

Trick to Treat Chapter 12

Chapter 12 He Has to Be a Top Host

- Frank pursed his lips. This car isn't even worth as much as the average price of all the cars in my garage, he thought.
- When the three arrived, Tamara got out of the car leisurely with her son in her arms. She said to Frank behind her, "Bring the stuff in."
- Frank's handsome face grew more and more sullen and taut as he made one trip after another to move their belongings into the house. After getting the last of their belongings inside, he was inwardly boiling with rage. Damn that woman! To think that she really used me as free labor while she played with my son!
- However, the instant he turned around, Tim held out a warm towel to him with both hands while blinking his big, round eyes. "Let me wipe your face, Daddy!"
- In an instant, the anger inside Frank vanished. He bent down and scooped Tim up effortlessly with an arm. As expected of my son—my own flesh and blood.
- Hugging Frank around the neck, Tim blinked his big eyes while saying in a sweet and adorable voice, "Daddy, I wanna eat hot pot."
- How could Frank not comply with such a small request from his son? He replied, "Okay, I'll treat you to a hot pot meal."
- Tamara changed out of her dirty clothes, choosing a simple outfit before tying up her hair to reveal her slender neck. When she came out of her room, she saw Frank holding Tim in his arms; the father and son seemed to be in a jolly mood as they talked and laughed. In an instant, she was filled with jealousy. It's been just a day, yet Timmy has let this guy hold him in his arms and even smiled at him.
- Seeing his mother coming out, Tim said merrily, "Mommy, Daddy's gonna take us to eat hot pot."
- The man turned to look at her.
- Tamara was startled for a moment. She had to admit that the man was priced so high for a reason. Perhaps because of the heat, the man had the sleeves of his white shirt rolled up to his elbows, revealing his strong and well-developed forearms. With his broad shoulders, slim waist, long legs, and dashing good looks, he looked really attractive. What a sexy young hunk. A top host—he has to be a top host!
- Casting her amorous thoughts aside, she pulled a long face at her son. "It's you who wants to eat hot pot, no? Well, you can't!" Thanks to Tim's poor health, he had to avoid eating such heaty food.
- What a ferocious tone of voice! Frank knitted his brows. "It's just hot pot, yet you wouldn't allow him to have it. Is this how you're treating my son?"
- Tim immediately chimed in, "Mommy is nice to me. It's really tough for her to take care of me by herself."

- Tamara was infuriated by Frank's words. Anyone can speak ill of me, but not this guy—he's the last person on earth who has the right to do so! "Where were you, then? I'm the one who raised Timmy, and now he's over four years old!"
- Frank's eyes flickered for an instant before his gaze shifted back to the woman who was frothing at the mouth.
- Tim pressed his lips together while stretching out his hands toward Tamara to let her hold him in her arms. Wrapping his tiny arms around her neck, he said obediently and nervously, "I was wrong, Mommy. I don't wanna eat hot pot anymore. Please stop quarreling, okay?" He knew that his mother always had his best interests at heart.
- Frank gave Tim a smile before forcibly tugging the woman into his embrace with his long arms. "Your mom and I weren't quarreling. We're just discussing things in a somewhat louder voice."
- Tamara looked daggers at the man, only to give up struggling under his warning stare. Nevertheless, she felt guilty toward her son. After falling silent for a while, she gave in, saying, "Okay, fine. Hot pot it is. But we're only gonna have plain broth hot pot."
- "Aw..." Timmy mumbled in disappointment.
- Frank's eyes darkened, and he sided with his son. "The half-and-half hot pot is the bottom line."
- The air became tense all of a sudden. In the end, with two votes against one, the three agreed to have half-and-half hot pot.
- Frank drove the mother and son to a hot pot restaurant owned by Harold.
- Now that he could eat hot pot at last, Tim was over the moon. With Frank covering for him, the boy quickly stuffed himself with food cooked in the spicy broth when Tamara wasn't noticing, so much so that his little mouth was all greasy.
- Ring... Ring... Suddenly, Frank's cell phone rang. He took a glance at the caller ID, and it was the butler at the Holt Residence. After walking a few steps to the outside, Frank answered the phone, only to hear the butler's panic-stricken voice on the other end. "Young Master, Old Madam isn't feeling well. Please hurry back and take a look."