

Trick to Treat Chapter 15

Chapter 15 I'm Your Great-Grandma

- After finishing his sentence, Frank looked up at his grandmother, who looked very emotional. He exhorted with concern, "Don't go look for them, or you might scare Timmy. I'll bring him back to meet you some time later."
- Elle was quite worried, though. This grandson of hers had never been in a relationship before, so she was really worried that he might have been duped. Moreover, Frank's words gave her a bad impression of the woman. She popped up all of a sudden with a son after so many years. What else could she be after if not the Holt Family's fortune? "How much money did she demand from you?"
- Frank curled his thin lips into a faint smile. "That's not the case, Grandma. In fact, it's quite the opposite." It seems like I'm the one spending her money.
- Elle was dumbfounded. She asked with a frown, "What do you mean?"
- "Literally," Frank said airily without explaining what his words meant.
- Elle wouldn't accept such an answer, though. Like an old imp, she kept pestering Frank for a detailed explanation.
- Not even someone as stony-faced and apathetic as Frank could stand Elle's melodramatic quirks. After she made a racket and even threatened him with suicide, the man had no choice but to explain the ins and outs of what had happened in brief terms.
- Elle's expression changed from a look of surprise to a look of delight as she listened to Frank's story. Holding his hand tightly, she crinkled her eyes in a smile. "Why didn't you tell me sooner about it? I nearly fixed you up with someone else because of that. So, not only do I have a cute little great-grandson, but I have a kind-hearted granddaughter-in-law too?"
- Frank nodded in resignation. "Yeah, Grandma. Now you're a great-grandmother."
- Having learned that she now had a great-grandson, Elle magnanimously let Frank off. After all, her bad-tempered and headstrong grandson wasn't nearly as fun to be with as her cute and adorable little great-grandson.
- After spending a difficult night, Elle was simply filled with eager anticipation; she couldn't wait to see her cute great-grandson right now. After Frank finished his breakfast and went to work, she walked in circles and then smacked her hand down on the table. "I can't wait any longer. I have to see my great-grandson now!"
- "Old Madam, Young Master has told you not to disturb Young Madam and Little Master," Laura, Elle's servant, said with a helpless sigh. Turns out Old Madam didn't listen to a word of what Young Master said after he told her so many times not to disturb them.
- Elle let out a snort of displeasure. "I already have one foot in the grave, but Frank has yet to bring my great-grandson back. How long does he want to make me wait?" It's better to go for something rather than just think about it, she thought. Without delay, she ordered Laura, "Get the car ready. I'm gonna meet my great-grandson!"

- Frank made no effort to hide his whereabouts, so Elle easily found out where Tim was staying.
- In Springvale Place's villa area, a pale blue figure was moving at a high speed, followed a short distance away by a little black figure who was moving at an equally amazing speed. If one took a closer look, they would find that the two were none other than Tamara and Tim.
- After coming to a stop in the middle of her jog, Tamara jogged in place while raising an eyebrow at the kid not far behind her. "Can't make it already? It's just 2,000 meters."
- "Mommy, you only beat me because you have longer legs. Do you think that's something worth taking pride in?" Tim exhaled softly. He seemed irked by Tamara's provocation, for his good-looking little face was taut.
- "Come on. Let's have breakfast, shall we?" Tamara made a cool gesture with her hand.
- Tim shook his head. "I'd like to go home and take a shower. Just buy some sandwiches for me instead."
- "Okay." Tamara nodded.
- Tim then went back on foot, but when he reached his home, he found two people standing outside the door. His clear, bright eyes flickered. "Who are you?"
- Elle was instantly overcome with tears when she turned around and saw a face that strongly resembled that of her grandson. Needless to say, he has to be my great-grandson! "Are you Timmy? I'm your great-grandma."