

Chapter 52 The Pink Diamond Belonged to Tamara

"You were the one who donated the pink diamond?" Shirley glanced at Tamara and then at Frank, who was standing not far from them. The next instant, the truth seemed to dawn upon her. She staggered two steps back and pointed at Tamara as well as Frank, who was off the stage. "You two teamed up and framed me!"

The reporters, who took notice of the scene, immediately pressed their shutters wildly.

Although they didn't know about Tamara's identity, a person who could easily donate a pink diamond worth tens of millions certainly wouldn't be an ordinary person.

After that night, the situation in Deacon Town would definitely change.

Presently, Tamara narrowed her eyes and uttered in a menacing tone, "Give me the money and I'll give you the diamond. Come on, now; hurry up and pay me the money. After all, I have to donate the money to charity. Miss Goldie, I believe that you understand the rules of the auction, yes?"

Tamara initially hadn't had the intention to go against Shirley. Yet, not only did Shirley insult her, she even ignored her warnings and stubbornly confronted her over and over again. Since she had acted this way, Tamara would not be blamed for the counter-attack.

Shirley was so pissed that she nearly fainted. She then yelled in a high-pitched voice, "Tamara Randall, how did you get your hands on a pink diamond?! Frank even bought you something like that? And how could you donate the diamond?"

"I have plenty of that at home!" Tamara casually explained. "It's a good thing to donate it to the charity, no? Especially when it allowed me to bump into a dupe like you. However, I have to agree that you really are a generous person, Miss Goldie. I reckon that you have donated the Goldie Group's one month's income." Tamara chuckled, but every word that she said was akin to rubbing salt to Shirley's wound.

The resentment in Shirley's eyes grew stronger. At that moment, she wished that she could skin the other woman alive.

Tamara, on the other hand, took a step back and blinked at her. "Miss Shirley, you won't be enraged and hit me due to utter embarrassment in front of a large crowd like this, will you?"

The auctioneer, who sensed that a fight was about to break out, quickly rushed to the scene and tried to make peace between them. "Miss Goldie and Miss Randall, your awards are ready. We would like to thank both of you for the contributions you made to the charity!" he announced.

The reporters took a few photos from one side. Shirley's expression was thunderous, but due to the large crowd and reporters around them, she suppressed her temper and fished out a credit card.

"Here you go. The password is the last six digits of the card!" she muttered.

"Would the two of you like to take a photo together? Miss Goldie, the pink diamond that you bought will be specially delivered to your place after the event ends."

Shirley, who was in no mood to take any photos at that moment, growled, "There's no need."

Meanwhile, Frank, who was off the stage, noticed how Tamara grinned as she looked at Shirley fleeing the scene. Tamara then turned to blink at him, and she opened her mouth to mouth at him, 'Ain't I amazing?"

Frank nodded, a curve playing by the corner of his lips. At that moment, he became even more intrigued by the woman who seemed to never cease in giving him surprises.

When the two of them exited the auction hall, a few guests came up to them to ask for Tamara's contact number. With her beauty and wealth, it would only be natural for many people to want to get to know her. However, they were all stopped by Frank.

The man's expression seemed gloomy when they were in the car.

"What's wrong?"

"Let's not attend this sort of banquet in the future," Frank sulked and he muttered.

"Why not?" Tamara asked curiously.

He held her hand and turned to face her. "Just listen to me and don't go."

"Pfft!" She broke into laughter. "Frank Holt, could it be that you are jealous?"

The cat was finally out of the bag. Frank's expression stiffened and he fell silent.

For some reason, Tamara suddenly felt a hint of happiness bubbling inside her. She then held his hand back and purred, "I'm hungry. I want supper."