

## **Burning Passion: Love Never Dies novel by Paule Ree**

### Chapter 1 The Divorce Agreement

"Philip, this is the divorce agreement. I've already signed it. Please give it to Carlos."

Debbie Nelson plucked up her courage and handed the signed agreement to Philip Brown, the steward of the Hilton family.

Philip was shocked by the words "divorce agreement". His first thought was that Debbie wanted to get a divorce so as to carve up the property that belonged to Carlos Hilton.

But as he looked through the document, he saw that she wanted to give up everything, including her share of the mutual property.

Philip heaved a heavy sigh. "Debbie, why are you being ridiculous? Why would you want to divorce Mr. Hilton and even choose to give up your property?"

Debbie was only a college student, and she had no parents. It was unwise for her to ask for a divorce now, much less give up her property that was worth quite a fortune.

Embarrassed, Debbie looked away and scratched the back of her head. "Carlos and I have been married for three years, but our marriage only exists on paper. I don't want to waste my time on him anymore," she admitted, instead of hiding the reason from Philip.

She had a life of her own. She did not want this nominal marriage to take her youth.

In her eyes, Carlos was merely a stranger whom she had never met literally, so she had nothing to lose if she let him go. Besides, this marriage was arranged by her late parents. She had no feelings for it at all.

"I see. It seems that you've already made up your mind. Today... No. I will give this to Mr. Hilton tomorrow."

Debbie let out a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Philip," she uttered with a lovely smile on her face.

Philip stood up to leave. But before he took a step, he turned to Debbie and stated, "Debbie, Mr. Hilton is a good man. In my opinion, you two are a perfect match. I hope you think it through again."

'A perfect match?' Debbie repeated in her mind. But she had not even seen her husband in the past three years. Even if they were a perfect match, so what?

A bitter smile formed on her lips. She took a deep breath and firmly replied, "Phillip, I've made up my mind."

The next afternoon, Phillip still had not received a call from Debbie. He had expected her to regret her hasty decision to get a divorce or at least add some conditions to the agreement. However, she did not.

Resigned, Philip took out his phone and dialed a number. As soon as he was connected to Carlos, he said, "Mr. Hilton, there's a document that needs your signature."

"What kind of document?" Carlos asked indifferently.

Philip hesitated for a moment before answering, "It's... a divorce agreement."

Carlos, who was dealing with some papers in his office, stiffened.

It was only then that he remembered he had a wife.

As Phillip received no response from the other end of the line, he suggested, "Mr. Hilton, why don't you talk with Mrs. Hilton about it?"

"How much does she want?" Carlos asked coldly.

"Nothing. She even wishes to give up her share of your mutual property."

"She wants to give up everything?"

"That's right. But Mr. Hilton, I would like to remind you that your father is not in good health at the moment. If he finds out about this, he will lose his temper again. What's more, if the news that your wife has abandoned you spreads, I'm afraid it will leave a bad impact on you and the company," Philip concluded calmly.

"Very well. Put the agreement in my office. I'll return to Alorith in two days."

"Yes, Mr. Hilton." Philip did not dare to say anything more.

After all, once Carlos had made up his mind, nobody could change his decision.

In the Blue Night Bar in Alorith.

As the night fell, more and more young people entered the bar.

Debbie usually wore casual clothes. But since today was her birthday, she had decided to wear a pink dress trimmed with lace. It was unusual for her to dress like a lady. Several classmates of hers pulled out their phones and took pictures with her.

While they were enjoying the party, a fat drunkard appeared out of nowhere and wrapped an arm around Debbie's waist.

"Hey, beautiful lady. Let's also take a photo."

As the man sexually harassed her, Debbie slapped him across the face with all her strength.

The drunkard sobered up in an instant. He gritted his teeth in anger and walked closer, intending to teach Debbie a lesson.

Fortunately, her classmates stood in front of her to protect her.

Debbie was a sheer beauty. This was not the first time she had experienced being harassed by filthy men.

One of Debbie's classmates looked at the drunkard up and down and commented with utter disdain, "Can you behave yourself? It's embarrassing for an old man like you to annoy a young girl."

"Next time, look at yourself in the mirror before you leave your house. How did you have the nerve to take a picture with a decent lady? You sick fuck," another mocked.

The man was enraged that the group of young people insulted his appearance. Fuming with anger, he put down his drink and bellowed, "How dare you?! I won't let you off!"

As soon as he said those words, he waved his hand. Soon, a group of hooligans surrounded Debbie and her classmates.

Those who had attended Debbie's birthday were her college students. Afraid they would make trouble for themselves, they did not dare to fight off campus.

Meanwhile, Debbie's eyes widened in horror upon realizing that they were outnumbered by those hooligans. So, without hesitation, she shouted, "Run!"

Her classmates were also aware that this was not the right time to be a hero. Without wasting a second, they picked up their bags and bolted.

The hooligans chased them around in all directions.

Unfortunately for Debbie, she could not run fast as she was wearing a dress and high heels. She got separated from her companions before she could even reach the exit.

Because of this, she took off her shoes and ran barefoot.

When she turned a corner, she suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure.

Meanwhile, the hooligans were getting closer. Debbie, who was a bit tipsy, had no time to think of a plan, so she just threw herself into the man's arms and held him in desperation. "Honey!" she called in the most coquettish voice that she could muster.