

Kendalls 591

Chapter 591

"Your son-in-law knows about it," Kendall answered Adam as she walked out with Emma.

She walked toward Roger and called out with a smile, "Roger."

"Done with work?" Roger returned her cheeky grin, but his gaze soon fell on Emma.

Seeing that Emma was next to Kendall, Toddy walked over and politely greeted Kendall before handing the bouquet in his hand to Emma.

However, Emma refused his bouquet and took two steps forward instead, saying to Roger, "Roger, you're here to pick me up, right? I don't have to work overtime today, so let's go for dinner, and we can watch a movie afterward."

Saying that, she voluntarily took Roger's hand and said to Kendall, "Kendall, I'm going to leave with Roger first."

Kendall felt that Emma was being petty by holding onto Roger's arm and intended to provoke Toddy. She noticed that when Emma did this, Roger was surprised while Toddy dripped with jealousy.

"Yeah, go ahead. I'll wait for my dad here."

However, Kendall did not expose Emma's intentions and watched as she left with her arm around Roger's and got into his car. Soon, the two sped away into the night.

Holding the bouquet of flowers that Emma had rejected, Toddy remained frozen in place as he watched the two leave, his gaze filled with dejection.

A moment later, he retracted his gaze and tilted his head to cast Kendall a sideways glance. After a moment of silence, he said, "I won't give up on Emma."

"Mr. Heller, it's no use to tell me. Even though your rival is my brother, I won't interfere in things between the three of you. No matter whom Emma chooses, I will respect her choice and give her my utmost blessings. I also asked for her approval before hiring her at Parker Corporation, and she was willing to come because she wanted to help me, not because of Roger. Mr. Heller, I hope you can understand that you are the sole reason why you and Emma have come to this now."

"Once, there was a woman who loved you dearly right in front of you, but you didn't appreciate her. When she turned around and left, you only realized how good she was then, and wished that she would still be waiting for you. Do you think something as good as that exists? No one will stay in place and wait for you."

Kendall would not interfere in their love triangle, but she still felt sorry for Emma's past and detested Toddy's heartlessness. Now that someone was going after Emma, he regretted it; he truly deserved what he got, and even his best friend and superior, Dylan, agreed that he was merely reaping what he sowed.

Toddy opened his mouth but was unable to find the words to refute.

Just then, Adam's car emerged.

As the car came to a halt, Kendall said to Toddy, "I'm going to dinner with my dad, so I'll have to end the conversation here. Goodbye, Mr. Heller."

Toddy said nothing, and he watched as she breezily turned around and got into Adam's car. Adam then rolled down the windows and nodded at him as a greeting.

After the car started moving again, Kendall let out a sigh and said to Adam, "Toddy is still able to affect Emma's emotions. Earlier, she purposely held Roger's arm, both to provoke Toddy and to take revenge."

As an outsider, she could see everything clearly, and she was worried for Roger.

"I've heard of what happened between Miss Finley and Mr. Heller. She liked him for many years, and even though she says she's completely given up on him, it would still take some time for her to let him

go. To be honest, I don't approve of Roger pursuing Emma at this time—it makes him an easy target to become Mr. Heller's replacement, and he'll easily get hurt. He's an honest man, and he doesn't have that much room for mind games."

After a pause, Kendall said, "Although Roger is an honest man, he won't hesitate to take action the moment he has his heart set on something. To be honest, I told Emma this and introduced her to Nell, but I didn't expect Roger to fall for her instead."

"Kendall, a person's feelings are complicated. The only thing we can do is to keep an eye on him, and nothing else."

Adam comforted her with his experience as an elder, "You don't have to worry about Roger. After all, no one knows what will happen tomorrow. Perhaps Miss Finley might end up falling for him and choose

him in the end."

Toddy had hurt Emma too much in the past, and not everyone's feelings could be mended after they were broken once. Sometimes, once something was lost, it was gone forever, and no amount of regret would bring it back. Who else was to blame for not knowing to cherish what they had when it was still theirs?

"I'll just see how things go. I still want the people around me to be happy, whether it's my brother or my friends, and I want them to find their happiness as I did."

Adam said with a smile, "Don't worry, I'm sure they'll all find their happiness. By the way, you haven't been coming home recently. How about you come back with Master Dylan and stay over this weekend? Your mom's been thinking about it every day, but she doesn't want to disturb you and Master Dylan working either."

In the past, the Parkers had planned to have a man marry into their family as they only had one child; they had to rely on her once they got older. However, they didn't expect Kendall to get together with Dylan. Thinking they were still young and did not require their children's care, they considered their daughter's feelings and did not ask her to live with them.

In the past, the Parkers had planned to have a man marry into their family as they only had one child; they had to rely on her once they got older. However, they didn't expect Kendall to get together with Dylan. Thinking they were still young and did not require their children's care, they considered their daughter's feelings and did not ask her to live with them.

"Okay. This weekend, Dylan and I will go back for two days to spend time with Mom. It's just that... Dad, Kelly and I don't get along anymore."

Adam hesitated before suggesting, "Should I tell her to go on a break during the weekend?"

After all, it was better for everyone if the two didn't meet.

"That's all right. I just meant that we can't act like sisters in front of you and Mom anymore, and I was afraid that the two of you would be saddened to see us constantly butting heads."

Her parents wished for them to be as close as real sisters and become each other's pillar of support, helping each other in their times of need. Alas, things had not gone as planned.

The Kendall who had come back to life refused to watch the tragedy of her past life reoccur, and she had changed many things. While she had never stepped foot in the business circle in her previous life, she now did her best to familiarize herself with it in order to prepare herself for the future.

Kelly grew up with the Parker Family since she was a child, so she was raised as the future heir of the company. She had long since viewed everything in the Parker Family as hers and refused to let Kendall, who was their biological daughter, return and take what she thought belonged to her. Hence, there was no way for the two to act as they had in the past, and while their parents were unwilling to witness the fight between the two, there was nothing they could do.

Adam let out a sigh. "Your mom and I both understand. Kendall, no matter what happens, we're your biological parents, and we're on your side. Not only because we owe you, but also because of our blood relations. I'm still a traditional man, and if my birth daughter is able to take up the job, I won't hand my business over to anyone else."

Even if that person was the daughter whom he had personally raised.

"Thank you for your support and trust in me, Dad. I'll keep doing my best so that I won't disappoint you."

He smiled and said, "I believe in you. I know how hard you're trying, so don't wear yourself out. Your mom will feel sad for you, and Master Dylan will come and teach me a lesson too."

In the past, the Porkers had planned to have a son to rely on once they got older; they had to rely on her once they got older. However, they didn't expect Kendall to get together with Dylan. Thinking they were still young and did not require their children's care, they considered their daughter's feelings and did not ask her to live with them.

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"I don't really want to wear myself out either."

Upon saying that, Kendall rubbed her stomach. As an experienced man, Adam instantly understood what her actions implied, and he was elated.

"Kendall, are you..."

Kendall smiled and said, "It's not confirmed, but I'm pretty certain. Dad, don't spread this to the public yet. I'm only telling you so that you won't let me drink at dinner later."

Adam replied joyfully, "I got it. I won't tell anyone, and I definitely won't announce it before the Coleman Family does. Don't worry, I won't let you touch any wine later."

Even if she wasn't pregnant, he wouldn't let his daughter drink too much either.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier? You've even been working so hard recently."

When Adam recalled that he had increased Kendall's workload, he flicked her forehead in distress, to which she cheekily stuck out her tongue.

Adam was not a fool either, and he soon understood why she hid her pregnancy from them. First, it was because she wasn't entirely sure yet, and the second reason must be because of Kelly. Although Kendall did not lay her hands on the child in Kelly's belly, there was no saying whether Kelly would return the favor. After all, she had gone insane from her jealousy toward Kendall.

"Kendall, I'll help you keep it from your mom for now. She can't keep any secrets, so she'll definitely spill the beans if she found out."

"Thanks, Dad."

Soon after, the two changed topics and did not delve into this subject any further.

Jessie remained silent as if she were invisible, but she inwardly thanked the two for their trust in her.

Meanwhile, Roger took Emma to the restaurant that they frequented for dinner, and Toddy did not tag along. Perhaps Roger had been driving too fast, and Toddy could not keep up.

Emma did not have much of an appetite, so Roger placed some of her favorite dishes onto her plate.

"Roger, I can help myself. You should eat too. You don't have to keep helping me."

Roger looked at her gently and asked, "Emma, do you not have any appetite tonight because of Mr. Heller?"

"No, it has nothing to do with him. I'm not related to him in any way," Emma denied that Toddy would have any effect on her.

"Actually, I know that you acted so intimately with me in front of your company because you wanted to show it to Mr. Heller on purpose," Roger said. Although he was an honest man, he was not a fool either.

After a pause, Emma explained apologetically, "I'm sorry, Roger. I did use you earlier. I only did that because I wanted to make Toddy give up and stop pestering me."

"I'm confused, too, and I don't know what choice I should make. You're a good person. I feel relaxed whenever I'm with you, and you take good care of me too, but I really can't develop any romantic feelings for you at the moment. I admit that Toddy is still able to affect my feelings, and I haven't completely forgotten about him yet."

"If he stops badgering me, I'll definitely be able to truly let him go after time passes."

Emma did not want to go back to Toddy, but she was unable to accept Roger's feelings in such a short time as well.

Roger assured her gently, "Emma, I've never asked you to give me an answer immediately. I just want you to give me a chance, and when we know each other better and you've found peace, you can give me a clear answer then. Now, we can just be regular, platonic friends, so that you won't feel pressured."

"You don't have to worry about Kendall either. This is between us and has nothing to do with her, and she won't interfere in our relationship either. Even if Mr. Heller ends up your final choice, Kendall and I will respect your decision and give you our utmost blessings. Loving a person is wanting them to do well and be happy. As long as she's happy, I will still give her my blessings even if she doesn't choose to be with me."

Emma looked at him seriously, thinking that he truly was a kind person, and thanked him, "Thank you, Roger!"

"What are you thanking me for? I'm happy as long as you are. By the way, how's work going in the new environment? My sister, I mean Kelly, she isn't giving you a hard time, is she?"

Emma replied, "I'm Miss Parker's secretary on paper, and while I'm not as influential as Miss Holmes, nobody dares to pick on me."

In all her years of working, she had always been with Dylan, and she had seen more than any other secretary. The staff at Parker Corporation knew the true reason she was suddenly hired as well, and no one dared to pick on Dylan's designated secretary anyway.

The senior executives at Parker Corporation now viewed Kendall differently, not only because of her achievements but also because Emma's arrival made them realize that Dylan would interfere with the handover of the company to its heir. If Kendall couldn't take over, he would definitely purchase the company by force and hand it to her later. If she ended up taking over the company, regardless of whether she had the ability to take the company to greater heights, she still had Dylan to back her up and help her out.

Those who had been working at Parker Corporation for some time had grown attached to the company and did not want to lose their jobs either. As long as the company did well, they could keep their jobs without having to brace the pressure of looking for a new job. As time passed and they slowly grew older, they wouldn't be able to compete with the new blood in the workplace. If they left Parker Corporation and nobody offered them a new job with good compensation, they might spend a long time unemployed.

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"Glad to hear that, but you still have to be wary of her. She doesn't like Kendall, and you're good friends with Kendall, so she might be scheming against the two of you," Roger warned.

Emma hummed in reply before asking, "She's your biological sister, but I feel like you and your family don't really like her. Is it because of what happened with your elder brother?"

"Not completely. It mostly has to do with her attitude. It's been two years since she found out that she got swapped, and it's one thing if she doesn't want to come back to the Woods Family, but she always acts like we don't exist every time she sees us, as if we're embarrassing or something."

"When she was hospitalized and my mother took care of her, she treated my mother horribly. Although we're blood-related, her attitude and behavior make it difficult for us to like her."

Roger did not feel much for her as they did not grow up together, and Kelly never thought of them as her family either.

"She thinks that Kendall is luckier than her because Kendall went from a country bumpkin to the daughter of a wealthy family while she went from the daughter of a wealthy family to a country bumpkin. To her, we're just country bumpkins, really."

"I've never met her much, but in the few times that I did, I can sense that she despises Kendall and thinks that Kendall took everything from her. Why couldn't she put herself in Kendall's shoes for a

moment? Kendall is the daughter of a rich family and should've lived luxuriously and gotten a better education, but she enjoyed all of that instead. She was the one who'd had it easy, so I can't believe she harbors hate against Kendall."

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"I can't agree with her behavior."

As Emma was close friends with Kendall, she had heard a lot about Kelly. Still, she didn't have to look into it that much as everyone in Orapolis knew of the fight between the biological and adopted daughters of the Parker Family. Most people stood on Kendall's side as they thought it was a matter of fact that she would take over Parker Corporation as the biological daughter unless she was incapable of doing so.

However, some could understand Kelly's actions as well. After all, she had been trained to be the heir in the past two decades, but just as she was about to take over the company, she suddenly found out that she wasn't the Parker Family's biological daughter. Who wouldn't try to grasp at straws if they were her? Nobody liked to have their seat taken by someone else, after all.

"With you helping Kendall, I feel much more at ease. She used to hold her own training programs, and she'd make some small trinkets to sell on the internet for some pocket change, so she doesn't know the risks of doing business."

"Kendall is actually really smart and a fast learner. Besides, Mr. Coleman often gives her advice and guides her too."

As the two chatted while they ate, Emma's mood changed for the better, and her appetite improved as well. In the end, the two left the restaurant with full bellies.

"Why do I feel like we went to a buffet? Whenever someone goes to a buffet, they'd always eat more than usual to get their money's worth and end up eating more than they can handle."

"Do you like buffets? I'll take you to a hotel buffet tomorrow."

Emma easily agreed.

After getting in the car, Roger asked, "Shall we watch a movie?"

Upon seeing her hesitating, he added considerately, "If you don't feel like watching, I'll take you home."

"Thanks."

At that moment, Emma only wanted to return to her home and take a good rest as a working elite like her was normally swamped with work and barely had any time to rest. Now that she didn't have to work overtime for once, she wanted to sleep early or look at some videos and watch the news to relax.

Roger smiled without saying anything and started the car, sending her home.

Half an hour later, they arrived. Emma said, "Thanks for taking me home, Roger."

Roger replied with a smile, "You don't have to be so courteous with me. Even if we can't become husband and wife in the future, we're still friends. Besides, you're Kendall's friend, and I'm her brother, so you can drop the formalities around me."

Emma smiled and exited the car with the bouquet he gifted her. After waving him goodbye, she headed into her residential area with the bouquet in her arms. Roger watched her leave, and after her figure disappeared into the night, he finally drove away.

Ten minutes later, Emma returned to find Toddy sitting by the entrance of her apartment, and there were even a few bottles of wine next to him, two of which were empty.

"Toddy? Why are you here?"

Emma frowned. He'd drunk a lot again, but he didn't go to a bar today, knowing that she wouldn't come to pick him up even if he got drunk, so he came to her house instead.

"Why did you come back so early from your date? Does he not meet your fancy, or do you not want to be with him at all?"

He stood up and reached out to grab her shoulders, but she slapped his hand away. "How much did you drink? Are you drunk again?"

His breath reeking of alcohol, Toddy lowered his head and looked at the empty bottles on the floor. "I thought that you'd only come back after I finished all these bottles. I wanted to get drunk, but I couldn't."

Two bottles of wine were not enough to defeat him as he had a high tolerance as a result of years of dealing with clients, and he would only get drunk if he drank a lot on an empty stomach.

He'd done so much for Dylan, but Dylan had transferred the woman he liked... No, Dylan was not wrong. He was the one at fault for realizing it too late. If he had realized his feelings while Emma still liked him, they might have already gotten married and she might even be pregnant with his child in her belly by now.

Toddy's gaze slid downward and fixed intently on her model-like figure without moving away.

Emma frowned and said indifferently, "Go back if you don't need anything. I'm going inside. Make way."

At that, she pulled out her keys and was about to open the door.

"Emma." Toddy extended a hand toward her once more, but she slapped it away again. Enraged, he strode forward and forcibly pulled her into his embrace.

Although Emma did not have any prior training as Kendall did, she had been working for a few years with Dylan, so she had a few tricks up her sleeve to deal with perverts. She bent her knee and sent it flying toward Toddy's stomach, and as he jolted in pain, she stomped her foot on his feet before shoving him away.

Toddy was drunk, so his reaction was slower than usual, and he hadn't expected Emma to do this to him. After taking a hit to his stomach, he winced in pain, and another burst of pain shot up from his foot upon being stepped on viciously. Just like that, he stumbled backward as she shoved him hard and collapsed on the floor, even breaking the unopened bottles of wine. As the wine poured out, the stench of alcohol grew even stronger.

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However, Emma hurriedly opened the door and bolted inside.

Seeing that, Toddy ignored the aching from his stomach and foot and hurriedly crawled up to dash into

the house as well, but he was too late, for Emma had already closed the door. He even heard her turning the lock inside.

Standing by the entrance, Toddy knocked on the door relentlessly. "Emma, Emma!"

"Emma, let me in so we can have a talk, all right? I know you still think of me, and I know that I was a b*stard who hurt you in the past. It's all my fault; I made a mistake, and I understand if you don't feel like forgiving me immediately, but please don't avoid me, okay?"

Inside, Emma walked over and turned on the television before cranking the volume as loud as she could to reduce the effect of Toddy's knocks on the door. After sitting on the couch for a few minutes, she stood up and headed to her room to take a shower.

After knocking on the door for a long time, Toddy was still unable to force the door open. At that, he fished out his phone to call Emma. Although the calls went through, she did not answer. Left with no other option, he began to bombard her with messages, apologizing and confessing to her.

'Emma, since you won't let me in the house, I'll sleep in your doorway.'

After sending the last text, Toddy waited for a few more minutes, but he still didn't get a reply. Feeling extremely bitter, he leaned against the door and sat down again, looking at the toppled bottles of wine. Unexpectedly, one of them was unscathed, so he picked up the bottle that managed to survive and opened it before throwing his head back and taking a big gulp. However, as he drank too quickly, coupled with the burning sensation of alcohol, he choked on his drink and began to cough violently. It was only a long time later that he managed to stop.

He recalled the past when he had choked on alcohol, Emma would hurriedly pat his back and pour him

a glass of warm water so that he could relieve his throat. With how hard he was coughing now, he knew that she could hear him from the inside, but she remained cruel and refused to come out to take a look at him. Did she really, truly, not love him anymore?

"Emmo..." he called out softly.

However, Emmo hurriedly opened the door and bolted inside.

Seeing that, Toddy ignored the aching from his stomach and foot and hurriedly crawled up to dash into the house as well, but he was too late, for Emmo had already closed the door. He even heard her turning the lock inside.

Standing by the entrance, Toddy knocked on the door relentlessly. "Emmo, Emmo!"

"Emmo, let me in so we can have a talk, all right? I know you still think of me, and I know that I was a bastard who hurt you in the past. It's all my fault; I made a mistake, and I understand if you don't feel like forgiving me immediately, but please don't avoid me, okay?"

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After finishing the bottle of wine, Toddy was still not showing any signs of tipsiness, and he began to feel frustrated with his high alcohol tolerance. Glancing at the time, he got up, deciding to head downstairs to buy a few more bottles so that he could continue to drink. He was determined not to stop until he got drunk and collapsed by Emma's front door.

Either way, he didn't plan on returning home either and was going to sleep by her door. He didn't believe that she would completely ignore him, and she hadn't fallen for Roger yet, which meant that he still had a chance.

Toddy had just left when Emma yanked the door open. She spotted the empty wine bottles and the scattered shards of glass, but there was no trace of Toddy. She looked at the scene in front of her silently, and after a moment, she turned around and retrieved a broom from her house to sweep the mess up before mopping the floor. Once she was finished, she closed the door again and locked it.

Returning to the couch and taking a seat, she picked up the remote and turned the volume down. However, though her eyes were trained on the television screen, her mind drifted elsewhere. Toddy was still just as impatient toward her as ever. She had just taken a shower, and he already left.

Emma felt a little saddened by the fact, but she thought of it differently—she already knew how he felt about her a long time ago and vowed to let him go and forget about him as well, so why should she let him affect her mood? At that thought, she felt significantly better.

She took her phone and called Roger, who quickly picked up.

"Roger, have you reached home?"

Roger was currently living in the house that Kendall had bought and planned to gift to her adoptive parents. She had begged him to move into the Coleman or Parker Residence many times before, but he turned all of her pleas down. Back when Kendall bought the house, she thought that the close proximity would make it easier for her to meet the Woodses.

"I just reached the entrance."

"Oh, glad to hear that. I called just to ask if you've reached home, that's all."

Roger grinned. "Thanks."

The fact that she called to check on him showed that she cared about him. Although they were still unable to become lovers, they were at least friends right now.

"Rest early," she reminded.

"You too."

After bidding each other good night, they hung up.

As she rarely watched TV shows, Emma could hardly get immersed, so she gave up and turned the television off, switching off the living room lights while she was at it. Then, she returned to her room and sat on her bed, leaning against the headboard as she watched videos on her phone.

After buying a few bottles of wine, Toddy returned and noticed that the front door had been cleaned up. He froze for a moment; he was taken aback before he immediately realized that Emma had come out while he was away.

Toddy strode over and placed the wine bottles down. However, just as he was about to knock on the door again, he noticed that the lights were turned off inside through the door gap while he bent down to set the bottles on the floor. Emma's asleep?

In the end, he lowered his hand that was raised to the door. In just half an hour, he missed her appearance, but the fact that she opened the door and came out showed that she was not completely cold-hearted yet.

...

In the security room by the entrance of the Coleman Residence, Frank had just finished separating the black and white sesame seeds. The entire basin had taken him a whole day, and from morning to late at night, he had not stopped except to eat and drink.

"You're already done separating them?" Dylan's cold voice sounded.

Frank did not bother to look at his rival who hadn't gone to socialize or pick up his beloved wife, knowing that he was here just to make a fool out of him. Ever since Dylan got off work and returned home, he'd been watching him here. The two did not speak—one of them separating sesame seeds while the other stared intensely, occasionally letting out a mocking laugh, making Frank itch to beat him up.

However, he couldn't beat Dylan in a fight. He was barely able to defeat Dylan when he was disabled.

Now that he was fully recovered, he couldn't defeat him again.

"When is your wife coming back?"

Frank had already learned to hold himself back in front of Dylan, and he didn't bring up Kendall's name anymore so that Dylan wouldn't get jealous and come up with yet another petty trick to teach him a lesson.

Besides, he already understood his feelings. The person he truly loved was Amelia. Even if he felt like he owed Dylan and Kendall, and he would extend a helping hand to Kendall if she needed it, he could not allow Amelia to think that he still couldn't let Kendall go.

"I don't know either. Can't you see I've been waiting for my wife for the entire night?" Dylan lied through his teeth.

Kendall had notified him through text that she would be attending a dinner with Adam and had told him when she was going to return, but he lied and said he didn't know.

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While Frank did not believe his lies, he did not expose him and mocked instead, "Aren't you two glued together at the hip? Why don't you know? Or are the rumors all fake, and you two don't actually get along at all?"

"Dylan, if you dare to mistreat your wife, I'll..."

Before he could finish, Dylan grabbed his collar and lifted him off the ground. Seeing this, their bodyguards instantly squeezed into the security room.

"Ronnie, get them out!" Dylan ordered icily.

With a look at the two men, Ronnie waved a hand, and both the Coleman and Mendelson Family's bodyguards quietly left the security room.

Frank did not remove Dylan's hand around his collar and met his eyes coldly.

Dylan's handsome features darkened as he gritted out with a frosty glare, "Listen carefully, Frank Mendelson. Kendall is my woman and my wife, and she'll always be. Unless I die, I will never let her leave my side."

"Since you like Amelia, just focus on pursuing her and stop getting ideas about my wife! Don't think that I'll hold back just because of Ms. Taylor. If you ever think about my wife again, even if Ms. Taylor is present, I'll break all your teeth to let her see you for the fickle b*stard you are, and she'll never accept your feelings."

Frank waited for Dylan to finish before he raised his hand and forcibly yanked Dylan's hand off his collar. His voice cold, he said, "I wasn't done speaking. What's with the rush? Or are you feeling insecure? You don't think you can keep your wife around you? Listen, if you dare to pick on Kendall, I'll definitely avenge her. Regardless of how she feels about me, I've told her that I'll always support her unconditionally for the rest of my life. That's what I owe her!"

"There are many different ways to protect someone. I know now that Amelia is the person I truly love, so I won't fight you for Kendall. Still, Dylan, I mean my words. If you dare to mistreat Kendall, I will

definitely take revenge for her and make you regret it."

Dylan sent him an icy glare and said coldly, "Easy for you to say! You'll never get a chance like that!"

Frank straightened his shirt and rebuked, "You'd better remember what you just said. I hope that I won't get a chance like that in the future too."

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Chapter 595

"Hmph!" Dylan gave a loud snort, to which Frank responded by letting out a snort of his own. With that, the two men entered into another staring contest.

"Young Master Dylan." Ronnie stood at the door to the security room. He said respectfully, "Young Mistress Kendall is back."

Upon hearing this, Dylan immediately wanted to leave.

Much to his dismay, though, Frank actually picked his feet up after him.

They immediately stopped at the same time. Dylan said coldly, "Mr. Mendelson, keep quiet and sit here if you don't want me to throw you out. Why so impatient now that my wife is back?"

Frank fell silent for a moment. "Dylan, I have no other reason for wanting to see your wife. I've fulfilled her request, and she said she would see me as long as I could separate the black sesame seeds in the dish from the white ones by myself. I just want to know Amelia's whereabouts!" he explained, stressing his last remark lest this green-eyed monster before him lose his temper out of jealousy and prevent him from asking Kendall about Amelia's whereabouts.

Dylan replied, "Even so, you can't go greet my wife with me. Wait here, or you can forget about asking for Amelia's whereabouts." Inwardly, he was having a good gloat. It's so good to get hold of something that could bring Frank to his knees! Well, he deserves this for always trying to steal my wife and doing some outrageous stuff back then. He and Kendall refrained from wreaking revenge on Frank for Amelia's sake, but it was an absolute must to give the man some punishment. And besides, Frank had

surrendered to them on his own.

Frank was lost for words for a moment. "Dylan, does your mother know that you're so petty and domineering?"

"She does. She's always been proud of me."

Frank was rendered speechless by his reply. How shameless!

Dylan swaggered out of the security room like a victor.

Amos had already had a bouquet prepared and sent here, and Ronnie took it before passing it to Dylan.

The gate to the Coleman Mansion opened in advance before Kendall's car even got close.

Startled to see Dylan emerge from behind the gate with a bouquet of flowers in his hands, Henry hurriedly decelerated the car before pulling up. After all, everyone knew that Dylan and Kendall were very much in love. Dylan had always picked her up and returned home with her before; although he didn't do so tonight, he was waiting for her here at the gate.

After pulling up the car, Henry turned around and said to Kendall in the back seat, "Young Mistress Kendall, Young Master Dylan is here to fetch you."

"I'll get off here." Kendall unbuckled her seat belt while opening the car door. Dylan came over very attentively, but she stepped out of the car before he could open the car door for her.

Dylan seemed a little displeased that his beloved wife didn't give him an opportunity to show his care for her. "Welcome back, honey. Are you tired?" He reached out and took her arm to support her; in fact, he was itching to scoop her up in his arms. Still, he didn't forget to hold out the bouquet in his hand to her.

Taking the bouquet in one hand, Kendall replied with a smile, "Giving me flowers in the middle of the night, huh? How romantic! It's okay no matter how tired I was out there. Whenever I come home, I get to see your good-looking face, hear you call me 'honey' with loving tenderness, and receive flowers from you. That makes me feel it's worthwhile no matter how hard and tiring it is."

Dylan stared at her affectionately. "Really? In that case, can I get a reward for that?"

Kendall's beautiful eyes flickered. This guy's asking me for a reward, eh? Darting a glance at the bunch of bodyguards behind her husband, she spotted the Mendelson Family's bodyguards among them and realized that Frank was still here. Dylan was asking her for a reward and acting lovey-dovey with her in front of Frank on purpose to make him jealous.

The woman Frank now loved was hiding somewhere to evade him. Contrary to him, who still had no news of his beloved woman at the moment, his sworn enemy was being lovey-dovey with his beloved wife. How could Frank not get jealous at the sight of this? This is so maddening! He cursed Dylan thousands of times in his heart.

Dylan shot him a look. Don't tell me you're counting on me to help you.

Frank looked back at him. I'd better wait for the pigs to fly instead.

Dylan snorted coldly. Good thing that you know your place!

Seeing how childishly her husband tried to drive Frank mad by acting lovey-dovey with her, Kendall went along with him by asking, "What would you like?"

"I'm happy with whatever reward you give me."

Kendall smiled; she wrapped an arm around the bouquet and another around the man's neck before pecking him twice on the lips.

Having received a kiss from his beloved wife, Dylan smiled even brighter than the noonday sun.

Frank didn't step out of the security room, but he could see the couple's interaction from the window, which filled him with anxiety and envy. When will I get Amelia to come back to me? I want her to kiss me, too. Even if she doesn't want to kiss me, that's okay since I can take the initiative. He still couldn't forget the kiss he had forcefully snatched from Amelia the other day.

"Come on, let's go inside. You don't have to wait for me again if I come home so late next time. Just go to sleep early instead."

"How can I fall asleep without you right next to me?"

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Kendall was lost for words. Indeed, when they first began opening up to each other, Dylan could only go to sleep with her next to him, though she had often been the first to fall asleep. When she occasionally woke up at midnight, she would see him lying down beside her and staring at her quietly,

as if she would disappear in the blink of an eye. This made her suspect countless times that he knew she had come back to life and feared she might return to her previous lifetime.

The couple went in with their fingers intertwined affectionately.

"Kendall, no, Mrs. Coleman!" Frank rushed out of the security room.

The instant he rushed out, he was met with a gloomy stare from his sworn enemy.

Frank pretended not to see it, fearing that this lovey-dovey couple would ignore him and go inside if he didn't rush out and remind them of his presence. He had been sitting for more than ten hours from morning until now, and his eyes were sore from separating the sesame seeds. He was desperate to know Amelia's whereabouts, so he couldn't let Kendall stall him off like that. "Mrs. Coleman, I've separated the black sesame seeds from the white ones in the dish as you asked," he said impatiently. "You said you'd see me when I finished separating the sesame seeds. Could you tell me where Amelia is right now?"

Kendall looked at his empty hands.

Realizing that his hands were empty, Frank immediately turned back to the security room and came out holding two dishes of sesame seeds that he had separated. "Please take a look, Mrs. Coleman. I have separated them all. There's no black sesame seed mixed among the white ones, nor is there any white sesame seed mixed among the black ones. I spent a whole day separating them by myself without anyone's help, and I only finished the job a couple of minutes ago. They can all testify to this; you can check the security footage, too."

Kendall unclasped her fingers from Dylan's. After getting him to take the bouquet for the time being,

she took a dish of sesame seeds from Frank and dug around in it. The dish contained only white sesame seeds, and indeed, she didn't see any black sesame seeds mixed among them.

As the head of a family and the person calling the shots in a big business group, Frank would have to set aside his pride and exercise great patience in spending over ten hours sitting here and separating the sesame seeds. He would never have accomplished this if he wasn't sincerely in love with Amelia.

Kendall handed the dish of white sesame seeds back to Frank. She commented impassively, "Not bad. You did pretty well."

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Chapter 596

Frank looked at Kendall anxiously, only to see her link her arm through Dylan's again. Seeing that the couple was going to go inside just like that, he hurriedly stopped them.

Dylan raised his eyebrows.

Frank looked at Kendall as if not noticing the scowl on the man's face. He asked, "Mrs. Coleman, I hope you can keep your promise."

"What did I promise?" Kendall asked him in reply.

Frank replied without thinking, "You said you'd see me or answer my phone call as long as I did a good job of separating the black sesame seeds from the white ones in this big dish."

"Yeah, I did say that, and I've done it. You've seen me now, no?"

Frank was startled for a moment. At last, he realized that he had fallen for Kendall's trick. She seemed to have promised him, but in reality, she had only made an empty promise without actually promising anything. "Kendall, how dare you fool me?!" he growled furiously. "Do you know how difficult it was for me to separate the sesame seeds here? They are so tiny, and there were so many black and white ones mixed together that I had to separate them little by little. I spent more than ten hours separating them without taking a break, and my eyes are sore as a result! How could you—"

Kendall replied, "Didn't I keep my promise already? You wanted to see me, so you've seen me now. If you want to call me, just call me right now and I'll answer it right in front of you. I'll never reject your

phone call."

Frank was speechless for a moment. "Kendall, you know that I want to know Amelia's whereabouts!" He had never been fooled so badly before. Not even Dylan had ever tricked him like this, but Kendall fooled him big-time, and he actually fell for it in a moment of carelessness because his mind was preoccupied with Amelia. "Kendall, could you please tell me where Amelia is? You just have to tell me which city she's gone to. Did she leave all of a sudden because you said something to her?"

"She called me and poured out her grievances, so what else could I say other than comforting her? I just badmouthed you, that's all."

Frank was rendered speechless by her answer.

Kendall lied naturally without thinking, "You don't have to throw questions at me, Frank. Amy's just upset and wants to spend some time alone out there. It's clear that she changed her phone number because she doesn't want any of us to disturb her, don't you think? To tell you the truth, I also don't know where she is right now. I don't have her new phone number either."

Frank studied Kendall's expression carefully. She didn't look like she was lying, but he didn't believe what she said. She and Amelia were besties who could talk about anything, so Amelia would definitely call her when she was upset. Frank would never believe it when she said she didn't know where Amelia was, but now that she wasn't willing to reveal it, he couldn't force it out of her either.

There was one more thing that cast a chill over him: Amelia didn't let Kendall reveal her whereabouts because she was avoiding him on purpose. It would've been easy for him to find out someone's whereabouts with the power and influence he wielded in Orapolis. However, Amelia wasn't in Orapolis

at the moment. Since she was outside his orbit, it would be very difficult for him to search all over the world for a person who was deliberately evading him.

Just then, Kendall said, "Frank, if you're sincerely in love with Amy, you just have to wait for her to come back. She's not the kind of person who runs away from trouble. It's just that she's distraught and needs some time alone. Once she calms down, she'll naturally come back and deal with the relationship dispute between you two." Then, she said to the man next to her, "It's getting late already, darling. Let's get inside."

"Okay."

Dylan entwined his fingers with hers again as they walked into the distance under escort by their bodyguards.

Frank stood there while watching them leave. After a long time, a bodyguard came up and said gingerly, "Mr. Mendelson."

Frank turned his gaze back from the couple before looking down at the two dishes of sesame seeds that he had spent a day separating. He felt the urge to throw them away, but in the end, he turned around and walked outside despondently with the two dishes of separated sesame seeds in his hands.

The bodyguards immediately followed him.

"Go back," Frank muttered under his breath. I'll visit the Taylors again and give it another try tomorrow. Mrs. Taylor surely knows where Amelia is.

...

Dylan was reading in bed when Kendall came out of the bathroom in a nightgown. Upon seeing her, he put his book aside and beckoned to her.

"What's the matter?"

As soon as she approached, he pulled her down on top of himself. Then, he turned over, pinned her underneath him, and lowered his head to give her a French kiss.

Kendall was hankering for more when the kiss ended. She wanted to undress the man, but he clasped her hands. "Darling," she protested in a soft voice. It was too tantalizing for him to stir her desires without satisfying them.

Dylan buried his face in her neck while sniffing the refreshing scent on her. "Grandma and Mom told me not to indulge too much in sex. Honey, I feel even more uncomfortable having to abstain from this." He was a man with strong sexual urges, so it really was a kind of torture for him to have to abstain from

having sex now. However, he was willing to do so as long as their baby was alright. He quickly rolled away from Kendall and lay in bed before taking her into his arms. "It's almost time, honey. Should we go to the hospital tomorrow for another test?"

"Uh-huh," Kendall mumbled. "I wanted to go on Saturday, but I guess it's okay to go two days earlier. The results will definitely be 100 percent certain this time."

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Dylan placed his hand on her belly and caressed it back and forth. "I really can't wait to see our baby."

"We've got to wait for nine more months."

Dylan's handsome face fell the instant he counted the days. "That's such a long time. We won't get to see our baby until next year. Say, honey, who do you think our baby would look like? You or me?"

"If the baby in my dream is coming back, they'll look very, very much like me."

"Like you, huh..." Dylan replied with a drawl.

Kendall raised an eyebrow. "What's wrong with that? Can't our baby look like me? If I were to give birth to a baby who didn't look like me after nine months of pregnancy, I'd think I'd been taken advantage of! And besides, our baby won't be ugly if they look like me, no? They'll look as pretty as me."

Dylan tickled her petite nose with a chuckle. "You're definitely pregnant. I hear that pregnant women get angry easily and would lose their temper for no apparent reason. I didn't say our baby won't be good-looking if they look like you. Of course, they'll be even more good-looking if they inherit both our good-looking features." Isn't it good for the baby to inherit a bit of my good DNA? It's pretty fair, actually. I did contribute to it as the father of the baby despite not being pregnant for nine months myself. "How about we give birth to a pigeon pair? Our son would look like me, whereas our daughter would look like you. That'd be fair." He was indulging in fond hopes. Many hoped to give birth to a pigeon pair in their first pregnancy, but only a handful could get what they wished for.

Kendall replied with a smile, "I wish that, too." Who wouldn't want to give birth to a pigeon pair? However, if things went according to her previous lifetime, she would give birth to a daughter this time. It's good to give birth to a daughter. The Colemans love daughters. All our elders think the baby will be a daughter since no one's looking forward to me giving birth to a son—uh, not actually. Mommy and

Mom hope that I'll give birth to a son, thinking that my position in a respectable family will be secure once I manage to do so.

"Uh-huh," Kendall mumbled. "I wanted to go on Saturday, but I guess it's okay to go two days earlier. The results will definitely be 100 percent certain this time."

Dylan placed his hand on her belly and crossed it back and forth. "I really can't wait to see our baby."

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Chapter 597

"Just sleep. You'll have everything in your dream."

Kendall gave him a kiss before saying with a smile, "Good night and sweet dreams, darling. Remember to dream about me."

Dylan kissed her back and replied, "You've been in my dreams for a long time. I swear you're the only woman who could enter my dreams."

The couple fell asleep cuddling each other.

On the other hand, Frank's eyes were sore when he returned to the Mendelson Residence, but he didn't feel sleepy at all. Not only that, he even had no appetite for food.

Desmond was worried to death, but he couldn't talk Frank into eating. Whenever Frank had refused to eat in the past, he would bring Amelia here from the Taylor Residence to help coax him into eating; however, now that Amelia had gone somewhere, he didn't know whom to ask to persuade the man to eat. He sighed inwardly, having predicted long ago that Frank would get his comeuppance for the way he had treated Amelia. The crueler and more arrogant Frank had been toward Amelia back then, the more difficult it was for him to court her now. Even if Kendall was no longer coming between them, they wouldn't get together so quickly.

At this moment, Frank was sitting alone in his study, where he had set up an easel. He was sitting in front of the easel and intently drawing the outlines of Amelia's features with the paintbrush in his hand.

It had been some time since he last drew a painting; in fact, he had never picked up his paintbrush since learning that the baby girl wasn't his daughter. He also returned to Dylan all the paintings he had drawn before without keeping any of them to force himself to forget about the past and start all over again with Amelia.

Knock! Knock! Standing in front of the door to the study with a serving tray in his hand, Desmond knocked on the door with a free hand. "Sir, I've made some midnight snacks for you. Please have some," he urged at the door.

Frank didn't answer him.

Desmond tried to turn the doorknob. Realizing that the door was unlocked, he pushed it open and came in on his own. Seeing that Frank had picked up his paintbrush again, he set the midnight snacks down on the desk. Then, he went over and stood behind Frank, watching.

Frank had just started drawing the painting, so he had yet to draw all the outlines of Amelia's features. However, Desmond knew at once that he was drawing her face. "Sir, why don't you draw this tomorrow? You didn't have dinner this evening, and it's late at night already. Why don't you have some midnight snacks before going to sleep? If you keep going on like this, Ms. Taylor will definitely dislike you for not looking handsome enough when she comes back and sees how thin and haggard you look," he said. "Ms. Taylor likes handsome young hunks the most. If you become emaciated, she'll probably frown on you. You should eat and sleep normally and take good care of your health. Once she comes back after not seeing you for a long time, she'll definitely be amazed by how handsome you look."

Frank didn't say a word, and nor did he stop what he was doing.

"Sir, please eat something. Even if you torture yourself like this, no one's gonna feel sorry for you; only by eating and sleeping well would you have the energy to look for Ms. Taylor. That being said, I believe she'll definitely come back. She's just going out to keep her mind off things. Speaking of it, it was your fault for pushing her too hard. You professed your love to her shortly after the matter between you and Young Mistress Coleman ended, so how was she gonna believe you? It was normal for her to be upset. Just give her some time to think it through, and she'll naturally come back and face you," Desmond said in an attempt to persuade the man. "Sir, it seems to me that Ms. Taylor isn't indifferent to you. She likes you as well and is only hesitant because you've pestered Young Mistress Coleman like that before."

At this, Frank stopped what he was doing at last. After falling silent for a moment, he turned and asked Desmond, "Desmond, do you think Amelia really likes me?"

Desmond replied, "Yes, I think so. If she didn't like you, she wouldn't have bothered to bring you breakfast even if you'd starve to death. Well, it was me who asked her to do so, but she was willing to do it. In fact, she was worried when Young Mistress Coleman came back from Eastfort to settle the score with you. She felt sorry for you and feared that Young Mistress Coleman would hurt or cripple you, but she and Young Mistress Coleman were bosom friends, and besides, what you did back then was indeed unfair to Young Mistress Coleman. That was why she had refrained from stopping Young Mistress Coleman at the time, but she didn't leave with Young Mistress Coleman after that, no? That was because she was worried about you and was reluctant to leave."

Frank didn't know about these things. At the time, all he cared about was how to get Kendall to go out with him and give birth to their baby so that the baby girl would come back to him; he didn't notice Amelia's reactions at all. "Desmond, you're not misleading me, are you?" he asked incredulously.

Desmond hurriedly replied, "Sir, anyone could lie to you, but I'd never do that. I'm even more concerned about this than you are. I've worked by your side for so many years and watched you grow up, so I look forward to your getting married and having kids more than anyone else does. It's not easy for you to have a lady you like, so I've long regarded Ms. Taylor as your wife. Otherwise, why would I often help her through the back door? I did so many things for you, yet you got the wrong idea that I was kind to her because I had feelings for her. Seriously, I really treat Ms. Taylor as your wife."

Frank remembered that he had questioned Desmond before. In reality, he was only being jealous at the time, but he didn't know about it. He inwardly blamed himself for having a low emotional quotient and for being stupidly unable to recognize whom he really loved. In the end, not only did he give Amelia the wrong idea, but he also hurt her feelings.

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He recalled how he had often given Amelia a hard time before, which made her hate him so much that she had said only an idiot would fall in love with him. Furthermore, she had said she would rather die a spinster than marry him. As he recalled this, he regretted having been too heartless toward Amelia before. As a result, the facts had slapped him in the face now. One mustn't be too confident of themselves, or one would easily be left with an egg on their face.

Seizing the opportunity, Desmond urged again, "Sir, why don't you resume your drawing tomorrow? You're tired from separating the sesame seeds at the Coleman Mansion today. If you keep drawing, your eyes will get impaired by not getting enough rest."

Frank looked at the person on the drawing paper whose features weren't completely outlined yet. He turned around and walked up to his desk, saying, "Okay, I'll get something to eat first. I'm hungry, anyway."

Desmond was overjoyed to hear this. "Yes, that's right! Just eat your fill, rest for a while, and take a shower before going to sleep. Just have a good rest at home tomorrow instead of going back to your office. There are so many managers at the company, anyway. Even if you don't go back to your office for several days, the company would still perform normally. And besides, Mr. Urban is there as well."

Frank sat down while saying, "I'm going to the Taylor Residence tomorrow."

Desmond replied, "In that case, I'll help you prepare the gifts. Sir, please be gentler and more sincere in attitude when you visit the Taylors. President Taylor and Mr. Ethan aren't difficult to deal with, but that's not the case for Mrs. Taylor. She's not so satisfied with you." He could tell that Sophia didn't like Amelia to be with Frank. This was probably because Frank's previous attempts to steal someone else's wife had left a bad impression on her.

"Uh-huh," Frank mumbled. "Help me prepare more of Mrs. Taylor's favorite stuff. Now that Amelia isn't here, I have to try to win her mom's favor."

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Chapter 598

The following day, Kendall found Scott in her living room bright and early.

"Miss Parker!" The little boy hurriedly slid down from the couch and trotted toward Kendall. She squatted down in surprise and hugged Scott, with whom she hit off right off the bat. "Scott, you guys are back!"

Dylan came out after Kendall, and when he saw the scene before his eyes, he wished to yank the boy away from his wife's embrace. Of course, he just wished to. He wouldn't actually fight a toddler.

After all, it would mean Kendall was good with kids if they loved her.

"I've missed you so much, Miss Parker."

"Is that true? You had so much fun on your vacation with your parents that you haven't called me in days, yet you claim to have missed me."

To that, Scott reasoned, "It's because I can't call you that I miss you so much, Miss Parker! I wouldn't have missed you so badly if I could call you every day and hear your voice."

Kendall poked the little guy's forehead lightly and said, "You cheeky little guy. I bet you'll have your way with the ladies when you grow up."

Scott giggled in response.

At that, she carried him and walked toward the Ford couple, who stood up and greeted them with a smile, "Master Dylan, Kendall."

"Sorry for bothering you two early in the morning," Margaret apologized.

"Don't worry about it. Dylan and I were already up, so we're heading out soon. How was your vacation? You guys had fun, right? You have no idea how envious I am of your family of three."

The Colemans had a ton of private properties, so there were many destinations they could travel to as well. That said, Dylan's legs only recovered recently, so she and Dylan had yet to take a vacation at the Colemans' private island.

At that, Margaret took a gander at Dylan and said with a smile, "Master Dylan can go anywhere at any time now. You don't have to be envious of us. He will certainly arrange a vacation for you two. If anything, you two make everyone jealous."

After all, it was just Kendall and Dylan. She and Eric, on the other hand, had a little one. Of course, she was still happy, but taking a mischievous and active bundle of joy with them also meant that they had to spend a lot of energy entertaining him—it wasn't as easy as if it was just her and Eric.

That said, Margaret wouldn't want it any other way.

She had sacrificed her life so that their little Scott could be okay. Nothing in this world would be enough to make up for that.

Kendall smiled in response. With our little one in my belly now, and given how anxious Dylan is about it, a getaway will certainly be a no-no. I can probably only go on a vacation after I give birth.

Besides, they had a wedding to deal with.

For the last few days, Tilly had put on her reading glasses, looking for the perfect dates. First, they needed the right date to send the betrothal gifts over to the Parker Residence, then they had to set the engagement date. However, that wasn't all; the dates Tilly picked out had to be brought to a church the elder believed to be very efficacious, then the high priest would see which date was the best to hold the wedding.

Plus, Kendall also promised her father that she'd stay over at her parents' place for the weekend.

Many times, Kendall thought she had become very busy after coming back to life and successfully clinging onto her backer. She had to get revenge, flirt with her backer, and also study, to name a few.

"We've actually come to say goodbye. It's time we head back after having been in Orapolis for so long," said Margaret as she sat down with Kendall on the couch.

After hearing his mother's words, Scott couldn't help wrapping his little arms around Kendall's neck as he said with reluctance, "I have to go back to school now, Miss Parker."

"You can still ask your parents to bring you here on the weekends or during the holidays," said Kendall with a smile.

However, the little boy only pouted silently. Daddy's very busy with work, and ever since Mommy woke up, Daddy has to spend time with Mommy as well. Nowadays, nothing I say goes anymore.

To that, Eric would cajole him, saying the reason he would take time to spend with Margaret was that they wanted to give him a baby sister.

Scott wanted a baby sister too. He wanted a pretty, adorable sister who was just as lovable as him.

"Do you have a girl in your belly, Miss Parker?" Scott asked out of the blue, leading Kendall to look at him in surprise.

Meanwhile, Dylan's eyes twinkled despite his expressionless face.

"Why would you ask that so suddenly?" Kendall asked with amusement. She once heard that kids had very strong perceptions. Can this little one sense it too?

"I like girls. Your girl will be very cute."

At that, she smiled. "If I do give birth to a girl, you have to treat her nicely."

"Of course!" Scott promised heroically. If Miss Parker gives birth to a girl, I'll become her big brother, and a big brother has to look after his sister!

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The Fords weren't locals, and their lips were tight, so Kendall didn't hide the news from them. "Just barely," revealed Kendall with a nod.

"Goodness! Congratulations, you two!" said the two.

Eric was well aware of Dylan's story and was truly happy for the man after knowing Kendall was pregnant.

The man who fell into the abyss had climbed back up!

"Thank you." Kendall beamed.

After a casual chat and breakfast together, the Fords left them a ton of souvenirs from their holiday before Dylan and Kendall watched them fly back to Wino City on their private plane.

If all went well, the next time they met would likely be during Dylan and Kendall's wedding.

Scott rambled about being the ring bearer, and Kendall agreed gladly; she would certainly see to it.

After seeing the Fords away, the couple took a trip to the main house before heading to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Emma was getting ready to head to work when she found Toddy lying by the main door the moment she opened it.

The man was still out cold, and there were a few empty bottles next to him.

She was beyond livid, and she genuinely wanted to boot him down. Who'd have thought he actually left to buy alcohol?! I can't believe you stayed by my door the whole night and even got yourself dead drunk! I swear it reeks of liquor here.

Just then, a resident living right across Emma came out and was startled by what they saw. "What happened to him, Miss Finley?"

"Drunk. Don't worry about it. He's just asleep. By the way, he's a colleague of mine."

In the past, Emma would always be the one to go to Toddy, while he barely ever came to her place. What was more, her neighbors often came and went, so they naturally didn't know Toddy.

"Oh, is that so? Wake him up, then. It's pretty chilly out here. He'll catch a cold, given how long he's been lying out here."

The neighbor had a hunch at once after hearing that the stranger was Emma's colleague, spent the night out there, and even drank liquor.

"Yeah, I'll wake him up." Then, she patiently squatted down and shook Toddy awake while bellowing, "Wake up, Toddy. Hurry up and get up. Stop lying here while scaring the hell out of my neighbors!"

If anything, people might think you're dead!

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Chapter 599

As Toddy was dead asleep, Emma had to shake him awake for quite a bit before he finally opened his eyes.

"Come on, get up! On your feet!"

Emma stood up at once, seeing that he had opened his eyes. However, the man mumbled as though he didn't hear a word she said, "Anything can happen in your dream..."

Then, he closed his eyes and continued sleeping, rendering Emma at a loss for words.

"Toddy Heller!" Emma screeched with her arms akimbo. "I won't ask nicely anymore if you don't get up this instance."

However, the man remained motionless like a dead body. After all, he was genuinely sleepy, and he had drunk more than he should have the night before. He couldn't open his eyes at all, and he thought he was in a dream; a dream where Emma still loved him and got him breakfast like she used to.

He didn't want to wake up, for he would have to face Emma's impassiveness toward him. Nonetheless, he knew she wasn't to blame. He was the one who treated her impassively in the first place.

On the other hand, Emma went back into her house, seeing that the man continued playing possum.

She put her bag down, went into the kitchen, and filled a basin full of cold water before bringing it out and pouring it on Toddy's head.

Finally, the man opened his eyes, having been drenched in cold water.

He looked upset, for the basin of water had shattered his sweet dream.

I was so close to kissing Emma! F*cking water had to wake me up! I swear to God, I—

He sat up, wiped the water away from his face, and looked up at Emma, only to be stumped and wide-eyed for some time. All of a sudden, he stood up and clamped the young woman's shoulders, exclaiming with surprise, "Emma, you're finally willing to see me!"

At that, Emma slapped his arms away and said icily, "You're awake now, aren't you? Now, can you please leave and don't block my entrance? My neighbors freaked out when they saw you lying here, thinking you were dead. They were this close to calling the police on you."

"Emma." Toddy grabbed the young woman's hand, stopping her from entering her house once again.

At that, he pleaded with an aching heart, saying, "Emma, I've realized how much of a b*stard I was to you. It's all on me. Please don't do this to me. You ignoring me feels much worse than killing me. Whenever I see you standing next to Roger, it feels like someone's lacerating my heart. It hurts, Emma. Please give me another chance, and stop lying to yourself too. I can tell that you still like me, you know."

However, Emma flung his hand away without a word and went back into her house with the basin.

"Emma, Emma..." Toddy followed her around like a clingy puppy. Still, Emma continued to ignore him. After putting the basin back into the kitchen, she picked her bag up, shoved him out the door, and

locked it before leaving.

"Emma..." Toddy followed the young woman blindly behind until they arrived at the community parking.

To Emma's dismay, the man climbed into her car at breakneck speed as soon as she unlocked it.

"Toddy Heller, get out!" Emma was made furious by his scoundrel-like behavior. "Get out of my car at once!"

"Make me!" said the man as he fastened his safety belt.

"You're a scoundrel!"

"Yes. I am a scoundrel, and this is one scoundrel you can never get rid of for the rest of your life!"

"You!" Emma was beyond enraged.

Seeing that she was about to be late for work, she tried to yank him out in exasperation. However, she failed, so she went into the car and shoved him out to no avail.

It was as though the man had plastered himself onto the seat, for he sat firmly in the car no matter what she did.

"You're worn out, aren't you? Come, sit here. I'll drive," chirped Toddy, making Emma want to tape his lips up with duct tape.

"You drank, and the alcohol is still in your system. The last thing I want is to die next to you."

With that, she returned to the driver's seat furiously. "I will call President Coleman later and have him pick you up personally!"

Let's see how you can continue sticking to me like a leech.

After she started the engine, Toddy pulled his phone out. Fortunately for him, Emma aimed the basin of water at his face, so his phone was spared as it was in the pocket of his pants.

He made a call to Dylan, who answered in two shakes.

"Boss," greeted the assistant in a croaky voice.

Dylan frowned in response. "What happened to you, Toddy? Why does your voice sound so hoarse? Are you sick?"

"Yeah. Perhaps I had one too many last night. I have a splitting headache, and my throat is as dry as the Mojave desert. I think I might be down with a fever too. I won't be going to the office today."

Dylan fell silent for a moment before asking, "Did you get drunk because of Miss Finley again? I won't lie, Toddy. I genuinely look down on you. You told me you wanted to win Miss Finley's heart again, so show her your sincerity and win her heart like a man. Do you think getting drunk all the time will get you anywhere? It will only kill you, and Miss Finley will despise you as well. What? Are you planning on winning her back with pity? Well, here's the thing. It will work if she still cares about you. However, she doesn't anymore. At most, she'll call the mortuary and have them drag you away even if you die before her now."

This time, it was Toddy's turn to fall silent.

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But I'm already trying to win her heart with all I've got! Emma just won't look back.

As if that wasn't already bad enough, Roger Woods was eyeing covetously aside.

"Rest since you're hungover. I'll give you a few days off before you make your next move. If you don't know how to win your woman back, talk to Mendelson. He's also on the path of winning Taylor's heart back."

Now, Toddy had something to say to that. "He's probably doing worse than I am."

Frank was a high IQ and low EQ kind of guy. Toddy had a feeling that if he talked to Frank about winning the hearts of their women back, he'd only be led astray by the CEO and lose Emma entirely.

"Sure, you're a love guru. It's just a suggestion. It's on you whether you want to talk to him. I'm going to hang up if there's nothing else."

Dylan was still on his way to the hospital, and he couldn't be bothered by Toddy's love life. Toddy should have a taste of what it felt like to win Emma's heart back when he had hurt her so deeply.

As a matter of fact, he dared say Toddy still hadn't gotten Emma down even when Frank had successfully won Amelia's heart back.

After all, Emma could decide to settle down with Roger, unlike Amelia, whom only Frank was trying to win over.

That said, Toddy called Dylan mainly to ask for leave, lest Emma called Dylan to pick him up.

Emma, on the other hand, heard the entire conversation between the two, and she felt incredibly exasperated.

This sly b*stard! I swear I will pull over and boot you out of the car if I can!

Fortunately for Toddy, she couldn't, and just like that, the man successfully secured his seat in Emma's car, following her on a speedy ride to Parker Corporation.

Just like that, Toddy, who was still feeling the after-effects of the liquor, sobered up entirely at this point as Emma sped the entire journey.

"You used to drive pretty decently in the past. How come you're speeding crazily nowadays?! Do you know why Kendall's banned from driving? This. This is why she's banned. She drove like she was flying a plane, and it scared the hell out of the president."

He made a mental note to bring this up with Dylan later. He'd inform him that Emma would speed over the limit too, and Dylan should get a chauffeur to drive Kendall to and from work. Emma shouldn't do it anymore.

Of course, he was worried Emma would end up in an accident.

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Chapter 600

Instead of driving into the office building like she usually did, Emma simply pulled up at the entrance. "Would I even need to speed if it weren't for you?" she said while getting out of the car.

"What are you doing? Are you not going to park it in the parking lot?"

However, Emma just grabbed her bag and jogged into the building, not forgetting to tell security not to let Toddy in.

To that, the security on duty glanced at Toddy, who had just gotten out of the car, and hummed a response to Emma at once.

The young woman might be new in the company, but Dylan was the one who transferred her over. Plus, she was Adam's secretary here. Hence, no one dared ignore her.

"Emma? Emma." Toddy finally realized why Emma chose not to park the car in the building.

Shen wanted to leave him behind, and as if that wasn't enough, she even told the guards not to let him in.

Fine, I won't go in. I'll just wait in your car.

Meanwhile, Emma jogged into the building, and seeing that the elevator door was about to close, she shouted, "Wait! Wait for me, please!"

Someone inside pressed the buttons in time.

It was Kelly, and Emma quickly entered the elevator after a split-second stun from seeing the former.

With that, Kelly pressed the close button while everyone else stood silently in the car.

The young woman stood upright next to the elevator door, with her back facing everyone else. She was in a standard office suit, and her hair was tied up in a high ponytail, revealing her fair, slender neck.

Despite being pregnant, she was still in great shape, and the married women in the company would gossip behind her back about how they couldn't tell she was pregnant.

Meanwhile, Emma stood beside Kelly, who suddenly spoke out of the blue. "Miss Holmes would come to work half an hour early every day."

Jessie was dedicated to her job, and she would indeed arrive very early for work. By the time Adam showed up, she'd have readied his coffee and the newspaper, allowing him to read while drinking his morning coffee.

All in all, Adam felt worry-free with her around.

Jessie had even lectured Kendall back when the latter often asked for leaves. After all, those dedicated to their jobs hated those who worked in fits and starts the most.

If it wasn't because Kendall was Adam's daughter, Jessie wouldn't have cut her any slack.

Of course, Emma knew Kelly was insinuating her tardiness. At that, she answered with a smile, "Well, I should learn from Miss Holmes."

"I wonder if you did this too when you worked for Master Dylan," Kelly commented plainly after side-eyeing the young woman. "I doubt so. Do you think you can ignore Parker Corporation's policies just because you're besties with Kendall? Miss Finley, Kendall's merely an assistant."

At that, she ridiculed, "She won't be able to protect you."

Regardless, Emma remained smiling. "My work hours were very flexible back when I was President Coleman's secretary. As long as I got everything sorted out, Master Dylan never said anything even if I showed up for work at noon."

Dylan was used to having her as a secretary. In actuality, she had a few junior secretaries that worked under her, and she could assign tasks to them if she had to deal with a private matter. As long as the job didn't affect Dylan's work, he would typically let her be.

Of course, it was likely because of Toddy.

Sure, the man didn't reciprocate her feelings, but he did mentor her single-handedly.

Dylan only let her off the hook because Toddy was her mentor.

"I must say that you're scaring me, Vice President Parker. I am still new at Parker Corporation, but I didn't break any policies, did I? Nor did I wreak havoc because I know Ms. Parker. I do my work diligently every day. If I did something wrong, I'm sure Miss Holmes and President Parker would criticize me for it. I'm later than usual today, but I'm not late for work."

At that, Kelly's gaze turned grim, and she bore icily into Emma.

Meanwhile, the other employees backed up as much as they could, fearing the fight would misfire.

Dylan had assigned Emma to help Ms. Parker, so it was normal that Kelly would target Emma. However, the latter hadn't done anything wrong. It seemed that Kelly fired the wrong bullet this round.

No doubt Kelly was getting increasingly panicked. After all, Kendall had proven herself, signing deals one after another.

After all, what mattered to those working in the company was if the successor could generate revenue for the company and manage it well. As long as the company was generating revenue, it would continue to make money, and the employees could stay in Parker Corporation.

That said, Kelly remained a little stronger than Kendall. After all, Kelly was the heir Adam had personally trained. The young woman began using her semester breaks to train in the company when she was still in high school, and by the time she graduated and entered the company, she had already gained a lot of work experience.

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Kendall, on the other hand, joined the company only recently, and this was completely new to her as

well. One could say that she worked her way up from the bottom, and it showed that Kendall was a promising talent when she could perform so well in a matter of months.

What was more, Kendall had Coleman Empire Holdings behind her back.

Truthfully, if Kelly were to succeed the company, who would be willing to support Parker Corporation if crisis befell?

However, if Kendall were to succeed, Coleman Empire Holdings wouldn't look away should Parker Corporation fall into crisis.

Was there even a person in Orapolis who didn't know how much Dylan spoiled his beloved wife?!

Kelly's grim glare did nothing to Emma. Having worked alongside Dylan for years, she had experienced and withstood Dylan's even colder and more malicious gazes.

As the elevator ascended, the other employees behind them left the car one after another until Kelly and Emma were the only ones remaining.

"Kendall's not in today, is she?" Kelly suddenly spoke up again, and Emma remained distant from Kelly. "I just arrived. I don't know if Ms. Parker has come in. But even if she doesn't come in, I'm sure she has already notified President Parker."

"Given the rate she's taking leaves, Parker Corporation will surely close down in less than a year if it's handed to her." Kelly snorted disdainfully. "When the time comes, Coleman Empire Holdings won't be saving Parker Corporation but acquiring it. Do you all really think you have nothing to worry about if you hand the company to Kendall? Huh, Master Dylan's a ruthless businessman. Just wait and see."

"That's a future yet to happen," said Emma plainly. "A laborer like me wouldn't dare make any comments."

"Don't you think it's demeaning to assist Kendall, Miss Finley? Given your ability, you can even replace Miss Holmes. However, my dad is used to the way Miss Holmes works. Why not consider working for me?"

She will be of great help if I can have her join me.

One year after becoming an official employee, she was appointed the vice president of the company, which no one opposed. That proved just how capable Kelly was.

Kendall, on the other hand, joined the company only recently, and this was completely new to her as well. One could say that she worked her way up from the bottom, and it showed that Kendall was a promising talent when she could perform so well in a matter of months.

What was more, Kendall had Coleman Empire Holdings behind her back.

Truthfully, if Kelly were to succeed the company, who would be willing to support Parker Corporation in a crisis?

However, if Kendall were to succeed, Coleman Empire Holdings wouldn't look away should Parker Corporation fall into crisis.

Was there even one person in Oropolis who didn't know how much Dylan spoiled his beloved wife?!

Kelly's grim glare did nothing to Emmo. Having worked alongside Dylan for years, she had experienced and withstood Dylan's even colder and more malicious glares.

As the elevator descended, the other employees behind them left the corridor one after another until Kelly and Emmo were the only ones remaining.

"Kendoll's not in today, is she?" Kelly suddenly spoke up again, and Emmo remained distant from Kelly. "I just arrived. I don't know if Ms. Porker has come in. But even if she doesn't come in, I'm sure she has already notified President Porker."

"Given the rate she's taking leaves, Porker Corporation will surely close down in less than a year if it's handed to her." Kelly snorted disdainfully. "When the time comes, Coleman Empire Holdings won't be saving Porker Corporation but acquiring it. Do you still really think you have nothing to worry about if you hand the company to Kendoll? Huh, Mister Dylon's a ruthless businessman. Just wait and see."

"That's a future yet to happen," said Emmo plainly. "A laborer like me wouldn't dare make any comments."

"Don't you think it's demeaning to assist Kendoll, Miss Finley? Given your ability, you can even replace Miss Holmes. However, my dad is used to the way Miss Holmes works. Why not consider working for me?"

She will be of great help if I can have her join me.