

## **Mr Carlos 26**

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

#### **Chapter 26 Brother**

When Gregory knew that Debbie had applied to the Economics and Management School, he felt thrilled. He couldn't contain his excitement. The thought of going to the same school and being in the same class with her again made his day.

During their freshmen and sophomore years, they hadn't been in the same class. Luckily, the Gods heard and granted his plea; they became classmates again.

Suddenly, a memory flashed into his mind. Despite being one of the terrible students, with terrible grades, Debbie remained excellent in his eyes. She may be a bad student, but for him, she was admirable in all other things. Thinking about this, he had always thought that she was too good for him, and he had never been confident enough to strike a conversation with her. He thought he was incapable and lacking in many ways.

Even then, the same thought lingered in his mind. With this, he decided to keep his admiration to himself until he became successful enough to finally confess. These thoughts played in his mind as he occasionally glanced at her sleeping face.

Half an hour later, they arrived at East City Villa. The taxi was hailed by the guards at the entrance and Gregory didn't know what to do. They didn't let them through until they saw Debbie who was sleeping in the back seat.

Frantic, he said, "Debbie, wake up. Which way should we go?" Reaching out to her, he tried to wake her up by shaking her shoulders. "Debbie?" he continued.

Drunk, Debbie couldn't utter a single word, nor hear anything he just said. After a long while, with not a single response from her, Gregory told the taxi driver to wait. Opening the door and pulling her out of the taxi, he carried her and walked towards the villa she lived in. His eyes continuously wandered, as he was in awe of what he was seeing.

The night was getting late and the sky became darker. The night complemented the extravagance each villa gave off. It was perfectly clear what kind of people lived in the area, he thought, people who were far different from him.

Knowing this, he lowered his head to look at Debbie. "Many people worked so hard in their whole lives but couldn't afford such villas. Yet, she lives here? Who exactly is she?" he wondered.

Even then, she had been surrounded by rumors in school. However, he had never believed in any of them. Rumors such as Debbie was a mistress, that she was a lesbian, none of these he chose to believe. For him, they were nothing but nonsense. Clouded with these thoughts, he didn't notice that they had already reached their destination.

As they reached her villa's porch, he tried to carry her near the door. Even before he could reach the doorbell, a limo came into a halt with flashing signals.

Immediately, a distinguished-looking man in a white shirt got out of the car from the back seat, casting him cold looks.

'Who is this arrogant man?' he thought, furrowing his brows. 'Does he know Debbie? What is his relationship with her?' More questions popped into Gregory's head.

Without taking a second glance, the man continued to head towards the villa. Gregory examined him up and down, trying to figure out who he was. The man looked familiar, he thought, but his face didn't ring a bell. His alluring posture gave him a feeling that he was someone he shouldn't associate with.

was about to get in, Gregory called out hastily, "Hello, mister." Puzzled, Carlos turned his head and looked into the young man's eyes, not

Debbie?" he asked, gathering all his courage. Thinking that he could be her brother, he asked politely. Little

until then did he notice

happened to her?" he asked as he walked his way towards Gregory and Debbie. As Carlos moved towards them, immediately, Gregory felt the intimidating and arrogant aura pressing towards him. It was an aura that only older, mature men possessed. The way

understood and handed her to him and said, "One of our classmates threw a birthday part. She must've drunk more than she could

her in, a strong stench filled his nose. Carlos winced in

asked in

and answered with a smile, "Yes I am. I should've taken good care of her." After saying this, he looked around and noticed the night getting darker. "Well, brother, I should better take my leave.

his brows. No longer bothering by what he meant, he returned a nod to the young man and

face blackened with anger. He despised her current state. He wanted to throw her to the sofa but considered carrying her upstairs instead. He went all out and carried her

her bed sheet were in sky blue color. Most importantly, the room smelled like Debbie. Slowly, he placed her in her bed and intended to leave the drunk be.

he felt a hand grasping on his. In her drunken state, she reached out to him and held his

she murmured, wriggling her body

from her grip and left the room. "Why did you drink if you knew you would end up like that?"

curling on the carpet by the bed.

"Water... thirsty... water..." she repeated tirelessly. Turning and rolling around, he bet she would not even remember a single thing she was doing then. With brows knitted, he placed the glass of water on the nightstand and walked towards her. As he was about to pick

could she get herself so drunk? I was right to decide to discipline her after all, " he

breathing became ragged. He couldn't understand why his heart was beating fast with their current state.

her as he slowly let her go, her hands remained locked around his neck. Suddenly, she

suppress his fast-beating heart, he stared at the tipsy girl beside him, whose eyes were closed. Her long eyelashes, rosy

limits. Out of the blue, Debbie struggled to sit up. That night, she was never a quiet girl and continued to do things that surprised him. As she tried to sit up,

their lips touched.

the stench from her. The tempting scent emitted from her body slowly filled his nose. The light in

together. With this thought, he lowered his head and pressed his lips on hers. The courage he had tried so hard