

# Love at the Right Price Chapter 1

## Chapter 1 Illegitimate Child

- "First time?" The man's breath was boiling hot, his voice hoarse.
- Tamara Randall's mind was hazy. She touched the man in the dark; his skin was wrapped around dense muscles. His rough panting had her feeling hot.
- "Evan, is that you?" Tamara asked, her breaths coming out in light gasps.
- "Why don't you take a guess?!" The man's voice was harsh. Without giving Tamara any time to react, he thrust harder.
- The agony of being ripped apart spread throughout her body. Sweat beaded Tamara's forehead, and pained groans left her mouth.
- The man pressed his lips to hers, swallowing her moans. His movements turned far gentler then, cutting off all of Tamara's thoughts. All she could do was let herself be swept away by the man's movements. At last, she fainted, unable to take it anymore.
- Tamara slowly opened her eyes the next morning. The unnatural pain between her legs reminded her of last night's events. The man was already gone. She was the only one left here. But this didn't affect her good mood at all. A sweet smile appeared on her lips. Last night, on her engagement day, she had given herself to Evan Hardy, her most beloved.
- Thump! All of a sudden, the door swung open forcefully. Evan was dressed in a suit, looking as handsome as ever.
- "Where did you go, Evan?" she called out sweetly.
- Upon saying that, Evan's younger sister, Lily Hardy, immediately emerged from behind him. She was an adopted daughter of the Hardy Family.
- "Tamara, was the gigolo I gifted you good in bed?"
- A condescending remark. Tamara's happy expression promptly froze in place. "What do you mean?" Unease crept through her heart.
- Lily smugly took a step forward and held Evan's hand. Her red lips gently parted. "Evan was with me the whole time. The man who was with you last night was a sugar baby that we picked carefully. He was someone that countless women have hired, a lowly sugar baby! Aren't you someone who thinks herself better than others, Tamara? How is it? How does it feel to have slept with a sex worker?"
- Tamara's eyes slowly widened. Her grief threatened to break her apart as her nails dug deeply into the sheets below her. "How could you two do this to me?"
- Evan was pleased by Tamara's pained voice. He stepped forward and wrapped his hand around her neck before he opened his mouth to cruelly push her down further. "My cruelty toward you is not even half of what your father did to my parents. If it hadn't been for your father, would my parents have died? My entire family is dead because of your father! Did you think that I would love you? I feel repulsed just by touching you for a moment! You're disgusting!"

- Each one of those words stabbed Tamara's heart like a volley of arrows. She denied it vehemently. "Impossible! My father has always been so nice to you. He gave you everything and anything. How could he have hurt your family?"
- Evan's laugh was demented. "Your father, nice to me? In order to force me to marry you, he caused Lily to miscarry. That baby was my first child!"
- Tamara smiled bitterly. Her eyes were wet with tears. Child? Lily's baby was his? So, this twisted pair were already in league with each other long ago. And I was the only one being so stupidly lied to. She trusted Evan unhesitatingly, and she even praised Evan in front of her father, telling him how nice and capable Evan was.
- Evan smoothed out the wrinkles in his suit before looking at her hatefully. Then, he smiled elegantly. "I have even more surprising news: your father died last night. I have already bought out Randall Industries. Everything that Randall Industries owns is in my hands. If it wasn't for my wish to torture you, I would have already sent you to meet your maker last night along with your father!"
- Tamara's eyes were bloodshot as she charged over shamelessly and threw a slap at Evan's face. She wept as she howled in fury. "You animal! You're inhuman!"
- Evan exploded from being slapped. He slapped her back, his hand landing right on Tamara's face, and her cheek instantly swelled, reddened from the hit. Enraged, he sneered. "Get her to a mental facility and lock her up. She's not to leave the facility ever again."
- Tamara had no idea how long she had spent inside the mental facility. From the nurses' idle gossip, she found out that Randall Industries had gone bankrupt, and her nude photos had spread like wildfire. Everyone spat at her—she had such an excellent man for a husband, and yet she cheated on him, making her father so angry that he died.
- All of Evan's wrongdoings were blamed on her instead.
- Suddenly, someone shouted from outside, "Fire! There's a fire!"
- Soon, thick smoke seeped into the room through the windows.
- "Evan and Lily Hardy, I curse you two to die a painful death!" Tamara's eyes were filled with hatred as she stood in the sea of flames.
- Five years later, Tamara stood by the entrance to the airport in Deacon Town with sunglasses on her face. Her long, slightly wavy hair swept past her shoulders. She had on a simple white blouse, and her jeans encased her long, slender legs perfectly. Her skin was clear and flawless, and her proportions were outstanding. Her lovely appearance drew everyone's attention at the airport. She held her phone in one hand and held a child's hand in the other. The child was dressed in a tiny suit.
- "I see. Stop the merging of the company with the Hardy Group. There's no need to bother with the people at Hardy." A cold smile appeared on Tamara's lips.
- It had been many years, but she was back at last.
- Tamara ended her call and stroked the little boy's head. "Mommy recently spent a few billion to acquire a company. You'll have to budget your dividends properly and make it last until next month, okay?"

- The little boy's features were delicate and handsome. After listening to her, he slowly spoke. "Mommy, you should be the one spending less. There are plenty of sports cars in the garage already. You shouldn't spend if you don't have to."
- Tamara stared at her son speechlessly. So what if I spent some money? Those sports cars were so beautiful. It'd be such a pity if they sat there unbought.
- And besides, it felt embarrassing that she was being lectured by her son about her spending habits.
- Tamara pouted as she led her son out of the airport. They then got into a black Porsche Cayenne that had already been parked outside earlier. Neither of them noticed that a light behind them flashed for a moment as they got in.
- Not far from the Cayenne inside a blindingly red car, Harold stared at the photo on his phone, tongue-tied. He enlarged the photo and repeatedly scrolled through every pixel. He was shaken. He then sent the photo out as a message and began to madly type away.
- 'Holy crap! Frank, you know what I saw just now? Your son! Look at this mini version of yourself. Kid's a replica of you when you were a kid! If he isn't, I'll chop my head off and present it to you as your son!'
- The man who received Harold's message regarded the photo with a cold gaze as he sat on the couch in his office. His expression was harsh. Although the photo was very blurry, it wasn't hard to see that this boy resembled him.
- His brows knitted together tightly.
- His assistant, Jacqueline Victor, was so terrified by her employer's expression that she began to tremble. Just what's going on with the boss?
- Frank Holt's handsome face was tense. Jacqueline couldn't tell whether he was happy or angry. A pause later, Frank said, "Miss Victor, get every bit of information about that car, as well as the passengers' address." With that, Frank got up, his long legs carrying him out of his office in a few strides.