

Trick to Treat Chapter 21

Chapter 21

Gasp. The atmosphere turned stiff, and only sounds of gasps could be heard from the crowd.

The booth was dumbfounded as this sudden development caught them off guard.

Fabian Lewis approached Harold at the speed of light with a nosy expression. "Mr. Brandt, what's up with this chick? Does she have a death wish or what? How dare she ask President Holt to accompany her for a drink?"

Someone else chimed in, "Yes, it's a pity that she's such a beauty. If it were us, we might not care about what she's done. But she just had to pick President Holt, who has the worst temper and refuses to get close to a woman. It's over for her, I'm afraid."

After all, in their eyes, Frank was not a man who knew how to appreciate women.

Harold was completely terrified and did not dare to look at Frank at all. He was even thinking about running away. "You're right, it's over. If I knew this would happen, I wouldn't have come to Witt Bar even if it kills me."

Everyone knew that Harold had always liked beautiful women, and they all thought that he was acting like this because he was lamenting Tamara. But only he knew that it was not Frank or Tamara who was finished, but him, Harold!

It was him who had dragged Frank here and called the beautiful ladies over... He was just trying to take Frank, the eldest young master of the Holt Family, to have some fun at the bar, but happened to be caught by the future lady of the Holt Family. Wasn't he finished?

Both of them were extremely dear to Elle. One of them was her grandson, and the other was her granddaughter-in-law. He, an outsider, couldn't afford to offend either of them.

Seeing that something interesting was about to happen, Fabian grabbed Harold and said with great interest, "How do you think this chick will end up?"

"Let me go!" Harold clenched his fists. Tamara's gonna be fine, but if I don't run away soon, I'm gonna be in deep trouble.

Just when Harold was about to tear his hair out, he heard Frank's deep voice that was hiding a smile. "Okay."

It was just a simple word, but it was as if everyone had been struck with a bolt of lightning. Did we mishear? Or did President Holt make a mistake? Not only did he not get angry, but he even agreed?

Not just them, but even Harold, who knew a part of the inside story, looked as though he had been struck by lightning. He couldn't remember when Frank had become so good-tempered. Even if she is his son's mother, it's still too much for her to treat him like a host in public. And yet, he didn't get angry?

Tamara was taken aback as well. She hadn't expected him to agree so readily.

Frank immediately took out his phone and waved a payment code at her. He raised his eyebrows and said in a low and rich voice, "Transfer the money."

"So be it." Tamara wasn't the type to dilly-dally either. With a wave of her small hand, she immediately transferred one million to his account.

Without waiting for Frank to dismiss the women around him, Tamara paced over with her long legs. Casting the hostesses a cold and haughty gaze, she ordered, "Get lost." In order to regain their favor, Harold immediately rushed them out. "It's all Fabian's fault."

Who asked all of you to come here? Can't you see that Mrs. Holt is here? Hurry up and go! Bunch of dimwits."

Mrs. Holt? The hostesses stared at Tamara huffily before getting up to leave unwillingly. To tell the truth, none of them dared to approach Frank at the beginning because of his overwhelmingly cold aura.

However, everyone around him was acting extremely respectful to him, and it was clear at a glance that he was not someone to be trifled with, so only the ones who were brave dared to cling onto him. However, as soon as he sat down, Tamara immediately showed up. They hadn't even managed to say a word yet!

In this situation, Tamara was most likely the only one who thought that he was fooling around.

Frank's side was originally empty, but now it had become even more spacious. Seeing this, Tamara appeared slightly relaxed, and she took a few steps forward and sat down beside him matter-of-factly. The distance between the two was less than an inch, making them seem a little intimate.

What surprised Fabian and others the most was that Frank didn't look angry, and he wasn't throwing a fit. This woman actually managed to sit down beside him so peacefully?

Trick to Treat Chapter 22

Chapter 22

Tamara was full of anger as she glared at him. "Don't you like to drink? Come and drink with me!"

Frank smiled and said meaningfully, "What's the point of drinking by myself? I'll drink with you, Miss Randall."

Harold, as shrewd as he was, immediately understood that they were going to drink until they dropped..

mind was filled with inappropriate scenes. And quickly, he eased into the role of a waiter and placed down a few rows of glass cups before pouring alcohol into them.

The other two who were watching from the sidelines were stunned speechless. Who on earth is this woman that she got President Holt to drink with her, and Harold to serve her?

As expected, they're partners in crime. Tamara cast an elegant glance across them and crossed out Harold inwardly before picking up a glass of alcohol and downing it in one shot.

Frank raised his thick eyebrows and followed her example, emptying his glass in one go as well.

Just like that, the two began taking shots in turns, and only Harold persisted in acting as a waiter to pour them alcohol.

Frank had built a high tolerance to alcohol in drinking battles and hadn't been seen drunk in many years.

Tamara's alcohol tolerance was just as high, but compared to Frank, she was slightly off the mark. In the end, Tamara's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were getting brighter and prettier, but Frank knew that she was drunk.

She was too prideful to show such a vulnerable expression.

Soon after, Tamara slapped Frank's arm and pinched him. "Frank Holt, how do you have the cheek to face me? I kept you and gave you money to spend, and I even birthed you a son. Even during nighttime, I'm still working hard to make money to support my family. Meanwhile, you're out here fooling around, surrounding yourself with beautiful chicks!"

Saying that, Tamara felt extremely aggrieved.

She's working? Out of the corner of his eyes, he caught a glimpse of a strange woman waiting nervously in the distance. Frank touched Tamara's smooth cheek with his big palm and cajoled, "It's my fault."

Upon meeting eyes with a bigshot, Lucy was scared out of her wits. "President Holt... um, President Randall... She's."

Immediately, Harold leaned over and took her aside, reprimanding her, "How can you be so ignorant? Why are you being a third wheel and interrupting their time as husband and wife? Leave now."

Lucy then left in a daze. Wait a second. Husband and wife?! she thought in disbelief.

When Tamara heard Frank's apology, her spirits immediately lifted. Suddenly, she bounced up again and picked up a glass of alcohol to give the people next to her a toast. "From now on, Frank will turn over a new leaf! As his friends, you have to help me out and keep a close eye on him!"

Harold kept holding back a laugh and immediately answered, "Well said! Come, Mrs. Holt, let me give you a toast too!"

Saying that, Harold affectionately took a shot in one go. Tamara blinked blearily, thinking that he was quite good at holding his alcohol. Not wanting to lose, she took another shot as well.

The surrounding people exchanged confused glances. Harold was closest to Frank. Now that he had taken a shot, didn't that mean that they had to follow his example? Hence, all of them took a shot in turn. Frank took a drag out of his cigarette and did not speak, but he did not stop them either. His dark eyes were calm and grounded, and even seemed to hold a hint of a smile under the flashing lights.

After Tamara downed her last sip, her legs gave out on her. Seeing that she was quite drunk, Frank glanced at her deeply before getting up and stretching out his arms to catch her limp body. Caressing her face with his large hand, he said, "All right, it's time for us to go home. Our son is still waiting for us at home."

Thinking of Tim, Tamara sobered up a little. Oh, that's right. Timmy's still at home!

Tamara hooked her arms around his neck and said hazily, "Then hurry up and take me home!"

Frank ignored the astonished glances of the others and picked her up in his arms, leaving a warning that no one was allowed to reveal what happened today before he left.

Fabian had always been nosy, and now he was so curious as he watched their retreating backs that he was about to go insane. After all, Frank was in the palm of a woman's hand. This was big news. How could he not be excited? Besides, this chick's aura screams of the lady of the house.

"Who the hell is this chick? How can she control Young Master Frank like that? Hurry up and tell me who she is!"

"His son's mother," was what Harold said.

“When did Young Master Frank have a son?” Fabian blinked suspiciously. Why didn’t I hear anything about Frank being married and having had a child? Harold put his index finger against his thin lips and said mysteriously, “That’s a secret.”

Trick to Treat Chapter 23

Chapter 23

By the time they drove back to Springvale Place, Tim was already asleep. Frank gently carried Tamara back to her room. As he smelled the stench of alcohol that emanated off her, he couldn’t help but frown.

“Tamara.” He called her name softly.

Tamara had drunk herself into a stupor, and although there was still a trace of reason left in her subconscious, it could not withstand the invasion of drunkenness. She opened her mouth to respond, but couldn’t manage to say anything.

Left with no other choice, Frank had to take off her shoes and coat by himself. She was wearing a simple silk fitted blouse on the inside.

Tamara had a good figure and looked very thin, but she was still curvy in the right areas.

Her face was flushed crimson as she twisted her body in discomfort. As he watched her pull her collar down with pouting lips and fluttering eyelashes, Frank involuntarily thought about her fierceness and lack of experience during the night at Goldcrown Hotel five years ago.

At that thought, Frank averted his eyes, feeling his throat turn dry. He thought that he was someone with better self-control in this area, but when he was faced with Tamara, his self-control that he was proud of fell apart in an instant.

There was no need for her to make any deliberate actions at all. With just a few glances, he would immediately start yearning for her.

Damn it. Frank let go of Tamara’s coat and quickly got up and rushed into the bathroom to wash his face with cold water. It was only then that he felt a little more awake.

Once he went back to the bedroom, he helped Tamara take off her clothes and brought her into the bathroom at the speed of light. He planned to help her take a bath as quickly as possible.

However, as he was wiping her body, the uneven sensation under his fingertips made him frown. When he turned his head and looked at it, his heart fell to his stomach in an instant.

He never expected that Tamara, who always looked so glamorous, would have such a large burn scar on her back.

Her back was almost entirely covered in unsightly scars spanning from her shoulders to her lower back.

No matter how much he had experienced since he was a child, he couldn’t imagine how such a severe burn was caused, much less how Tamara managed to bear it back then. She must have been in terrible pain at the time. But where did these scars come from? Tamara’s prideful attitude and the way she recklessly threw away money didn’t seem like she came from a poor family.

Frank, who had always thought he was cold-hearted, felt his heart ache involuntarily as he looked at these scars. His parched mind from earlier had also calmed down, leaving

only hurt.

After Frank finished helping her bathe, he changed her into her pajamas and gently placed her on the large bed. His big hand crossed her sleeping cheek, and his dark eyes overflowed with gentleness.

“Although I don’t know what you went through before, from now on, you have me.”

Frank stared at Tamara deeply. No matter what happened in the future, as long as he was around, he would protect her for the rest of his life.

He stayed by her side until she fell into deep sleep before he got up and prepared to leave.

However, just as he stood up, his large hand was captured in Tamara’s tight grasp. He heard her whiny, fearful voice. “Please don’t go. I’m scared.”

The soft and pitiful words made Frank’s heart, which had been silent and lonely for many years, skip a beat. His throat tightened, and he held Tamara’s small hand back, his low and hoarse voice echoing with endless pity. “Don’t be scared. I won’t go.”

With a helpless sigh, he pulled the thin blanket aside and lay down on the bed.

Tamara was like a kitten who was looking for a comfortable pillow. She unconsciously approached the source of warmth and opened her slender arms, wrapping them around Frank’s sturdy waist. She snuggled her small head against his chest until she found the most comfortable spot and fell into deep sleep.

Obviously, her actions instantly reignited the flames that Frank had tried hard to suppress in his heart. He gritted his teeth fiercely, glanced at the woman curled up in his arms like a kitten, and took a few deep breaths before he was finally able to control his desire.

Damn it! Does this woman not know what modesty is?

Chapter 24

In her sleep, Tamara seemed to have heard what he said. Her breathing gradually stabilized, and her petite face didn’t look as pained as it did before.

Looking at her quiet and beautiful face, and thinking of the large burnt scars on her back, Frank’s eyes narrowed slightly and were filled with murderous intent. He took his cell phone from the head of the bed and sent a text message to Harold, ‘Go and look into Tamara for me. I want to know every single detail about her, from past to present.

Harold, who had vomited countless times and finally sobered up, had just lain down in bed after taking a shower when he saw a message from Frank on his cell phone.

Seeing this message, Harold became motivated, and his spirits immediately rose. In fact, without waiting for Frank’s order, he had already been unable to suppress his curiosity and investigated every little detail about Tamara.

Without wasting any time, Harold immediately called Frank. “Boss, I’ve looked into it long before you said anything. Tamara’s backstory isn’t simple. In the past five years, it’s as if she had disappeared from the world; I couldn’t find any information at all, as if it was deliberately erased.”

“It turns out that Tamara was the daughter of the once top family in Deacon Town.

According to the information found, she was a spoiled child and was quite disobedient since

she was a child. She was the childhood sweetheart of Evan Hardy, the current General Manager of Hardy Group. However, it was reported that Evan did not like Tamara, and Tamara used all means available to marry him.

"The two finally got married, but the good times didn't last long. It didn't take long for Evan to catch Tamara in the act while she was having an affair with an escort at Goldcrown Hotel. After that, Tamara, whose reputation was ruined, went crazy and was sent to a mental hospital. No one heard from her after that."

All of this was too dramatic. If it weren't for Harold's habit of seeing the dirty measures these wealthy families could take, he would've thought that all of this was taken straight out of a movie,

Besides, everyone knew that immediately after that incident, Evan announced that Lily was adopted by the Hardy Family and was not his own sister, and the two got engaged the next year.

Speaking of what happened with the escort at the hotel, he touched his chin meaningfully and said with a slight smile, "Frank, do you think that the person Tamara had an affair with that night could be you?"

Even if there was no proof, he was sure that the man Tamara slept together with was Frank. Frank recalled the night at Goldcrown Hotel five years ago. Although he was drugged and couldn't remember Tamara's appearance, the hotel shown in the photos on the documents was the one he had been to.

Harold was right. Everything was so coincidental that it was suspicious.

"Evan can't be that stupid, right? Why wouldn't he want such a beautiful and classy wife?"

Harold sighed lightly, thinking that things must not be that simple.

Hearing this, Frank's dark eyes flashed with hostility, and his tone became indescribably cold as he said, "Evan? How is he worthy?"

"Yes, yes, you're right, boss. Scum like Evan is obviously not worthy. Only a wise and great man like you is worthy of Miss Randall's exquisite beauty."

When it came to flattery, there was no one who could top Harold.

"Keep investigating." Frank felt deeply upset. Whenever he thought about how Tamara used to be married to Evan and how she had suffered, the urge to kill rose in him.

Feeling the strong murderous aura emanating from Frank, Harold knowingly shut his mouth. Everything on the document was most likely true, so it was no wonder that Frank was so angry.

No man would feel content knowing that the mother of their own child used to be the wife of another.

After hanging up the phone, Frank glanced at the sleeping Tamara with long, narrow eyes before he turned off the light behind him and allowed moonlight to fill the room.

Chapter 25

The next day, in the hot summer, the afternoon sun was as hot as fire. In the comfortable air conditioned room, Tamara rolled around before opening her heavy eyelids.

She didn't know how long she had been asleep; she only knew that although she was awake now, she was still feeling drowsy.

Slowly sitting herself up, she yawned languidly, having no intention to get out of bed and wash up at all.

After sitting up for a while, she finally felt more awake. However, she was immediately hit by a terrible migraine.

"How much did I drink last night? Why does my head hurt so much?" Tamara rubbed her swollen temples and found that she not only had a headache, but also a pain in her neck and waist.

To put it bluntly, her whole body was sore, as if she had been trampled all over.

"Mommy, did you sleep well last night?" All of a sudden, Tim popped up out of nowhere and gave Tamara a huge scare.

She patted her chest in horror and furrowed her brows. "You brat, where did you come from? Are you trying to scare your mommy to death?"

Tim revealed a cheeky grin that did not match his age, and a curious look appeared in his big eyes as he asked, "How did you sleep last night?"

Tamara didn't know why Tim was bent on asking this question. She rubbed her neck and replied casually, "It's not bad, but my whole body is sore. Why?"

"Oh?" Tim dragged the word out meaningfully, as if he had made a huge discovery.

This child had always been stoic despite his mood. Although he was only four years old, he always acted like an adult. Frankly, it was rare for Tamara to see him being so innocent and full of childlike curiosity.

Hence, as his mother, she couldn't help but get excited. She stretched out her long arms and grabbed Tim, her bright eyes flashing slightly as a devilish smile bloomed on her face.

"Timmy, are you hiding something from me?"

Tim shook his head calmly. "No, I'm just curious about what happened to you and Dad last night. Sigh. No wonder I was left alone at home. I guess you secretly went out to have a date." He sighed, but his eyes were beautifully curved into a smile.

"What can happen to your dad and me? Do you know what you said..."

As she spoke, the memory of the previous night hit Tamara like a truck, and the memories began rapidly playing in her mind. When she recalled what happened last night, her words got stuck in her throat, and she couldn't seem to speak anymore. That b*stard was spending my money on drinking and fooling around, and didn't even spend time with his son at home. Did he sign the agreement thinking it was nothing?

Frank didn't want to disturb the conversation between the mother and son, but after being ignored as he stood at the door for a long time, he had to speak up for himself. "If you're

awake, then get up and eat.”

Tim turned his head and saw the tray in Frank’s hand, which made him laugh again.

“Mommy, Dad got up early in the morning and made you porridge to nourish your stomach and help you sober up. You two get along so well.”

“Tim!” Tamara’s face flushed. She pinched Tim’s cheek angrily and huffed, “Have you become brave enough to make fun of Mommy?”

Tim giggled, stuck out his tongue, and turned around to make a break for the door. As he ran, he yelled, “Mommy, Godmother said she wants to talk to me over video call, so I’ll be going first! Dad will be around to take care of you!”

That brat! Did he catch something today? He’s not usually so lively. What happened to him? Still, ever since Frank came, he became a lot more cheerful, Tamara thought.

Poor Tim. He had to bear the burden of fixing the marriage of his parents at a young age, but his .. mother didn’t realize his intentions at all, wasting his efforts of acting cute all morning.