

# Trick to Treat Chapter 2

## Chapter 2 Hand Over My Son

- Jacqueline slowly stiffened as she stared at the boy in the photo, and her hands shook. How... How does this boy resemble the boss so much? Is he his illegitimate son?
- Meanwhile, Tamara drove and brought her son to temporarily stay with her best friend, Emily Dawson. After putting away her belongings, she lazed on the couch and ordered takeout. Once she was done placing the order, she looked up to see her son scrambling around on his little legs to wipe the table.
- When Tamara escaped the mental facility during the chaos of the fire, she found out that she was two months pregnant. Her heart had suddenly flared back to life from the brink of despair then.
- Tim was a thoughtful child. At only four years old, he was already so smart that it was scary; he even knew how to speak a handful of languages. Tamara didn't need to worry about him at all.
- To have such an outstanding son, Tamara was deeply pleased. She chomped on an apple as she said, "Tim, why haven't you inherited any of my many good qualities? You didn't even take after me one bit in the looks department."
- "Mommy, then I'm afraid that I must have taken after Daddy instead." Tim had a serious look on his face as he wiped the table.
- At the mention of her darling baby's father, Tamara thought about the damned sugar baby. She gritted her teeth and endeavored to control her expression. She would not show her hatred in front of her son.
- All of a sudden, the doorbell rang. Tim stared at Tamara in exasperation. "Did you order takeout again, Mommy?"
- Tamara stuck her tongue out and snickered. "I'll get the door." With that, she got up to open the door.
- The moment she opened it though, Tamara's expression froze; the man standing outside wasn't the delivery man for her takeout, but a handsome man. His inky black eyes were fixed on her as he exuded a charismatic aura.
- "Hand over my son."
- "Who the heck is your son?" Tamara thought the man in front of her was baffling as she held onto the door.
- But upon closer look, this man had defined features. His nose was tall, and his lips were thin. Isn't that perfect face of his a grown-up copy of Tim's? No way. Could this man be the sugar baby from that night?!
- Tamara's face instantly drained of color as she angrily hurled a slap at the man. "How dare you come here? Get out!"

- The man's eyes darkened after being slapped. Tamara didn't give him a chance to speak and immediately slammed the door shut. Recalling that night's events, she was still furious; her first time had been wasted on that sugar baby, after all.
- After her emotions had settled, Tamara lowered her head to see her son looking up at her by her legs. The man's voice jolted her anger like a bolt of lightning. How dare he think of stealing my son! In his dreams!
- Tim looked up at Tamara and pointed at his own face. "My face looks exactly like the man outside. Is he my daddy?" he asked languidly.
- "No!" Tamara immediately denied it. She gave birth to Tim after all her hardships, and she endured many difficulties raising him. He didn't have a father as unfit as a sex worker.
- Outside, Frank pressed his lips together. His expression was stormy with disbelief. How dare that woman hit me! Is she asking for trouble? He raised a thin brow and knocked on the door again. His inky black eyes were calm as he coldly said, "Open the door."
- Tamara picked up her phone to call the police when she heard the cold voice outside, but at the thought of her son, she hesitated. If the man outside has a leg to stand on, then Tim...
- This time, Tim spoke up in a considerate manner. "If you don't like him, Mommy, just send him away."
- Tears instantly gathered in Tamara's eyes. When Tim was still in school overseas, he was constantly asked about his father. Although Tim said he never minded those mocking and condescending words, he was still a child in the end. Tamara's heart twisted at those memories.
- My sweet baby needs a daddy.
- With that thought, Tamara gently pushed Tim behind her and calmly opened the door. "Come in," she said to the man.