

## Chapter 25

Carlos released Leslie with a displeased look, his lips still carrying a hint of lingering desire.

"B\*tch, how dare you seduce my fiance!"

A sharp voice pierced the air as a woman stormed into the room, forcefully hurling a cup of coffee at Leslie. "How dare!" Carlos barked, swiftly blocking the attack with his hand and pulling Leslie away.

Splash...

The sound of liquid splattering filled the air as Leslie lifted her head from Carlos' embrace, noticing his coffee-stained hand, sleeves, and pants.

Leslie's gaze shifted and locked onto a flabbergasted woman.

The woman, in her early twenties, wore a black silk dress that accentuated her attractive figure.

It seemed she came from a prominent background.

"Are you looking for trouble, Pearl?" Carlos stood up coldly, his eyes filled with determination.

Leslie glanced at the woman and then back at Carlos.

So this woman was Pearl Campos? Leslie had read about her in the newspapers. She must be the eldest daughter of the Campos family.

Although she was the eldest daughter of the family, she was notorious. However, why had she suddenly become Carlos's fiancée?

Because they never made it public!

"Why would you treat me like this, Carlos? I truly love you, and yet you're with this shameless woman..." Pearl sobbed.

"Don't make baseless accusations, Miss Campos! This marriage was

arranged by my father without my approval. I have no interest in a woman like you!" Carlos sneered, as a waiter quickly brought a napkin to clean the coffee stains from his clothes.

"Carlos. How could you do this? Just for her, you would treat me like this? My father won't let you off!"

Pearl's voice trembled with resentment as she glared at Leslie. "You mistress..."

Leslie was left speechless. How did she become the third party?

She had no idea Carlos had an unseen fiancée when she agreed to his request.

"Very well! Excellent! Pearl, you've made progress. Bringing up my uncle to threaten me? You're mistaken. Even if you bring dozens of fathers, I still won't marry you!"

"Please, Carlos, don't be like this. I really love..." Pearl was so scared that her face turned deathly pale. She didn't know what to do for a moment.

"Sorry, I won't fall in love with a fool like you!"

Carlos coldly looked at the crying Pearl. Leslie's heart skipped a beat and she was speechless for a moment.

Carlos was ruthless!

"How could you do this? Just for her, you would treat me like this? You shameless wretch! You think becoming Carlos' woman makes you a high-class lady? Forget it! He is mine, and I won't let you have him..."

"Get the hell out of here!" Before Pearl could finish speaking, Carlos suddenly shouted. Upon hearing this, the security guard outside rushed over.

Pearl turned pale. Having known Carlos since childhood, she had never seen him this furious before.

"Carlos, wait and see!" Pearl burst into tears and ran away.

The onlookers outside were quickly dispersed by the security guards. The apologetic waiters looked at Carlos, "Sir, your clothes... Shall we have them dry cleaned?"

"I'm not so poor. I can afford dry cleaning!" Carlos responded coldly.

"I apologize for the mistake. If we had noticed something was wrong with that lady, we would have intervened..."

"Leave!" Carlos dismissed them.

Carlos said indifferently.

The attendant hurriedly took his leave.

Leslie frowned and patted Carlos' sleeve. "It's just coffee. Let's go back."

"I'll take care of Pearl. This marriage was a clever move by that old man!"

Carlos' eyes gleamed with determination, a hint of a sinister smile playing on his lips.

Leslie hesitated for a moment, sensing the intensity of Carlos' disdain for the old man.

"You certainly have quite a complicated love life. We haven't even officially started dating, and you already have a fiancée. And now I'm inexplicably labeled as the third party!"

"I'm going back!"

Carlos raised an eyebrow and suddenly grabbed Leslie as she walked away, forcefully pressing her against the wall.

Leslie's face turned even redder, and before she could respond, her head was struck, causing a dull ache. A certain man lunged at her, pressing his lips against hers!

Carlos, like a starved wolf, consumed Leslie, making her head spin. She let out a soft whimper, feeling her blood boil with desire.

This man was so powerful that he could evoke her lust at once!

Just as Leslie was about to succumb, Carlos released her, gazing at her flushed face, slightly swollen lips, and dazed eyes.

He raised an eyebrow with a smug expression. "How was it? Not bad for a kiss, right?"

"Hmph, who knows how many women you've experimented with. Of course, you're good," Leslie retorted, wiping her moist lips firmly.

"Leslie! Don't provoke my desire for you!"

Carlos' face darkened, his voice turning icy.

Leslie glanced at the man who seemed like a demon, quickly lowering her head, feeling a bit flustered.

Carlos, too, was domineering. He said he wouldn't touch her, but now he was getting handsy!

Carlos took a deep breath, suppressing all his impulses.

The coffee-soaked clothes made him extremely uncomfortable. Carlos lifted Leslie's chin. "Let's leave it at that. I'm leaving now. I hope our future encounters will be more intense!"

Carlos smirked seductively and lazily left the coffee lounge.

Leslie's heart raced, and she weakly sat down on a chair.

Her head was spinning. So many unexpected things had happened today: Carlie, Pearl—she wondered how many enemies she would make.

Pearl, the pampered heiress from a wealthy family, was she also a delicate flower?

Pearl never bothered to hide her true self in front of men, but she came from a wealthy family and was a formidable enemy!

Leslie had an excruciating headache. She wanted to take back her decision, but it was too late. Carlos would never allow her to change her mind!

Dejectedly, Leslie left the private room.

Her face still flushed, but she calmed down a bit.

Early the next morning, Leslie was surprised to see Carlos' statement in

the newspaper, announcing the annulment of his engagement to Pearl!

Originally, the two men's marriage had not been announced, but Carlos's actions was bringing shame to the Campos family!

But how could Carlos be afraid of the Campos family?

Leslie had never expected Carlos to be a man of his word. When he told her he would break off the engagement, she thought he was just saying it casually.

Her impression of Carlos grew even stronger.

Mya called and invited Leslie to go shopping.

After a morning of shopping, Leslie's feet were sore. Finally returning home, before she even stepped into the hallway, she received a call from Ashley.

"Leslie, where are you?"

"Mommy, I'm on my way back!" Leslie replied with a light laugh. She swiftly entered the lobby, her graceful figure resembling a delicate butterfly.

"Mom, I'm back. What's the matter?"

Leslie ended the call while wearing a frozen smile on her face because she heard a melodic piano playing in the living room. She coldly fixed her gaze on the man playing the piano in the adjacent room.

The man, dressed in casual white attire, had tousled hair that perfectly framed his head, emphasizing his remarkably handsome features.

Although this man was slightly inferior to Carlos, among the many men present, he was indeed attractive.

Leslie paused, suppressing her dazed expression, her heart filled with immeasurable disgust and hatred!

Jensen Burgess, Leslie's husband from her past life!

She never expected him to appear today. Perhaps Ashley and Sarah couldn't resist any longer and decided to bring someone to suppress her

?

Unfortunately, she was no longer the same Leslie from her past life!

Leslie looked at Ashley, who smiled at her. She sat down next to her stepmother, while Sarah propped up her chin, gazing intently at the handsome man playing the piano!

"Well, aren't you curious about who he is?" Ashley asked with a smile. Leslie nodded lightly, "Mom, who is he?"



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