

Mr Carlos 40

Chapter 40 In The Cemetery

'What the hell? We were just talking on the phone a moment ago.'

Debbie called Kasie, Dixon, and lastly Kristina. All of them had turned off their phones. 'Hah! Just when I need them the most, none of them can be reached. What kind of friends are they?' Debbie was so frustrated she wanted to smash her phone. She gritted her teeth angrily. When she raised her head, she saw rows of tombstones standing there. It was as if they were all looking at her. Her heart started trembling and the cold breeze drove shivers down her spine. "Um... be cool, guys. Rest in peace. I am not looking for any trouble," she muttered, as she spun around to make sure nothing was behind her.

Meanwhile, her friends had been taken to a restaurant. A few men, dressed in black, had taken their phones and confined them to a room.

Completely unaware of what was happening to Debbie, they enjoyed the gourmet food spread out on the table.

On the other hand, in the cemetery, more than ten minutes had passed, but Debbie still hadn't been able to call in a car or a taxi to get her out of that terrifying place. Anxious, scared, and alone. Salty tears spilled over onto her cheeks leaving a tight, dry feeling. Crouching under a tree, she kept calling her friends on her phone and just about anyone she could reach at that moment. However, the reception was too weak. She tried and tried, but luck wasn't on her side.

'Am I going to spend the night here? Surely, I'll be dead in the morning,' she thought to herself, sitting on the cold ground. 'That asshole Carlos. What an arrogant, insensitive bastard to leave me alone here like this! What did I do wrong in my previous life for God to make me his wife and punish me?'

"Martyrs, heroes, I'm sorry, but I don't mean to be rude. Please don't come near me. Please, please, please, please..." she begged, looking at the tombstones with her hands folded in front of her.

'Kasie, Kristina, Jared, and Dixon, if I make it out of here alive, I swear I'll never speak to you guys again. Oh, help me, God.' She wondered what her friends were doing and she couldn't understand why her best friends had all ditched her when she needed them the most. Then she thought of her husband who had put her in such a difficult position in the first place.

'Carlos Huo, you evil man. No wonder you have been single for the past 28 years.' Then she realized something was wrong with that sentence. 'Oh, right. He is my husband. We have been married for three years.' She remembered. "You deserved to be single for the past 25 years, you jerk. You're lucky to have me," she murmured to herself angrily. Again, she tried to contact everyone else on her phone, but the line didn't connect her even once. Debbie sat there, tired and dejected, as she buried her face in her arms.

There was only one person left, her husband, the last person she wanted to ask for help.

After letting out a deep sigh, she raised her head and dialed Carlos' number. Due to the lousy reception, she couldn't connect through until after she had dialed more than ten times. "Carlos, I'm sorry. I was wrong. Please take me back home..." she blurted as soon as the phone was connected. Unfortunately, before she could finish her words, the reception broke off.

Debbie was bordering on insanity.

Once again, she thought of how Carlos had treated her in the past. He had stubbornly refused to end their marriage despite the fact that they didn't love each other; he had tried to force her into school when she wanted a leave just to avoid him. It seemed that in his eyes, everything she did was wrong. It wasn't fair at all.

Why was he being so heartless and insensitive to her?

and soon it was followed by tears gushing out of her eyes. In the silent darkness, her raspy sobbing sounded creepy, even more so, due to the fact that she was in a cemetery. The night watchman heard her crying, but he was too frightened to approach her, uncertain whether

Leaning against the tree, she put one arm over her chest and covered her face with the other, brushing away

let that pervert belittle me, ' she told herself, trying to muster up some courage. "Ahhhh!" she screamed when she saw the man in front of her as soon as she stood up. Her shriek resounded throughout the cemetery. The startled birds in the trees took

balance and was about to fall down when Carlos stretched out his arms and caught her. She was shaking like

her tears went rogue, flooding her face. "Put me down! What are you doing here? Didn't you want to leave me here alone? Why did you

their hearts out in front of Carlos. Most of them cried because he had turned them down when they told him

that they had lived on different planets, as far away from him as possible. Strangely enough, the woman weeping in his

he had thrown her into the ocean, she didn't shed a single tear. Instead, she came back

know how. "If you stop crying, I promise to get you

it worked. Debbie stopped weeping and glared at him, her eyes and nose red from the crying. On a second thought, she realized that he was all she could

of attraction in

you thinking of how

Taken aback, Debbie was suddenly at a loss for words. "N-No, I'm not,"

grim and dreadful, the mere sight of

and sweating. What's so scary about this place?' He couldn't understand what it was about the place

she answered at once. The thought of being in the same classroom with Carlos

At East City Villa

they got back to the villa, Debbie dashed into

wash off the sweat, grime and most

in the group's chat with her friends. "Friendship ended," she said. "I want to sever all ties with all of

restaurant. As soon as they got their phones back, Debbie's message popped up

Kristina found a new post in her Moments on

our phones, which was weird. We have just gotten our phones back, and received your messages. Why did you say that? What's wrong?" Jared poured out

it happened just when she was left at the cemetery? The dinner ended