your league. Since you're my biological brother, I advise you to give up on her so that you won't end up shattering your own heart. Well, I don't mind hooking you up. My former secretary is excellent in many ways as well."

Ever since Cameron left Parker Corporation, she'd had a hard time looking for a new job. Luckily for her, Kelly begged Brian for help and arranged a new position for her in Zorn Holdings, which was pretty kind of Kelly to her.

"Thanks, but I don't need your concern."

"I wouldn't have if you weren't my brother."

"How nice of you. Do you really see me as your brother, though? Hooking me up? With what? More schemes and lies?"

Vexed, Kelly immediately tossed an insult before smugly walking away.

As soon as she was gone, Roger gave Kendall a call, and when she picked it up, he reminded her, "Kendall, Kelly came to the hospital for a pregnancy checkup earlier today. She caught you and Master

Dylan celebrating after receiving the examination report and tried to dig something from me, asking whether you are pregnant. Kelly bears no good intentions. You must remain cautious in the company."

"I will, Roger. Thank you."

Kelly was his biological sister, yet he sided with Kendall.

"Oh, drop the courtesy. You're my sister. Alright, that's all. Enjoy your lunch with Master Dylan. Eat up, will you? You're not the only one needing the nutrients now."

Kendall smilingly answered, "I will." She would never mistreat the baby in her belly as it was the child she and Dylan had been eagerly anticipating.

After the call ended, as Kendall was about to talk to the man beside her, his phone suddenly rang. Apparently, the caller was Frank. Seeing the caller ID, she grew curious. "Why would Frank call you at such a moment? Does he wanna have lunch together?"

Though, that would be impossible as these two men were sworn enemies, and there would only be competition and quarrel between them.

With a faint grin, Dylan guessed, "It's probably for Ms. Taylor."

"For Amy? But why is he calling you?"

"For a consultation."

Kendall grew silent. Aren't they supposed to be enemies? Yet, Frank would repeatedly look for Dylan solely for consultations—all for Amy's sake?

Dylan accepted Frank's call.

"Are you free to have lunch together?" Frank courteously asked.

"No, I'm having one with my wife."

After a moment of silence, Frank stated, "I can treat you two to lunch."

"No, I'm afraid our overwhelming love will leave you scarred."

Frank was momentarily speechless. "I'll go look for you in your company this afternoon."

"Have you prepared the money?"

Frank then replied, "Do you lack money? Has Coleman Empire Holdings' liquidity been used up? Or is it going bankrupt soon? Why are you always asking for money?"

"With me, Dylan Coleman, as Coleman Empire Holdings' leader, do you seriously think it'll go bankrupt? Who are you to me? You want my time. You're always asking questions. I reckon it's only befitting that I collect some consultation fees from you. You know, I've always been stingy when it comes to Frank Mendelson."

Frank grew quiet once again. After a brief moment, he noted, "You're overcharging me."

"I didn't ask you to come for me. It is you who willingly enters my territory, so don't blame me for the price. It's only ten million. I'm sure that, to you, is merely everyone else's one thousand."

As the Colemans and Mendelsons were both billionaire families, money was the last thing Frank lacked.

"How much time for ten million?"

"How long can you talk to me? Would you be willing to get all mushy with me?"

There was a momentary silence. "Is fund transfer acceptable?"

"Certainly, though I'd much prefer cash. My dear Kendall would love to see a massive pile of wealth before her."

Frank silently hung up. When he heard Kendall's name, he couldn't help but be fazed.

Listening to the conversation, Kendall bent over with laughter.

After all, the two rivaling, mighty presidents shared a refreshing conversation over the phone, and she was very entertained by it. Back then, Frank even brought over cash of a million, which Dylan took back home to her and claimed the amount to be the fund for the baby's diapers. It wasn't even certain that she was pregnant, yet he was already earning money for diapers.

Amused by his dear wife's guffaw, Dylan reached over and dragged her into his embrace and said, "Honey, we won't have to worry about being unable to raise our child. Frank is constantly sending us money!"

Frank was picky about his approach with Amelia, so whenever he felt pressured, he would look for Dylan, assured that—for Amelia's sake—Dylan wouldn't expose his feelings to others. Of course, he wasn't bothered by Dylan's potential mockery either.

Once he vented his feelings to Dylan, Dylan would certainly talk about it to Kendall. And since Kendall and Amelia were besties, what Kendall was told would eventually be known by Amelia. In other words, Dylan and Kendall were Frank's medium to communicate his feelings to Amelia.

"As if we couldn't afford to raise it already!" Kendall burst out laughing. "Frank left me a bad impression of him, but I never expected to see this side of him were it not for Amy."

"His feelings for Ms. Taylor are probably genuine."

There were no other women by Frank's side. In his thirty-one years of life, Kendall was the only woman he had clung to, and the reason for it was the very strange dream that he once had about the baby. Therefore, as long as he could move on from Kendall, he would very soon realize that the woman he was truly in love with was Amelia. And now, in the name of love, Frank gradually grew humble and was willing to lower his pride.

"However, Amy must not accept him too soon. After all, he treated her too harshly in the past."

Thereupon, Dylan left a peck on Kendall's cheek and rested his big palm on her flat belly. With melting tenderness on his dashing face, he gently said, "All we have to do is watch. We don't have to interfere in it. The only matter we should prioritize is our baby."

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In the afternoon, Frank headed to Coleman Empire Holdings. When those from the company saw Frank visiting Dylan once again, they speculated that Frank might be trying to strike a collaborative deal with Dylan. However, it remained speculation as they had no idea about internal affairs.

Through the collaboration, Frank would meet up with Kendall frequently. However, many had dismissed the speculation, for Kendall was a part of Parker Corporation. If Frank wanted to see Kendall through a collaboration, he could've worked with the Parker Corporation directly. Indirectly, he would be able to see Kendall daily.

All the same, no one could figure out what was on the presidents' minds.

While Frank was waiting for the elevator, many stared at him. Frank never spared them a glance, and his handsome yet stiff face exuded a dispassionate vibe. Those who stared at him felt diffident and looked away.

Soon, the elevator door opened, after which those from the Coleman Empire Holdings instinctively let Frank and his entourage enter the elevator first.

In fact, there was a president-exclusive elevator. However, Frank was the president of the Mendelson Group, which was their archnemesis. As such, Dylan didn't treat him like a guest, nor did he allow Frank to use the exclusive elevator that required a special card.

Frank directly entered the elevator with his bodyguards, and the space instantly felt cramped. The bodyguards stood behind Frank as he had to be at the front all the time.

When the elevator door opened several minutes later, Frank saw Ronnie and Toddy waiting for him. "President Mendelson," the two called out politely.

Frank was startled for a moment, for he had never expected that Dylan would arrange for Ronnie and Toddy to wait for him there.

"President Coleman has asked us to check how well-prepared you are."

Despite the smile on Toddy's face, Frank didn't believe this man was gentle. The people by Dylan's side were all tigers who could swallow others up. Without a word, Frank stepped out of the elevator first, and he was followed by his bodyguards.

"Of course, I'm well prepared. This time, I didn't bring any cash with me. Your president has demanded an exorbitant fee. Without an appointment with the bank, I couldn't possibly get so much cash in a short time. Nonetheless, I've brought a check with me."

Then, he fished out a check from the inner pocket of his coat. It had a figure already written on it, so he passed it to Toddy for examination. After taking a look at the check, Toddy smiled and passed it back to him. Then, he said to Ronnie, "Lead the way for President Mendelson."

Following that, Ronnie motioned for Frank to follow him. Frank squinted his eyes at Ronnie, who used to be the love of Amelia's life. After Amelia confessed her love for Ronnie back then, he turned her down.

While Frank was glad that Amelia was rejected, he also felt that Ronnie was indiscriminating to think

that Amelia wasn't good enough for him. Although Ronnie didn't say that he was out of Amelia's league, he turned her down without giving her a chance. At the end of the day, that was no different from despising her.

"Have I offended you in any way, President Mendelson?" Ronnie asked grimly.

Frank refuted coldly, questioning, "Why would you ask that, Mr. Muller?"

Ronnie pressed his lips together and spoke no further. In fact, he had figured out why Frank was glaring at him. It was because Amelia had fallen for him before.

It was through the conversation between Dylan and Kendall that Ronnie found out Frank had feelings for Amelia. After all, he and Dylan would always be seated in the same car, and Dylan had full trust in him.

As such, when the married couple chatted in the car, they wouldn't worry about Ronnie finding out about their secrets.

However, the truth was that Ronnie found Amelia to be a wonderful girl, but she wasn't suitable for him. Upon learning that Frank had fallen for Amelia, Ronnie wasn't surprised one bit. After all, they had spent quite a long time together, and Amelia was straightforward, so it was only natural that Frank fell in love with her.

"You're pretty handsome, Mr. Muller," Frank blurted.

Judging from Frank's words, Toddy could tell that the president was finding fault with Ronnie. While leading the way for Frank, Ronnie replied impassively, "I wouldn't call myself handsome in front of you, President Mendelson."

Frank was rendered speechless. When he saw Ronnie and recalled that Amelia had fallen for this guy before, he couldn't help but feel bitter and try to find fault with Ronnie. When Frank passed by Emma's office and didn't see her, he asked, "Where's Miss Finley?"

However, Ronnie didn't reply to him, and Frank didn't mind it. When Ronnie started knocking on the door for him, Frank suddenly said, "You're right, Mr. Muller. I'm indeed more handsome than you are."

Amelia is fond of handsome men, and I'm more good-looking than Ronnie. I don't believe that Amelia won't choose me in the end.

If Amelia found out what was on Frank's mind, she would probably think, How am I supposed to make a choice when you haven't even confessed to me?

Without turning his head, Ronnie kept on knocking on the door. It wasn't until Dylan responded to him that he stopped doing that. Then, he opened the door for Frank and motioned for the jealous man to go in.

Frank shot Ronnie a glance before entering Dylan's office. Meanwhile, Frank's bodyguards were not allowed inside.

Presently, Dylan was looking at the paintings of the child that Frank had drawn. After receiving the paintings from Frank, he kept them in his office. Whenever he had some free time, he would look at the paintings and imagine that the child was still by his side.

Kendall was probably pregnant. The couple truly hoped that the child would come back to them.

When Frank approached Dylan and realized what the other man was looking at, the coldness on his

face melted. He pressed his hands against the table and extended his neck to glance at the paintings.

It had only been a short time since he gave the paintings to Dylan, but it felt as though the child left him long ago. There was no denying that he missed the child, but unfortunately, she wasn't his daughter. At the thought of this, he was deluged with a sense of dejectedness.

Suddenly, Dylan kept the paintings of the child. As he scrolled up the paper, he said impassively, "What are you looking at? She's not your daughter."

"I can be her godfather," Frank blurted.

Dylan took a glance at him before carefully keeping the paintings inside the drawer. Frank was pleased that the other man's tone was calm rather than cold, at the very least.

"The godfather of my child can be anyone but you, Frank."

What do you mean?! Frank barked, "Why can't it be me? Don't I have the right? Tell me what I'm lacking. I'll do everything I can so that I'll be the child's godfather."

He had treated the child like his own daughter in the past. Even though he had yet to meet the child, he was still anxious. Since Dylan had recovered, it meant that he and Kendall would possibly have a child soon.

Frank wanted to see the child. Even if he couldn't be the child's biological father, he wouldn't mind becoming her godfather. He reckoned that being a godfather would be sufficient. At the very least, it could make up for the regret that he didn't get to be the child's father.

Dylan glanced at his archnemesi and demanded scornfully, "Frank, what do you think we are? We're enemies. In the past, we were eager to destroy each other. Given our relationship, do you think I'll let you be my child's godfather?"

Frank kept on persuading him by saying, "I can prepare a lot of money for her so that she'll have a grand wedding when she gets married."

Hearing that, Dylan picked up a mug and hurled it at Frank. His daughter wasn't even born yet, but Frank had already planned on marrying his daughter off, which was why he was infuriated.

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A dexterous Frank easily caught the mug Dylan hurled.

Instantly, Frank's forehead was beaded with cold sweat as he snapped at the man in front of him, "Dylan, if this mug had hit me, my head would've been bleeding. If you think this mug is ugly, you can just tell me about it. I don't mind buying a new one for you."

Seeing that he had missed his target, Dylan sported a dark expression and glared at him.

Dylan and his wife had no idea what kind of role Frank played in Kendall's dreams. However, since both Frank and Kendall misunderstood that the child belonged to Frank, one could easily figure out what Frank had done to the woman. Perhaps Frank was also one of the masterminds who had harmed Dylan back then.

In real life, the married couple enjoyed a harmonious life. There was no denying that Dylan still held some grudges against Frank, who kept pestering Kendall and regarded the child as his own in the past.

Frank didn't dare pass the mug back to him, for he was worried Dylan would try to hurt him again. Following that, he fished out the check from his coat and passed it to Dylan respectfully. There was a

fawning smile on his handsome face, and his eyes seemed as bright as the stars. If Dylan were a woman, he would've fallen head over heels for Frank.

"Dylan, even though I'm a privileged member of the bank, I couldn't get so much cash without an appointment in advance. Here's a check for you. Do you think it's alright?"

Dylan stared at Frank, who seemed to be fawning over him despite his nervous expression. Though they had been enemies since the beginning, they were also familiar with one another.

Presently, Frank appeared humble as he buttered Dylan up and willingly gave him a large sum of money.

Dylan could see that Frank indeed cared about Amelia. After taking the check, Dylan put it down on the table and motioned for Frank to give the mug back to him.

"You'll really injure me."

Dylan sneered after hearing Frank's comment. Funny joke, Frank. "If you're injured and blood-soaked, won't you show up in front of Ms. Taylor and make her feel sorry for you?"

Frank asked, "Do you want me to arouse Amelia's pity?"

"I didn't say that."

"Even if that's your plan, you still can't injure me with a mug. If Amelia feels heartbroken for me, she'll start hating you, affecting her friendship with Ken... your wife. When that happens, it'll be my fault."

Frank didn't want to undermine the friendship between Amelia and Kendall. Certainly, he wouldn't pester Kendall again, and he realized that he had fallen in love with Amelia. However, he still owed Kendall and her daughter a lot, so he had to make it up to them. Therefore, he couldn't let Amelia and Kendall become enemies.

Dylan snorted. "You think too highly of yourself, Frank."

Hearing that, Frank was rendered speechless. Dylan was right, for there was no way Amelia would blame him for anything because of Frank.

"Frank, there's nothing much I can teach you, but I have something to say from the bottom of my heart. If you've indeed fallen in love with Ms. Taylor, you must show her your sincerity. You have to make her believe that your love for her is real. If you want to woo a woman, you have to put that into action. No one else can help you with it. Also, stop picking at Ronnie. He didn't turn Ms. Taylor down because he despised her. It's just that his family isn't suitable for her."

Compared to Ronnie in the Muller Family, there was no doubt Frank was in a much better position in the Mendelson Family, considering the fact that Frank was the leader of his family. As such, only the former patriarch had the guts to be rude to him. Even the current patriarch was polite to Frank.

Moreover, Frank had absolute power in the Mendelson Family. Even his parents couldn't affect him in any way. As long as he loved Amelia, she would live happily with the Mendelsons.

Hearing that, Frank fell silent.

"There's nothing else I have to say, so you can get lost now. I'm busy, so I don't have time to discuss how to woo a woman with you." Dylan had accepted a lot of money from Frank, but he chased him away after talking to him briefly. It seemed that it was easy to earn money from Frank.

Instead of leaving, Frank took a seat and snapped, "Will you please be more professional, Dylan?! You've accepted a lot of money from me as a consultant fee, but you chase me away without even offering me a cup of tea. I'm not going to get lost. I'll just sit here and talk to you more for a while."

Dylan kept the check and said impassively, "Well, I've earned enough money to buy the child's formula milk at the very least."

Frank refuted, "Are you going to have a dozen children? Why do you need so much money to buy formula milk?" I just gave you several million.

Hearing that, Dylan rolled his eyes at him. Frank pursed his lips for a moment before saying, "If I come looking for you every day, all of the Mendelson Family's wealth will be yours in no time."

"If you don't want to lose all of the Mendelson Family's wealth, then stop looking for me."

Frank was speechless at that.

"Don't make it sound like I beg you to see me, Frank."

Finding the other man unreasonable, Frank got to his feet and poured himself a cup of tea. As he sipped the tea, he asked, "Dylan, would you consider collaborating with me?"

Dylan replied dispassionately, "You want a collaboration? Are you ready to merge the Mendelson Group with the Coleman Empire Holdings?"

Both companies were involved in similar industries. As such, both men had been competing with each other for years, and it was only natural that Dylan held some grudges against Frank.

"Dylan, you're impossible. Do any nice things ever come out of your mouth?"

Frank, you're just rude. "It's not like you're someone who will say nice things. Don't you know that you're notorious for being sharp-tongued?" Dylan refuted.

Frank was rendered speechless for a moment before calling out, "Dylan."

"Can you finish your words at once and stop calling my name all the time? Those who have no idea what's going on might think that I've dumped you or something."

Frank's face fell. "I'm straight."

"I didn't say you're not straight."

"You're unreasonable. How am I supposed to talk to you?"

"We're not friends, so it's only natural that there's nothing to talk about between us. Moreover, you were a love rival who wanted to snatch my wife. I'm magnanimous enough to let you have a seat here and drink tea for Ms. Taylor's sake. Otherwise, I would've swept you out of my office."

Dylan went on to comment coldly, "Where do you think my company is? It's not a place where you can come and go as you please."

An incensed Frank growled, "I'm not going anywhere! I'll stay right here!"

Dylan directly used the interphone, and when Toddy picked up the call, he ordered, "Tell Ms. Taylor to come over and take this madman away."

"Dylan!" Frank blew his top. "How dare you tell Amelia to come over and take me away! You are the crazy one! Dang it!"

Nonetheless, Dylan only glanced unenthusiastically at him.

At that moment, Frank felt like he was a clown in front of Dylan. Even if he wanted to fight Dylan, he knew he wasn't a match for him. Argh! Have I paid an exorbitant fee only to get humiliated?

A moment later, Frank calmed himself down and cut to the chase. "Is my goddaughter with your wife now?"

He wouldn't even dare call Kendall by her name, for he was worried Dylan would kill him. He had fallen in love with Amelia. As such, he felt diffident in front of Dylan. He was worried that Dylan would tell Kendall about it, and the woman would then pass it on to Amelia.

When that time came, Amelia might start hating Frank.

Chapter 566

"Frank, I'm not obliged to tell you about my private affairs."

After a moment of silence, Frank rose from the chair and picked up the cup. Then, he chugged down the tea and put the empty cup back on the table. "Dylan, you're luckier than I am."

With that, he turned around and left. Although Dylan didn't reply to his question, Frank had figured out the answer. Realizing that Kendall must be pregnant, Frank was overwhelmed with complicated feelings. The office door then slammed shut with a bang.

Dylan frowned and murmured, "He's destroyed my door. I'm going to get him to buy me a new door and compensate for any potential damage to my mental health."

If Frank were still there, their conversation would probably go like this:

Frank would turn to Dylan and ask, "Why don't you go rob a bank?"

"I'm not going to rob any bank. I'll only rob you." Dylan would likely make a sarcastic comment.

Frank would be rendered speechless. Since he had come all the way to get humiliated, he could only put up with it.

After Frank left, Dylan picked up his phone and called his wife. When the call was connected, he said to Kendall with a smile, "Darling, I made money to buy formula milk for our child."

Kendall replied with a smile, "Congratulations."

"I'll let you keep it. From now on, you'll handle the finances of our family."

Kendall teased him by saying, "Aren't you worried I'll take all your money and run away? By then, you'll be left with nothing."

"You said that you'd never dump me for all your life. I trust you."

Kendall was deeply moved, for the man had changed a lot. In the past, he was distant and aloof, but now, he was always tender when he talked to her. "I'm just pulling your leg. I'll never let you be left with nothing. Thanks for trusting me, Darling. I love you."

A smile played on Dylan's lips. "I love you too. By the way, have you made some preparations for Miss Finley?"

Kendall grunted. "My dad has made some proper preparations. Emma will be one of my dad's secretaries on paper, and she'll be on an equal footing with Miss Holmes. However, Emma will work for me in reality. After all, I'm only an assistant to the president now. If I let Emma be my secretary directly, her position will be too insignificant in the company."

There were still some people in the company who were under Kelly's wings. If Emma's position was too low, she would be oppressed by Kelly's people.

Regardless of whether Emma would be Kendall's sister-in-law in the future, she was willing to side with the latter to help her. As such, Kendall had to protect Emma and make sure no one could oppress her.

"Mr. Parker is indeed intelligent and thoughtful." Dylan couldn't help complimenting his father-in-law.

"Darling, you should probably get back to work. There are still some matters I have to attend to. See you in the evening."

"Alright." After the call ended, Dylan moved the phone away from his ear. Thinking of something, he made another call. This time, he called his mother.

"Hello, Dylan." Emily soon picked up the call, for her son rarely took the initiative to call. While she was pleasantly surprised and nervous, she was also worried that her son only decided to call her because something bad had happened.

"Mom, when you take Kendall to the party in the evening, try to limit her alcohol consumption. No, you'd better not let her drink at all."

"Why?"

Most people would drink a little at a party.

"There's a 90 percent chance that the granddaughter you've been longing to have is inside Kendall's belly now. She certainly can't drink at all."

Although he had hidden it from others, he had to inform his mother and grandmother.

After hearing that, Emily was elated as her laughter was heard over the phone. "Am I going to be a grandmother? Dylan, are you pulling my leg? Is Kendall pregnant? You said you would not have a child

so soon. I didn't even dare urge you."

It had never crossed her mind that Kendall was pregnant before she even urged them.

"Wait a minute. Why did you say there's only a 90 percent chance?"

"It's only been a short time since she was thought to be pregnant, so the test result isn't very accurate. The doctor told us to get a check-up again next week. As such, there's only a 90 percent chance that she's pregnant."

He went on to say, "Mom, I have to hold a wedding for Kendall sooner. Otherwise, when her belly bulges, she won't fit into the wedding dress."

He had gotten a wedding dress custom-made for Kendall, so he wanted to see her put it on and become the most beautiful bride.

"Since there's a 90 percent chance, she's certainly pregnant. That's wonderful. I'm going to be a grandmother myself. Have you told your grandmother about it?"

"Not yet. Since it's not confirmed yet, we haven't informed anyone about it. I've only decided to give you a heads-up since Kendall is going to attend a party with you."

Otherwise, he would've hidden the news from his mother and only informed her after confirmation.

Emily couldn't stop chuckling. "I'll tell your grandmother about it so that she'll be happy for you too. I'll pick a proper date for the wedding. Haven't you already been preparing for the wedding? If you don't have the time to do it personally, I don't mind lending you a hand."

As a mother, she rarely had any chance to do anything for him since his birth. Now that her son was going to hold a wedding, she felt that she had to do something for him.

"Since Kendall is pregnant, why don't we just ask her to stay at home? There'll be a lot of people at the party. I'm worried she'll accidentally hurt herself."

Since Kendall was pregnant, everyone in the family had a duty to protect her.

Following a moment of silence, Dylan replied, "Kendall would really love to go to a party with you, Mom. She has stopped attending etiquette classes. She'll start learning from you and Grandma. I'm sure both of you will be outstanding guidance."

After pondering for a bit, Emily said, "There's no problem. Don't worry. I'll do my best to protect Kendall. I'm going to be a grandmother. Haha! I'm so happy. Dylan, let me go somewhere else and laugh for a bit."

She had started bursting into laughter before she even hung up the call. Dylan was startled for a moment before putting on a smile. He could hear that his mother was truly ecstatic.

...

Meanwhile, Kelly arrived at the main store of L.E. Boutique. Before her arrival, she had called Laura and told her to wait in the store as she had to see her.

When the store manager saw Kelly, she went over and greeted her with a smile. "Ms. Parker."

Kelly responded with a smile and said, "I have an appointment with your president."

"President Evans is upstairs. Please come with me, Ms. Parker."

The store manager then led the way for Kelly and headed straight to the third floor. After knocking on the door to Laura's office, she invited Kelly in. Then, she poured a cup of water for Kelly before leaving the office.

When the door was closed, Laura rose from the chair and asked Kelly to sit on the couch. After she was seated, she cut to the chase by asking, "Is there anything urgent?"

"Laura, regarding the matter I'd talked about before, have you made a decision?"

Laura played dumb. "What matter are you talking about?"

Kelly frowned and explained, "Laura, what's the point of you playing dumb with me? Do you think I'm a fool? You keep telling me what to do behind the scenes. Do you think if the matter is exposed, I'll take all the blame while you'll be able to stay out of it?"

Laura's face fell. "What are you talking about, Kelly? What did I tell you to do? Stop accusing me of anything that I've never done. I'm not Kendall, so I won't let you oppress me as you, please. Oh, as far as I'm concerned, you're not even able to plot against Kendall now. Instead, you're on the losing side."

Kelly's expression darkened. She wanted to criticize Laura, but as she recalled her purpose for the visit, she held her anger back. Then, she said impassively, "Kendall is lucky as she married Dylan. I'm only on the losing side because she has Dylan's support. Otherwise..."

If not for Dylan's presence, the Parker Corporation would've fallen into her hands, and her plan would've turned out successful. According to her plan, after she killed the Parkers, all their wealth would belong to her. Unfortunately, things didn't go to plan.

There was no doubt that Dylan's presence had derailed the plan that Kelly and Jackson had jointly come up with. Now, Jackson was in trouble while she wasn't in a better state, as her reputation and status had been badly affected.

After putting on a milder expression, Laura commented resentfully, "Kendall is extremely lucky."

In fact, she was regretful as well. If she were willing to stay by Dylan's side after an accident happened to him, she would've stood a chance to become his wife. At that time, none of them could have expected that Dylan would recover one day.

"Kendall is our common enemy, Laura."

Laura promptly steered clear of this matter. "Kelly, I don't intend to go against Kendall. Although I'm jealous that she's lucky, I can do nothing about it. I understand that you've decided to go against Kendall, but please don't drag me into this."

She still had a business to run. Going against Kendall wouldn't bring her any benefits, and she couldn't possibly endure Dylan's suppression and retaliation. The man now saw Kendall as his most valuable treasure. Argh! I used to have the chance...

Kelly announced with a sneer, "Laura, even though you won't admit it, I know what's on your mind."

"Why don't you tell me the reason you came?"

After a moment of silence, Kelly decided to break a piece of shocking news to Laura. "Kendall is likely pregnant."

"What? Is Kendall pregnant? Whose child is it? Dylan's? Isn't he..." Laura's jaw dropped as disbelief was written all over her face.

Over a long period of time, she had restrained herself from doing anything that might harm Kendall. That was because she believed that Kendall didn't have any sex life. So what if Kendall could enjoy the privileges of being Dylan's wife and had the man's love? She could never make love to Dylan.

When she talked to Kelly over the phone previously, the latter said worriedly that Dylan might recover and impregnate Kendall with his child. At that time, she didn't take it seriously. As such, she turned down Kelly's request to stuff some drugs inside the clothes.

"Whose child could it be other than Dylan's? They have always been lovey-dovey. Kendall will never cheat on Dylan, nor does she have a chance to do so because they spend most of their time together. She could even put down Jackson, the man she used to love the most. Who else could make her betray Dylan?"

Kelly knew that once she broke the news to Laura, the latter would be shocked and hate Kendall more. Regardless of whether Kendall was indeed pregnant, Kelly could never let the child come into this world.

"But... Dylan is impotent." Laura couldn't accept this truth.

Kelly sneered and questioned, "Have you made love to Dylan before? How do you know he's really impotent? It's just a rumor that has gotten far from the truth."

Laura's face turned pale as her eyes were filled with hatred. "Why didn't Dylan clarify?"

Everyone thought that Dylan was impotent. Under normal circumstances, a man hated it when others said that he couldn't make love to a woman. Dylan was a bright and wealthy man, so why did he put up with it and never make a clarification? Was he trying to make his admirers give up on him?

There was no doubt he was ruthless and heartless in other people's eyes. In actuality, he was a loving man, for he treated Kendall truly well. He was only tender when he was in front of Kendall, and he wouldn't spare any woman a glance other than his wife.

Kelly pressed her lips together for a moment before saying, "I have no idea why Dylan didn't clarify. I've always been afraid of Dylan. Whenever I see him, my legs will turn to jelly. That's why I don't have the guts to speculate what's on his mind."

A flushing Laura said, "I suppose he was trying to make his admirers give up on him. No, he was just trying to find out if we were sincere to him, and all of us had been fooled."

Besides Laura and Yasmine, the other admirers had also left Dylan after the accident.

Tilly wanted to make her grandson happy, so she went looking for a suitable woman for him. Nonetheless, all his admirers had backed down. As such, Tilly contacted the Parkers and played cupid with Dylan and Kendall.

The more Laura thought about it, the paler her face became. She was regretful of her decision back then.

Although Dylan didn't love her, they were friends at the very least. Moreover, she was on good terms with Alice at that time. After the accident, if she had the courage to confess her love and compete with Yasmine, she might have gained the favor of Dylan and the Colemans and had the chance to stay by his side.

Now, she just hoped there was a drug in the world that could reverse time and allow her to make things right.

"Kelly, do you think Kendall might have found out that Dylan isn't impotent before everyone else? Was that why she changed her mind and dumped Jackson? She then made use of Dylan and became a winner in life."

Kelly questioned, "How did she find out that Dylan is fine?"

If not for the fact that Kendall was most likely pregnant, they would still believe that Dylan was impotent. Laura parted her lips, but she was unable to refute the other woman.

"Laura, what do you think about Kendall's pregnancy? Can you put up with the fact that she'll give birth to Dylan's child?"

Laura blurted out, "Certainly, I don't want to see that happen. I hope she'll go to hell."

"I don't want to see her give birth to Dylan's child either, and I definitely want her to go to hell. As such, we're in the same boat, Laura. Kendall is our common enemy, so we must join forces and deal with her."

Laura stared at her. "You want me to put what you'd previously told me into action?"

Kelly smiled. "You've always been clever."

Laura fell silent.

"As long as we're careful, we'll succeed. No one will realize that there's something in the clothes," Kelly said maliciously. "It's only been a short time since Kendall was found to be pregnant. She'll be three to four months into her pregnancy when winter comes. If she loses her child by then, it'll be devastating to her health. Let us pray that she'll become infertile after the miscarriage."

Laura asked hesitantly, "What if we're exposed? I'm the one who makes those clothes. Dylan will never let me off."

She had witnessed how ruthless Dylan could be. While she didn't want to see Kendall live a happy life and give birth to Dylan's child, she had to protect her own interests. Unless she decided not to do it, her plot might be exposed one day.

If she decided to work with Kelly and harm Kendall and her child, regardless of whether her plan would

be successful, her action might be exposed one day. When that happened, both she and Kelly could never withstand Dylan's retaliation. Now, Laura had a successful career, so she was afraid of losing everything, including her life.

"No one will find out that there are drugs in the clothes. I'm not telling you to make clothes full of those drugs. Just stuff a little bit in every coat so she'll smell the scent daily. As time passes, she'll suffer from miscarriage."

Kelly hoped that Kendall would lose her child when she was seven to eight months into her pregnancy. That way, it would be even more harmful to her health.

Chapter 568

After learning about Kelly's plan, Laura refuted, "If you think it's safe to do so, then you should buy some clothes, stuff some drugs into them, and give them to Kendall. Why are you even trying to drag me into this? If the matter is exposed, you'll stay out of it while I'll suffer." Then, she sneered. "On the other hand, you've hooked up with a wealthy man as you have Brian's support now. I do not have such a backer."

Kelly's face fell as she snapped, "Laura, I sincerely want to work with you and deal with our common enemy, but you're afraid of taking action. Someone like you can only watch others live a happy life while you're jealous and miserable."

Following that, she rose from the chair. "It seems that I was wrong about you, and please stop giving me calls to tell me what I should do to make Kendall suffer."

Kelly hated it when others mocked her relationship with Brian. Although they still came into contact in secret, Jacqueline wasn't willing to accept her. As such, Brian stopped looking for her as frequently as he used to.

In the past, she was the woman Brian admired, but now, she was just a lover he couldn't let anyone know. Despite that, she had to endure the humiliation, for Brian was the only person she could rely on. Only he was willing to side with her and help her deal with Kendall.

After taking a few steps forward, Kelly turned around and said to Laura, "If you dare expose me in front of Dylan, you'll suffer as well. Don't forget that you've taught me how to deal with Kendall before. Given Dylan's love for his wife, he'll destroy both of us."

Although she couldn't collaborate with Laura, they were still in the same boat. As such, Laura shouldn't even think about exposing her behind her back.

With a dark expression, Laura watched Kelly leave in silence. Just now, there was a moment where she had the urge to look for Dylan and expose Kelly. After Kelly's threat, she knew that her idea wasn't feasible.

Just like what Kelly had said, Dylan would probably destroy both of them if he found out about their wrongdoings. It was a well-known fact that Dylan was ruthless.

After leaving the main store of L.E. Boutique, Kelly gave Brian a call. Presently, Brian was forced by his mother to go on a date with a wealthy young lady. They were taking a stroll around the backyard of Zorn Mansion while Jacqueline followed behind them from a distance. Kendall's mother was having a chat with Jacqueline while walking alongside her.

Therefore, Brian was unable to pick up Kelly's call. He disconnected the call and muted his phone. After he was done with all that, he continued taking a stroll with the young lady. Kelly kept calling Brian, but he never picked up. She was so furious that she had the urge to hurl her phone to the floor. While she was infuriated, others enjoyed a peaceful time. The sun in the sky slowly moved westward and eventually sunk into the horizon.

Meanwhile, Frank arrived home at dusk. The instant he entered the living room, he yelled, "Amelia, I'm back!"

Nonetheless, Amelia was nowhere to be seen, nor did she respond to him. With a frown, he called out,

"Mr. Desmond! Mr. Desmond!"

To his surprise, Desmond wasn't around either.

Just then, the cook left the kitchen and explained respectfully, "Ms. Taylor and Mr. Desmond are in the backyard, Mr. Mendelson. She has found a suitable tree and decided to get a swing installed. She said that it'd be wonderful to sit on a swing under a big tree, given the recent weather. As such, Mr. Desmond has ordered some people to install the swing for her."

With a gloomy expression, Frank turned around and left the house.

"Mr. Mendelson—"

Frank had stepped out of the house before the cook could finish his words. Therefore, the cook could only keep his mouth shut.

As he thought about Frank's reaction earlier, he murmured, "Is Mr. Mendelson mad?"

Well, that's probably the case. Mr. Mendelson loves pulling pranks on Ms. Taylor. However, she has decided to get a swing installed in the backyard without his permission. It's only natural that he's mad. Mr. Desmond shouldn't have agreed to her request before informing Mr. Mendelson about it!

The cook sighed. This matter had nothing to do with him, nor was he able to help Amelia in any way. As such, he decided to continue preparing the dishes. He knew what Amelia's favorite dishes were. Every time she was bullied by Frank, she would start pigging out on food to vent her anger. I'm envious of Ms. Taylor. She's a big eater but will never gain any weight!

Meanwhile, Frank strode toward the backyard. His face was grim, and his gaze was terrifying. When the bodyguards saw him, they were shocked by his expression. However, none of them had the guts to inform those in the backyard about it.

Presently, Desmond was just beside Amelia as the bodyguards installed the swing. He said with a smile, "It's a pretty good choice, Ms. Taylor. Although it's an old tree, the tree crown is full of leaves. It can block out most of the sunlight during the afternoon, so you'll feel cool by standing under the tree. After the swing is installed, you'll be able to sit on it and enjoy the breeze. I can imagine that it will be a pleasant experience."

Amelia replied with a smile, "I share the same sentiment. It's indeed a good place."

She decided to get a swing installed in this place on a whim because she had seen a swing that Dylan had installed for Kendall in his residence. She couldn't possibly ask Frank to install a swing for her, so she could only do it herself.

"You're right." Desmond was glad to see that the installation was about to conclude. The seat could accommodate two people. When Frank finally came to realize he was in love with Amelia, he would be able to use the swing with her in this place. That would be a romantic experience. Furthermore, the view around here was sublime, so they could also enjoy it together.

All of a sudden, a husky and cold voice was heard.

"Tear it down!"

Only then did they realize Frank was there. No one knew when he arrived, but when they saw his dark expression and impassive gaze, they knew that he was displeased.

"Mr. Mendelson, the swing—" The bodyguards had stopped what they were doing. They wouldn't dare move a muscle or utter a word. Only Desmond had the courage to speak, but he was soon cut off by Frank.

"It's got nothing to do with you, Mr. Desmond. Tell them to tear it down and go away."

Desmond was rendered speechless. After darting his gaze between Amelia and Frank, he decided to obey his employer. He then turned to the bodyguards and said, "Tear it down."

Meanwhile, Amelia snapped, "I'm just trying to get a swing installed in your backyard, and I've paid for it. Why are you so mad? You're so small-minded as you're not even willing to let me use the tree!"

If Kendall likes a swing, I'm sure Frank will install it for her without hesitation. Amelia felt bitter and jealous.

Soon, she chastised herself for dragging Kendall into this. Kendall had told her to think twice before deciding to fall in love with Frank, for the man still hadn't forgotten about Kendall. As such, she couldn't blame anyone for Frank's indifference and harshness. More importantly, Kendall didn't love Frank at all, so Amelia wasn't supposed to be jealous of her.

Meanwhile, Frank stared fixedly at her without a word. After staring back for a while, Amelia looked away. However, she never stopped reprimanding the man for being petty.

Frank didn't argue with her, nor did he stop her from scolding him. He remained calm and collected as he watched the woman vent her fury on him.

Chapter 569

Because of Frank's intervention, the nearly assembled swing was disassembled.

Amelia, on the other hand, walked away after feeling exhausted from all the grumbling. She feared she would strangle Frank if she stayed any longer.

However, a large hand clasped her wrist, stopping her from taking another step.

Of course, she didn't need to turn around to know it was Frank. After all, there were just the two of them here.

After wresting her arm away to no avail, Amelia turned around and snapped, "Let go, Mendelson, or I'll stop playing nice! Don't go around thinking I'm a pushover! Back then, I just didn't want to stoop to your level, not that I'm afraid of you!"

Frank beamed in response, and Amelia thought he looked incredibly good-looking, especially when his eyes would curve into crescents in addition to his handsomeness.

"What are you smiling at?" Amelia huffed after coming to her senses, made baffled by his smile.

"At the way you're threatening me. It's amusing. Amy, not even Kendall can stand a chance against me, so what more you, a genuine damsel with no way of defending herself? I can throw you to the ground single-handedly."

"Don't call me Amy!" Amelia chided.

"These lips are mine. I can call you whatever I want. Seal them shut if you don't want to hear me call you Amy. Better yet, seal my lips with yours—ouch!"

Frank's audacious harassment toward Amelia earned him a stomp on his feet expectedly, leaving him in great pain.

Actually, given his agility, Amelia wouldn't have succeeded if he wanted to dodge. However, he didn't. He just let the young woman do whatever she wanted to him.

"Serves you right!"

Amelia didn't feel sorry at all. In fact, she wrested her hand away and turned while he was feeling the pain.

"Amelia." Frank grabbed her hand once more.

Genuinely vexed this time, Amelia turned around and sank her teeth into the back of his hand.

As painful as it was for Frank, he still never let go.

In the end, it was Amelia who loosened her grip from feeling bad for him. As she looked at the obvious bite mark, she was certain the back of his hand would bleed if she bit harder.

Frank, on the other hand, fell into a trance when he looked at the bite mark on his hand.

The recollection of when he went to barricade Kendall with his men came to him. At the time, he impeded the young woman in the middle of a road. He wanted her to get into his car, but she refused, and the two ended up in a fight. Kendall obviously wasn't a match for him, but she gave him a merciless bite on the back of his hand that resulted in bleeding toward the end.

"It's not bleeding. Don't even think about getting monetary compensation from me," Amelia growled, using the malicious attitude to conceal her guilt and aching heart.

Frank came to himself in response and looked toward the young woman.

She wasn't Kendall, but he tolerated her audacity.

She was the second woman he wanted to have a closer relationship with and also the one who was inadvertently entering his heart and shoving Kendall away from it.

No, that wasn't right. Kendall was an obsession, not love. The feeling stemmed from his obsession with the baby girl. He was only obsessed with Kendall because he wanted the baby girl to return to him. Amelia, however... It was true love with her.

"Only two women have ever bitten my hand. One's Kendall, and the other's you. Kendall's in the past now. She's Coleman's... It's impossible that I'll ever steal her away from him."

After all, who but himself was to blame for sending Kendall right into Dylan's bed?!

It was he who single-handedly brought about this ending.

There was nothing he could do even if he rued the day as all that had happened in his dreams. He

couldn't rewrite the ending even if he wanted to.

"I now genuinely wish Dylan and Kendall's marriage would last to the end of their time and that the baby would arrive soon."

That way, he could become a godfather to the child. Dylan had turned him down, however, refusing to let him become the baby's godfather.

As if I care if you'll agree to it or not! I'm her godfather for good once she comes!

"The bite hurts, Amy. Don't you think you should be held responsible for the injury you've caused?" Frank's outrageous words rendered Amelia stupefied for a long time before she was able to come to her senses.

"Held responsible?" she rebutted. "You want to hold me responsible when there's barely even a scratch?! You can't screw with me like this even if you want to, Mendelson. Now, let go of me! I want to go home. I'm done entertaining a psycho like you!"

"Do you not want the swing anymore?"

"Don't even bring that up. Look at the swing; look at it! It was already nearly done, but it's now in pieces because of you, and here you are, asking me if I still want the swing?!" Amelia exploded at the mention of the swing.

She had spent the money and asked Desmond to gather a few men to help her assemble the swing, only to have him order for it to be taken apart when it was already nearly done.

"I'll put it up at my own home if you're not going to let me do it here!"

Amelia thought she couldn't let him get the long end of the stick. She was the one who paid for the swing, after all. She had to take it away.

While speaking, Amelia went to gather the pieces.

"I'll help you assemble it," Frank said gravely. "I'll personally assemble the swing for you!"

The young woman was rendered speechless. Don't tell me you had them disassemble it because you want to do it yourself?!

"Amelia, tell me whatever you want. Whatever you need. From now on, I will definitely give you whatever I can, and I will do whatever it takes to give you whatever I can't."

Again, she was rendered speechless.

She went to feel Frank's forehead before feeling hers, then mumbled, "The temperature's fine... Not having a high fever... Why are you rambling nonsense?"

"I'm not rambling nonsense, Amelia. I mean it. Whatever Dylan can do for Kendall, how happy of a life Kendall has now, I can do the same for you. I can give you a happy life too. I can have you on par with Kendall."

Meanwhile, Amelia gazed at him, and as she gazed, a revelation came to her.

Her face paled gradually as she bit down on her lip, looking absolutely aggrieved, stumping Frank.

What did I say wrong?! I mean every word I just said! Whatever Dylan can do for Kendall, I can do it for you too! I can make you the happiest woman in the world, just like how happy Kendall is now. Aren't you envious of her? Sh*t, why is she aggrieved? Why isn't she touched that I let her be on par with Kendall?! Frank was totally bewildered.

Alas, the man had a high IQ but low EQ.

Amelia, on the other hand, had assumed he saw her as Kendall's double and that he even wanted to use Dylan's way of doting on Kendall on her.

Did he really think doing that would make her happy? Of course not! She'd rather he remained the same. Sure, she would always be rendered livid, but it was his way of treating her and only her. Different from the way Kendall would be treated.

Amelia was well aware of how much Dylan babied Kendall, and it was a fact that she was envious of her best friend. However, it didn't mean that she was happy to be Kendall's double.

I thought I was different from him... Huh, it's all but in my head. I've been thinking too highly of myself, believing that I'm someone to you, that I'm charming enough to pull you back from Kendall... All but a dream!

Chapter 570

"I'm going home." Amelia turned around once again to leave and suddenly stopped just as Frank wanted to grab her again. "I want to go home, Frank. Don't stop me. I just want to go home." She wasn't in the mood to talk to him.

Frank said nothing in response. He no longer kept her from leaving but watched her figure slowly disappear from his sight.

Soon after, the sound of a car came, and he knew Desmond had arranged for the chauffeur to take Amelia home.

Just what in the world have I done wrong?! Frank was genuinely clueless.

Then, he looked toward the swing that he ordered to disassemble before quietly approaching it and assembling it alone. By the time he went back into the house, the sky had been painted black.

Meanwhile, Desmond had been waiting anxiously at the main door for him. He didn't bother his master, for he knew the man was in a terrible mood.

"Sir," the butler immediately went up to Frank and said while following the latter into the house. "You must be hungry. Dinner's still in the warming drawer. I'll have them bring it all to the table right away."

However, Frank remained silent.

Meanwhile, two manservants briskly served the dishes without even needing Desmond to order them,

and quickly, the table was filled with various dishes, of which half were Amelia's favorites.

Well, Frank didn't express his wish not to eat. He just sat down and waited for Desmond to personally serve him while the two other staff stood aside.

At that, Desmond signaled them with his eyes to leave, and he'd be here as the buffer if Frank threw a fit.

As the butler of the Mendelson Residence, Desmond was loved and respected by everyone working there as he would always take on Frank's anger for everyone unless the man specified a name. Otherwise, Desmond would keep vigil whenever Frank threw a fit. After all, Frank would give Desmond due respect but certainly not toward them.

At that, the two left quietly.

"Here. Sir, have some soup first," suggested Desmond as he placed a bowl of soup in front of Frank. "Ms. Taylor made it."

Despite remaining silent, Frank picked up the spoon and ate the entire bowl of soup before suddenly turning to Desmond. "Desmond, help me understand what I did wrong."

With that, he related everything he told Amelia to him.

"Where do you think I did wrong? Why would she want to leave after I said that?" Frank felt absolutely aggrieved.

He was speaking from the bottom of his heart, but instead of being touched, Amelia ran home. Was it because everything he said to her in the past was so rude that she couldn't accept his heartfelt words now?

Desmond didn't think there was anything wrong either. He didn't confess his love directly, but what he said was pretty much tantamount to it anyway. Ms. Taylor's not obtuse; she should, by right, get the underlying meaning and see his love.

Then, he recalled how Amelia was on the verge of crying when she came to him and asked for the chauffeur to take her home. So, he began thinking back to what Frank said and suddenly slapped his head. "This must be it!"

Seeing that his dear butler seemed to have found the answer, Frank looked hopefully at him.

"Sir, Ms. Taylor has the wrong idea! She must think you take her as Young Mistress Coleman's double."

However, Frank was still stumped. "Why would it lead her to think that? That doesn't make sense."

At that, Desmond broke it down for Frank. "Ms. Taylor and Young Mistress Coleman are best friends who'll talk just about anything, and she has witnessed how infatuated and obsessed you were with Young Mistress Coleman. In Ms. Taylor's head, you're deeply in love with Young Mistress Coleman. So, once it had to do with Young Mistress Coleman, she'd automatically twist your meaning and think you're still infatuated with her friend. She'd think you only see her as a double and would easily misinterpret whatever you say or do. She can't see that you truly love her. Or, more accurately, she dares not believe that you truly love her."

Does Amelia really think that?! Frank was shocked, and it took him quite a while to come to himself and

ask, "What do I do now, Desmond?"

"You have just let go of your feelings for Young Mistress Coleman and are no longer obsessed with her. Ms. Taylor will certainly not trust or accept you if you confess your love to her now."

Frank fell silent in response.

Desmond was right, and that was why he hadn't declared his love for her yet. But isn't my pampering and adoration toward her already very obvious?!

Those who knew Frank well would be able to tell how much Amelia meant to Frank if they saw how he treated her.

Can Amelia not feel it at all?! Does she not think for one second that I might have fallen in love with her?! Sigh, love is such a nuisance.

Yet, he had jumped into this world of love.

"Sir, what you need to do now is to continue keeping your distance from the Coleman couple and also refrain from bringing Young Mistress Coleman in front of Ms. Taylor. I know Young Mistress Coleman still means a lot to you, Sir, and you certainly won't be able to remain placid at the mention of Young Mistress Coleman, but it will give the signal to Ms. Taylor that you're still holding onto the lingering feeling. You should treat Ms. Taylor better; be more attentive to her. You can observe how Master Dylan spoils his missus and see how you can apply them to your relationship with Ms. Taylor. Just don't mention it to her. Everything will fall into place when you confess your love to her much later."

And we can start arranging the wedding after that! Desmond was delighted that he could successfully

help Frank end the man's lonesome life. Oh, no, not yet. Now's still not the time to celebrate. He hasn't won the heart of the beauty yet!

Frank, on the other hand, was filled with indignation at the mention of learning from Dylan, and he complained, "Coleman will charge me a fee for it. I've only gone to him twice, and I've already lost tens of millions. That b*stard is richer than me, yet he acts like he's penniless, rambling about making money to keep his baby well-fed! Well, he won't be short of money even if he has to keep dozens of babies well-fed all at once! He just wants to exasperate me and cheat me out of my money. He'll be happy even if he can take a million away from me."

Or, in Dylan's words, he'd be happy if he could scheme his nemesis into giving him money.

"You've already gone to Master Dylan, Sir?" Desmond was surprised.

"I have, and I've been duped and made exasperated by him. I swear I will die prematurely of anger. In fact, I'll be penniless before dying prematurely if I go to him for another advice."

Well, that's a nemesis for you, having but resentment for each other, Desmond mused.

"I'll do as you say, Desmond. I'll try not to bring Kendall up in front of Amelia and also not compare her to Kendall. But then, they're two separate individuals, to begin with. Though they share some similarities, there are still major differences."

Their combat skills alone were incomparable.

Kendall had training while Amelia never learned anything of the sort. She was a very ordinary child of an affluent family.

"As long as you treat Ms. Taylor sincerely, I'm sure you'll eventually win her heart. Also, don't forget about your future in-laws! You have to please them too. Sometimes, they can be your best support."

Why is the path to winning her heart so difficult?! Frank bewailed.