

Chapter 2 Catch That Woman

With a frown, Carlos looked at the beautiful woman, who suddenly popped up in front of him. At first, he thought that she was an unknown entertainer or model, who wanted to hook up with him.

But for some reason, her face looked so familiar.

While he was lost in thought, Debbie wheeled him around, leaned against the door and stood on tiptoe to kiss him.

The man's tall figure obscured Debbie from view. In others' eyes, it seemed that the man was forcing Debbie to kiss him when it was actually the contrary.

Carlos was infuriated. Nobody had ever offended him like this.

Just as he was about to push Debbie away, she unbuttoned his shirt and blatantly felt his chest.

She stilled for a second when she felt his hard and toned pecs. 'Wow. What a muscular man!' she remarked inwardly.

The hooligans, who were chasing Debbie, left when they saw the intimate scene. They did not think that one of them was their target.

As if the kiss was not enough, Debbie nestled in Carlos's arms. As soon as she noticed that the hooligans were gone, she pushed the man away and smiled fawningly at him. "Oops. Sorry. I mistook you for someone else."

Carlos wiped the lipstick off his lips in disgust. He caught a whiff of red wine on this woman's breath and in his own mouth, so he surmised that she must have been drinking.

At this moment, Debbie raised her head to look at the man. Not until then did she see his face.

His dark and deep eyes, thick dashing eyebrows, high nose, and beautiful lips all showed his elegance and nobility.

However, his eyes were icy cold, and his dissatisfaction was written all over his face.

Upon realizing that the man was displeased, Debbie flashed him a smile and said apologetically, "As compensation, I'll give you two thousand dollars!"

In her eyes, he was the most handsome man she had ever seen. Two thousand dollars was worth it.

She quickly opened her bag to get the money. To her surprise, she only had two hundred dollars and some changes left. Pausing for a few seconds, she cleared her throat and added, "Uh... can I get a discount?"

"A discount?" Carlos repeated, outraged. The more he looked at her, the more he was sure that he had seen her before.

It did not take a genius to know that the man in front of Debbie was pissed off. He looked as if he were planning on throwing her into the sea to feed a shark. If looks could kill, she should have been dead already.

Suddenly, Debbie's face lit up. She took out her phone and suggested, "I know! I'll make the transfer via the cellphone."

She clicked on the screen, but it did not light up. A sinking feeling emerged in her heart when she saw that her phone was dead.

Embarrassed, she raised her head and smiled awkwardly at the man. "It seems that my phone has died..."

Meanwhile, Carlos was fuming with anger. He felt that the woman in front of him was making a fool out of him. Just when he was a second away from losing his temper, Debbie stuffed all her remaining money into his hand and ran away.

Carlos was dumbfounded. He stared at the money in his hand in a daze and then looked in the direction in which Debbie just left.

Emmett Cooper, Carlos's assistant, had just gone to park the car. When he headed towards the bar, he saw Carlos standing still with a grim expression. Emmett swallowed hard and then trotted towards his boss.

Seeing that Carlos was holding hundreds of dollars in his hand and giving off a frightening aura, Emmett cautiously asked, "Mr. Hilton, are you... are you going to buy something?"

Carlos cast a fierce glance at his assistant and threw the money to him. "Catch that woman!" he ordered, through gritted teeth.

"Yes, sir!" Emmett was confused, but he followed Carlos's order nevertheless.

At the same time, Debbie was able to leave the bar unscathed. It did not take long before she reunited with her classmates.

Her face was still flushed as she sat in Jared Hampton's car. What had happened just now was the craziest thing she had ever done in her life.

'Oh my God! I gave my first kiss to a stranger! Was that considered as being unfaithful to my marriage? Did I just cheat on my nominal husband?'

On second thought, Debbie believed that it should be alright. She had signed the divorce agreement anyway.

All of a sudden, Kasie Garcia gasped in shock and exclaimed, "Oh, my God!"

"What's wrong? Are those hooligans still after us?" Kristina Lawrence nervously asked. She was so terrified that she almost jumped up from the seat when she heard Kasie. In a fit of panic, she hurriedly looked at the rear window to see what it was.

Kasie leaned closer to Debbie, who was still in a trance, and shook her shoulders excitedly. "Debbie, do you know who that man is?"

It was only then that Debbie came to her senses. She knew very well that Kasie was someone who would easily get startled. She did not mind, though, as she was used to it by now. "Who is it?" she asked back with a deadpan expression.

"That man is the man of women's dreams. He's the famous CEO of a multinational group in Alorith! He's Mr. Hilton!"

"Oh... I've never heard of him." Debbie picked up a bottle of water and took a sip leisurely.

"His name is Carlos Hilton!" Kasie stressed, hoping she would get the same enthusiasm. Carlos was a legendary figure she could not afford to offend.

Upon hearing the name, Debbie spat the water out. Kasie got splashed with water on the face. With a helpless look on her face, she stared at Debbie, who, for some reason, was panic-stricken.

"What? Are you saying that beer-bellied drunkard is Carlos Hilton?!" Debbie asked with eyes wide open in shock.