

Trick to Treat Chapter 14

Chapter 14 You May Not Have a Granddaughter-In-Law

- Shirley's little face reddened slightly as she stole a few glances at Frank at the dining table. She swiftly ladled a few chunks of meat into his bowl, saying, "Why don't you try this?"
- Elle was very pleased with how Shirley had taken the initiative. She said affably, "You should eat more, too. I've specially ordered the cook to prepare quite a number of dishes."
- Shirley smiled somewhat bashfully. "I'm trying to lose weight, Old Mrs. Holt."
- Frank didn't say a word. However, as he looked at Shirley's affectedly coy demeanor, Tamara's figure popped up in his mind for some reason. The young lady seemed to be more to his liking, being a woman of action who was never shy of expressing her love or hatred toward anyone. Especially the text message she sent me just now. My employer seems to be mistrustful of me, eh? Pushing aside the bowl that Shirley had just filled, he said in a deep and attractive voice, "Grandma, I'm full."
- "You've had enough already? You've hardly touched the food."
- When Frank heard Elle's question, his hooded eyes flickered toward Shirley, whose face blanched all of a sudden, and his lips curled into a smirk. "I just had a hot pot meal with my son and his mother before coming here, so I'm not hungry at the moment."
- What?! In an instant, Shirley was stunned, and her sweet and good-looking face turned pale one moment and livid the next. Now the meal that she had been looking forward to for a long time seemed more like a sort of humiliation.
- On the other hand, Elle was flabbergasted as she took in the news that her grandson had just sprung on her. Did he just say that I have a great-grandson? In an instant, she was so overjoyed that she totally forgot about Shirley. She asked anxiously, "You're not lying to me, are you? Where's my great-grandson?"
- "Timmy's with his mom. I didn't come home last night because I was with him," Frank replied impassively. At the thought of his son, a hint of joy appeared in his eyes. Then, as his gaze fell upon Shirley, he brusquely showed her the door, saying in a cold voice, "Miss Goldie, my son's mother doesn't allow me to speak to other women, or else she'll get angry. Please go back."
- Shirley was invited by Elle, after all, so the latter glared at Frank with displeasure. "How could you speak like that?!"
- Still, compared with her great-grandson, Shirley was nothing to Elle. Well, we're the ones in the wrong this time, but fortunately, we didn't make it clear that this was supposed to be a matchmaking meal. It won't affect Shirley much if we say that we only invited her here for a meal. Now that I already have a great-grandson, I suppose Shirley isn't under

my consideration anymore, she thought. With a smiling face, she had the butler see Shirley to the door, saying, "Please go home, Miss Goldie. Once I figure out what this is about, I'll definitely give you an explanation."

- She called me Shirley just a moment ago; now she calls me Miss Goldie instead, thought Shirley to herself. She felt aggrieved while standing up with embarrassment, but she had to maintain her docile and obedient persona in front of Elle and Frank. "As it happens, I've got something to deal with at home. See you again, Old Mrs. Holt," she said. As soon as she turned around, she burst into tears of grievance. Her heart was filled with resentment. Just who is the woman that shamelessly slept with him and even secretly gave birth to his child?!
- After Shirley left, Elle immediately turned livid with rage. "Did you get latched onto by some indecent woman? Have you done the paternity test?" she asked. Then, she began to complain, "Why didn't you bring him back? The children of the Holt Family can't be living outside."
- Frank replied in a deep voice, "Timmy has just come back, so he isn't close to me. I'll bring him back some time later." Timmy had been living with Tamara all these years, so Frank feared that the boy would become hostile toward him if he was forced to leave his mother all of a sudden.
- Elle was confused upon hearing his words. "What about my granddaughter-in-law, then?"
- Frank lit a cigarette with a lighter. His deep, fathomless eyes looked thoughtful as cigarette smoke curled upward from his fingertips and diffused into the air. I've got to look into Tamara's background. My son's mother can't be someone of questionable origins. Raising his dashing eyebrows, the man curled up a corner of his thin lips. "You have a great-grandson, but you may not have a granddaughter-in-law."