

## **Mr Carlos 25**

### **Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

#### **Chapter 25 Not A Real Boy**

Whenever there was an upcoming party or event, Dixon would be in charge of the head count of the people who were going to participate. After all, he was very meticulous about everything -- it was a job for a perfectionist.

So, at the mention of Kristina's birthday, he had already asked who was going to come and take part in the occasion. Debbie, who was one of Kristina's good friends, sat up straight as if she was going to make an announcement. "Kristina, you'll be twenty years old, isn't that right?" she inquired, making sure she was not mistaken even though she knew she couldn't be wrong. She knew the celebrant better than anybody else ever did.

Kristina took Debbie's arm and gently placed her cheek against her shoulder. "Yes, that's right. I can't wait to celebrate my birthday. It's gonna be grand!" she exclaimed in excitement.

It was fortunate that nothing that would harm Debbie had happened last night. Otherwise, the celebrant would have paid no mind to her birthday and would show no interest in celebrating it.

However, this did not mean that she did not have a hunch that something bad could have happened the night before. She was wondering how Debbie had managed to escape Carlos' wrath. But, she knew she had better set it aside and just ask her friend in some private time later.

Kristina and Debbie were already having their own mini celebration while holding each other's hands in excitement when Kasie, who looked into a vanity mirror to fix her hair, rolled her eyes and snickered, "You should stay away from that tomboy, Kristina. You make it seem like she's your boyfriend. Just thinking about it gives me goosebumps."

Kristina, who actually genuinely loved the friendship she had with Debbie, cast Kasie a challenging look and snapped back, "You talk as if you didn't use to pester her like I do." She stroked her long, curly hair and thought, 'I should dye my hair like Debbie's. The colors look great on her. I'm sure it would look more vivid under the sun.' She compared her hair to her friend's.

Debbie put her arm around her friend's shoulders like a boy would and argued in her defense, "Ladies, please do not quarrel over me. There's more to go around. What's our next class? Let's get to it."

"You really are meandering mindlessly, huh? There's no more class. We need to get lunch," Kasie reminded her in a very sarcastic tone. With resignation, she shoved her mirror and books inside her bag and went ahead to the cafeteria.

Debbie checked the time and found that Kasie was right. It was almost twelve o'clock. "Okay," she said, "let's go get our lunch then." She grabbed her bag and stood up from her seat. She led the way and the others followed.

The group was leaving the classroom when a boy who was sitting in the first row raised his head. The boy named Gregory Song intensely observed Debbie's retreating figure, his eyes full of affection.

He thought, 'May I take part in the party as well, Debbie?'

Another boy approached Gregory Song. "Aren't you going to have lunch?" the curious boy asked.

Gregory Song immediately broke his contact with the group and packed his stuff confirming, "Yes, I'm coming with you." He flashed a friendly smile and left the classroom along with his friend.

to the mall and shopped. After buying their dear friend a few gifts, they

more than a dozen students in the private booth. Some of them were

after befriending each one, they all became close to the point that they could play Truth or

this round has to make out with the opposite sex for a minute!" Kasie announced. The boys, who were surrounded with beautiful girls, applauded this

with shyness since some of them

Unfortunately, Kristina was the loser. "I quit!"

make her exit, a few students had already guarded and blocked the door.

tomato, Kristina looked around and then

girl was pointing and burst into laughter when they found out that Kristina actually picked Debbie.

Lin, you always call me tomboy, but we both know I'm not a real boy! Get a hold of yourself," Debbie exclaimed, laughing over the matter herself. She was already a bit buzzed from the alcohol she had drunk and her cheeks were glowing with excitement. She looked quite

a spoiled brat and pounced on her friend yelling, "Debbie, honey, why don't you give in to

kiss. "Hey, that doesn't count!" Dixon complained as he pulled Kristina away from Debbie.

suddenly had an idea. "Since you say that it doesn't count, then why don't you be the one to kiss me instead?" Before he could react, Kristina pulled him closer and kissed him on the lips. His eyes grew wider in

began to whistle, not expecting the birthday celebrant to be so spontaneous

starting to feel like a year when Kristina let go of Dixon and concluded it calmly

faces red as

lips soft and sweet?" Debbie asked. She gave him a teasing

had proposed the game, and said under his

the perfectionist's remark and retorted, "It was my first kiss, too!" She tried not to lose her

she suggested, "Since you gave each other your first kisses, why don't you try to start dating from this day forward? It couldn't hurt to

idea. Jared even gave a loud whistle and yelled, "Be a

crowd seconded. "Come

see how everything would unfold.

in her seat. "Don't make fun of us, you guys! It's my birthday, so you

Besides, isn't this something we could call 'two happy events taking place one after the other?'" It was