

Love at the Right Price Chapter 4

Chapter 4 She Actually Thought He Was a Sex Worker

- Frank was slightly taken aback. At last, a hint of emotion showed on his handsome face—a smile that wasn't quite one. Interest was mixed in with it. "A million bucks for my living expenses?"
- To think of tricking me with a million bucks, this woman has such a scheming mind. Did she think I would assume that she isn't flinging herself at me for the Holts' fortune?
- The room instantly quietened.
- Tamara took a deep breath and once again sized up the man. Could the market have inflated so much that a million bucks wasn't enough to keep a sugar baby who was at the top of the demand list?
- "You think that's too little?" She put three of her fingers up as she spoke through clenched teeth. "Three million then. I can't up it any higher than that!"
- She had just purchased Colt Enterprise; she only had a hundred million bucks worth of dividends left this month. There were still so many things she needed to spend money on. Three million to keep this sugar baby happy was expensive!
- Seeing how the man remained quiet with a calm expression, and how that cold aura of his resembled a king's, Tamara inexplicably felt terrified. This guy's nothing but a sugar baby. I have nothing to be afraid of. Cut the cool act, toy boy!
- Tamara puffed herself up, putting on a confident front. "Timmy needs to go to school, and he needs a proper family to do that in Deacon Town. Let me know your schedule so that we can file for our marriage certificate."
- Frank averted his black eyes slightly as he listened to her, obscuring the mocking look in his eyes. Heh, she's making use of a child so she can marry me and become the lady of the Holt Family? She's good at this game of chess.
- So my son was being raised by a woman like her for the last few years?!
- Frank felt there was no need to continue staying here. If it wasn't for his son, he wouldn't have listened to so much of this woman's pointless nonsense.
- The next moment though, he heard her say in a nonchalant tone, "Of course, I know that your past wasn't easy. You still have a grandmother to take care of. That three million I'm giving you every month should be enough to feed you two. Don't continue that sexual job. I can't have people gossiping behind my son's back."
- "What do you mean?" Frank frowned. He couldn't understand Tamara's words. Sexual job? A difficult past?
- Once he pondered over those words, Frank seemingly understood a few things. Instantly, his expression chilled until it was like ice, and he stared at her with a hawkish gaze. This woman thinks me a sex worker?!

- All of a sudden, a text message popped up on his phone. Frank reined back his anger as he opened it to read it. Once again, his grandmother had arranged a date for him. He lowered his eyes and mulled over the situation. His grandmother was getting old. It was normal that she would want to see him marry and have children.
- At that thought, Frank lifted his head and carefully surveyed the woman in front of him. Her skin was clear and soft without makeup, and her cold, elegant eyes were filled with wariness. Her red lips glistened, and she had a beautiful, perfect face. She would turn heads anywhere she was.
- Most importantly, they already had a child together. Although this woman was sly, suddenly separating the boy from his mother would leave a traumatic impact on the child.
- Thus, he agreed, his eyes darkening. Let's see what other tricks she has up her sleeve.
- Now that they had come to an agreement, Tamara looked for a sheet of paper. She had to write a contract and sign it in case the man was shameless and disregarded her terms. Society today was a dangerous one.
- Tamara carefully mulled over many nitty-gritty details, and she listed them all down before shoving the paper toward the man. "Take a look at this. If you have no problem with it, then sign the paper!"
- As the man read through the terms, Tamara casually regarded him. The logo on his watch seemed to indicate it was a Cartier. That particular model would cost at least over 4 million. Tsk. Why is he so fond of illusions of grandeur? Buying a knockoff and all. Anyone can tell that the Cartier on an escort's wrist is clearly fake. Completely brainless.
- Frank took the paper and looked at it. What kind of weird conditions are these?
- Firstly, he was to cut all ties with all past clients, and he was to not have any contact with them anymore.
- Secondly, he had to spend eight hours daily with Tim Randall.
- Thirdly, he was not allowed to stay out at night without coming home.
- Frank was speechless. His temper flared as he read the contract. She really thinks me a sex worker, huh?!