

# Love at the Right Price Chapter 3

## Chapter 3 A Million Bucks as Allowance for You

- The first person Frank saw the moment he stepped past the door was Tim. The boy's features were defined, and they stood out. He had completely inherited Frank's looks.
- Frank's eyes brightened slightly. He was even more sure now that this boy was his son.
- Tamara noticed that Frank's gaze had remained on her son. She was wary about this, and so she made Tim go to his bedroom first.
- After Tim left, she sat down on the couch and sized the man up, her arms folded before her chest.
- Objectively, this man was an absolutely handsome specimen. Even though she was used to seeing Tim's face, seeing this man's face still startled her. But Tamara then looked at the man's bespoke suit. She couldn't tell what brand it was. Who knows whether it's a knockoff or a present from some rich cougar? If this man enjoys chasing after luxuries for bragging rights, no wonder he went and became a sex worker...
- "Heh." Frank could sense Tamara's condescending gaze on him. He didn't want to explain anything, so he immediately brought up the incident from way back. "Five years ago, February 27, Room 226 at Goldcrown Hotel."
- Tamara was startled. The time and location checked out. It seemed that he was that man.
- "The boy's custody goes to me. Whatever you want, I can give you." The man's voice was deep and rich, noble-sounding, even.
- When Frank arrived, he had checked the residential area where the house was. Although the neighborhood was nice, the house was an old one at the end of the day. He couldn't possibly allow his son to live in such a place. His gaze then shifted lower to look at the woman on the couch. Her eyes were bright, her teeth pearly-white. Her features were pretty, and her figure was not half-bad either.
- Heh. Frank wordlessly lifted his lips into a smile. He had seen plenty of women like that in his circles. Those women would not hesitate to sell their bodies in order to marry a wealthy man with status. However, the woman in front of him was much more shrewd, birthing his son in secret. It seemed that she intended to climb up the social ladder by making use of his son.
- Upon hearing that the man wanted custody rights over Tim, Tamara panicked. So he was here to steal her son. A sugar baby, wanting custody over her son? Where was the shame?
- She let out a breath and pressed a hand to her forehead. "Age."
- Frank thought this question was baffling, but he still maintained his patience as he casually answered, "29."

- Tamara pressed her lips together in disgust. He was already so old, yet he was still working in the same industry.
- "What do you do for a living?" Immediately after the question left her, Tamara remembered who he was, and she shut her eyes in disgust. "Forget it, I already know."
- A sex worker!
- "How many people in your family?" she asked again.
- Frank lifted an eyebrow and let out a chuckle. "Doing a background check on me?"
- Tamara glared at him. She puffed herself up. "I got to know about the family situation of my son's father, no?"
- "My grandmother is my only direct relative," Frank answered in a rare display of patience.
- "Got a house?"
- Frank's disgust grew. She's not even willing to try and act for a bit before asking about property? "Yes."
- Tamara was taken aback by the fact that he owned a house. "Where is it?"
- The man fell quiet. He had plenty of properties under his name. Asking him where any one of them were was not something he could do at the drop of a hat.
- Seeing how the man was quiet, the fury within Tamara's chest grew. She rolled her eyes. The man was a sugar baby, after all. Every cougar's house was probably his home.
- Now that she understood the situation, Tamara came to a conclusion regarding Frank—a playboy with one elderly relative and without a proper job who wasted his life away sleeping with rich women!
- She knitted her pretty brows and grumbled internally. How are sugar babies nowadays so confident? How do they not have a shred of shame?
- She got up in a fit and paced the room. At last, she held back her anger and said, "Quit that shady job of yours. I'll give you a million bucks a month as allowance."