

# Trick to Treat Chapter 6

## Chapter 6 Waking up in the Same Bed

- Does he not miss his son because it's his first time meeting the boy? And he even wants to leave. He doesn't love Tim at all.
- Tamara's fury had Frank stunned, and he allowed himself to be brought back inside. He caught sight of Tamara's thin, damp shirt clinging to her pale skin when he lowered his gaze. His eyes darkened then, and he wrapped an arm around Tamara's soft waist. "You want me to service you so soon?" he asked in a low voice.
- Instantly, the distance between their faces was closed. They were so close to each other that their breaths mingled. When he shifted his face slightly, he could smell the scent of soap from her skin.
- She was clearly seducing him by being dressed like that.
- This closeness made Tamara's breath stop. Just as she sucked in a breath and was about to hurl a slap his way, Frank reached out and clamped her hand right before the slap landed. He showed an evil grin. "I just accepted three million from you as payment; I've got to satisfy you."
- He lowered his head and viciously sealed his lips against her own. The gentle sweetness that he tasted on her lips left him stunned for a few seconds. He followed his instincts and allowed himself to take from her. Meanwhile, he ran his free hand through her hair to hold the back of her head. And so, he began to put on a powerful kissing performance. There wasn't the slightest bit of space left between them.
- The inexperienced Tamara felt the air leaving her. Her mind went blank. She even forgot how to protest.
- This jerk! How could he kiss me without my permission? Who knows how many people he has kissed with that mouth? At that thought, Tamara instantly regained her wits to shove Frank away with a powerful push. Her face was flushed bright red, and she pointed at Frank warily and angrily. "You jerk! Who said you can kiss me?"
- Frank's thin lips curved up into a grin. "We already have a child together, and we've done even more intimate things before, yet I can't kiss you?" Look, woman, playing hard to get occasionally is fine, but going overboard will make things boring.
- At that, Tamara's face flushed an even deeper red. Smoke nearly escaped her ears from her sheer rage. "You! Sleep on the couch!" she said through gritted teeth. With that, she turned around and slammed the door shut. Let the man sleep in the cold. Here I was thinking of getting him a blanket too. Now, though? Hmph, in his dreams!
- Frank looked at the tightly shut door. He rubbed his nose, a rare twinkling look appearing in his handsome eyes.
- Beautiful mornings were always accompanied by approaching disasters.
- When Tamara woke up, she couldn't stop herself from shrieking when she saw Frank's handsome face in front of her.

- Frank frowned, having been roused from his sleep. His long arm naturally pulled Tamara into his embrace. "Sleep a little longer," he said hoarsely.
- Tamara's pretty face turned stormy when she saw his calm behavior. She struggled hard to break free from the hand keeping her in place. "Why are you in my bed?" she roared in an antagonistic manner.
- Frank only managed to fall asleep close to dawn, and now, he was rudely awakened by Tamara after just a few minutes of sleep. Exhaustion rose on that majestic face of his. He opened his eyes with much difficulty; there were obvious dark circles under them. After a long pause, he slowly sat up and rubbed his swollen temples. He then pointed at the door of the bedroom. "I'm too tall. The couch couldn't fit me."
- That's his reason for crawling into my bed? Tamara broke down then. She angrily whipped the covers off. "You'd better get your butt out of bed before I'm back!" she barked before she pulled a face and went off to freshen herself up.
- The moment she opened her door, Tamara saw Tim standing there with a lost look in his eyes, his hand poised to knock on the door. He looked up at her. "You slept together with Daddy last night, Mommy? Why didn't you call me?"
- Just as Tamara wondered how she should explain this, she suddenly felt a warmth pressing against her back. She had no idea when Frank had put his clothes on before he forcefully wrapped his arms around her shoulders. "Because we had something to discuss with each other. We were talking in secret."
- Tim pouted. "I'm not young anymore. I'm nearly five."
- The two adults were unamused.
- Tim then casually walked past them.
- By the time she was in the bathroom to brush her teeth, Tamara's face was already red with embarrassment. She turned her head back to stare hatefully at the man who had just spouted nonsense. "Don't say weird things to my son!"
- Frank's thick brows knitted together as he chuckled. "He's so young, yet he knows so many things. What have you been teaching him?"