

# Trick to Treat Chapter 17

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Upon hearing Elle's words, Tim gave her an adorable smile. "That's very kind of you, Great-Grandma." Then, he took his cell phone out of his pocket. "Here's my phone number. My mom's coming back soon. Great-Grandma, let's stay in touch on the phone." After that, he gave Elle a big smacker on the cheek.

Elle was in a jolly mood on her way home. She said to Laura, "Oh, dear! My great-grandson's adorable, isn't he? Look at the pictures he sent me! How did he get to be so clever?"

Laura smiled in agreement. For some reason, she had a feeling that Elle had been duped by the boy. How did Old Madam end up having to help Young Master court Young Madam instead?

A little while after Elle had left, Tamara came over with freshly made sandwiches in her hand. "Why are you still outside?"

Tim immediately locked his phone's screen. Looking up at Tamara, he replied sweetly, "I wanted to wait for you, Mommy."

Tamara was moved by her son's words. As expected of my son, who always thinks about me, unlike Frank. That \*sshole didn't come home all night, nor did he even give me a call; God knows if he was fooling around somewhere. No, I have to talk to him. How could he have no self-awareness as a kept man? That's outrageous!

With that, she entered the house while holding her son's hand. After eating breakfast with great pleasure, she read the report Emily had sent her.

Now that she had acquired Colt Enterprise, she had to go to the company's premises tomorrow to familiarize herself with the company. Also, there's Evan. We'll meet again very soon.

Tim wolfed down his sandwich with a thoughtful look on his little face. Mommy is the best mother in the world. It's all for my sake that she works so hard from dawn until dusk every single day. Now that I've found my dad, I have to get Daddy and Mommy to fall in love with each other. With Daddy and I protecting Mommy together, she'll no longer have to work so hard.

Meanwhile, in the Chief Executive Officer's office of Cloud Industries, Harold was sitting on a large and comfy leather sofa while brewing tea with the porcelain teapot in his hand. "Have a taste of this freshly brewed Darjeeling."

Frank darted an impassive glance at the cup of tea before stretching out his hand to push it aside.

After a while, Harold was once again unable to hold back his excitement. He began, "Frank, just tell me how you feel right now. All of a sudden, you got yourself a stunner for a wife who had borne you a son. Aren't you surprised or excited?"

At the thought of Tamara, Frank finally raised his head and curled his attractive lips into a cryptic smile. "Things seem more interesting than I imagined."

Upon hearing the man's words, Harold was instantly burning with curiosity, and the look in his eyes was so intense as though he was going to pierce Frank with his gaze alone. "Really?

Hurry and tell me what happened between you two over the past few days!"

As he was speaking, however, Frank had lowered his head to read his documents, turning a deaf ear to what he said.

Seeing that the man was silent again, Harold shrugged in resignation and astutely didn't say anything else. Inwardly, however, he was planning what to do. Wait a minute. I'm the most resourceful man in Deacon Town, so there's no secret that can be hidden from me. This woman popped up from nowhere with Young Master Frank's several-year-old son. I have to dig up everything about Tamara-all the way back to when she was still in her mother's womb.

When the two men finished work, Jacqueline, Frank's personal secretary, was already waiting in the driver's seat in the basement parking lot. Inwardly, she had nothing but admiration for Tamara. She managed to get Boss to marry her just by giving birth to his child. Instead of treating the child as an illegitimate son, Boss acknowledged her as his wife, and she even bought a house. Those women who have their eyes on Boss out there have no chances of marrying him anymore. I wonder how many ladies are gonna cry their hearts out after their marriage is made public. Frank parted ways with Harold. After getting into the car, he ordered in a deep voice, "Go to Springvale Place."

"Yes, Boss," Jacqueline promptly replied as she started the car and sped off. Inwardly, though, she was shocked. That woman has moved into Springvale Place in just a day?! The houses at Springvale Place were extremely valuable due to strong market demand. Every single house in the area was the painstaking work of the world's best architects and interior designers, and some people outside even offered up to 100 million for one of these houses, though none of the houses were available for sale.

Jacqueline drove into Springvale Place. After driving up to Frank's Villa No. 88, she suddenly saw an adult and a kid through the rearview mirror.

Jacqueline had looked into Tamara's background herself, but she had only seen the latter in photos. Now that she finally met Tamara in person, she found that the latter looked more beautiful and graceful in person than in photos. Despite having given birth to a son, she still looked very youthful. She had beautiful and delicate features, and when she lowered her head to speak to Tim, she inadvertently oozed elegance and gentility. As expected of someone who could give birth to a kid as outstanding as Little Master. Naturally, Little Master must have inherited his parents' good genes.

After Frank got out of the car, he gave Jacqueline a warning stare.

Frightened by the look in Frank's eyes, Jacqueline hurriedly drove off. Sh\*t! Now that I know too much about Boss' private life, am I gonna die soon?

Tamara visited the kindergarten at Springvale place with Tim today. The kindergarten's environment was nice, so all that was left to do was enroll Tim into the kindergarten. After having a simple dinner, she took her son out for a stroll before deciding to return home. However, as soon as they arrived home, she caught Frank in the act with another woman. Frank got out of a luxury car that belonged to a gorgeous woman with large breasts.

Dressed in white collar attire, the woman was driving a Rolls-Royce that was worth about 10 million.

Tamara glared at him frostily. What an \*sshole!