

## Love at the Right Price Chapter 26

### Chapter 26

As she thought about what happened last night, Tamara couldn't look directly into Frank's eyes at all. Seeing him walking toward her with the tray in hand, she subconsciously turned away to avoid looking at his face.

"You can put it down. I'll eat it in a while."

"I made some soup to sober you up. Drink it." He had never been a talkative person. If it were another woman, he would not bat an eyelash at them at all. However, as he faced Tamara now, he couldn't act : indifferent at all.

Tamara bit her red lips, not knowing how to face Frank. Her temples were still sore and painful, but just as she stretched out her hand to rub it, the bowl of dark soup had already been fed to her mouth.

She turned her head to face Frank's serious eyes. He looked at her steadily and said with a somewhat forceful voice, "Drink."

"Fine, I'll drink it. Why do you have to be so fierce?" Tamara did have a terrible headache. Thus, she stopped the haughty act and opened her mouth, putting the spoon in her mouth.

It tasted awful, and Tamara frowned at the smell. However, when she looked at Frank's eyes, she couldn't bear to throw the soup away. Left with no choice, she could only hold her breath and drink it all.

Frank probably knew that the soup didn't taste good, so he quickly fed her hot porridge. The porridge was made of coarse grains, which was nourishing for the stomach in the morning.

Tamara quickly grabbed the bowl from Frank's hand and made quick work of the porridge. After eating the hot porridge, her stomach was warm, and her overwhelming nausea had been reduced by a lot. Nevertheless, she still felt a little weak, so she sank into her blankets again, revealing only a pair of big and clear eyes.

Frank looked as though he had no intention to leave at all. He sat quietly by the bed without saying a word and just stared at her, making her heart flutter.

Some time later, Tamara finally couldn't stand the weird atmosphere and mumbled, "Thank you for sending me back last night, and thank you for taking care of me all night."

"If I'm not around in the future, don't drink so much." Frank narrowed his eyes, replying in a tone that was not quite gentle.

If the events of the previous night happened to Tamara while he wasn't there, any man would be able to take her away.

As he thought of the possibility of this happening, Frank's eyes darkened, and a chill emanated off his body.

Tamara wasn't the kind of person who would mess around either. At his warning, her gaze warmed slightly, and she coughed lightly before replying in a soft voice, "I know." After taking a day off, Tamara felt a lot better and was just about to officially take over Colt Enterprise, but she remembered that school hadn't started for Tim, and Frank didn't follow the contract agreement. Rather than fooling around in bars, it was better for him to stay at home and take care of their son.

She believed in the security here, but accidents could always happen. So, Tamara raised her eyes and stared at him, saying in an unkind tone, "Frank, I'm going to the company, but I'm worried about my son being alone at home. Go back and take care of him."

Her son was so well-behaved and obedient that he would even kiss her when she went to work to reassure her.

"All right."

Half an hour after Tamara had left, Harold came to Villa No. 88 at Springvale Place uninvited and rang

Tim glanced at his father. "Is that guy outside the door your friend? He looks like an idiot."

Frank got up with a look of disgust and opened the door.

"Kid?" Harold immediately rushed up and directly ignored Frank, striding past him. Tim looked at him blankly, his features a carbon copy of Frank's.

Harold's eyes lit up immediately, and he circled around Tim a few times. "What's your name, kid?"

"Tim Randall."

"You didn't take Frank's surname?" Harold was surprised. Frank's such a traditional man. How could he tolerate this?

When he turned around to look, Frank was staring at him with an insincere smile, his eyes full of murderous intent.

Tim didn't expect this man to have such a low emotional intelligence, and he couldn't help but smirk. "Mister, I'd choose my words carefully if I were you."

Harold smiled bitterly as he groaned inwardly, Goodness gracious! He's the spitting image of his father. No doubt, he's gonna become a wizard in the future!

As the two men took care of the young child, Frank was hit with a burst of fatherly love and wanted to make things up to him. So, they went to the home theater in the basement, where there was a game room. Which boy didn't play games when they're young? How miserable is that?

Seeing the game machines, Harold's eyes lit up. He was quite skilled at this. However, he didn't expect to be severely defeated by Tim in a few shooting matches. As he looked at the black screen in front of him, Harold couldn't help but start to doubt himself. Are kids these days this good at games? Or have my own skills regressed?

"It's too easy. Son, are you hitting a machine?" Frank patted his son's head. Outstanding, that's what my son is!

"If you're so good at it, go ahead." Harold moved out of the way and looked at him provocatively.

At this, Frank sat down, and as a result, Tim who had completely beaten Harold was immediately defeated by Frank.

"Kid, you didn't go easy on him, did you?" Harold tried his best to fight to the bitter end. Tim was not happy in the first place, and his expression darkened when he heard this. He directly repeated Harold's words at him. "If you're so good at it, go ahead."

Harold was speechless. I give up. This family is full of monsters, he thought.

At this time, after Tamara took control of Colt Enterprise, she immediately reorganized the company inside and out. Within a few days, she fired all of the unconvinced senior

executives. Those senior officials were still waiting to see how the company would operate without them.

As a result, there were substitutes to replace them in the next second, and highly skilled individuals with strong résumés appeared, shocking everyone to the core.

Even some big names from Wall Street were willing to work as lowly directors, and various professional managers that major elite companies wanted to dig showed up to work as managers as well.

They couldn't fathom the kind of capital power their boss held.

After seeing her terrifying connections, everyone turned into her fan and began working for her wholeheartedly.

Tamara took the documents and turned to the project collaboration form handed over by Hardy Group. When she saw the familiar name-Evan Hardy-a trace of hatred flashed in her clear eyes, and a bloodthirsty smile appeared at the corner of her mouth.

After Hardy Group joined Randall Industries a few years ago, they had indeed risen in Deacon Town. However, because of his poor management over the years, the company wasn't doing as good as before anymore. In addition, he was a cruel person and had offended many people. As a result, the current Hardy Group was no longer the same as before.

On the surface, it was still a large group with unlimited power, but in fact, there had been a gradual economic crisis, a shortfall in project funds, and various other problems. Evan couldn't wait to cling onto the lifeline that was Colt Enterprise and enter the lucrative pearl industry so that his funds could be quickly returned. So, he was frantically trying to contact the person in charge at Colt Enterprise.

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These days, phone calls and text messages kept coming in, and Tamara watched as the shares of the Hardy Group approached a halt several times, her expression unmoving as usual.

Tamara handed the document to Lucy. "Schedule the meeting with Hardy Group at the very end." I'll have them dwell in anxiety like a cat on hot bricks.

Tamara drove home when she clocked off work in the evening. She was fine at work, but now that she was off work, she worried about Tim, and whether Frank went home in time to take care of her son, along the way home.

But as soon as she got home and saw her surroundings, Tamara's expression instantly darkened. "Frank! What on earth did you buy?"

The house was full of snacks, toys, and mecha action figures. Did they buy the entire grocery store home? This is how he's spending the three million I gave him?

Tim ran away and hid behind Frank, blinking his wide eyes. "Daddy bought all of this. Are you angry, Mommy?"

Seeing Tamara yelling at his son so fiercely, Frank dotingly lifted Tim in his arms and said with a frown, "Are you usually this strict to my son? How can a child live without toys? The son of Frank Holt can afford as many toys as he wants!"

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### Chapter 27

Tamara scoffed. Where did this man get his confidence from? Probably his looks and

charisma!

If this carried on, he would definitely be a bad influence to their kid.

Tamara felt like she had to find a day to have a serious chat with him.

When he saw his mother's angered reaction, Tim got down from Frank's hold and ran forward to grab her legs. "I'm sorry, Mommy. Don't be angry; I won't bring home this many toys from now on."

"Go to your room and change into your pajamas. I'll give you a shower in a bit."

As she told Tim to leave, Tamara's beautiful eyes followed him coldly. "Timmy has indigestion. He can't eat any of these junk foods."

She had a difficult time back when she was giving birth to Tim. She didn't take good care of him when he was a baby, so he had to grow up with a weak body. That was why he couldn't eat many types of food, especially since he was still young. His stomach wouldn't be able to handle heavily processed foods, so the only way to improve his health was to be mindful of the things he ate.

Frank's eyes were dark and cloudy when he heard that, as if they were two blackholes emanating a deadly sense of danger. "When you... gave birth to him...?"

He recalled the information that Harold had found out previously. A lump formed in his throat, and when he spoke, his voice wasn't as cold as it usually was.

Tamara shut her eyes; she refused to meet his gaze. She didn't mean to make him guilty by saying those now.

Meanwhile, Tim had already gotten changed. He stuck his head out and Tamara walked toward him, preparing to put the kid to sleep first.

After spending the entire day with Frank, Tim fell asleep only after a few minutes. Even a child's energy had its limits, after all.

Just as she left the bedroom and carefully closed the door behind her, she noticed that Frank had changed into a fresh set of clothes. It looked like he was about to head out. She glanced at him warily. In the end, she couldn't help but ask, "Where are you going dressed so handsomely?"

"I have something to take care of," Frank explained calmly.

Tamara scoffed unhappily. "You've been leaving early and coming home late recently. What are you so busy with?"

Frank's brooding eyes swept across Tamara's beautiful face. His lips curved upward ever so slightly. "What's the matter? Are you interested in what I've been up to?"

"Didn't your mother tell you this? It's not safe for men to head out alone, especially someone with a face like yours who likes to dress up pretty like this. It's even more dangerous," she said in all seriousness.

She wasn't wrong to begin with-in this day and age, even men weren't safe from women who had bad intentions.

"Since you're so worried about me, why don't you come along?" Frank raised a brow as he extended an invitation.

Tamara waved her hands. "I'm not interested in what you do. Just don't come home too late; you'll wake us up from our beauty sleep."

Then, she watched as he left the house. Immediately after that, she went upstairs to get changed.

Frank left Springvale Place and arrived at the most well-known cafe of Deacon Town in a taxi to meet with Harold.

Tamara was seated too far away to hear what the two of them were talking about at their table. She only knew that they'd left before even taking a sip of their coffees. She quickly followed them out of the cafe, and she couldn't help but grit her teeth when she saw Frank getting into Harold's car.

She was well aware of who Harold was. Back when they had a couple of drinks together at Witt Bar, she'd found out about his name and background.

Apparently, he was the second-in-command of Cloud Industries. He was wild and liked to behave recklessly; whatever it was, he couldn't be further from a proper gentleman. It was definitely bad news that Frank was hanging around with a man like this.

Before she could think any further, she hurriedly waved down a taxi. "Follow that Phantom in front."

"Alrighty, Miss. Sit tight." The taxi driver was overjoyed to have scored such a beautiful lady as his passenger. He slammed the gas and the taxi immediately turned into a sports car as it sped up.

The taxi followed the Phantom closely throughout the ride. At last, Frank and Harold stopped in front of the Holtswell Enterprise building's entrance, and the two of them headed inside together.

Tamara stared suspiciously at the skyscraper before her. Could Frank also have something to do with Cloud Industries?

In any case, Tamara was relieved to find that he wasn't up to something that could tarnish their relationship. With that, she went straight home to Springvale Place.

She failed to notice that meanwhile, a figure in a gray suit was staring fixedly at her behind the French windows on the 59th floor of the Holtswell Enterprise building.

They had just concluded their discussion on business matters. Harold followed Frank's gaze and his eyes landed on the woman down below.

"Coming to your office right under her nose, huh... Aren't you worried that she might realize your true identity?" Harold was calmly awaiting Frank's response as he sat on the sheepskin sofa with his legs crossed.

Frank let go of the sheer curtains, the look in his eyes steady and unwavering. "It doesn't matter."

In truth, he didn't care if Tamara found out about his identity. After all, he'd made her promise to that previously. On the contrary, he was quite excited for her to realize who he really was.

When that happens, what kind of look will / see on that beautiful face of hers. I wonder?

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### Chapter 28

It was 10:30PM when Frank returned to Springvale Place.

Tamara was sitting on the sofa in a silk nightgown while Tim was playing with his toys on the carpet, wearing a pair of pajamas. For some reason, he had woken up earlier in the middle of his sleep.

His reason was that he missed his father. Tamara gritted her teeth when she heard that her son's heart was completely bought over by that man in just a few days!

Tamara looked up and asked calmly, "Where'd you go? Why're you home so late?"

Frank lifted a brow. He loosened his tie as he made his way to Tamara. The words

which came out of his sexy lips in a slow and soft manner rendered Tamara speechless in the next second. "I was working overtime."

"Working overtime?" Tamara's lips parted in surprise. "Did you really find yourself a job?"

No wonder... No wonder he went to Cloud Industries today.

"Yeah," Frank replied nonchalantly. His words did contain some truth in them. "I asked Harold to find me a job, so I'm working at Cloud Industries now."

That wasn't entirely a lie; he was indeed working at Cloud Industries.

Tamara knew that he wasn't lying. The doubt she initially had quickly dissipated.

"What kind of work do you do there?" she asked curiously.

Her question was a tough one to answer. He said after a moment of deep thought, "Just some simple tasks, really-operations management and such."

Why did he have to dabble in his old trade if he's capable enough for such a job?

Tamara couldn't really understand why, but she maintained an encouraging tone as she said, "You'll have to work hard, then. I know that you'll do well as long as you put in the effort. Just ask me if there's anything you need help with."

"Are you experienced in this field?"

"Of course! I was a pro back when I was a sales planner."

"Yeah, the shop was in good business until you scared the customers so much that no one dared to

nth during the promotional period," Tim said sarcastically from the side.

"Sure, but I was great as an operations manager too!" Tamara was a little unhappy to be exposed like that.

"Yeah, back when you fired more than ten people within a month, right? If that went on, the company would've become an empty shell in no time." Tim nodded as he popped a potato chip into his mouth.

"Well done, Tim. It seems like you're itching for a beating since you have your father backing you up these days!" Tamara stood up as she rubbed her palms together, and Tim was instantly terrified. He quickly tossed away the bag of chips and jumped down from the sofa, running to Frank and hiding behind him.

"Help, Dad!"

A small smile hung on the corners of Frank's lips. He stood with Tim behind him and said, "Alright, alright. I've just found a new job, so why don't I treat you two to a meal?"

Tamara shot a glare at Tim with a silent message written all over her face, I'll let you go just this once. She then shrugged and looked at Frank with pity in her eyes, as though she was being sympathetic since he wasn't making a lot of money yet. "Forget it. I know it's not easy to make money. Let's celebrate after you get your first paycheck."

"I'm taking Tim out to the theme park tomorrow. Why don't you come with us, then?"

Frank asked.

Tamara rejected him without even a second thought. "I'd rather not. I have a bunch of things to do in the office tomorrow, so you two just go ahead without me. Have fun!"

"Come with us, Mommy. We've never gone out to have fun as a family before." The little boy looked at her with puppy eyes, which he rarely did. He blinked expectantly and pitifully.

Tamara would probably never get sick of seeing her son's rare display of cuteness even after ten years. Indeed, she couldn't find the words of rejection in the face of her

adorable son's request.

Tamara admitted defeat in the end. "Alright, then. Mommy will go with you."

Since it was decided, she had to complete all her work by tonight.

It was 2:00AM in the morning, but Tamara was still typing on her keyboard at her desk with a tall stack of documents in front of her. A few of them were open with several scattered details which were circled in red.

The woman who had her full attention on her work didn't notice that outside her door which was slightly ajar, Frank had been leaning against the frame and watching her for quite some time.

He stared fixedly at Tamara who was immersed in her work. Her beautiful face was filled with focus and nothing else as she looked at her computer screen. Her fingers flew across the keyboard rapidly while she mindlessly opened a few more documents which were filled with red ink.

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### Chapter 29

As he recalled what Harold had told him the other day, Frank couldn't help but frown. There was a high chance that Evan was adamant on getting a divorce with Tamara back then because of Lily; he was so desperate to do so that he didn't even mind putting on the PR act.

But he'd seen Lily when they were buying a house the other day; she was in no way better than Tamara in any aspect. He didn't know what Evan was thinking back then. Why would he pick that woman over Tamara?

In any case, it's good that it turned out that way. After all, due to such circumstances, he was able to have Tamara by his side.

However, after such a long time in marriage, they'd probably already done all that could be done between a couple. At the thought of that, Frank's eyes twitched momentarily. Even though he had no feelings for this woman, she was still his child's mother. To have his belongings touched by someone else was unacceptable. At once, dissatisfaction rose in his chest.

Frank was in deep thought: It wasn't until Tamara stopped to stretch her back did he return to his senses all at once.

Grumble, grumble... Right then, a strange noise rang out eerily in the quiet study.

Tamara sighed deeply and rubbed her belly as she mumbled, "So hungry... Would be nice if I could have a bowl of plain noodles now."

Though Tamara said that, her nanny, Rita, had already gone home. On the other hand, she couldn't do anything more complicated than boiling a pot of water in the kitchen, so there was no way she knew how to make plain noodles.

Thus, she clenched her fists and ignored her growling stomach, immersing herself in her work once again.

The mountain of documents by her side gradually lessened-her work was finally almost done. Tamara let out a breath of relief. She was about to take a break when she heard vague noises coming from outside.

It's the middle of the night; everyone should be asleep. Could it be a rat?

And so, she immediately got up to have a look. To her surprise, light was spilling out

from the kitchen, and the noises were coming from there as well. It was just the three of them at home, while both Tim and Frank were asleep. Why would there be noises coming from the kitchen? Could it be a thief?

The look in her eyes went slightly cold. She swiftly grabbed the baseball bat lying in the corner of the wall and slowed down as she made her way to the kitchen. When she was nearing the door, she pushed it open with abrupt force and rushed inside with the baseball bat raised high above her head. "How dare you break into my house, you thief? You're dead now that I've caught you!"

"It's me." Before she whacked the bat against the person's head, what met her eyes were Frank's pair of deep set ones.

Tamara flinched at once and she gasped in surprise. "Why're you here?"

"I'm hungry, so I'm making myself supper." Frank studied her casually until his eyes landed on the baseball bat in her hands. The look in his eyes turned slightly stony. "Were you planning to face off the thief with this bat?"

Tamara nodded. "Is there a problem with that? I've had years of practice in taekwondo back when I was abroad!"

"You're a woman," Frank explained with a cold face.

"So?" Tamara was confused.

Frank looked away, refusing to pay her any more attention. What's wrong with this woman's mind? I'm right here, so why can't she learn to ask for help?

She didn't understand why Frank was suddenly unhappy, but it didn't matter. Now, she was completely hypnotized by the enticing scent of the plain noodles which were boiling on the stove.

She was already famished from working overtime all night, and her stomach was growling in joy at this moment.

But it seemed like Frank had only prepared the portion for one. She was also too embarrassed to ask for some of his food, so she could only stare quietly as he headed toward the dining table with the bowl of noodles.

She rubbed her tummy and watched Frank's leaving figure enviously. Oh, to be able to cook...

Just as she was smacking her lips eagerly, Frank stopped short in his tracks and turned to shoot her a glance. "Why're you still standing there? Are you waiting for me to feed you?"

"Oh, I'm coming!" Tamara's eyes lit up. She quickly tossed the baseball bat toward the corner of the wall and followed him closely.

Before long, Tamara's satisfied voice could be heard coming from the dining room. "I didn't think you'd know how to cook, Frank. It's so delicious, too! You totally read my mind; I was just craving for a bowl of plain noodles and there you were making it. What a coincidence!"

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## Chapter 30

What a coincidence, huh?

Frank sat next to Tamara, his handsome face propped on his hand as he stared at her satisfied face. A small smile crept up his face. He said patiently and expectantly, "The 3 million you spent was worth it, wasn't it?"

Instead of hearing the answer that he'd expected, Tamara denied immediately without even thinking twice. "Not at all!"

"Why not?"

"If food delivery was a million, I'd rather buy a shop and eat for free every day!"

Frank's expression darkened and he went quiet again. He looked away from Tamara to the bowl of plain noodles.

Jeez, this man and his mood swings... When she noticed that he was staring straight at the bowl of noodles, she understood at once and quickly nudged the bowl in his direction along with the pair of – chopsticks. "Sorry, I was too hungry and almost forgot that this was meant to be your supper. I can't finish the entire bowl anyway, so you should have some too."

The moment she did that, she came to a realization as she stared at the bowl of noodles that she'd just eaten straight out of, and her face turned red. She reached out and tried to pull the bowl back toward herself.

Much to her surprise, before she could grab the bowl, Frank nonchalantly picked up the chopsticks and began to eat the noodles elegantly.

It was just a bowl of plain noodles, but it seemed to have turned into some fancy cuisine the moment he started eating it. The natural air of poise he exuded was so charming that Tamara couldn't help but steal a few extra glances at him.

Nevertheless, how could Frank still casually enjoy the bowl of noodles that she'd just eaten straight out of?

"Hmm, it tastes pretty good." Frank tried a few bites of it and emotionlessly nudged the bowl back in Tamara's direction.

His reaction wasn't anything out of the ordinary, while Tamara was too embarrassed to say anything. Thus, she simply continued eating her noodles quietly.

She was actually starving.

So, she didn't think much of it; she especially didn't wonder if the noodles were prepared specially for her by Frank.

The two sat closely side by side at the table. It was a picturesque scene indeed-perhaps this was what it looked like for two beautiful people to be next to each other.

The next morning, Tamara, who had only four hours of sleep, stood in front of the father-son duo, bearing a haggard face.

Tim gasped in shock. "Mommy, were you out burgling last night?"

"Give me ten minutes." Tamara's eyebrows couldn't help but twitch as she stared at her pale and unhealthy complexion in the mirror.

She rapidly started patting powders and creams onto her face. Around ten minutes later, a simple and fresh makeup look was completed.

She had great skin, so she only needed a tiny bit of concealer and powder to cover up the dark eye circles which she'd earned from staying up last night. With that, she looked

a lot more refreshed.

After that, the family of three took off right away. Their destination was the largest tourist attraction in the east side of the city-Happy Canyon.

Happy Canyon was the most famous vacation spot in Deacon Town.

There were all sorts of amusement facilities available and the view was spectacular.

Tourists from all over the world would visit just to experience the beauty of Happy Canyon.

In all the years that Tamara had been living in Deacon Town, this was the first time she was able to visit a place like this. Strangely, she felt like she was in a dream when she stepped through the entrance of Happy Canyon.

Just as she was caught up in her own thoughts, she felt a warmth against her palm. She looked down and noticed that Frank had wrapped his fingers around hers tightly.

An inexplicable feeling spread in her chest. She realized that she didn't hate his touch.

Rather, she felt like holding hands with him was quite a natural gesture.

The next second, his magnetic voice came from above her head. "It's crowded here, so don't get lost."

Hearing that, Tamara tightened her grip around Tim's hand. She said, her voice full of concern, "Don't let go of my hand no matter what, okay?"

"You should worry about yourself, Mommy." Tim looked away boldly, his eyes even filled with helpless resignation.