

Love at the Right Price Chapter 13

Chapter 13 Make You Impotent

- Frank's voice hardened slightly with a somewhat chilly note in it. "She's feeling unwell? Didn't she just have her medical checkup done this year? Aren't you guys looking after her?"
- "I have no idea what's going on either, Young Master. Could you please come back first?"
- The air around Frank turned frosty at once. "Got it. Call the family doctor. I'll be back right away." With that, he hung up.
- When Frank came back, Tamara and Tim were fighting over the shrimp ravioli. Tim said with a look of righteousness, "Mommy, you'd better stop eating already. If you don't, you're not gonna fit in the summer limited-edition dress that you've just bought anymore!"
- Tamara snatched the slice of beef Tim was holding without giving a damn about what the latter said. Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly as she replied smugly, "It's okay. I'll jog for eight kilometers when we get back after this!"
- "Hmph." Tim let out a soft snort before turning to look at the hot pot.
- For some reason, at the sight of the mother and son's sweet and pleasant exchange, the anxiety weighing on Frank's mind dissipated a little all of a sudden, and his face looked a lot less frosty. He pursed his lips, saying, "I've got something to deal with, so I gotta go. I probably won't come home tonight, so you drive home with our son."
- He's leaving again? Tamara instinctively looked up at the man upon hearing his words. "Have you had enough? Well... be careful on the road."
- Seizing the opportunity, Tim snatched the beef slice from Tamara's bowl and put it into his mouth. Slurring his words, he said, "Goodbye, Daddy!"
- Frank's eyes warmed somewhat. "Uh-huh," he replied, before turning around to leave.
- However, Tamara was somewhat lost in thought while staring at the direction in which Frank left. Staying out all night on his first day living with us, huh? Don't tell me he's gonna go back to his old trade after I've paid him so much money.
- After leaving the restaurant, Frank hurried back to the Holt Residence. However, as soon as he opened the door, he saw Elle Richardson—his grandmother—sitting on the sofa, looking perfectly fine as she chatted with people smilingly.
- Elle's benign face broke into a cheery smile when she saw Frank. "You're back at last, Frank."
- Frank was stunned for a moment before his gaze shifted toward the other two people sitting on the sofa, one of whom looked young and pretty in her early twenties. In an instant, he realized what was going on, and his face involuntarily darkened somewhat. However, he found it rude to make his grandmother look bad in front of others, so he instead asked in a grave voice, "Grandma, I heard that you're feeling unwell. Why don't you go and have a rest?"

- “Sigh, it’s the same old trouble anyway. Not that a doctor could be of any help,” Elle replied with a wave of her hand, pretending as though she was too weak to look after herself. With a troubled expression, she gave Frank a long stare, adding, “It’s something that keeps weighing on my mind.”
- “Well, it’s a relief to know that you’re alright. I gotta go.” Frank turned around to leave as Tamara and Tim appeared in his mind. After all, the mother and son weren’t familiar with the roads of the town, and it was dangerous for them to go home late.
- “Who told you that I’m fine?!” Elle shot a fierce glare at Frank. “How could you leave as soon as you arrived? Do I have no authority over you anymore? Come over and sit down—now!”
- Seeing that Elle had lost her temper, Frank had no choice but to sit down beside her without saying anything else. Being a man who wielded a great deal of clout in town, Frank feared nothing when he was outside. However, he had great respect for his grandmother, who had single-handedly brought him up since he was a child.
- Elle said with a bright smile, “Come on, Frank. Let me introduce you to Shirley Goldie, the daughter of the Goldie Family. I invited her here today for a meal and for you guys to get to know each other while we’re at it.”
- Frank had heard of the Goldie Family, a family that had been gaining a lot of clout these years. There were signs that the family was rivaling the Hardy Family in status, so there were many who wanted to become acquainted with them. And besides, the Goldie Family had just had a collaboration with Cloud Industries recently. Still, Frank was surprised to find out that the Goldies had a daughter. In the eyes of outsiders, the daughter of the Goldie Family did seem like a suitable match for him, so it was no wonder that Elle was anxious to pair him off with her.
- Lowering her head slightly, Shirley greeted Frank meekly like a pretty young lady of humble birth, saying, “Nice to meet you, President Holt. I’m Shirley.”
- Before Frank could say anything in response, Elle beat him to it, saying, “President Holt? I don’t like how it sounds. Just call him by name.”
- “Yes, if you like, Old Mrs. Holt.” Shirley stole a glance at Frank with a shy smile on her face. At close proximity, she looked at the man, whose handsome features and inborn regal qualities would send hearts racing. How triumphant it would feel if I could get such a man to fall for me, she thought.
- “Hi, Miss Goldie.” Frank greeted the lady with an expressionless face.
- When Shirley heard how the man addressed her, the smile on her face faded a little, and she bit her lips. She had met Frank once at a banquet. Since then, she couldn’t get the man out of her mind. However, Frank kept a low profile and rarely attended these banquets, nor did he ever show his face in public. It wasn’t until Shirley did a long investigation that she found out that Frank was actually the man at the helm of the Holt Family.
- Elle secretly shot Frank a glare, but the latter turned a blind eye to it. Seeing his demeanor, she felt utterly helpless. Letting out a sigh, she said, “Alright, now that everyone’s here, let’s go eat and chat over our meal.”

- Shirley quickly helped Elle up. "Let me help you to the dining room, Old Mrs. Holt," she said, and the two women walked ahead of others in an affectionate manner.
- The next instant, Frank's cell phone vibrated all of a sudden. When he took it out to take a glance, he saw a WhatsApp message. It read, 'Frank, if you dare say one word more than necessary to another woman, I'm gonna make you impotent!'
- When Frank read the text message, his lips quirked up without him realizing it.