

TMBA 51

## CHAPTER 51 SHAME ON HER

After some hesitation, Jared asked, "Debbie, don't forget that our high school classmates' gathering is this evening. Can you make it?"

Dixon added cautiously, "We agreed to go to the party a while ago, but I know your husband won't allow you to drink, and we won't force you to drink either. Will he still allow you to come?"

Debbie rolled her eyes and snapped, "Guys, if you keep acting like this, you won't be my friends anymore."

"Okay, okay. Let's not talk about it. Let's go to the classroom. It is your husband's class." Kristina winked at Debbie. She had tons of questions for Debbie, but the entrance of the university was too public for a private conversation. She decided to put off talking with Debbie until later when they were alone.

Debbie wasn't sure whether to laugh or to cry. She wanted to tell Kristina not to address Carlos as her husband, as their marriage was only real on the outside. However, Kristina wasn't aware of that, and it was a long story. Debbie was in no mood of revisiting at that time. Before anything else, she decided to shut her mouth and park her motorbike first.

Kristina and Dixon went to the multimedia classroom first. Finally, Debbie, Kasie and Jared entered the classroom which was almost fully occupied.

Fortunately, Kristina had saved them three seats. While the three of them were walking towards their seats, two girls were arguing with Dixon. "Why did you take up our seats?"

Kasie went and sat in the seat next to Kristina, Jared sat next to Kasie, and Debbie sat beside Jared. The other side of Debbie was the passage.

Debbie put her books on the desk in front of her and leaned against the back of her seat as she looked at the two girls who were still arguing. "You say these are your seats, but do you have any proof? If you have a problem, why don't you fight us for these seats? Finders keepers, losers weepers!" she said.

"Debbie, we were here first. But then we went to the ladies' room. When we came back, Dixon had already taken our seats. You can't be this unreasonable!" Gail, one of the two girls, argued. She regretted not leaving her books on the seats before going to the ladies' room.

After hearing what Gail had said, Debbie flashed a mocking smile and snorted, "Come on, Gail! Why do you use the ladies' room as an excuse every time? You must really like it huh? Why don't you just live in the ladies' room?" The last time in the shopping mall, Gail had used the same excuse to mess with Debbie. Her lame excuse really amused her cousin.

Although Gail was livid, she didn't dare snap back at Debbie. She knew she was no match for her, so she

had to look for somewhere else to sit with her companion.

Moments after the bell rang, the man most of the students were waiting to see stepped into the classroom. As usual, he swept his eyes over the crowd and when he spotted the girl he was looking for playing with her pen, he felt satisfied and began lecturing.

The content of this class was scientific economics. All the students were listening carefully, including Debbie. All of a sudden, her phone beeped. She stole a glance at the man on the platform to confirm that he was not looking in her direction, and took out her phone secretly.

When she read the text message on her phone, she froze on the spot for a long time.

Eventually, she decided to reply to the text. After sending her reply, she put her phone back and stared blankly at her book. All she was thinking about was the text.

"Deb, I'm flying back the day after tomorrow. Will you pick me up at the airport? I've missed you so much. I want to see you the moment I get off the plane."

Would she go to the airport to pick him up? Of course, she would not. She sent a reply to his text saying that she couldn't pick him up at the airport as she had classes to attend on the day he was coming back.

Debbie received a reply almost instantly. "I'll be in Alorith at 3 p.m. I can help you make up for the missed lessons. You still haven't forgotten about me, right?"

While all her attention was focused on that text, Debbie failed to notice that her husband was approaching.

When she was typing the words "I ha—", she was interrupted by a loud knocking sound.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Carlos knocked on the desk in front of her and reached out his hand towards her.

'Holy crap!' she cursed inwardly. Carlos had told them before that it was forbidden to play with mobile phone in his class. Debbie immediately put her phone back in her pocket, sat up straight and gave him a wide smile.

Carlos, however, had no intention of letting her go. He pointed to her pocket, gesturing for her to hand her phone over.

Debbie had forgotten to lock her screen before she put her phone away in a hurry. If she gave Carlos the phone right now, nothing would stop him from reading the conversation between her and another boy.

Embarrassed, she smiled at Carlos and put her hand on his palm as if she didn't understand that he was asking for her phone.

The others in the classroom widened their eyes in disbelief. How dare Debbie put her hand on Carlos' hand?

All the girls stared at Debbie angrily. How they wished they could chop her hand off.

With no change in facial expression, Carlos gently shook her hand away and reached out his hand again. This time, the fact that Debbie placed her other hand on his hand and looked at him with her doe eyes angered the students even more.

A girl cursed through her gritted teeth, "Wow! Shame on her!"

Debbie looked in the direction the voice came from and cast a warning glance at the girl. Startled, the girl looked away and set her sights elsewhere.

All of a sudden, Jared, who was sitting next to Debbie, took out her phone from her pocket and gave it to Carlos. "Carlos, Debbie has been paying attention to you all this time."

Debbie's jaw fell to the floor. 'Oh my God! I'm done! Jared Han, what did you do?!' she cursed him in her mind.

When Carlos took over the phone, the screen was still on. As a result, he saw the conversation between his wife and another boy. Within seconds, his entire face darkened. He cast a cold glance at the girl before him as he put the phone in his pocket and walked back to the platform to continue lecturing.

'I might get buried alive today!' she cried inwardly and cast a burning glance at Jared. Confused, Jared whispered in her ear, "You've got some nerve! Even I don't dare to play with my phone in his class. I tried to warn you when he was approaching, but he was staring at the both of us and so I didn't dare to make a move. Never mind. He's your husband. You'll have your phone back after the class. Why are you being so worried?"

Why was she being so worried? Her husband saw the conversation between her and her ex!

More importantly, she had been planning to type "I had a thing for you once, but it's over between the two of us." Sadly, she had just managed to type, "I ha—" before she was interrupted. Carlos must have misunderstood "I ha—" for "I have a thing for you!" Damn it!

Under the desk, Debbie gripped Jared's fingers as tightly as she could.

Although Jared was in extreme pain, he didn't dare utter a single cry. The pain appeared on his face in the form of slight twitches.

While Carlos was not looking at her, she took the chance and whispered in Jared's ear, "If Carlos is going to punish me for this, I'll tell him that I was sending the text message to you."

"What text message?" Suddenly, Jared had a bad feeling in his gut.

Debbie gave him a wicked smile and said, "Hayden Gomez's coming back. He said he missed me. He wants to see me."

"Hayden is coming back? Why?" Jared was too slow to realize Debbie's true intentions.

Debbie peeked at the man on the platform, only to realize that he had been staring at her all the time, with icy, cold eyes.

"I don't know why. But it has nothing to do with me," she replied in a soft yet cold voice.

When Carlos looked away, she added, "I didn't save his number. So if Carlos asks me about it, I'll tell him that it was you."

"Damn it!" Jared looked at Debbie in stunned disbelief. "Are you serious? Please don't do this to me! I didn't know you were exchanging messages with Hayden!"

#### CHAPTER 52 A GOOD KISSER

Amused by Jared's reaction, Debbie winked at him and teased, "So now you've realized that you made a big mistake, huh? Can you imagine what Carlos would do to you if he thought you were having an affair with me? I'm really curious to find out."

All of a sudden, Carlos turned around and glared at Debbie. Immediately, she sat up straight and looked forward at the screen.

His cold eyes made her feel like she was lying on a bed of nails. 'Oh my God! Why is he looking at me like that? His gaze is sharp enough to see right through my soul,' she thought.

It was not until then that she realized Carlos came to teach in the university for her. He made sure that Debbie had to attend all of his classes and he was even strict enough to give her trouble if she tried to cut classes.

Just as she had expected, Debbie was asked to go to Carlos' office when the class came to an end. She gave Jared her books and told him, "Go buy some firecrackers when you have time."

"Firecrackers? What for?" Jared was confused.

"When Carlos quits teaching, I'll set off firecrackers to celebrate the glorious moment."

Jared stood there without a word, unable to comprehend what Debbie was trying to accomplish.

In truth, he felt pity for Carlos, because he was the one who'd have to spend the rest of his life with a bad girl like Debbie.

In Carlos' office

Carlos walked in and placed Debbie's phone on the desk, the screen of which was now locked. "Unlock your phone!" he demanded coldly.

An idea popped up in her head just as Debbie reached out her hand to grab her phone. However, he quickly grabbed her hand and threatened, "If you don't unlock it, I'll unlock you this evening."

'Unlock me? What does he mean by that? It must be one of his dirty jokes again!'

Feeling embarrassed, Debbie forced a fake smile and said, "All right."

In the blink of an eye, just as Carlos released her hand, she grabbed her phone and dashed towards the door.

A cold voice from behind pulled her to a halt. "Look at your phone first. Then you may decide whether you want to run away or not."

'What? Look at my phone?'

Without further delay, Debbie unlocked her phone and looked over the messages between her and Hayden. Much to her surprise, somehow the conversation had continued even after her phone had been confiscated by Carlos.

The last message she had read from Hayden said, "I'll be in Alorith at 3 p.m. I can help you make up for the missed lessons. You still haven't forgotten about me, right?" Unfortunately, Carlos had taken her phone away before she could send a reply. However, now she was looking at a reply on her phone screen that said— "My husband can help me make up for missed lessons."

To which Hayden had replied, "Deb, you must be kidding me, right? Are you still mad at me? To be honest, no ordinary man would have the audacity to date a girl like you." Debbie was spitting fire when she saw this. She took a deep breath and continued reading.

The last message sent from her phone was, "My husband is not an ordinary man."

Hayden hadn't replied to that message. Perhaps he believed that she had married some other man.

'Carlos wrote these messages himself? When did he do it? How did I not see him?'

When she looked at the time logs of the messages, Debbie was surprised to find that Carlos had sent the messages while he was still lecturing to them in class.

Debbie remained calm. In fact, she was surprised by her own ability to stay calm in such a moment. If it

were in the past, she would have already broken his bones. But the truth was, she was no match for him in martial arts.

After she read the messages, she didn't turn around to face him. Carlos lit up a cigarette, took a moderately big drag and exhaled. "Your lover?" Carlos sneered.

'My lover? What the fuck?' However, Debbie decided it would be best to spare him the details. She turned around and looked at her husband. "Yes, he is. So, will you divorce me now?"

Leaning his back against the seat and resuming his usual cold expression, Carlos remained silent for a long while before he asked, "Do you love him that much?"

Debbie had once told him about a boy she had feelings for not too long ago. Her words came back to him and he believed that boy to be the one who had sent her the messages.

Debbie shook her head unconsciously, but then she thought of an opportunity and nodded. "Yes, I love him very much." However, she wasn't telling the truth. The truth was that she had loved the boy very much, but that was a very long time ago. After falling out with his family members, she no longer wanted to ingratiate herself with them. Now all that remained between the two of them was a fleeting memory of their brief encounter.

The reason why she lied to Carlos was that she hoped it would convince him to divorce her.

However, Carlos' reply was something she could not have anticipated in a million years.

"Good. You know, I like challenges." He curled his lips and continued, "I'm sure to drive him out of your heart."

Words had left Debbie as she stared into Carlos' eyes in utter disbelief.

Having run out of patience to argue, she turned around and walked out of the office. When she shut the door behind her, Tristan walked over to her with an unnervingly wide grin on his face. "Carlos asked me to tell you that he had bought two movie tickets and he would like you to go to the cinema with him this evening."

Debbie looked at the name of the movie on Tristan's phone screen. It was a horror film set to start at 2 a.m.

Shivers ran down her spine almost instantly.

Without any hesitation, she turned around, opened the door and ran back into the office.

"I won't send him any messages from now on!" Debbie promised.

Carlos flashed a satisfied smile as he stood up and walked towards her. "Wait for me at home this evening,"

he said, as he reached out and held Debbie in his loving arms.

Debbie put her hands on his firm chest and was just about to say something, when he lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

Her eyes widened and then shut close as she melted in his arms like a doll made out of wax. 'Why does he always kiss me in his office? He is a good kisser, though, ' she mused.

In a private booth of the Orchid Private Club, a handsome man was leaning against the couch with a glass of red wine in his hand. The man was none other than Carlos.

Sitting across him were two men wearing expensive branded clothes—Wesley and Damon Hampton. They were Carlos' closest friends. Wesley was not interested in what the other two were talking about, so he went out to play golf.

Damon was shocked and dazed by what Carlos had to say about his wife. It wasn't until Carlos kicked him in the leg that he came back to his senses.

"A girl who is seven years younger than you? Don't rob the cradle, Carlos. She is too young for you. I've never heard you mention any women before. This was the first time we've ever talked about women, and you're telling me that she is seven years younger than you? And she's so willful and unruly. Are you sure you want me to teach you how to court her?"

Carlos cast a freezing glance at his old friend and said, "Cut the crap!"

"Fine!" Damon Han, the infamous playboy, had lots of experience with women, and perhaps that was why Carlos sought his advice. He sat straight and said to Carlos in a serious tone, "Women love money, and you happen to have lots of it. Why don't you just use your money?"

Carlos had supported Debbie for three years. But now she had been asking for a divorce instead of asking for money. Furthermore, she even wanted to pay back all the money that she owed him in the past three years. Last time, when Debbie ran out of money, she asked her friend for help instead of going to her rich husband. Even after Carlos had given her his bank card, she refused him without hesitation. Only when he threatened her did she agree to take his card. That was just the kind of person Debbie was.

Suffice it to say, money wouldn't work for Debbie.

"She doesn't want my money," he answered in a cold voice. Damon shook his head in disbelief. He never thought such a girl could exist—a girl who could refuse Carlos and his boundless wealth. "Win her over with your body! You are a handsome man with a great body," Damon suggested.

The number of women who wanted to marry Carlos could fill the whole Pacific Ocean.

Despite his unwillingness, Carlos decided to tell the truth. "She has no interest in me."

The truth was, Carlos had tried to seduce her with his handsome face and strong body before.

But to his disappointment, she had turned him down.

The fact that she didn't have any feelings for him was a hard pill to swallow, but he had come to terms with the truth.

Damon choked and almost spit out the wine in his mouth. With a mischievous gleam in his eyes, he said, "I'm starting to like her. Let me give it a try."

"She's my wife!" Carlos cast him a murderous glance.

"What? She's from the Nelson family?" Damon thought to himself, 'The girl is from the Nelson family? Jared's good friend is also from the Nelson family. Could they be the same person?

What did Jared say her name is?' "Is your wife Debbie Nelson?" Damon probed.

Carlos looked at him and nodded.

"What a coincidence! Your wife is my brother's best friend. Hahaha! I can imagine how you feel now." Damon and Jared shared the same father but had different mothers. Perhaps being a womanizer and being good with women ran in the family.

#### CHAPTER 53 THEY DECEIVED ME TOGETHER

Carlos rubbed his arching brow and swore to himself that he would never divorce Debbie, however hard she was to handle.

"Yes, I admit that she's a wilful girl. But luckily, she doesn't smoke. Nor does she hang out with dubious people." Carlos paused for a moment and then added, "Apart from your brother, Jared."

'Is my brother a dubious fellow in your eyes?' Damon thought to himself.

He couldn't help grinning at Carlos' description of Jared. "You're right. He's not very reliable," commented Damon. Jared, as a rich second generation, had some disreputable associates. And Damon believed it was quite normal.

Wesley, who had finished playing golf, went back to rejoin his friends. He sat down in his seat and said indifferently, "Megan's 18th birthday is coming next month. Where are we going to celebrate her birthday?"



Five years ago, Wesley and Carlos had adopted Megan Rodriguez.

She was an innocent and adorable girl, whom Damon and Curtis had grown quite fond of.

"Since it's Megan's coming-of-age ceremony, we need to make it a grand one. Why don't we celebrate it on her favorite island? We can drink, sing and dance all night long," said Damon.

After some consideration, Carlos offered, "She loves the island in Odison. I'll buy the island for her as a gift and you guys will be in charge of the other affairs."

Damon made a face and exclaimed, "Wow, look at you, Mr. President. The island at least costs hundreds of millions of dollars. You made it sound like you are going to buy groceries at some convenience store. If I were a woman, I would do everything I could to make you mine. After all, owning Carlos means owning the world."

Carlos cast a chilly glance at Damon and mocked, "If you were a woman, you would look butt-ugly. No man would fall for you."

Damon, who had always been proud of his handsome face, was enraged by Carlos' mean words. "Carlos, you're just jealous of me and my looks. I'm such a handsome man. If I were a woman, I would be the most beautiful woman in the world. Am I right, Wesley?"

Ignoring Damon's shallow expression, Wesley refilled his and Carlos' glasses. He clinked glasses with Carlos and said, "I'm on a vacation now and I have plenty of time to spare for the party. Don't worry. I'll take care of everything. If I need your help, I'll call Emmett."

Carlos shook the glass in his hand and said briefly, "Call Tristan."

"Is there something wrong with Emmett? I thought he was your personal assistant. Why should I call Tristan instead?" Wesley asked in confusion. In his eyes, Emmett was the one who had always been standing beside Carlos.

After a long pause, Carlos finally decided to tell them the truth. "Emmett... He and my wife deceived me together."

His words set Damon roaring with laughter. Even Wesley couldn't help laughing. "They cheated on you?" he probed.

Carlos snorted, "Maybe she had the audacity to cheat on me. But Emmett? Come on! He wouldn't dare."

Damon and Wesley felt sorry for their friend.

'Debbie is so dauntless; she isn't afraid of doing whatever she wants. But I strongly believe that someday

she'll be tamed by me!' Carlos thought to himself.

Damon inquired, "So, what did you do to Emmett?"

"He's currently working on a construction site. He needs to understand how hard life is for workers. With that, he'll cherish his job as my personal assistant more." An unsettling smile flashed across Carlos' face. He heard that Emmett had been doing well on the construction site.

Damon and Wesley were rendered speechless.

After a while, Damon broke the silence. "Why did Curtis have to be away on a business trip today? If he were here, we could play mahjong together and order some beautiful women. Now we need a fourth player, and you don't want to play mahjong with other people. I'm so bored I want to kill myself!"

Disregarding Damon's whining, Carlos raised his wrist to check the time. 'Debbie's Yoga class is supposed to end soon. I need to go home to teach her English.'

He finished off his red wine with one gulp and stood up from his seat. "Gentlemen, I shall be leaving now. Please enjoy yourselves."

"Are you serious?" Damon looked at Carlos' retreating figure in stunned disbelief. He wondered if all men changed colors after getting married. 'But he married the girl three years ago. And I've never seen him go back home this early in the past three years.

Does that mean he fell in love with her just recently?' Damon wondered.

The doors of the private booth were pushed open by two bodyguards, and noises came from outside the room. Just as Carlos was about to get out of the room, Damon's voice came from behind his back. "Carlos, since you don't have any means to make her fall in love with you, I'll give you a piece of advice. Why don't you be nice to her as much as you can? I guess your best hope is to move her with your sincerity."

Damon knew Jared well. If Jared believed that Debbie was a good girl, Damon wouldn't doubt that. 'What does a good girl want? She doesn't want money or fame. I guess she only wants a man who would love her truly, ' Damon thought to himself.

Without turning around or responding, Carlos left the booth. Damon raised one of his eyebrows and then turned around to look at Wesley. "Want to bet?"

"Not interested." Wesley turned him down without any hesitation. After all, he was not that close to Damon, at least not as close as Carlos was. Wesley himself was a military officer, while Damon was a gang member. If it weren't for the sake of Carlos and Curtis, Wesley would have sent Damon to jail a long time ago.

"Don't be such a killjoy! Listen. I bet Carlos will become a slave for his wife sooner or later, and he will be willing to kneel down before her." If Damon knew that Wesley had always wanted to send him to jail, he would feel wronged. Yes, it was true that he was a gang member, but he had never crossed the threshold into terrible and unacceptable behavior.

Wesley didn't know what to say to him.

However, he firmly believed that a proud man like Carlos would never kneel before a woman.

Damon had been long drooling over one of Wesley's pistols, so he said, "If I win, you will give me that pistol of yours." Damon had heard rumors of Wesley's new double-action, semi-automatic pistol. With its stainless steel and polymer construction, it was one of the lightest pistols in the world that packed quite a punch despite its weight and size.

"Okay. If I win, you need to leave the gang."

Damon remained silent for a while. After a lot of contemplation, he was almost certain that he would be the winner. He nodded and raised his glass.

They gulped their wine, put the glasses on the table and left the booth to catch up with Carlos.

Debbie's high school classmates' gathering happened to be on the same day. Jared had made a reservation at the Orchid Private Club in advance. Debbie arrived on the phone with her Yoga teacher asking for a leave. All the while Jared showed her the way as she was completely unaware of the club she was in.

When the call ended, she was already in a private booth.

It was the largest booth in the club. There were four big tables in the room and many guests had already arrived.

When the people saw Jared, they all stood up to greet him. It was the first time that they had been to such a luxurious club together.

The club was for members only, and the annual fee alone cost millions. Therefore, they couldn't help but fawn on Jared.

Jared was obviously in a good mood. Tugging at his sleeve, Debbie asked him in a low voice, "Why did you book a room here? Are you sure you can afford it?"

"Don't worry. I have my brother's VIP card. There is at least ten million in it. So, enjoy the night and help yourself with everything here." Debbie knew that Jared had an older brother named Damon, but her impression of him wasn't exactly positive. Although, she had met him once or twice in passing, she had long forgotten what he looked like in person.

## CHAPTER 54 A CONFLIC

Jared was itching to spend all the money in Damon's VIP card. In truth, apart from being half brothers and sharing the same father, they didn't have a lot in common.

One day, Jared stole the VIP card from his brother's table when he was passing by Damon's room.

Debbie had heard about Damon from when Jared used to complain about him to her. From what she could gather, Damon was always very nice to his younger brother, whereas, Jared would treat Damon with disdain.

Although it was Jared's one-sided statement, Debbie could tell that he had been obedient to his older brother on some occasions.

"Jared, what are you two talking about? Come over here!" One of their classmates urged the two to join them.

Jared responded in a loud voice, "All right, all right. Scott, you won't be allowed to leave here until you have more alcohol than blood running through your body." All of a sudden, Jared looked at Debbie with a concerned expression on his face. "Tomboy, I won't drink much tonight. You don't need to drink if you don't want to."

This caught Scott's interest, as he looked at Jared and cheerfully shouted, "Hey bro, what's up? Are you two dating or something? Do you have to ask for Debbie's permission before you drink, huh?"

Debbie and Jared were very popular in their high school. Most of their classmates used to joke about their relationship. However, the truth was quite far from reality. Although they had been good friends who trusted each other, that was all their relationship was, a reliable friendship. Apart from that, they had absolutely no chemistry between them.

Debbie was interested in guys who weren't afraid of commitments, while she thought Jared was more of a playboy. On the contrary, Jared thought Debbie was a tomboy, whereas, he liked winsome coquettes.

They both understood each other very well and agreed that they could only make good friends.

"What? A couple? Come on! Even if we spent the night in the same bed, nothing would happen between us, besides the usual chatting and fighting." Jared held the chair out for Debbie like a gentleman, but the latter cast a reproachful glance at him before sitting down.

In truth, Debbie never enjoyed taking part in these gatherings. Most of the girls chose to isolate her because she was a pretty girl and the boys liked hanging out with her. Their impression of Debbie was that of a bitch who was just pretending to be a tomboy to attract boys.

The girls began to speak ill of her amongst themselves in soft murmurs so that Debbie wouldn't hear them. But she could tell from their body language and the way they looked at her that they were quietly

conferring about her.

Why didn't they just say what they had to say to Debbie's face? Mostly because they were afraid of being beaten up by her. Besides, they didn't want to offend Jared. Why didn't they just keep to themselves? They would if they could, but they were so envious of Debbie that they needed some way to vent their anger on her.

Debbie, however, felt wronged and misunderstood. After all, she had never laid her hands on a girl before. Even when her cousin, Gail, had given her multiple reasons to hurt her, Debbie refrained from laying even a finger on her. Instead, she would let Gail off with just a warning.

It wasn't like Debbie was afraid of the girls; far from it! The girls wouldn't even stand a chance in a fistfight with her. She could easily injure them without even breaking a sweat.

A few moments later, Jared went to the men's room to clear out the several bottles of beer he had drunk. Right after he left, the girls started to taunt Debbie because they believed that her arrogance and power only lasted as long as Jared was with her.

"Even after so many years, she's still running around after Jared like one of his lackeys. I guess he's not interested in her at all."

"Hey, have you guys heard that she confessed her feelings for Carlos at his launching ceremony? She said 'Carlos, I love you' at least ten times!"

"Of course I've heard of it. By the way, a friend of mine told me that she is a lesbian."

"What? I feel sick..."

Debbie was appalled at the unconscionable comments being made about her and she instantly regretted coming to the party. She found it amazing how these people hadn't changed at all even after so many years. They might have grown but they were hardly qualified to be considered 'grown ups'.

They passed derogatory remarks about her non-stop and after a while even some of the boys joined in the banter. Debbie was just about to get up and leave when another boy sitting at a nearby table stood up before her.

He shouted contemptuously, "Are you here to enjoy the party or make mindless gossips? Why don't you look in the mirror to see what kind of people you are first before you talk about someone else? Until then, shut the hell up!"

The boy was red in the face, as burning rage hissed through his body like venom.

Debbie's mouth gaped wide open as she looked at him in surprise. This was the first time someone else, apart from her own friends, had come forward to defend her. But who was this unfamiliar boy who

stood up for her?

If her memory hadn't failed her, his name was Gregory.

Perhaps it was because Gregory was not some rich second generation, so the others didn't take his words seriously at all. They were a little startled at first, but soon they began to mock him as well.

"Gregory, do you have a thing for that tomboy?" a girl taunted. Debbie's friends called her "Tomboy" as a nickname, but when this girl addressed her as tomboy, the sarcasm in her voice was quite evident. She wanted to remind people that Debbie didn't have anything womanly about her apart from her pretty face.

Much to Debbie's surprise, Gregory didn't deny it. He snapped back ragingly, "So what? I'd rather date a girl like Debbie instead of a nosey parker like you."

"I'm so touched!" another girl mocked.

"I want to throw up. Makes me wonder what he'll get out of this. Why is he overreacting like this?"

"Gregory, you'd better be careful around her. Otherwise, she might beat you black and blue."

Words had left Debbie, and although, she had taken several deep breaths to calm herself down, there was a fire burning inside of her that she couldn't extinguish. Fortunately, she was well aware of her anger management issues. If they weren't her high school classmates, she would have made them beg for mercy.

"How's the food?" Debbie grinned at the girls sitting across the table.

Not knowing why she had asked such an irrelevant question, one of the girls nodded and answered, "The food here tastes as good as the one on the fifth floor of Alioth Building in Shining International Plaza."

"Really? It's such a pity that you won't be able to enjoy it much longer." With a demeaning smile, Debbie stood up from her chair and slammed her fist on the table. Bang! The wine glass in front of her fell to the floor and shattered into tiny pieces.

Silence befell the private booth.

What Debbie did next sent the girls screaming hysterically.

Since the dining table was fixed firmly to the floor, she turned around, lifted her chair and smashed it on the table. The delicious dishes that had been on the table just a few seconds ago were now littered on the floor, while shards of glass and porcelain flew in the air.

"Debbie, are you crazy?"

"This is Orchid Private Club! Do you think you can afford the compensation?"

Everyone stood and backed up a few steps.

They were starting to feel intimidated by Debbie.

Debbie rolled her eyes, took a step back and kicked Jared's chair to the table beside her with full strength.

The girls sitting at the table who were mocking Debbie shut their mouths immediately. Some boys who had a good relationship with Debbie realized what she was going to do, and came to stop her.

She shook their hands off and spoke in a cold voice, "If you try to stop me, we won't be friends anymore." She promised herself that she would give these blabbermouths a good lesson today, so that they would not dare to provoke her ever again.

"Debbie, these dishes are really expensive," a boy reminded her kindly. Actually, Debbie's classmates didn't know whether she was from a rich family or not.

As far as they could tell, she rode a BMW to school every day, but she didn't wear designer clothes, nor did she spend money left, right and center.

'I will tear this place apart without caring how much money it would cost me! Carlos has enough money, and he wants me to spend his money. Why not use his money to compensate for the damage?' she thought to herself.

Debbie grabbed a wine bottle from the table and smashed it in front of several girls. They were so frightened that they fell onto the floor.

#### CHAPTER 55 NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO LEAVE

The waitresses who were serving the customers in the private booth were so stunned they forgot to call security. They had never seen anyone create such a ruckus in this club before. Debbie found the girl who had been passing lewd comments about her and Gregory and pinned her up against the wall.

"If you dare cook up such a story again, I'll cut your tongue out and feed it to you myself," Debbie threatened.

The girl's face was as pale as a ghost. Too shaken up to utter a word, she shook her head, implying that she would not do it again.

Finally, Jared came back into the room with one of his drinking buddies. They were completely shocked

by what they had seen—the room was a mess. Jared scanned the room and found Debbie with her hands wrapped around some girl's throat.

"Tomboy, what's going on here?" Everyone in the room heaved a deep sigh of relief when they heard Jared's voice.

They all gathered around him and complained, "Jared, please do something. Look at Debbie! She's gone mad! She has ruined everything." Some of the yellow-bellied cowards had already sloped off, as they didn't want to be dragged into this.

After someone caught Jared up on what had been going on, his next action took everyone by surprise.

Jared jumped onto a chair and pointed at the girls huddled in the corner while shouting at them. "You bitches! Are you out of your damn minds? Are you really that stupid to cook up stories like that? You thought we wouldn't hurt you because you're girls, huh? Tomboy, you can do whatever you like to them. I'll handle what comes after."

Jared was 210 cm in height, and when he was standing on the chair, he looked like a giant that nobody wanted to mess with.

By then things had already gotten way out of hand. One of the waitresses finally came to her senses and was just about to call security when Jared stopped her. "No one is allowed to leave this room!"

Debbie took a deep breath, as she let go of the girl and walked towards Jared. She tugged at his sleeve and consoled him, "Easy, Jared. I'm done. I won't take part in this type of gathering again."

Jared jumped off the chair, shook off Debbie's hand and walked up to the girls.

He picked up a plate from the floor and threw it towards one of the girls, covering her pink dress with brown sauce. Paying no heed to the girl's petulant whining, Jared said, "Do you really think that Debbie has no idea of the horrendous things you say about her behind her back?"

Then, he picked up a pig's foot and stuffed it in another girl's sweater, which immediately turned brown because of the sauce. "You dumb bitches should feel lucky that you are girls.

Otherwise I would have beaten you blind with my own hands," he added.

The girls were about to cry. They hadn't expected Jared to be so cruel to them.

However, amidst all the chaos, only one boy seemed unaffected by what was going on. While all hell broke loose, he sat still in his seat, casually eating the dishes. Debbie recognized his face with one glance and felt surprised.

'Is that Gus, Curtis' younger brother? How come I am just noticing him now?' Debbie wondered. She



quickly dismissed her curiosity and decided to get out of the private booth.

Debbie grabbed Jared's arm and bolted out of the room, without delay. They rushed so fast they accidentally bumped into two people outside.

One of them was a woman in high heels, who staggered and fell onto the floor rather quickly. "Ouch! My leg! Are you blind?" she cried out.

Startled, Debbie bent over immediately to help her. "I'm really sorry, Miss. I didn't do it on purpose," she apologized in a conciliatory tone.

With the help of the woman's companion, Debbie helped the woman to her feet. It was not until then that she recognized who the woman was.

'Dang! This must be Mercury retrograde! What lousy luck!' Debbie cursed inwardly. First, she had a massive fight with her high school classmates. Now, she ran into a rude couple she had encountered this morning. It was the couple inside the Lamborghini, who had thrown an empty bottle out of the car window.

The man recognized Debbie as well. His face contorted with venomous outburst and he raised his hand to slap her. "Bitch!"

Debbie reacted very promptly. She grabbed his hand and knocked him down onto the floor in one fell swoop. The man lay on the floor, groaning in pain.

The girls who had followed Debbie and Jared out of the booth saw this and trembled with fear.

'Debbie knows martial arts! She just knocked a man of 200 kg down on the floor effortlessly. I'm glad she didn't hit us, ' they thought.

The woman then realized who Debbie was. Ignoring her companion, she raised her bag to whack Debbie in the head. "It's you! I've been looking for you to teach you a lesson. You are so screwed now!"

Before her bag could touch Debbie, Jared snatched it away from her hand and threw it onto the floor.

The woman then looked at her companion and knelt down beside him. "Oscar, are you okay?"

"Help me up! I will make that bitch pay!" he cursed.

All people, including Debbie's classmates and even the waitresses of the club, were shocked by what was going on. The hallway was overflowing with people. Some concerned; some angered, but mostly just confused.

At the same time, when Damon left his private booth, he received a message that said his VIP card had

been used. This club belonged to his close friend, Carlos. Although Carlos had given him the card, he had never used it before, as he never had to pay for anything in this club. 'More than \$300, 000 has been deducted from this account. That's really strange, ' he thought.

He was about to go to the cashier's desk to check what had happened, when he noticed the waitresses running towards another hallway. Curious as cats, they were so eager to watch the fun that they failed to notice Damon.

"What's going on? Why is there so much noise?" Damon asked a manager behind him.

The manager had been entertaining the three distinguished guests all the while, so he didn't know what had happened either. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders in confusion.

Meanwhile, Debbie wasn't able to leave yet because of the angry couple. She was starting to get impatient, because she was running late for her English class with Carlos at 8 p.m. Debbie was about to knock the man down again, but Jared stopped her. He whispered in her ear, "Tomboy, this man is the infamous Oscar. He's a notorious gang leader who has already gone to prison countless times over the innumerable crimes he has committed. Since your husband isn't here to protect you, do not offend him."

Debbie became even more frustrated. She couldn't just call Carlos and tell him that she had been in a fight with a gang leader. What would he think of her?

'Will Carlos go up against a gang leader for me? I don't think so.'

After some hesitation, Jared offered, "How about I call Damon? He's a gang member as well. Maybe he can remedy the situation."

Before Debbie could reply, a man's voice shot through from behind the crowd. "What is going on here?"

Everyone turned their heads to follow the voice. "Wow, is that Carlos?" the crowd murmured amongst themselves.

"I didn't expect to see Carlos here. And he's with Wesley and Damon."

"They are so handsome!"

Debbie, however, stood there motionlessly, as if paralyzed from the neck up.

The mere mentioning of his name sent a cold shiver down her spine. 'Why is he here? I was just about to go back home now so that I could attend his class at 8 p.m. How embarrassing!' Debbie's face was stuck in an incredulous expression.

A waitress walked up to the manager and explained, "Manger, these two people made trouble here and

smashed a private booth. Then they started a fight with Oscar and his woman."

The manager cast a casual glance at Debbie. Since he didn't know who she was, he assumed she was just a nobody. He said coldly, "Ask her to pay the compensation twice over and beg for Oscar's forgiveness."

#### CHAPTER 56 KNEEL DOWN AND APOLOGIZE

Hardly had the manager's voice faded away when Jared kicked him hard in the leg. "What the fuck?! How dare you ask her to kneel down and apologize to that man? Don't you know who she is?" Jared cursed.

Ignoring the manager's sour face, he walked up to Carlos and was going to ask him to help Debbie. But on second thought, he changed his mind and deemed it wise not to interfere in the couple's private affairs.

So without uttering a word, he turned around and walked back to Debbie.

Everyone was dumbfounded, not knowing what he was doing.

The manager had no idea who Debbie was. But as an experienced, business-minded person, he knew his priorities. His boss and two other distinguished guests were blocked by the crowd, so he urged them to make way. "Gentlemen, please get out of the way." He decided to settle matters with them after Carlos and his friends left the club.

'Son of a bitch! How dare you kick me?! I swear I'll break your leg!' he angrily swore to himself.

The moment Damon saw his brother, he instantly realized what was wrong with his VIP card. His eyebrows raised a little when he recognized the girl next to Jared. Excitement ruled over him as he was dying to witness the fun that was about to begin.

He elbowed Wesley and said in a light voice so that Carlos wouldn't hear him, "Look! The girl who smashed the private booth is Carlos' wife."

Wesley rolled his eyes at him, then followed the direction where he was pointing. He stepped aside to keep Damon at arm's length.

Damon's face soured at Wesley's reaction. 'What is wrong with this guy? Why is he avoiding me as if I had some communicable disease?'

"Good evening, Carlos, Wesley, and Damon. Nice to meet you guys. I didn't expect to meet you here. Are you enjoying the party?" Laying his eyes upon Carlos and his friends, Oscar suppressed his anger and walked towards them with a forced flattering smile.

Damon flashed a wicked grin; he knew this man was finished for he had offended Carlos' wife. Wesley, as a military officer, abhorred evils as deadly foes and knew one when he saw one. He didn't even turn

his head to cast the man a single glance; he only wished he could shoot him straight in the head right this instant.

"Come over here!" Carlos motioned, but not to Oscar.

The onlookers got confused and wondered whom he was talking to.

Debbie, on the other hand, knew that Carlos was talking to her. At that moment, she was no longer the same girl who had smashed the private booth a moment ago. Uneasily, she gripped her shirt and wondered whether she should listen to him or not.

After a series of pondering, she finally decided to be an obedient wife to her husband. In disbelief, they watched the girl jog along towards Carlos.

Looking at the girl standing before him, Carlos curled his lips in satisfaction and asked in a cool voice, "What happened?"

Although she looked rather obedient right now, he could feel the anger brewing inside her. He knew his wife was not a bully, and there must be a reason behind all this trouble.

Hearing his question, the group who had offended Debbie were quite nervous—the girls who had spoken ill of her, the manager who had asked her to kneel down, and Oscar who had attempted to slap her.

'Why is Carlos so nice to her? How are they related?' they mused.

Debbie knew Carlos was never a kindhearted man. If she told him the truth, he would definitely deal with these people in the harshest means possible—he might even throw them into the ocean or bury them alive. She didn't want to bully others with Carlos' resources, so she decided to smooth things over and pretend that nothing had happened. "Nothing happened. I smashed the private booth. I'm going to pay for it," she said indifferently.

Since she refused to tell him the truth, Carlos turned to Tristan and ordered, "Tristan, make my wife the lawful owner of this club."

After a short pause, he added, "Contact the lawyer now!"

Everyone was held speechless by what Carlos had said. His words went down like a bomb; the hallway went so still that you could even hear a pin as it dropped.

Debbie was flabbergasted as well. She looked at Carlos with her jaws slack.

Soon, Damon came back to his senses and turned to Wesley. "Hey, bro! Be ready to give me your pistol."

Tristan swallowed hard, and without asking he took his phone out and dialed the lawyer's number. When the call was answered on the other end, he said, "Carlos would like you to help him make his wife, Debbie Nelson, the lawful owner of Orchid Private Club. As for her personal data, I'll send everything you need via email. Please do it as soon as possible."

"No, no, no! Please don't do it." After a long time, Debbie finally managed to say something.

She grabbed Carlos' arm and stuttered, "Carlos... Boss... P-Please don't make such silly jokes. It's not funny at all."

Carlos looked at his wife and then turned to the manager. "The rest is up to you. If you fail to deal with it properly, you'll be sorry for the rest of your life. Kneel down and apologize to her!"

"Y-Yes... Carlos... Miss Debbie..." The manager almost pissed in his pants as his knees touched the floor.

With what Carlos had ordered, Debbie was raised from being a student to being the boss of a high-end club. Needless to say, the share-out bonus of which was up to hundreds of millions a year.

"Carlos, listen to me..." Debbie demanded in a stern voice.

But before she could make him turn, Carlos grabbed her hand and led her to the exit of the club.

Upon seeing this, the girls inside the club were awed with mixed emotions—envious, jealous, unconvinced, and frustrated. They watched the ideal man of their dreams walking away with a girl, hand in hand.

Their hearts broke into pieces.

Seated inside the Emperor car, Debbie and Carlos were in the backseat, while Tristan was in the passenger seat. The driver started the engine and swiftly drove off.

No one broke the silence on the way to the villa. As the car halted to a stop, Tristan bid them goodbye at the entrance and closed the gates behind him. Debbie confronted Carlos, who was now drinking water. "Carlos, I really appreciate the way you saved me in that club. Now that we are home and nobody is watching us, I hope you can call your lawyer and tell him not to make me the owner of that club.

You know for a fact that I'm currently studying. Who knows, the two of us might even get a di---" Meeting Carlos' eyes, she swallowed back the word "divorce" and didn't dare to complete her sentence.

Carlos was holding a glass in one hand with a firm grip. He was now staring at her with fierce eyes as if he were going to kill her right that instant if she dared to say that word.

She really couldn't understand why he hated so much to divorce her. "Oh for heaven's sake! Why can't you just sign the di--- Fine, I won't say the word again. Don't look at me like that. I'm really serious. Did

my father give you a large fortune with the condition that you must be my husband your whole life?" She really couldn't find another acceptable reason except for this one.

Normally, marriage should be based on love. But she didn't love him, and she didn't fancy the idea that he loved her. 'Wait, is there a possibility that he fell in love with me?' Thinking about this, she couldn't help but burst into laughter.

'How's that possible? A rich and powerful man like Carlos would never fall in love with a boyish girl like me," she mused.

Carlos poured a glass of water, gave it to her and said, "Are you not thirsty? You've been talking since we arrived."

"Uh... I am." She took the glass over and drank all the water with one gulp. All of a sudden, she felt hungry. Although there had been lots of delicious dishes prepared at the gathering this evening, she had no appetite and had barely eaten.

It was past 8 p.m. and she wanted to leave the villa and grab something to eat. "Carlos, I want to go out to eat something. Are you coming with me?" she invited.

Carlos just looked at her, saying nothing.

She didn't know what was on his mind and assumed that he didn't want to. She took out her phone and said, "Since you're not coming with me, I'm calling my friend to come with me."

"Who?"

"Jared. I guess he hasn't eaten anything either." Before she was able to dial his number, her phone was snatched away by the man.

Carlos turned off her phone, put it in his pocket and walked towards the gates.

While putting his shoes on, he said, "Grab the car keys. You're driving."

"Oh! Okay." She nodded; for her, it would be a good idea since she knew he had drunk much this evening.

She drove the BMW cautiously. When she stopped at a red light, she tilted her head and stole a look at the man who was taking a rest in his seat with his eyes shut. "Carlos, call your lawyer now!" she demanded.

#### CHAPTER 57 YOU NEED TO DO NOTHING BUT COUNT THE MONEY

Although Carlos had heard Debbie's words clearly, he didn't respond, choosing to look out the car window instead.

"You are not calling your lawyer? Fine! I'll call Emmett and ask him to call your lawyer!" Debbie said as she called out the address book on the vehicle navigation screen.

"Without my consent, he won't call the lawyer." The man finally opened his mouth to speak.

"Then call him!" she demanded.

"Focus on driving. I'm a man of my word. I won't rescind my decision."

As the light changed, Debbie had to restart the engine. While focusing on the road, she asked, "What do you prefer to eat?" After all, he was the boss.

"Eat whatever you want," he said indifferently.

Undecided on where to go, Debbie ran a few names of familiar places through her mind. At last, a restaurant popped up.

She drove to the destination and pulled over.

When they got out of the car, Carlos' face soured at the sight of the restaurant.

Debbie gave him a big grin, and pointing to the restaurant said, "I suddenly want to eat durian pizza. That's why I drove here. I know the restaurant might be a little too cheap for your fancy, but it's much better than street food, right? Come on. Just give it a try."

It was a national chain restaurant and the food was pretty good. The chain operated stores in most of the leading shopping malls. To Debbie, it was a nice restaurant. To Carlos, however, it was one of those low-end places he associated with needless penny-pinching.

After a moment's thought, he acceded, albeit begrudgingly, and walked towards the entrance of the restaurant.

Debbie immediately followed after him.

It was 8 p.m., but the place was still bustling with customers. Debbie and Carlos sat at a table near the window. Among the patrons, a few heads turned to greet the arrival of the beautiful couple.

A waitress came to them, and when she noticed Carlos, her eyes widened. Debbie shook her head with resignation and looked at the menu. "A large-sized durian pizza, a durian multi-layer cake, paella and Spanish mackerel dumplings. I'm done. What would you like to eat?"

She put the menu in front of Carlos, but he didn't give it even the mere dignity of a cursory glance. "I already ate," he said, the disinterest in his voice showing.

"What?" asked a bemused Debbie. Why did he have to come along if he thought it was low-grade? Whatever the case, he could as well walk out, because she was not holding a gun to his head.

'Is it possible that he just wanted to accompany me?' Her heart raced at the very thought.

But she had to calm down, because she needed to talk to Carlos about the ownership of that club. So after the waitress had left, she tapped the table to attract his attention. "Um, actually, I'm not that kind of good girl..."

Before she could finish her sentence, he cut in, "I knew it." To which Debbie blushed. She wanted to say something, but her jaw went slack.

Carlos then added, "You'll be just fine. It's only a matter of time." He swore to himself that he would turn her into the perfect girl.

'Wait, what are we talking about? I wasn't going to discuss with him whether I'm a good girl or not.' She shook the weird feeling off, leaned toward him and said in a serious tone, "Are you sure you want to transfer the club to me? I believe it will go bankrupt within half a year. Oh no! Within three months!"

Leaning forward as well, Carlos said in a low, attractive voice, "Rest assured. You need to do nothing but count the money. There will be a professional team to run the club."

Besides appointing her as the lawful owner of the club, he'd also gradually turn more and more shares to her. Whichever the case, she'd be taking home huge bonuses.

Debbie didn't know how to turn his tempting offer down. The business offer aside, his chiseled looks were so inviting, she feared she'd give in to him at any moment.

With a blushed face, she leaned back to keep him at arm's length. "There's no pressure to appoint me the owner. That points me in a bad light. I'm not a gold digger. How about this? As long as you don't make me the owner, I won't divorce you," she offered. To be honest, it was not a bad idea to have a husband like Carlos. He was handsome, rich and powerful.

'Just the right response that I wanted, ' thought Carlos. He heaved a sigh of relief that he managed to have her rule out divorce. However he kept calm and composed. "Don't bother bargaining with me. I don't think you're capable of it yet. I can assure you that you'll be the owner of the club. And forget about the divorce, as that's impossible."

'No! Why is he being so bossy?' Debbie rolled her eyes.

Soon, the durian pizza was served. The aroma made her drool as she picked up the pizza cutter in a hurry.



Just as she was about to cut the pizza, Carlos took the cutter from her hand.

By the time she raised her head to object, she realized he had already rolled his sleeves up. He cut the pizza in an elegant manner.

Then he picked up a slice of pizza and put it onto Debbie's plate. The little gesture touched her. To her, such small acts of kindness meant a lot.

All her life, she had always been an independent girl, who was used to living on her own. Apart from her late father, she had never depended on a soul. As such, that simple courtesy from Carlos was something she appreciated.

Much of the time, the men in her life tended to be cautious about her independent nature and they ended up not being much helpful. For example, her best buddy, Jared, had never treated her like a girl who could use a bit of chivalry.

As for Hayden, whom she had dated for two years, they had never eaten anything fancy together. In fact, she had been the one who provided everything in that relationship. All that Hayden did was to drain her, always taking things from her. A boring, self-serving man.

"Why not eat?" asked Carlos, who had already sliced the pizza into pieces.

When he realized Debbie was distracted, he dropped the cutter just hard enough to jerk her back to the present.

Embarrassed at her lapse, Debbie tried to act calm as she picked up her knife and fork. After several bites, she noticed that Carlos didn't eat. "Please have some," she offered.

Then she stretched her hand to pick up Carlos' knife and fork which he had pushed away. But he stopped her.

"No need for that," he politely declined her offer.

In reality, he was not a big fan of durian. Almost loathed the stuff.

"But I ordered for both of us." It was a large-sized pizza, a little too much for one person, in addition to the other food she had ordered.

Looking her straight in the eye, Carlos reached out his hand and gently took her fork with the piece of pizza on it.

A broad smile forming on his lips, he took a careful bite, catching Debbie by surprise once more. "I... I already bit on it..." she stammered.

As if he didn't hear her, Carlos picked up a napkin and wiped the the corners of his mouth. After swallowing, he took his sweet time, before finally replying, "I knew you had bitten on it."

Blushing now, Debbie was lost for words.

Every time she finished a piece of pizza, Carlos would add another slice to her plate.

Apparently, she must have been very hungry. She went through the food faster than a hot knife through butter.

It was only when she realized she had wiped all the plates clean that she felt embarrassed. "Did I eat too much?" she murmured. Wasn't that too much food for someone to finish in one sitting?

She felt even more embarrassed. Anyway, she chose to focus on Carlos. That guilty trip she was starting on was not necessary for now.

"Uh-huh." She hesitated, trying to find the right reaction to Carlos' admission.

Why had he changed his mind to bite on her pizza, which he thought was too cheap for his sophisticated tastes?

Again her mind went back to how much she had eaten, while he watched. 'It's up to him, if he wants to compare me to his many girls who only nibble at food, ' she dismissively thought.

None of that was important to Carlos, though. Like a gentleman, he picked up a serviette and wiped the rice at the corner of her mouth. "A good appetite is a blessing," he commented.

To see if he was kidding, Debbie studied him up and down. However, from the look on his face, she realized he must have been as serious as her life.

"Oh, that's so kind of you," she said, giggling like a teenage girl in love.

On second thought, however, she told herself not to get carried away.

There was nothing special about Carlos' words. Her father had always said the same. All the same, she began to feel at ease in his presence again.

When they walked out of the restaurant, it was about 10 o'clock in the evening. Carlos went to a nearby convenience store, bought two bottles of water and handed her one. "Rinse your mouth," he suggested.

## CHAPTER 58 A PETTY MAN

"Um, okay. Thank you," Debbie murmured as she took the water bottle from Carlos.

Before she could remove the cap, Carlos had already rinsed his mouth and drunk up the water. Out of curiosity, she asked, "Were you that thirsty?"

"There's a residual taste of durian in my mouth."

'What?! He dislikes durian? Then why did he eat the pizza using my fork? Since he loathes Durian, I've an interesting idea!

If he dares to bully me again, I'll buy a durian and ask him to finish it all by himself! That should teach him a lesson, ' she thought to herself.

Upon seeing the man throw the empty bottle into a trash bin, Debbie flashed a sly smile as she licked the corners of her lips.

"Hey, Mr. Handsome!" She ended up jumping before him.

"Uh-huh?" He looked at her, startled.

Suddenly, she held him by his waist, stood on tiptoe and kissed his thin lips.

This was her first time to kiss the man on her own initiative. It was an entirely different experience. No! It was her second time, wasn't it?

Carlos remained stunned for a while. When he finally regained his full senses after the unexpected display of affection, he realized her true intentions. He felt uneasy and wanted to push her away. Debbie held his waist tightly and her tongue moved effortlessly in his mouth.

She had just hogged a large-sized durian pizza and had not rinsed her mouth yet.

After making sure that his mouth tasted durian again, she withdrew her lips and let go of his waist. Carlos shook his head with profound resignation, and then turned around to walk towards the convenience store again.

"I want to go home! Now!" Debbie grabbed his arm and dragged him to their car deliberately. Despite the fact that he could easily shake her arms off, he followed her anyway.

Right under the glow of the street lamp, Debbie opened the passenger's door and was about to push Carlos into the seat, but he quickly shut the door by himself.

Without a moment's pause, he rolled her around, pressed her against the car door and kissed her on her lips.

It all happened in a matter of seconds that she couldn't properly breathe.

When Carlos' phone rang, the two stopped their overflowing affection for each other to an abrupt halt.

It took quite a while before Debbie realized that she was lying in the backseat and Carlos was about to strip her off. She could even feel his erection.

He wanted to switch his phone off and get on with his intentions but she pushed him away, adjusted her clothes and swiftly got out of the car.

When she got into the driver's seat, Carlos was on the phone. "You called me just because of this?" His voice seemed to croak.

"Damon, I have some exclusive information regarding the woman's whereabouts. But I've no intention of telling you!" Saying this, he hung up. As if it was not enough to vent his anger, he even turned off his phone.

Neither Debbie nor Carlos said a word throughout their way home.

Upon arriving at the villa, Debbie reassured that the car doors were locked, grabbed the car keys and rushed towards the house.

When she ran upstairs, Carlos' voice seemed to come from behind her back. "What is next to you?"

"What? What's next to me?" Debbie stopped, turned her head in utter confusion.

"I think I saw a figure next to you. Perhaps, my eyes have begun deceiving me," Carlos said.

Debbie was rendered speechless. She could feel her mouth going dry. She continued ascending upstairs. The light was switched off in the hallway, so she took out her phone and used the phone's flashlight.

"I saw a movie yesterday. The male lead kills his wife's lover, dismembers him mercilessly and hides various parts of his body in the refrigerator, under the bed, in the closet..."

Before he could finish his sentence, her scream interrupted him. "Carlos!"

Trying to suppress his giggle, Carlos asked, feigning innocence, "I'm here. What's up?"

Debbie ground her teeth and cursed him inside her head, 'He is such a petty man!' Producing a forced fake smile, she said, "I won't force you to eat durian again. I'm sorry."

"Uh-huh." He walked up the stairs.

He hadn't achieved his aim yet. Pretending to be unaware of Debbie's fright, he continued, "Do you believe in the existence of ghosts?"

Debbie fidgeted, covered his mouth with both her hands and threatened, "Just shut your damned mouth! I don't want to hear a word more! If you dare to say a single word more, I swear... I swear, I'll repay in ways you can't imagine."

She had absolutely no idea how she was going to hurt a man who had better martial skills than her. She looked at him with desperate eyes, as if she was about to break open her heart.

She was not pretending; in fact, she really felt like crying her heart out.

She swore to herself that she would certainly investigate and find out who had told Carlos that she was afraid of ghosts. She would teach that person a good lesson after she knew who this damn guy was.

She foresaw that Carlos would definitely use her weaknesses to deal with her in the future as well. This wasn't the end of this.

"It's gotten very late. Good night." Carlos struggled his level best to fight off the impulse to hold her in his arms and retreated towards his bedroom.

The surroundings remained eerily quiet for a few hours.

The door of Carlos' bedroom opened from the outside abruptly. The man in the bed swayed his lips in the dark. He kept his eyes shut, pretending to be sound asleep.

Soon, he sensed the familiar fragrance of his wife and he heard her lying down beside him.

Debbie approached him stealthily and stared at his face cautiously. 'Luckily, he's asleep.

It's all his fault! I had been able to sleep on my own before he moved back into the villa. But ever since he left me in the cemetery, my fright for the dark has crossed every boundary imaginable.

As long as he's lying by my side, I'm not afraid of anything anymore. Fine! I'll sneak into his bedroom every night after he's asleep, ' she told herself confidently.

She adjusted her posture and made herself comfortable before she closed her eyes and soon dozed off.

Initially, she had planned to get out of the bed and sneak back into her room before Carlos woke up. However, when she woke up the next morning, she felt the golden rays of the morning sun glaze her cheeks. She sat up and scanned the room with her sleepy eyes.

All of a sudden, her eyes widened and she came fully awake and alert.

Carlos had just taken a shower after his routine morning run and was answering a phone call with his back facing her. His body was only wrapped in a towel.

It was the first time that she had seen Carlos... half naked.

Although they had slept in the same bed twice, she had come into his room at midnight and hadn't seen him wrapped in just a towel anytime before.

Wow, his body is flawless!' She was letting her imagination run wild.

Judging from his strong back, she reckoned that he had been doing regular exercise. 'He must have six-pack abs!'

She picked up her phone stealthily, opened the camera APP and clicked the shooting button. Done!

She glanced at the picture she had just taken and flashed a dirty smile.

All of a sudden, she thought of something. She put down her phone on the bed, crossed her hands together and pointed to Carlos' towel with both her index fingers. "Drop! Drop!" she commanded in a whisper.

She stared at the white towel and wished it would fall onto the ground. She could tell from the curves of the towel that the man had a desirable butt.

"Drop! Drop—Ahhhh!" The man suddenly turned around and caught Debbie off guard.

She immediately withdrew her hands, grabbed her phone, got out of the bed and left his bedroom hastily.

She rushed back into her room, shut the door behind her and threw herself onto her bed. 'Dang! What would he think of me now? Would he think I wanted to sleep with him because I have a thing for him? Never mind! He's my husband, and it's perfectly normal for us to share a bed, ' she consoled herself in her mind.

She opened her WeChat Moments, uploaded the picture she had just taken, and captioned it, "Waking up in the morning, I find the sun shining brightly. You stand before the window, enjoying the scenery, while I can't take my eyes off you.

Ah, I'm in such a buoyant mood now."

The reason she dared to post Carlos' picture in WeChat Moments was that she thought he was not her WeChat friend. He would not know that she had taken his picture and posted it, after all. As for her friends, she didn't think they would recognize it as Carlos—it was just a view of his back. Yes, some people might speak ill of her behind her back when they saw the picture. But she didn't care at all!

CHAPTER 59 DO YOU LIVE WITH A MAN

Debbie could foresee on her mind what her WeChat friends would say when they saw her post, but she didn't care about it.

Gaily humming a song, she threw her phone on her bed and went into the bathroom. "Hey I just met you and this is crazy. But here's my number, so call me maybe..."

Feeling refreshed after her shower, she came out of the bathroom and grabbed her phone. Unlocking it, she was surprised to see that her WeChat Moments had been flooded with thousands of comments.

A girl from her class commented, "Debbie, do you live with a man?"

Another classmate said, "Wow, this man has a perfect body. Debbie, why don't you introduce him to me?"

"Is Carlos good in bed? How long did he last? Tell me!" Kasie commented. She also added an emoji showing a wicked grin.

Kristina cracked a joke, "Debbie, to tell you the truth, I've been drooling over your husband's face for a long time. Since we are best friends, can you share him with me?" The comment was followed by a shy emoji.

Jared said, "Tomboy, I really admire you. Now you are not just Mrs. Hilton by name. You are already his woman. I've made up my mind that I'll be one of your loyal lackeys from now on."

Dixon commented, "What did Kristina comment? Tell me please!"

Debbie's eyes widened in shock, and her mouth was held open for almost a minute. She had more than 1,000 friends on WeChat. Thus, she gave up because the comments were too many to read. She even felt a little dizzy after reading the first ten comments.

'Wow, Carlos' back attracted so much attention. What if I take a picture of his face and post it online? No, I can't do that! If I did that, my phone would lag with so many comments!' she thought.

She updated her Moments and found out that someone had already had a screenshot of her post and reposted it.

"Headlines of Economics and Management School: Irrefutable evidence shows that Debbie is living with a man!"

"I saw this man's picture in my WeChat Moments this morning. Who is this handsome man?"

"Wow, if I had a boyfriend like this, I could stay in the bedroom with him the whole day."

These were some of the captions from the posts made by Debbie's WeChat friends.

How the post went viral was beyond Debbie's expectation.

Desperately, she wanted to delete her post. But on second thought, it was no use doing so as many of her friends had already had the screenshot. After short consideration, she commented the post, "You guys took it all wrong. I've just downloaded this picture from the net and posted it."

Gail commented in just a few seconds, "I knew it!"

Debbie was held speechless and wondered, 'Is she keeping an eye on my WeChat Moments?'

She decided to get back at Gail, so she replied to her comment, "I know this man, and we're closely related."

Only their common WeChat friends could see her conversation with Gail, and since they barely had common WeChat friends, Debbie thought it would be safe because other people wouldn't see it.

On Gail's end, the moment she saw Debbie's reply, the first person that came to her mind was Carlos. She grew insanely jealous and began to console herself, 'Calm down. Carlos would never fall for a girl like Debbie.'

The comments and messages on her phone kept on popping up. Debbie threw her phone aside and rubbed her aching temples. She decided to leave it aside and went to the dining room to have breakfast first. It was Saturday and she had arranged with her friends to go shopping.

When she entered the living room, Julie was opening the gates for Carlos. Debbie ran towards him and called out, "Hey! Old man."

Carlos turned around, waiting for her next words.

Julie giggled and said, "Debbie, why did you call Carlos 'old man'? I thought a young girl like you would address your husband as Honey."

Debbie flushed scarlet with embarrassment. She tugged on Julie's sleeve and Julie instantly got her point. "Ah, you have your own sweet words to address him, don't you? I'm going to the kitchen now," Julie said with a sly smile.

Debbie's face turned redder.

After Julie had left, Debbie gathered up her courage and asked, "Can I go out this afternoon? I have an appointment with my friends."

The reason she dared to skip yesterday's Yoga class was that the Yoga teacher was hired by Tristan and she didn't have Carlos' phone number. That meant the Yoga teacher couldn't tell Carlos she was not



attending classes. The dance teacher, however, knew Carlos. Debbie didn't dare to skip the dance class as she was afraid that the dance teacher would report to him. This time, she decided to ask for his permission first.

"Friends? Who?" Carlos asked in a low voice.

Debbie sighed and answered, "Jared, Kasie, Kristina and Dixon." As a straightforward person, she had many friends, while the four people she had mentioned were her best friends. They always hung out together.

"I think you'd better keep Jared at arm's length," Carlos said coldly. Judging from what had happened last night, he could tell that Jared would just add fuel if Debbie started a fire. Jared and Debbie were both short-tempered. If Carlos had not been in the club last night, both of them would have made things worse.

'What? Why did he ask me to stay away from Jared?' Debbie asked herself silently as she was confused by Carlos' statement.

Carlos raised his wrist to check the time. "I'll arrange a private booth for you and your friends on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building. You may have lunch there. Tristan will call you later."

'He agrees? Yeah!'

Debbie gave him a big grin and said, "Thank you so much. Do you want me to buy something for you in the mall?" Hardly had she finished her sentence when she regretted asking him. A rich man like Carlos would want nothing.

"Yes."

His answer came as a surprise to Debbie. "What?" she asked, puzzled.

He leaned forward and said something in her ear before turning around to leave. Debbie stood still where she was, stunned.

'Oh! For goodness' sake! Why did he ask me to buy some underwear for him?'

In the Shining International Plaza

When everyone had arrived at their meeting place, Jared yawned and complained, "Gimme a break, girls! I don't want to watch a movie."

After Debbie had left with Carlos last night, Damon and Jared went back to the private booth to drink together. They hadn't been home until 3 o'clock in the morning. Jared scarcely had a decent sleep when his friends called him.

Debbie and Kasie's idol was in the movie they were planning to watch. As avid fans, how could they miss out on the chance to watch the movie?

"Why don't you go back home and take a rest first?" Debbie asked Jared in a serious tone.

Jared nodded; he was really sleepy.

When he turned around and was about to leave, Debbie told Kasie in a loud voice, "Kasie, we will be having lunch on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building. Carlos has arranged a private booth for us."

Instantly, Jared turned around, and with an excited look, he asked, "Really? We're having lunch there? Your husband asked his men to throw you out of the Alioth Building last time. Why did he arrange a private booth for us this time?"

Kasie patted his shoulder and explained, "Carlos didn't know Debbie was his wife back then." Debbie had already told Kasie and Kristina what had happened between her and Carlos before.

Dixon also knew the story from Kristina. Only Jared knew nothing. That surprised him just now.

"He didn't know Debbie was his wife?" Jared was shocked by the news.

Was it even possible that a man didn't know who his wife was? Besides, the man was none other than Carlos. Although rich people usually got married for commercial reasons, it was still impossible for Carlos to not know his wife.

Out of the corner of her eye, Debbie saw a brand shop and an idea suddenly struck her. She turned to Jared. "Carlos knows I'm his wife now, so stop being caught up in that. Hey, bro, could you please do me a favor in return since I'm going to buy you lunch?" she coaxed him.

"No problem," Jared agreed at once. He was baffled, however, why Debbie couldn't keep herself from smiling.

When Jared got out of the shop with a box of men's underpants in his hand, he almost cried and asked Debbie, "Why did you ask me to buy these underpants for your husband? It's so weird!"

He was a man, and Carlos was a man as well. A man buying another man underpants? That really sounded creepy. 'Why did I have to buy underpants for Carlos?' he shouted inwardly.

Jared felt like he had been tricked by Debbie.

## CHAPTER 60 WHAT A SURPRISE!

When Jared's friends found out he just bought fresh underpants for Carlos, they all burst into laughter. Some held their stomachs, trying to catch their breath in between. "You crazy bastard!" one of them

even said. "So, man, have you imagined Carlos dominating you on bed?" Kasie teased. "Like, you jack off as you imagine him blowing you off?"

Jared's cheeks turned red in embarrassment. Annoyed, he shouted, "Stop it! I'm straight as hell! I'm not gay!"

The elevator finally came to a halt when it reached the fifth floor of the Alioth Building and Tristan greeted them. Upon seeing Debbie, he walked up to her along with the manager. "Good day, Mrs. Hilton, welcome."

Debbie's eyes widened as she saw Tristan. She felt a bit shy when he addressed her as "Mrs. Hilton". Then she turned to her friends and gestured towards him. "Guys, this is Tristan, Carlos' secretary."

"Good day," her friends greeted him and felt shy as he gave them a polite bow.

"Good day to you as well," Tristan smiled. "Follow us and we shall lead you to the best private booth in this building."

Debbie and her friends felt uneasy as they sat down. Tristan and some waitresses served the dishes. And obviously, it was something Carlos' secretary shouldn't do. She took the seafood platter from him and offered, "Tristan, there's no need to do this. Just sit down and have a meal with us."

Tristan shook his head, smiling as he bowed. "Thank you for your kindness, Mrs. Hilton, but I am afraid that I'll have to turn down your invitation. I have to go back to the office later."

Debbie didn't protest and gave him a smile. "Is that so? Since you still have work to finish, it's best to take your leave now. Don't worry, I can take care of my guests."

"That's right," Kristina nodded. "You are being too kind to us. Don't mind us. We're old enough to take care of ourselves." She felt like she was in seventh heaven as it was the first time she had entered such a fancy restaurant. She felt a bit shy with the hospitality shown by Tristan and the manager.

As for Jared, he felt at home. After all he came from a wealthy family and was used to these kinds of places. He gave a smirk to Debbie. "Hey, Tomboy. Since I got your husband some underpants, can you ask him to give me a VIP card of this restaurant?"

Debbie rolled her eyes and replied sarcastically, "Oh sure, I will."

"Really?" Jared laughed.

"No. I don't have the VIP card myself either," Debbie retorted, her face deadpan.

Having these kinds of banters with Jared wasn't new to her anyways. At the end of the day, it was just a friendly exchange between friends. Tristan overheard their conversation and felt the need to explain it.

"Mrs. Hilton, as per Carlos' request, I have already informed the manager about the matter. You are always free to eat here in Carlos' private booth. No need to pay anything. As for your friends, you can give the VIP cards to them if you wish."

Debbie's friends' jaws dropped at what they had just heard. They all felt envious of the special treatment she received.

Kasie grinned, "Looks like you have done something in your past life to be blessed to be Carlos' wife! He's every woman's dream man! Damn, girl. Is Carlos open to the idea of being polygamous? If he is, then let me share him with you. Mmph!"

She got interrupted when Debbie put a piece of chocolate into her mouth. The others only laughed at her joke. Debbie looked amused and said, "Sure. I don't mind, but we'll see if Carlos agrees. Anyways, let's eat! I'm starving!"

"Since it's the 21st century, time to take some food porn photos!" Kasie chuckled. "Better post it on WeChat!"

Each of them whipped out their phones and took photos of the scrumptious, well-prepared dishes.

Debbie whispered to Tristan, "Can I just give each of them a VIP card? It would be unfair to the others if only Jared got one."

Tristan answered with a smile, "Of course, Mrs. Hilton. I'll tell the manager to give each of them a VIP card."

Upon hearing this, Dixon almost spat out his drink. He quickly cut in, "Girl, no need for that! I can't afford to go to a fancy place like this after all."

Kristina seconded, "He's right, Debbie. Just give Kasie and Jared the cards. You can take us to have meals here in the future."

Debbie waved her hands, shrugging off their protests. "Nah. It's not a big deal. It's just a card." "Are you sure?" Kristina looked puzzled.

"Yep!" Debbie nodded.

Jared added, "Tomboy, I'm just kidding around! No need to give me the card. I'm fine as long as I can book a private room in this place."

The other three nodded their heads in agreement. Carlos was Debbie's husband and they felt that it would be shameful of them if they even dared to ask for more. "Debbie, it's alright," Kasie smiled. "You are already kind enough to invite us for a meal here."

Debbie could only sigh, "Very well then. If..." She wanted to tell them, "If I'm still with Carlos in the future, then I'll bring you guys here many times as possible." But she couldn't say it out loud since Tristan was still around. She saw him calling someone on his phone.

The dishes were served quickly. There were ten main courses, mushroom soup, some mousse cakes, flan, and a fruit platter. To top it off, the waitresses also served them some green tea and a bottle of fancy wine.

Joining her friends who posted photos on social media, Debbie posted nine photos in WeChat Moments and captioned, "Great food. Great company. Great time!"

As they enjoyed the dishes, Kasie kept prying Debbie about her sex life with Carlos. "Girl, you should tie him up and ride him. Men love that kind of thing! It's bound to blow his mind off!" Then they felt their spines shiver as they heard the door open.

Their cheerful banter gradually faded. Debbie's face turned into different shades of scarlet as she recalled Kasie's words.

The next thing she knew, they all stood up from their seats. Kristina was so nervous by Carlos' sudden appearance, she accidentally kicked her chair as she stood up. She chewed her lower lip, trying to avoid Carlos' gaze.

Debbie was forced to put on a cheery facade. "Hi... I didn't expect you to pay us a visit."

'Oh man!' she thought to herself. 'This is really embarrassing. Heavens help me if he ever heard any word from Kasie a while ago.'

Carlos walked towards her. "I'm just passing by."

Tristan secretly shook his head behind Carlos. He perfectly knew that Carlos had cancelled a meeting just to see her for lunch.

A waitress immediately brought an extra, prepared set, and poured a glass of red wine and a cup of tea. She gave Carlos a polite bow when she was done.

Carlos sat down. He looked across them and said coldly, "Have a seat."

They obediently sat down. Jared chewed his lower lip. His right eye twitched as he remembered that he bought underwear for the man in front of him.

As silence filled the air, the waitresses quickly removed the dishes and brought new sets of dishes.

Tristan was about to serve Carlos food when the latter raised a hand to stop him. He wiped his hands with a clean towel and silently looked at Debbie. Then he slightly cocked his head to the side. His eyes

moved at his empty plate, and then back at her. It was obvious that he was asking, no, ordering her to serve him.

Debbie couldn't do anything but only stare at him in awe.

She wouldn't dare to turn him down in front of so many people.

She also felt her friends' eyes boring into her and observing her every move. It seemed like they were interested in knowing how she interacted with him.

Debbie took a deep breath, calming herself down. She thought to herself, 'You can do this, Debbie. Patience is a virtue. Don't lose it.'