

TMBA 71

CHAPTER 71 MALE CHAUVINIS

At this moment, Debbie felt that Carlos was much more reliable and trustworthy than other men around her, such as Jared and Hayden. Hayden had admitted quite bluntly that he still loved her. Despite that, he wasn't there when she needed his help.

However, when she kissed Carlos on the cheek, he gently pushed her away, walked to the night stand and dialed the receptionist's number. "This is Room 1206. We need a med kit. Thank you."

Before he got a definite positive response, he hung up the phone hastily.

Debbie was startled. 'Really? That's how he usually asks people to do him a favor? I don't think he's going to get that med kit anytime soon, ' she thought to herself.

However, within three minutes, the doorbell rang. Debbie ran to open the door, and saw an employee of the hotel standing outside with a med kit in her hands.

"Thank you so much," she thanked her politely and took over the kit.

"You're welcome, miss."

After closing the door behind her, Debbie walked up to Carlos and gave him the kit. He opened it, took out some Q-tips and a bottle of antiseptic solution before leading Debbie to a chair. "Sit. I'll clean your wound," he offered gently.

"Really? Have you been trained in treating wounds?" she asked in utter disbelief.

He rolled his eyes and answered coldly, "I've served in the special force before. Cleaning wounds is a piece of cake to me. It's one of the most necessary skills we must learn."

"You've really served in the army before!" she exclaimed. Last time, she could tell from his standing position that he must have been trained for combat before. But she didn't expect him to have served in the special force. Her thoughts ran wild.

"Then why did you quit the army and become a CEO? Did you not like serving in the army?" she asked in confusion.

She really wished to see him in the military uniform. He'd be so handsome in it.

"It's a long story. I'll narrate it to you some other time." He unscrewed the lid, dipped a Q-tip into the solution and began to clean her wound gently.

A sharp intake of breath was heard. It was a kind of cheap solution, and gave her wound a stinging

sensation. She surely seemed to be in excruciating pain. Every time he cleaned the wound with the Q-tip, she winced in pain. But still, she was much stronger than other girls in resisting pain. Other girls would have already cried in pain if they were in Debbie's shoes.

Carlos paused upon hearing her intake of breath. He was used to this kind of solution, but he forgot that Debbie was a girl and the pain might seem unbearable to her. His face softened as he said, "Sorry, I forgot to remind you that the solution might sting. I'll be quick. Just hold on." Then he continued to clean her wound again.

"It's okay. I can handle it." If Kasie and Kristina were here, they would lecture Debbie about the way she acted before Carlos earlier.

Other girls would certainly pretend that it was very painful and even shed tears to draw his attention.

Debbie, however, acted bravely. She pretended as if it didn't hurt at all, and stubbornly refused to let him know the intensity of pain she was facing.

She fixed her eyes upon the man who was focused on cleaning her wound. After a while, she couldn't resist her urge and asked, "Carlos, why did you come to me today?"

Ignoring her question, he took out a band-aid and was about to apply it over her wound.

"I don't want to have a band-aid on my face," she refused. 'It would look rather weird with a band-aid on my face,' she thought. It was just a tiny wound.

Carlos turned her down without any hesitation. "I insist on it. You can remove it tomorrow morning if you want."

"Fine! Why did you avoid my question?"

Carlos put everything back into the med kit and answered casually, "I'm your husband. It is pretty normal for me to be available for you when you need me."

She was effectively rendered speechless. 'Can't he be a bit amiable to me?' she wondered. She lowered her head and remained quiet for a while. Obviously, she was disappointed right now.

Carlos, however, didn't realize that. Even if he did, he remained indifferent to it. He ordered, "Go to the bathroom and take a shower. It's late, and we need to get some sleep. We'll be flying back home tomorrow morning."

"But I thought we were going to spend a few more days here," she retorted quickly.

Carlos didn't really understand why she still wanted to stay in the city where she had been robbed mercilessly. He knew it would be futile to argue with her on this matter, so he pulled her into his arms

and threatened, "Are you sure you want to disobey me?"

His hands were running wildly throughout her body. Debbie blushed. She struggled to set herself free and swiftly dashed towards the bathroom. "I'm going to take a bath now."

After spending almost an hour in the bathroom, Debbie finally reappeared and saw Carlos working on his laptop.

Her phone rang at this moment. She walked to the night stand, picked up the phone and saw the caller ID. Hesitantly, she moved to the balcony and answered the call.

"Hello." Her voice seemed nothing louder than a whisper.

"Deb, what happened? I was in a meeting. It just got over now." Hayden's voice came from the other end of the line.

Gazing at the lake not far away, she sighed inwardly and answered in a cold voice, "Nothing. Mind your own business."

"Deb, when are you coming back to Alorith? I'll pick you up at the airport when you arrive."

"No need for that, Hayden. And don't you dare call me from now on. I'm married. I don't want my husband to misunderstand our relationship. We better stay away from each other."

After a long pause, Hayden giggled and said, "Deb, I know you are lying to me. You are only 21. How can you get married this early? I know you are mad at me because..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he heard a man's voice come from the other end, "Deb." Debbie turned stiff upon hearing Carlos' voice and wondered whether he had heard their entire conversation. She had promised Carlos before that she would not send messages to Hayden again.

"Deb, who's that man? Why are you with him at this late hour?" Hayden's voice was far from anything that could be described as calm.

Debbie's heart skipped a beat when she saw Carlos' furious face.

She blurted, "He's my husband. It's very late now. My husband and I need to go to bed. Bye!" Before Hayden could reply, she hung up the phone.

Staring at her phone, Debbie didn't know how to explain it to Carlos. She smoothed her hair to calm herself down and murmured, "Uh...Carlos...don't get me wrong..."

Without saying a word, Carlos turned around and walked into the bedroom. She had no other choice but to follow him. "I really have no relationship with him anymore. You have to trust me, Mr. Handsome."

She felt awful after being misunderstood by him.

Carlos turned and looked at her with deep eyes. "How can I trust you? After all this?"

Her cheeks were red out of anxiety. She put her phone aside, held his waist with both arms and kissed him on the lips. After a while, she raised her head and asked in a whisper, "Do you trust me now?"

Since she took the initiative to kiss him, he didn't turn her down. Instead, he wanted more of it.

He held her tightly, lowered his head and kissed her right on her lips, passionately.

His lips were demanding and firm when they molded hers. He was kissing her with both tenderness and need. He threw her onto the king-sized bed. Then he leaned down and kissed her lips again. "I want to bite this lip," he murmured against her mouth, and carefully he tugged at it with his teeth. She moaned spontaneously and he smiled, out of satisfaction.

Early the next morning, a man walked out of the hotel, followed by a girl. Both of them seemed to have long faces.

His face was livid, whereas the girl looked frustrated. They were none other than Carlos and Debbie.

Tristan, carrying Debbie's suitcase, tagged along with them and didn't dare to utter a word. He could sense the intense struggle between his boss and his boss' wife.

'Did they end up having a fight again? No, I don't think so.

Or did the tension stem from Carlos' dislike towards the room? Did he not get enough sleep?' Tristan's rally of thoughts marched on endlessly. He had suggested a five-star hotel to Carlos, but the latter had rejected him upfront.

He really felt confused, but he decided to keep his nose out of Carlos' private affairs. He didn't want to lament about not having done it later on.

Upon arriving at the VIP lounge of the airport, Debbie sat opposite Carlos and cast a ferocious glance at him. She cursed, "You are an insensitive, thoughtless male chauvinist!"

CHAPTER 72 DO YOU DARE MENTION CARLOS

Carlos took a sip of his coffee and cast a cold glance at the girl in front of him. He regretted not sleeping with her last night. A wide smirk flickered at the corners of his mouth as he watched her anger grow. "You're disappointed because I didn't make love to you, huh?"

The cocky manner of his question made Debbie choke on her drink. After some pause, she snapped, cheeks flushing red, "Save me that balderdash! I've never seen an insensitive jackass like you."

With a sincere heart, Carlos put his cup back on the table, leaned toward Debbie and said in a low, sensual voice, "I'm sorry I didn't satisfy you last night. It won't happen again. I'll let you be the captain of your boat tonight. You can shag all you want."

'I blew it! She only wanted to be on top, which is not a big deal. I should've agreed, ' he thought to himself.

He sat upright and added, "Well, I'll let you explore when we roll in the hay tonight. Fill that house with screams of pleasure till morning."

Debbie's face flushed even more at his needless lewd details. 'The shameless bastard doesn't even mind that his assistant is still here, ' she cursed to herself. With her head down, she retorted in a low voice, "Stop dreaming! I'm not sleeping with you. I'll spend the night in the dorm."

Carlos, however, tapped on the table with his fingers and stated, "Since we're a couple, it's time for you to move into my bedroom now. You need to get used to your identity as my wife."

"Forget about it! I'm moving back to my dorm on the campus. Already, Kasie and my roommates are missing me, while I'm here wasting time with you."

Putting on a serious face, Carlos nodded and said, "Got it. Thank you for reminding me."

Just when Debbie heaved a sigh of relief and thought he had agreed with her, he continued, "Thank you for reminding me that we're still sleeping in separate bedrooms. I know I shouldn't have neglected you for all the three years we have been married. From now on, all that will change. Whatever you prefer, I'll comply, for the sake of love." So far, he had already given her plenty of time, and he believed it was time for him to take her for a wife.

The more time they spent with each other, the more he understood her. If he kept waiting until she was ready to give him children, he might watch with envy while Damon and Wesley send their own to school.

Sometimes, he was a real pain in the butt. Tired of his bullheaded persistence, Debbie leaned over the table and reprimanded, "Stop giving me that bull-crap! Let's talk about something else."

"All right. There's a birthday party you should be attending tomorrow evening," he announced.

A birthday party? "Whose birthday party?" she asked in obvious surprise.

Acting laconic, Carlos picked up the iPad on the table, powered it on and placed it in front of Debbie.

There was a photo beside a short bio of the birthday girl, Megan, who was turning eighteen.

That was it! There was no more information.

'Is he taking me to the party? Does that mean Carlos doesn't take the girl or her birthday party seriously?' Debbie wondered, but she chose to keep her mouth shut.

When they came back to Alorith and arrived at the villa, Debbie received Kasie's call. They chatted on the phone cheerfully, Debbie opening up on how Carlos had come to rescue her.

"And then? In order to thank him, you gave yourself to him?"

After some pause, Debbie answered, "No." Finally, she had someone she could open up to and vent out her frustration. "You know what, Carlos is such an insensitive male chauvinist. Can you believe it? I thought we would make love last night. After great foreplay with lots of kissing and touching, I was ready to give myself to him. But you know what, the bastard started an argument, just at the moment when I thought I was ready for him.

I've never seen such an unreasonable, arrogant man." "What happened?" Kasie asked with genuine concern.

"From nowhere, he mentioned something that I didn't like. To me it was a small matter, but apparently, he's an implacable man and he wouldn't budge. I was so frustrated. The night almost ended in a fight. Not that I'm absolutely free of blame, but I think, Carlos needs to work on his ego. At this rate, he might end up thinking a wife is supposed to be a mindless bootlicker." But Kasie knew Debbie too was stubborn. If Carlos indeed offended her, it would take quite a deal of pleading and coaxing to change her mind. However, Carlos himself was a proud man, and their relationship had been a stormy one for a long time. Neither of them wanted to back down whenever they disagreed.

The unromantic details left Kasie in worry. After a long pause, she finally calmed herself down and said, "Deb, we are girls. And tenderness is our strongest weapon. Power has gotten into your husband's head, and he thinks he's in control of your love as well. You need to act nice, instead of arguing with him."

'Haven't I been a little too nice already?' Debbie rolled her eyes and complained, "Fine! I'll give it a try, if you say so. How do I go about it, anyway?"

"Okay, listen carefully." Taking a moment to clear her throat, Kasie said with affected tenderness, "First, you need to apologize. Whether you were the cause of the argument or not, you need to take the first step. Waiting for Carlos to apologize first is almost impossible, at least, judging from what I know about him. Once you've made peace, it would be good to start off on a high. That's the best time for you guys to bang."

"Wait. 'Bang'? Are you kidding me?" It gave Debbie goosebumps to imagine Kasie's brazenness.

"C'mon Debbie," Kasie coaxed. "Are you some cave woman?"

Use Google search, if you didn't get what I said, sweetie."

"It's not that I didn't get what you meant. It's the titillating way you put it that makes me doubt you. Jeez, you make me flinch, Kasie!" exclaimed Debbie, feeling uneasy at her friend's direct manner. .

"Take it easy, girl. It's your love life I'm trying to save," Kasie replied.

"Thank goodness, in me, you have a shrink and a good friend, who won't sit on the fence and watch you and Carlos destroy your marriage," she added with a satisfied giggle.

Both Kasie and Debbie knew each other well. They had been best friends for a long time. Banking on that friendship, Kasie urged, "You know countless women in this world want to marry Carlos. Right now, you have the best chance to win his heart. Otherwise, you'll lose him. Anyway, you are a smart girl. I believe you'll hack what it takes to make him your man. Remember that time when you argued with Gail over that collar pin? You acted like a spoiled girl before Carlos, and he bought it."

"But I'm not one of those women..."

"You are just an idiot!"

"Fuck off!" Debbie shouted.

Kasie cleared her throat and said with a smile, "I was just kidding. Don't get mad at me, girl. You need to take care of your husband and satisfy his needs. Don't lie to yourself that you're the only woman he could ever find in the whole world. You should count yourself lucky and fight to keep him by any means. If you lose him, then you'll wake up to what I'm trying to drive into your head, darling."

"Don't worry. I won't!" Debbie said indifferently.

Actually, what she meant was that she wouldn't regret if she lost Carlos to another woman. But on second thought, she hated to think about such a possibility.

It was almost 8 p.m. when she hung up the phone. Time for her lessons, where Carlos was taking her through Advanced Mathematics.

But instead of preparing for class, Debbie rolled on her bed, dwelling on what Kasie had said. 'If I start sleeping with Carlos, will it be possible that he won't force me to have so many classes?'

She took out her phone and posted in her WeChat Moments, "I have a dream, and it is to sleep with CH. If he lets me down, I'll ask him to kneel on a washboard. If he lets me down, I'll ask him to kneel on durian shells. Hahaha!"

Next, she opened the Weibo app and posted, "Carlos, why don't you sleep with me?"

Kristina had added Debbie as her "Close Friend" on Weibo, and she was able to read her post soon. Upon seeing Debbie's post, Kristina commented, "Do you dare to mention Carlos? That takes nerves."

Already, Debbie had switched off her phone and left for Carlos' class. Little did she know that her posts had become a buzz.

Many of her friends who saw the post in WeChat Moments, took the conversation to group chats. In one of the groups, Kasie mentioned Debbie and commented, "Tomboy, I felt shame for you. You've been married to Carlos for three years, but you are still a virgin. Do you have a problem? Or is it your husband who is the problem?"

CHAPTER 73 YOU ARE NOT GOING TO MARRY GAIL

Debbie felt frustrated at Kasie's message. 'I don't have a problem, and I don't think Carlos is the problem!' she retorted in her mind. Quickly, she typed in the group's chat, "He and I are not that close yet, and I still need time!"

To which Kristina chimed in, "Debbie, I'm really curious. Who is on top? You or he?"

A clueless Debbie couldn't find a good response, so she pretended to ignore Kristina, but deep inside, a lot of questions were running through her mind. Not to make her clumsiness obvious, she clicked on the emoji for anger and sent it. After a moment's thought, she added, "Kasie, withdraw your previous messages. Don't forget we have two boys in the group."

Promptly, Kasie sent an emoji showing a speechless expression, and withdrew her previous messages.

Following suit, Debbie and Kristina also quickly withdrew their comments. By the time Dixon and Jared saw the group's chat, they only saw a thread of several withdrawn messages.

But Debbie's problems were far from over, as her Weibo account had been flooded with comments and messages.

The moment she opened her Weibo app, her phone buzzed non-stop with incoming messages like a switchboard.

When she checked at the end of notification tones, there was a total of more than 99 unread messages.

'What did I post on Weibo to attract all the incoming chats?' she wondered to herself.

Coming to her senses, she remembered her hurried post, which she had forgotten about when the group chats exploded.

The bad part was that a good number of people on the thread had copied Kristina's comments—"Do you dare mention Carlos?"

As if this was not enough, some people even mentioned Carlos in the comments.

Another popular person on the thread was Jared, whose comment had racked up hundreds of likes—"Time waits for no men; just do it!"

A stranger commented, "In the sky the clouds float; it is Carlos' dick that I want."

This comment had the most likes on the thread.

Debbie felt annoyed when others showed great interest in her husband. Triggered by the comment, she deleted it without hesitation.

While she was chatting with Carlos' admirers on Weibo, she got a text message from Carlos saying, "I need to work overtime tonight. So there will be no class this evening. Just stay at home and wait for me. And don't sing in the bar!"

The conversation on Weibo was too engaging for Debbie to begin arguing with Carlos. Playing along, she simply typed "Yes, Mr. Handsome!" and sent the message.

Upon reading her reply, Carlos curled his lips with a sense of satisfaction, though he wondered why she hadn't put up a protest, like her usual self.

Growing suspicious, he opened the WeChat Moments and bumped into her trending post.

At around 11 p.m., after a yawn, Debbie opened her WeChat Moments and saw a comment left by a stranger with the pseudonym "C". "Believe me, it's not a dream," read the laconic comment.

Confused, Debbie opened C's Moments and there was only one post on financial news.

Who was this C?

Without giving much thought to C's identity, she closed the WeChat app and began to chat with the girls on Weibo again.

Testing the waters, she made sure to throw in a negative word here and there about Carlos, just to see how the girls reacted. And sure enough, they would attack her immediately, often with epithets and zeal. 'The guy has quite some fanatical followers!' she thought to herself, envious of her husband.

Time passed, but Carlos still didn't come back. She dozed off and dropped her phone on the bed. The next morning, she woke up before daybreak and was about to get out of bed to pee. To her surprise, she found Carlos sleeping beside her, his right hand thrown across her waist.

Without stopping to think, she got out of bed and walked towards the toilet.

When she came back, he was still fast asleep. Too sleepy to think, she also slid between the sheets, closed her eyes again.

As she was drifting off, Carlos snuggled closer, crossing his arms over her, a little higher than he previously held her. Without opening her eyes, she turned to face him, made herself comfortable in his embrace and went out like a light.

Little did she know that Carlos' eyes were wide open. He looked at her, rubbed his arching brows and tried his best to ignore his erection.

At the time, Debbie was dreaming. Having a nightmare, to be more exact.

In the dream, Carlos kissed her on the lips. Then, he kissed her neck, her chest... Then Gail popped in her dream.

Jolted by the strange dream, she sat up only to realize, strangely, that she was naked and her pajamas were on the floor. But without stopping to think, she put on her pajamas and ran down the stairs. In the dining room, Carlos, who was eating his breakfast, asked her indifferently, "What are you doing?"

Ignoring his question, Debbie gasped for air and blurted out, "Carlos, I know you don't care if I divorce you. You've already thought of marrying Gail instead, but trust me, that bitch will screw your life!"

That was a bombshell! After what seemed like an eternity, Carlos looked away from the hickeys on her neck and asked in confusion, "Who is Gail? Why would I divorce you? And why am I going to marry that bitch?"

Somehow, the word "bitch" coming out from Carlos' lips amused Debbie.

Then she realized that it was just a dream. In her dream, Gail married Carlos. At their wedding, she ground Debbie beneath her heel and mocked her mercilessly.

Debbie scratched her hair in embarrassment and murmured, "Nothing. Continue with your breakfast. I need to go back to sleep."

Before she could turn around, Carlos stopped her by saying, "Freshen up and have breakfast. The stylists will be here soon."

"This early?" she asked in disbelief. The party would start in the evening, so she thought the stylists would come here in the afternoon. "Uh-huh." He lowered his head and continued to eat his breakfast.

Seeing he was not speaking, Debbie turned around and walked up the stairs to wash her face and brush her teeth.

After that, she got into the cloakroom to get dressed. However, what she saw in the mirror made her

scream.

By instinct, she stepped back from the mirror, without even realizing it. When she sobered up, she moved closer once more and checked herself carefully. There were many love bites and her hair was ruffled in a way that meant only one thing. Instantly, she realized that it was not a dream—Carlos kissed her all over and even undressed her. Just how he had gone, she couldn't tell.

'Dang! This old scoundrel!

People will think we had wild sex last night when they see me like this. How am I supposed to step out like this? I don't want to wear a scarf!' she cursed inwardly.

The stylists arrived at the villa soon. They had brought a cosmetic case and a collection of dresses, as well as high heels and bags to match the dresses.

Since it was a birthday party, an evening dress was not necessary. Carlos himself chose two from the dresses—one beige, the other ice-blue. He gave them to Debbie saying, "Try them on."

Debbie went upstairs with the dresses in her arms.

Ten minutes later, the girl showing at the staircase made Carlos' eyes light up. Despite wearing no make-up, she looked incredibly angelic. The ice-blue dress left just enough of her long legs and fair skin, which definitely got Carlos' attention.

She had also tried the beige dress on, but the ice-blue one looked better. She put on a white wind coat and went down the stairs.

With a bright smile, she stood before Carlos, her face blushing at his intense gaze. "How do I look?" she asked with a hopeful expression.

Without answering her question, he looked away and ordered the servants, "Hang the rest of the clothes in the cloakroom."

"Yes, Carlos."

'Are these dresses all mine?' Debbie wondered in awe. Tugging at his sleeve, she said, "Carlos, I don't think I need so many dresses."

It would be winter in about a month, and she didn't think she had the chance to wear these dresses before winter.

"There is no harm in hanging them there."

Debbie was left speechless. 'The evil capitalist!' she mused.

CHAPTER 74 WEAR DRESSES MORE OFTEN

Carlos selected a pair of high heels and some accessories for Debbie. Now, all that was left to do was put on the makeup. He looked at Debbie's bare face and turned to one of the stylists. "Light makeup."

"Yes, Carlos."

When the stylist was about to rouge her lips, Debbie stopped her, excused herself and ran up the stairs. After a while, she came back carrying a delicate box. She opened the box carefully, treating it as if it had her most precious belongings. "May I use my own lipstick?" she asked with a hopeful smile.

Inside the box were dozens of lipsticks of different brands and colors.

The stylist was a bit surprised by her request, but then nodded. "Sure. Why not?"

Debbie beamed and selected a pink one from the box.

Carlos walked up to her and picked up the box casually. He stared curiously at the lipsticks, and asked, "I thought you disliked wearing makeup. Why do you have so many lipsticks?"

Debbie answered indifferently, "It's true that I don't like wearing too much makeup. But that doesn't mean I can't have a few lipsticks."

As he put the box back on the dressing table, Carlos immediately remembered what had happened in the Shining International Plaza last time. Olga had snatched a lipstick set from Debbie and instead of siding with his wife, he had bought the set for Olga and even threatened to throw Debbie out of the mall.

'Oh my God! What have I done? Debbie must have felt so wronged back then.' Carlos realized the mistake he had made and wanted to make amends for the past.

Debbie was discussing the texture of the lipstick with the stylist. Little did she know what Carlos was thinking about.

Once she was done, she jumped off her chair and ran towards him. She gave him a sweet smile and asked, "Do I look good now?"

He was lost in his past memories and was somewhat absent-minded. Staring at her with blank eyes, he nodded without saying a word.

Debbie pouted, disappointed by his lack of enthusiasm. She thought Carlos would be stunned by her beauty, but he remained unaffected. She put the lipstick into her purse because she might have to fix her makeup later. The box was taken back safely to her bedroom.

When they reached their destination, Debbie finally understood why she had to get up so early that

morning.

It was already noon by the time she was done with her makeup. After lunch, they arrived at the harbor. There, they boarded a ship and after traveling further into the sea, they had to take a helicopter. When they reached the island, it was already dark. 'I really don't understand these rich guys. Why do they feel the necessity to hold a party on such a remote island?' Debbie had thought to herself on her way to the island.

But when she arrived, she soon understood why.

While in the helicopter, Debbie looked down at the island and the ocean surrounding it. The green island looked like a giant emerald, adorning the blue ocean.

Putting the European style villas and the classic decoration aside, the colorful flowers, the clean beaches and the blue ocean formed a beautiful landscape.

The island was covered by tropical trees and flowers. The temperature here was above twenty degrees throughout the year.

After she quickly climbed out of the helicopter, Carlos helped Debbie take off her wind coat and handed it to the butler standing next to them. Debbie stretched her arms to loosen up her sore muscles and smoothed her hair lightly.

All of a sudden, she felt Carlos' warm breath on her ear as he whispered, "You should wear dresses more often. You look great today." Debbie blushed scarlet at his unexpected compliment.

She feigned anger and complained, "I asked you whether I looked good in the villa, and you walked away without answering me. I thought I didn't look good."

Carlos handed his coat and waistcoat to the butler. He looked handsome in his white shirt. Walking closer to her, he swiftly pulled her into his arms and kissed her on her lips, without minding the people around them. "You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," he said, releasing her from the kiss.

Debbie's face turned tomato red instantly, mostly because of his compliment, but also because the butler was still standing behind them. She gripped his shirt with one hand and pushed him away with the other. "Don't... People are watching us," she murmured.

Carlos flashed a sly smile and continued to tease her, "Are you saying that it's okay to do this when we are alone?"

Words left Debbie as she stared into his hungry eyes. She stood on tiptoe and kissed him on his cheek once. "Will you let me go now?" she asked, with a shy smile.

Carlos was amused, almost shocked by her quick peck on his cheek. He thought it was adorable and was

reluctant to let her go now. He held her tighter and said, "No."

Debbie pouted her lips, ready to retort. But Carlos added, "I'll let you go for now. But when we reach home later, wait for me in my bed." Debbie didn't know whether to cry or laugh. She was safe for now, but she was a little worried about what would happen in the evening.

"Debbie!" A man's voice brought her back to her senses.

She turned to see who it was. From not too far away, a couple was approaching them, arm in arm. Colleen was wearing a long yellow dress and her partner was Curtis.

He stared at Carlos and Debbie in confusion. "Why are you two here together?" he asked.

Debbie was also surprised to see Curtis and his girlfriend there. "Mr. Loftus, Colleen, how are you doing?" she greeted them. As she said her hellos to them, she pushed Carlos aside to keep him at arm's length. This made Carlos' face turn sour.

Colleen gave Debbie a friendly smile and said, "We're doing great! Debbie, the last time I saw you and Carlos, you were not on good terms with each other. Since when did you two become so close? Is there a story you want to share with me?"

Curtis was as curious as his girlfriend to know that.

Debbie was too embarrassed to answer her question. She lowered her head, staring at her shoes, not knowing what to say. When she failed to respond, Carlos reached out to pull her into his arms and said nonchalantly, "She's my wife. Of course, we are close to each other."

Carlos remembered that Curtis had a soft spot for Debbie. He cast a challenging glance at Curtis. Although Carlos didn't know about the nature of the relationship between Debbie and Curtis, he decided to keep her away from Curtis anyway. 'She is my wife and I will be the one to take care of her from here onward,' he swore to himself.

Curtis and Colleen were held speechless by Carlos' declaration. They both stood stunned, not knowing how to react. Shock was written all over their faces. Even Curtis, who always kept his calm, was at a loss for words.

As Carlos' friend, Curtis knew that he had gotten married three years ago. But he didn't know that his wife was Debbie!

'So, Carlos' wife is my...' Curtis thought.

"Debbie, come here for a minute!" Curtis said, waving at her. He had kept a secret from Debbie and hadn't planned on telling her now. But it looked like it was time to let her know. If Debbie were someone else' wife, Curtis wouldn't have been worried about her. He knew that she was not the one to

be bullied easily.

But she was with Carlos. Curtis knew his buddy well, and he was really worried about Debbie now.

Debbie began to walk towards Curtis, but Carlos grabbed her right hand tightly and pulled her back. He said in a low growl, "Honey, you are a married woman now. When another man waves at you and asks you to go with him, you should turn him down. Understand?"

Everyone was rendered speechless and Curtis raised his eyebrows in surprise. They wondered why Carlos was so jealous and possessive all of a sudden.

Debbie, whose face had become red again, said in a whisper, "Then you come with me." She didn't want to turn Curtis down impolitely. After all, he had treated her well in the past.

"Fine. Next time if someone asks you to go with them anywhere, just call me and I'll come with you."

Debbie looked intensely at Carlos' face, trying to figure out whether he was joking. But it looked like he really meant it.

Colleen chimed in, "Hey, Carlos. Curtis only wants to have a word with Debbie. Why do you have to show off your affection in front of us? Are you even the same cool Mr. President anymore?"

CHAPTER 75 THIS IS MY WIFE

Arm in arm, Carlos and Debbie sauntered forward to stand in front of Curtis and Colleen. Grinning like a possum eating persimmon, Carlos enthused to Colleen, "When Curtis proposed to you before us, you two showed off your affection for each other as well. We were so jealous of you back then."

At the mention of the loving memories, Colleen smiled so broadly that her round eyes were reduced to slits. Curtis smiled as well. Then they looked each other in the eye, eyes full of affection.

The couple seemed devoted to each other, something that Debbie greatly admired.

The envy on her face didn't escape Carlos' notice. He held her hand tighter. 'Debbie, from this day onwards, I, Carlos, will not have you admiring anyone else...' Carlos swore to himself.

Before any of them could speak, a young man's voice came from behind their backs. "Hey! Carlos and Curtis. I've heard a lot about you two!"

Turning around, Debbie saw two men, one in a black suit and the other in white walking toward them.

It was Jared's brother, the guy in white who had called. Debbie knew who he was, but they were not acquaintances.

The man in black looked familiar to Debbie. She remembered she had seen him once on TV, and he was

a colonel or something. 'In real life, he looks much more handsome than on TV!' Debbie thought, letting her eyes settle upon the man's face.

She was really surprised to see them here. Who was this Megan? Why did the four richest young men in Alorith all appear at her birthday party?

When he noticed his wife was drooling over another man, Carlos' face soured. At once he pulled her into his arms and announced in a cold voice, "This is my wife, Debbie Nelson."

The announcement caught Wesley off guard. Among the four of them, he was the youngest, and this being a big bash, he had probably come prepared to mingle. The first in the group of four to have a girlfriend was Curtis. His girlfriend, Colleen, was 28 years old, two years older than Wesley.

But Debbie, if his memory wasn't lying, was only a college student and was only 21 years old!

Still single at 26, Wesley felt dejected to know that someone five years younger was in a stable relationship. Reluctantly, he stepped forward to stand before Debbie and made a military salute. "Nice to meet you, Debbie. I'm Wesley Leonard."

Although he was in a suit, it didn't look weird when he made the salute. In fact, he looked quite charming.

The man's loud and clear voice startled Debbie, but she immediately regained her composure and returned a not-so-standard salute. "Nice to meet you, Colonel Leonard. I've practiced martial arts for years. I'd like to challenge you when you're free some day."

However, Wesley's face changed dramatically at her words.

Some years back, he remembered a girl of Debbie's age standing before him and cheerily saying, "Nice to meet you, Colonel Leonard. I'm your new neighbor Blair Johnson. I may have to trouble you in the future."

Somehow, he realized that Debbie resembled the girl when she smiled.

Sadly, the girl got engaged to another man, shortly after Wesley had fallen in love with her.

Debbie was not a soldier and her arm went numb for maintaining the salute posture for two minutes. However, Wesley remained staring at her, without a word.

The atmosphere became really weird, but Debbie didn't know what was wrong.

The next moment, Carlos pulled her behind his back to stop Wesley from looking at her. His face turned sullen. "She's not her!" he told Wesley.

'Why did Carlos say that?' she wondered, but she noticed Wesley came back to his senses instantly.

He withdrew his hand, stepped back and adjusted his suit. To smooth things over, Damon reached his arm to hold Wesley's shoulder and offered, "Let's get going. Megan must be looking forward to seeing us."

Feeling uncomfortable, Wesley threw Damon's hand off.

"Why would you stick close to another man when there're so many good girls around here?"

he sternly reprimanded Damon. Debbie couldn't help laughing out loud at Wesley's words.

"Is it so funny?" asked Carlos, rolling his eyes.

"They're interesting guys," she replied.

"Sucks to be me!" said Damon dejectedly. "There are so many pretty girls in the world. And he thinks I like hanging around with him?! I guess he went mad because he's stayed in the army without seeing a woman for so long. He must have thought I had a thing for him!" he said to Debbie with a teasing smile.

Damon and Jared were actually brothers who resembled each other very much in character. Meeting Damon, Debbie felt close to him as if she were seeing Jared instead. "Yes, I know you obviously wouldn't have a thing for him. You and Jared are both playboys and have dated countless women."

Damon's mouth gaped. Smoothing his blond hair, he murmured, "Really? I'm a playboy in your eyes? Fine! A playboy is much better than a gay to me."

While Debbie and Damon were chatting joyfully, a young girl in light green ball gown and a pair of glass shoes appeared in their sights.

Holding her hemlines in her hands, she ran happily towards them, her long black hair flying in the wind. A wide grin on her face.

When she came closer, Debbie finally saw how she looked. She had beautiful blue eyes and wore sparkling red lipstick.

Silently, Debbie praised, 'Wow, she's a fairy!'

Megan came to a halt and held Damon's waist. "Uncle Damon!" she called out cheerfully.

In return, Damon stroked her hair. "Happy birthday, Megan," he enthused, gesturing for his assistant to hand her the birthday gift.

Beaming a sweet smile, Megan received the gift with appreciation. "Thanks, Uncle Damon."

"Happy 18th birthday, Megan. This is the gift from Curtis and me," Colleen said with a friendly smile, as she walked up to hand over her gift.

"Thank you, Uncle Curtis," said Megan, her smile even wider. She stood on tiptoe and kissed him on his cheek.

Then she turned to Colleen and expressed her gratefulness with a hug.

Meanwhile, Debbie watched her moves in awe. 'Is this girl that close with Curtis? She even kissed him in front of Colleen!'

After greeting Wesley, Megan walked towards Carlos and clasped his palm into hers. Acting pettishly, she said, "Uncle Carlos, I absolutely love this island. Thank yo for such a fabulous gift. I love you!"

As Debbie slowly turned to look around the island, her eyes popped wide in shock.

'I guess this island at least costs hundreds of millions. Is Carlos that rich to afford a whole island as a birthday gift?' she mused.

In particularly good mood, Carlos, smiled to Megan and introduced Debbie to her. "Megan, I'd like you to meet Debbie Nelson. You may call her Aunt Debbie. Deb, this is Megan Rodriguez."

Pretending that she just saw Debbie, Megan exclaimed, "Uncle Carlos, since when did you have a girlfriend? You didn't even tell me!"

"She's not my girlfriend. She's my wife. We've already gotten married," Carlos explained.

Debbie flashed a big smile and reached out her right hand. "Nice to meet you, Megan. I'm Debbie Nelson. Happy birthday."

CHAPTER 76 WATCH OUT FOR MEGAN

"Hi, Aunt Debbie. What the heck? When did you and Uncle Carlos tie the knot?" Megan asked with an innocent look on her face. She let go of Carlos, came over to Debbie, and held her arm like an old friend, though this was the first time they had met.

Debbie gave an awkward smile. "We got married three years ago, but he was always busy, so we weren't able to go out on a date until recently."

"Oh, I see," Megan responded. Then she turned to Carlos and complained, "Uncle Carlos, this is all your fault. You guys have been married for three years. So how come we haven't seen her til now?" Carlos held Debbie's hand with a smile.

"You are right. Mea culpa. I'll make up for it," he promised while looking Debbie in the eye.

Debbie blushed. She noticed Carlos was flirting with her again and every time he did that, her heart started pounding.

When the group walked in, a throng of young people already packed the venue where the party was being held. Everyone was having fun.

When people saw them, the women went crazy. "It's him! It's Carlos! And his friends too! My God! I can't believe I'm seeing Carlos!" one of them exclaimed.

"Wow! They're so hot! I like all four. What should I do?" a second woman said.

"Megan was right. She really is tight with Carlos. But who's the woman next to him?" another wondered.

"I dunno! Never seen her before, but she's gorgeous," their friend said.

Their discussion went on like that, making this or that comment, usually about their looks.

Later, the group split up. Damon was pulled away from his friends by two beautiful women. Curtis and Colleen went somewhere alone. Wesley left his friends with Megan while she held his arm. Only Debbie and Carlos stayed put.

A waiter came to them offering all kinds of alcohol. Carlos took a glass of wine from the tray. When Debbie thought it was for her, Carlos told the waiter, "A glass of lemonade, please."

"Yes, Carlos."

After the waiter had left, Carlos sipped the wine and asked Debbie, "There's food over there. Hungry?"

Debbie didn't respond. She looked at him and asked, "Why lemonade?"

"For you," answered Carlos.

Debbie was struck speechless. She looked around and everyone else had a glass of something alcoholic: Wine, liquor, champagne, even cocktails—no one was drinking lemonade. "Lemonade? Seriously?"

"Yes," Carlos said. Simple, direct, and to the point. He didn't like it when she drank alcohol.

Debbie was annoyed, but she knew she couldn't convince Carlos to let up. He was stubborn like that.

Soon the lemonade was served. She took the drink resignedly and followed Carlos to the refreshment tables. As usual cake was her favorite. She picked up a Hokkaido chiffon cupcake. After taking a bite, she asked, "Any shows tonight?"

"Yeah. Wesley invited Megan's favorite actress," Carlos answered while leaning against the table behind him.

Seeing how much the four richest and most powerful young men spoiled Megan, Debbie couldn't help asking, "Who is she?"

"Megan."

"I know that. I mean—"

"Carlos, Megan was looking for you," Damon cut in, holding one tall, slim woman in each arm.

"Okay, I'll go check on her. You have some fun," Carlos said to her and left.

A minute later, Debbie saw Megan take Carlos' arm and walk into a room with him while they were talking and laughing. Debbie stared at the door, but after 15 minutes or so neither of them left the room.

She hesitated about whether to knock on the door or not. To her surprise, Colleen was already standing next to her, holding a glass of champagne. "Let's dance," she urged.

It was pitch dark outside. Deafening music echoed around the island. And the thumping could be heard everywhere. Tons of young people undulated on the dance floor, hypnotized by the pulsing beats and pleasure.

Debbie took one last glance at the room where Carlos was before nodding her assent to Colleen.

Once on the dance floor, Colleen shifted from a gentle, quiet young woman into a hot, seductive dancing queen. She shimmied and stepped in time to the music. She wasn't the shy young woman anymore—she was a hottie on the dance floor and no one could stop her.

Slowly, even Debbie succumbed to the mesmerizing beats and started to move her body. But Debbie wasn't really in a dancing mood.

Her mind was millions of miles away. She was thinking about Carlos and Megan. 'What are they doing in that room? Am I being paranoid?'

Like a mind reader, Colleen suddenly stopped dancing. She hugged Debbie and whispered to her, "I thought the same thing. I thought I was just paranoid, but it turned out... Just...just watch out for Megan."

Before Debbie could say anything back, Colleen was all smiles as she walked over to Curtis who was waving at her.

Standing on the dance floor, Debbie watched Colleen leave, so confused.

'What did she mean?'

Curtis saw Debbie standing alone on the dance floor. When Colleen approached him, he remarked, "I guess you didn't behave while I was away. Did you have fun?"

Colleen grabbed his hand and said, "Debbie and I had just started dancing before you brought me here and left her alone. Debbie will be upset."

"You want to go back? You can dance more," Curtis said with a smile. He knew Colleen better than anyone else. On the outside, she was quiet and tender; on the inside, she was as wild as a panther.

"Not on your life. I want to keep an eye on my boyfriend in case some teenage girl steals him away from me." Colleen meant Megan, but Curtis didn't realize that and kissed her forehead.

"I saw Megan and Carlos walk into another room. Any idea what they're doing there?" Colleen asked, assuming a casual tone.

Curtis didn't answer but flicked her head. "Ow! Why did you do that? Don't you love me anymore?" she cried.

"Why are you so focused on Carlos? A friend of Megan's gave her a painting as a birthday gift. It was a landscape painting of the Qing Dynasty. She wanted Carlos to verify it wasn't a fake."

"Oh? Carlos knows about antiques? I didn't know that."

"He's seen a lot of them, so he more or less knows."

Colleen pursed her lips and didn't say anything. She wanted to go back to Debbie and tell her what she just heard. After thinking about it, she let go of Curtis' hand and asked, "Debbie's alone on the dance floor. Aren't you worried?"

"Nope," he replied.

In fact, Curtis wasn't worried at all. When they walked in, everyone had seen Debbie with Carlos. That was enough to ensure that no one was going to mess with her even if they didn't know who she was.

Besides, all the guests at the party were good people. Debbie knew martial arts, too. She could take care of herself. So Curtis was going to let her do what she wanted and have fun.

Hearing what Curtis said, Colleen didn't insist on going back to the dance floor and stayed at his side.

Later, two women invited Debbie to go sailing. She wanted to go. She also thought she should tell Carlos

about it in case he was worried. But he still hadn't come out of the room yet, so Debbie had to go alone.

Fortunately, before she stepped on the boat, she saw Colleen and invited her along. So Curtis also knew where she was.

Once the two girls were aboard, Curtis told the pilot, "It's late. Don't go far. A circuit around this area will do."

"Yes, sir."

There were quite a few people on the boat. Debbie didn't talk much with strangers, but because of her lively and outgoing personality, she fit in very soon.

Musical instruments were available on the boat. Debbie took a guitar and played "Never Grow Old" for everyone. "I had a dream. Strange it may seem. It was my perfect day. Open my eyes, I realize, this is my perfect day..."

When the song was over, everyone was enthusiastically clapping, and made their enjoyment known.

CHAPTER 77 THE FIGH

"Debbie, if you become a superstar, I'll go to your concert," said one of the people on the boat.

"Why did you waste your talents going to Economics and Management School? You should have chosen a music school. You could be a pop star," another observed.

But Debbie framed their comments as complimentary to Carlos.

She thought they were trying to suck up to Carlos, rather than actually praising her performance. They'd been seen at the party together, after all.

After an hour, the boat came back and docked, but the party didn't end until after midnight. That was when Debbie finally caught sight of her husband.

But he was not alone. Megan, who was at his side with a smile, was seeing the guests off with him. He handsome and she pretty, they looked like a couple.

The sight of them being together upset Debbie. But she managed to check her emotions. She walked over to them and took Carlos' arm. "I'm tired. I want to go home," she said.

Carlos checked the time—it was already past midnight.

But before he could say yes, Megan cut in with a smile, "Uncle Carlos, I didn't come here in my car. I was going to crash here tonight, but everyone's taking off and I'm scared staying here alone. Can you give me

a lift?"

Carlos wouldn't say no to such a small request.

Debbie's heart sank when she heard Carlos say yes. She smiled wryly before sitting on the sofa and playing with her phone while waiting for them to say their farewells to the attendees.

Finally, it was 1 a.m., and all the guests were gone. They boarded a boat and started their journey back.

When Debbie finally saw Carlos' Emperor parked close by, she was relieved, and started walking towards the car. She took it for granted she should sit in the passenger seat.

Before she could reach the car, however, Megan skipped to the car happily and opened the passenger side door. "Aunt Debbie, come on. It's late," she shouted to Debbie.

Debbie was surprised by what she was doing. 'Of course I know it's late. But what does she think she is doing?

If she rides shotgun, where am I supposed to sit? I'm Carlos' wife. Shouldn't I sit next to my husband?'

While Debbie was pondering this, Carlos put his hand above Megan's head protectively when she got in the car.

After Megan got in, Carlos closed the passenger side door and opened the back door for Debbie. Standing next to the door, he stretched out his right hand towards the door in a gesture of invitation as a sign of chivalry.

Debbie was totally enraged. Her sleepiness had been banished. Why was Megan more important to him than her, his wife?

She wanted to scream, "No. I don't want to get in your damn car!"

But looking around, she found Carlos' car was the only one available at that late hour.

Ignoring him, Debbie opened the back door on the other side and got in.

Only then did Carlos notice his wife's bad mood. He walked around the car, craned his head into the car and asked, "What's wrong?"

Debbie closed her eyes and answered in a cold tone, "Nothing. Just sleepy."

"Okay. We'll head home after we drop off Megan."

After that, he closed the door and sat in the driver's seat.

Debbie watched him start the car and sighed. He didn't understand her at all.

The car sped down the road in the darkness. Sitting in the back, Debbie looked outside the window blankly, wide awake. The headlights of other cars knifed through the gloom. The girl in the passenger seat was giggling and speaking to Carlos. It bothered Debbie so much she wanted to plug her ears.

Carlos didn't talk much and only responded when it was necessary. He didn't seem all that perturbed by the situation. But he never embarrassed Megan by allowing awkward silence. He made conversation quite pleasant for the girl. And the way she was carrying on, you could tell she enjoyed every minute.

The car slowed down as it approached a large, fancy housing community. 'This must be where the girl lives,' Debbie thought. There were tens of floors in each building. The skyscrapers made Debbie wonder whether Megan's apartment was a gift from Carlos.

When the car came to a halt, Megan was ready to get out. "Wait up. It's dark, and not safe for you to walk alone. I'll walk you to the door," Carlos offered.

Debbie was fed up. 'Son of a bitch! Is she your wife or am I? Why do you care so much about her? Her building is right there! Only a heartbeat away from the car! How dangerous can it be?!

And there are security guards patrolling the area, you jackass!' she cursed inwardly.

"Okay, thank you, Uncle Carlos," Megan said gratefully.

Carlos looked back at Debbie before exiting the car, only to find that she was in the back seat, back straight, eyes closed. Assuming that she was asleep, he got out without waking her up. In reality, she was as stiff as a board, and mortified.

Debbie waited in the car for twenty minutes, but there was no trace of her man.

She was so furious she started laughing. 'That bastard is probably sleeping with her!'

In the past, she would have exploded with rage by now.

Yet in front of Carlos, she held her tongue.

But staying in the car was impossible. She got out angrily and walked towards the entrance of the community.

Ten minutes later, her phone rang. It was Carlos. Debbie gave a sneer and picked it up. "Carlos, your lady get in alright?"

"Where are you?"

"I left, of course! Do you think I should have stayed until after you two had sex? Or gone upstairs and watched?" Debbie blurted out furiously.

For a moment, the other end of the phone was silent. "Megan is a kid Wesley and I are fostering together. Don't overthink it." He finally spoke.

"Huh! Fostering! Carlos, you ARE rich. I'm overthinking it? Carlos, think about what you did. And ask yourself why I'm mad!"

Carlos ignored her sarcasm. "Where are you?" he asked again. He wanted to explain everything in person.

"Don't bother looking for me! Bye!"

She hung up.

Since it was a high-end community, it was in a remote location. At that hour, there were few cars on the road and a taxi was nowhere to be found. Debbie attempted to call a taxi through an app on her phone.

But as soon as she unlocked her phone, Carlos called again.

She hung up and logged in to the app, but Carlos called again. He kept calling and interrupting her. She gave up trying to get a ride.

Frustrated and angry, Debbie sat on the curb, glaring at the road.

Then her phone buzzed. It was a message from Carlos. "Go ahead. Refuse my next call.

See what happens," he threatened.

When he called again, Debbie thundered, "Carlos, I never knew you had such thick skin to keep calling like that. When someone doesn't answer your call, it means they don't want to talk to you. Get it?"

Carlos' patience ran out. His face darkened. Then a familiar figure by the roadside came into view. He hung up the phone without a word.

Looking at her phone after Carlos had hung up, Debbie smiled wanly. 'This is unbelievable! Is he angry at me now? How could he, after what he did?!' she said to herself.

Soon, a car drove over. Debbie stood up. The headlights were so glaring she had to turn her head away and close her eyes while walking backwards. When the car stopped beside her, she recognized that it was Carlos' Emperor.

He stepped out of the car, walked over to her, and pulled her into his arms fiercely.

"Let go of me!" She tried to wrench herself free, but it was of no avail.

"Why are you doing this?" No woman he'd been with had dared to act so difficult, so determined to have her own way. On the other hand, he didn't understand what the woman was upset about. He thought she was just being unreasonable.

"Why? You know why! How dare I? Right?" Her sarcasm made Carlos think it was time for her to chill out.

CHAPTER 78 THE GIF

Silently, Carlos tucked Debbie into the car. Then he buckled her up and closed the door before striding to the driver's seat.

But Debbie wasn't staying in the car obediently. She wanted to get out. Yet she had hardly unfastened the seat belt before Carlos got in and locked the doors.

Neither of them said a word until five minutes later. "If you are angry because of Megan, don't be." Carlos finally broke the silence.

Howsoever, Debbie didn't answer. Ignoring him, she closed her eyes and moved herself into a more comfortable position. She needed rest.

Stealing a glance at her, Carlos frowned. 'This woman is such a headache. What am I supposed to do with her?' he wondered.

As soon as the car pulled into the garage at the villa, Debbie jumped out, hurried into her room, and quickly locked the door from inside.

Eager to talk to her, Carlos followed her upstairs and pushed the door to her room, only to realize she had locked it from inside. For several minutes he stood there, knocking, but there was no response. Once more he forcefully tried to turn the knob. A futile attempt. Frustrated, he checked the time on his watch. It was past 3 a.m. already. 'I might as well let her rest now. Hopefully, she will be in the mood to talk when she wakes up tomorrow, ' he thought with resignation.

Back to his bedroom, though, Carlos couldn't sleep on the matter. So he called Damon and told him what had happened after the party, hoping that he could help him figure out what had triggered Debbie's anger. But Carlos left out some details, which he thought didn't matter. For example, he didn't mention that he and Megan stayed in the same room for a long time; that Megan took the passenger seat; and that he helped her with some math problems after he had escorted her to her apartment.

Therefore, Damon was also puzzled after hearing what Carlos had said. "Did someone offend her on the island?"

Carlos shook his head. "Obviously, it has something to do with Megan. I just don't know what it is."

He still remembered what Debbie had shouted when he came out of Megan's apartment.

"Oh, then she must have misunderstood your relationship with Megan. She is jealous. I think you two will be fine after you explain everything to her."

"I did. I told her that Megan was a kid Wesley and I are fostering together."

"And then?"

Carlos took off his shirt and threw it into a basket.

"When we got home, she was still mad. She went straight into her room and locked herself inside." It amused Damon how a girl like Debbie would be a threat to any man. How she would give a player like him and Carlos, the CEO sleepless nights was something beyond Damon. Yet here they were, awake, on the phone in the middle of the night analyzing why she was mad.

The problem was, even he, the ladies' man, couldn't figure out what Debbie was angry about.

So he started having wild guesses. "Maybe she is just being unreasonable. Or she is very possessive. Oh, or she is so possessive that she becomes unreasonable."

Carlos really didn't know how to respond to that.

"Actually, good buddy, the simplest yet most effective solution is to do it, until she learns to forgive you." Damon was in fact speaking for himself. That was exactly what he had used on the woman he loved. And it had worked.

"She is still a girl," Carlos replied.

It took Damon a long while to realize what he meant by that. And when he did, he jumped up from the bed and asked in disbelief, "C'mon, Carlos. You want to tell me you and Debbie have never slept together?"

Carlos suddenly felt embarrassed.

"Carlos, man, what's the problem? Are you impotent? Between you and Debbie, could there be a medical problem? Or are you gay?"

"Shut the fuck up!" Carlos cursed. "I never force any woman. I want her to want to have sex with me."

"Fine! Keep your cool then. Why are you freaking calling me in the middle of the night? Two hot chicks

are waiting for me in bed!" Damon snarled.

"Two women? Does Adriana Morris know about this?"

The other end of the phone went silent, as if all of a sudden Damon's mind went blank. "Get out! Both of you!" Carlos heard him shouting, apparently at a distance from the phone after a moment.

Intrigued by what Damon was up to, Carlos looked out the window calmly, a cigarette in hand.

He could hear the sound of door closing over the phone. "Where is she?" asked Damon.

"Adriana showed up at the party, but when she saw you go into a hotel with another woman, she went back to New Zealand," Carlos answered.

Hearing this, Damon stood up from the sofa in a fluster, grabbed his red suit jacket, and said, "Bro, either you spoil your woman without a limit or you subjugate her in bed. Gotta go."

With that, he hung up the phone.

The next day, Debbie slept in. When she got up, it was already noon. Sitting in bed, she looked around her room, her head swimming. It took her a moment to remember that she had come home in the middle of the night.

Memories of Carlos and Megan came flooding back.

After freshening up, she came downstairs to have lunch. When the doorbell rang, it was Julie who answered. Tristan walked in with a couple of shopping bags.

He walked over to Debbie and greeted, "Good afternoon, Carlos."

Debbie nodded, "Afternoon to you."

"Debbie, Carlos bought these and asked me to bring them to you."

Debbie stopped eating and looked at those bags. Her eyes lit up on the sight of the logo of a designer lipstick brand she always wished for, but couldn't afford. At the price of a six thousand dollars per piece, it was way too expensive for her.

"Thank Carlos for me. But I won't take these. Take them back to him so that he can give them to someone else," Debbie said in a flat tone.

Her refusal surprised Tristan. Had he walked into a marital storm? It was an awkward moment he wished he should have excused himself.

But Carlos was his boss, and he felt obliged to put in a good word for the big man. "Debbie, Carlos picked these for you in person this morning. I've worked for Carlos for a long time, and I've never seen him pick a gift for any woman before."

Scooping some rice from her plate, Debbie asked casually, "What about Megan's birthday gift?"

Tristan was stumped. "Er... about that...Carlos picked it himself.

But what does this have to do with Megan?" Tristan didn't understand why Debbie suddenly brought up Megan. But he had to do his job. "Debbie, Carlos was in an awful mood when he went to work this morning, but when he picked this gift for you, he was in an incredibly good mood."

"A good mood? How did you know? Did he smile? Or did he tell you that himself?"

Tristan was left speechless. He could tell that Debbie was furious about something.

That made the situation even worse for him because although he was capable at work, he sucked when it came to women. The fact that he was a divorced man spoke for itself. Clutching at straws, he fumbled, "Well, as you know, Carlos doesn't smile much. And he doesn't put his feelings into words."

"I know," Debbie responded crisply. Once again Tristan fell into silence.

Careful not to make the situation spoil Tristan's mood over her differences with Carlos, she simply said, "Take these lipsticks back to Carlos. I don't want them."

However, unsure how he would face Carlos, Tristan put the lipsticks on the dining table and turned around. "I'm sorry, Debbie, I can't do that. If you don't want them, I guess you will have to take them back to Carlos yourself. They are out of my hands now,"

he said anxiously as he headed for the door.

Once he got out of the house, he wiped beads of sweat off his forehead and feeling the warmth of sunshine, a sudden need to talk to someone filled his heart. To help his boss, he might need Emmett to be around. Among his colleagues, Emmett was a friend to Debbie. Meeting Debbie in this foul mood reminded Tristan of his own struggles. 'Emmett, come back home. I wouldn't be so miserable if you were here,' he thought.

Meanwhile, Emmett, who was on a construction site, supervising the crew, sneezed suddenly. 'Damn! Who is talking about me behind my back? Or is someone missing me?' he wondered. Actually, he had been thinking, 'Carlos, I miss you. I want to talk to you. Please take me back!'

Bowing his head, he pondered over it for a while. Then he took out his phone and called Tristan. "Tristan, how are things with Carlos and Debbie? Are they getting along?"

CHAPTER 79 JEALOUSY REARED ITS HEAD

When Tristan got Emmett's call, he had just returned to the office. Emmett's question caused him to think about the lipsticks Carlos had bought Debbie. In his opinion, a gift meant their relationship was okay. So he replied, "They're fine."

"OK. Thanks," Emmett said. After ending the call with Tristan, he called Debbie.

Debbie didn't realize she hadn't talked to Emmett in a long time until she got his call.

"Hi, Emmett," she said. She was about to go to Carlos' company to return the lipsticks when her phone rang.

"Boo...hoo... How... how are you, Debbie?"

Emmett cried over the phone, which made Debbie shiver. She thought something awful must have happened. "What's the matter?" she asked.

The next moment, Emmett asked cautiously, "Debbie, is Carlos with you?"

"No. Why?" she wondered.

Hearing that Carlos wasn't around, Emmett stopped crying and his voice went back to normal. "Carlos, I was sent away to carry bricks on a construction site because of you. I've been in this dull, terrible place for a month. You can't imagine what I've been through. When you pour yourself a drink and look out the window of your comfortable villa, do you ever think of me? Does it hurt when you do?"

Debbie was surprised to hear that. 'Emmett? Carrying bricks? Because of me?

Why didn't Carlos tell me? I asked him about Emmett, but...'

"Sorry, I didn't know," she apologized.

"Now you know. I want my old job back. You're Carlos' wife. Can you help me out? If you bring me back, I'll do anything for you. Anything," Emmett pleaded.

"Do anything for me? What about my husband?"

Debbie asked. "Well, do anything for both of you."

Debbie promised she'd put in a good word, but she couldn't promise that Carlos would forgive him. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he said that was fine. After ending the phone call, Debbie looked at the cartons of lipsticks, wondering what to do next. She had been thinking of returning the gift to Carlos. She intended to do so resolutely, so she would know that she couldn't be bought like that. She wasn't happy. But Emmett's phone call made her hesitate. She had to give it more thought before going to Carlos' company and talking to him.

When Debbie visited Hilton Group later, Carlos had just come back to his office after a meeting with a client.

Just like last time, Rhonda received her at the reception desk.

The difference was, this time Rhonda trotted over to her as soon as she saw her. "Nice to see you, Miss Debbie. You're here to see Carlos, right?" Without giving Debbie a chance to say anything, she added with a smile, "Carlos has just returned to his office. I'll take you there right away."

Rhonda's over-the-top enthusiasm made Debbie uncomfortable. She gave her a smile and said, "Okay, thanks."

They walked down the lushly-carpeted hall, and entered the elevator. When they left the elevator on the 66th floor, Zelda Potter, another of Carlos' secretaries, caught sight of Debbie.

Although Debbie had been here before, for all kinds of reasons, this was the first time Zelda had seen her. She also didn't look happy to see her. She was definitely different from Rhonda. Colder, more distant. Debbie wasn't sure she liked her that much. It turned out Debbie's first impression was right. "Rhonda, who is this?"

"Zelda, this is Miss Debbie. Carlos specifically said we should take her to his office whenever she drops by," Rhonda explained.

Zelda hadn't paid much attention to Debbie until now. Hearing what Rhonda had said, she sized Debbie up and down and said indifferently, "Okay. I'll take it from here."

Debbie smiled, "Thank you!"

Zelda, on the other hand, only gave her a sidelong glance before making her way to the CEO's office.

Debbie pursed her lips at Zelda's back disapprovingly. 'What a rude bitch!' So far, she had met three of Carlos' secretaries, the other two being Rhonda and Tristan. Of all of them, Zelda was the most arrogant.

When they came to the door of Carlos' office, Zelda knocked and soon Carlos responded, 'Come in.'

With the CEO's permission, Zelda pushed the door open quietly and said respectfully, "Carlos, there's a Miss Debbie here to see you."

Debbie took one step forward and saw what was going on in the office.

Instead of sitting at his desk, Carlos was reading a file while relaxing on the sofa. Megan was at his desk. She was doing her homework.

"Ah, it's Debbie. Hi Debbie! Come on in!" Megan put down her pen and came to the door when she spotted Debbie standing there.

'Debbie? Huh! What happened to "Aunt Debbie"? Is it because the secretary is here and she doesn't want her to know about my relationship with Carlos?' Debbie didn't like to think badly of Megan, but from what she had learned about that girl, that was most likely the case.

Megan's words drew Carlos' attention away from his work. He dropped the file and scolded, "Don't be disrespectful."

Megan intimately held Debbie's arm and said, "Uncle Carlos, Debbie and I are almost the same age. Calling her Aunt makes her sound much older. I think 'sister' is fine. Right, Debbie?"

Megan turned to look at Debbie expectantly for a response. She sounded friendly and acted nice, but somehow, Debbie couldn't manage a smile, as much as she tried. Yes, Megan hadn't done anything to harm her directly. But there was this hostility in Debbie's heart growing minute by minute when she saw that younger girl, especially when she saw her with Carlos.

Debbie finally forced a wry smile and nodded at her.

Carlos didn't say anything else. He stood up from the sofa and said to Debbie, "Come in."

Debbie bit her lower lip while thinking about it. Megan's books and papers were spread out on Carlos' desk. There were science papers, math papers, and a pile of hardback textbooks. All signs that the girl was in school. The sight of it caused a strong sense of revulsion in Debbie's heart. She decided not to go inside. She turned to Megan and handed her the bags she had been holding all the while. "No. I just came here to give these back. Bye," she said to Carlos. It was quick, and decisive, just not quite the way she had envisioned it. But, then again, she hadn't imagined she'd run into Megan here. Who knew what Carlos did with Megan when Debbie wasn't around?

"Eh? Debbie..." Megan called behind her. She had no idea what she did, or why Debbie was acting this way.

But Debbie didn't stop. She couldn't stop. She certainly wasn't going to stay there a minute longer and continue to be humiliated. Each stride was purposeful and as long as she could comfortably make them. There was no way to make this any better, and then—

"Stop!" Carlos called out coldly, causing Zelda to gasp. 'Who is this woman?' she wondered. 'And what does Carlos have to do with her?' Zelda knew something was up, now. The visitor was clearly furious, but why? 'Does she think Carlos owes her something?' She decided to wait, and watch.

Debbie paused. She turned around and asked in a sarcastic tone, "Yes, Carlos? I'm rushing off to school. Is there a problem?"

At this point, Megan had already ripped open one box of lipsticks. The smile on her face said everything. She was ecstatic, practically glowing. It somehow made Debbie feel even worse. As if she hadn't noticed what was going on at all, she exclaimed, "Wow! These colors are fantastic! I don't have any of these. Uncle Carlos, did you ask Debbie to buy these for me?"

Debbie and Carlos were stunned.

'I said "giving back" the lipsticks not "bring" them. What is she? Mentally challenged? Why does she think the lipsticks are for her?'

Debbie looked at Carlos and sneered, "Yes, your Uncle Carlos bought those for you. They're limited editions. Enjoy!"

That made Megan even happier. She put the lipsticks back into the bags and hopped to Carlos' side like a rabbit. "Thank you, Uncle Carlos! I love love love them!" Then, right under Debbie's nose, she stood on tiptoe and kissed Carlos on the cheek, just as she had kissed Curtis on her 18th birthday.

Watching this, Zelda retreated to her seat. 'I'm right. It seems Megan is going to be Mrs. Hilton. Carlos is ten years older, but I guess it doesn't matter as long as they love each other.

But who is this stupid woman at the door? Carlos and Megan are having a moment there and she is still hanging around, being the third wheel. So annoying, ' she thought resentfully. For a second, she wanted to grab Debbie and drag her out of the office.

Debbie looked at Megan in shock. 'How could she?' She had kissed Curtis right in front of Colleen the other night and just now she had kissed Carlos right in front of Debbie.

Suddenly, it dawned on Debbie what Colleen had meant by 'watch out for Megan.'

At the same time, Megan seemed to have realized that she messed up. "I'm sorry, Debbie. Habits. But now that you are my auntie, I'll work on it."

'Habits?' Debbie couldn't help wondering. 'How many times has she kissed him?'

And does she kiss him like I do?'

CHAPTER 80 THREE TERMS

To ease the tension, Debbie took a deep breath and said, "You might be more open-minded since you grew up in Norway." Then with a delicate smile, she added, "But I'm conservative, and you can't behave like this again, Megan. Or else I may misunderstand you."

In response, Megan nodded and excused herself, saying, it would be better if she left, so that Carlos and Debbie could have some personal time alone.

"That's a good idea, considering your uncle Carlos is a married man. It's inappropriate for you two to be alone," Debbie cut in ahead of Carlos.

Then she winked at him and added, "Honey, I'll go back to school later. The driver can pick up Megan when he drives me to school."

However, Carlos didn't answer her back. Looking at Megan who was putting away her homework, he said, "Megan, I'll ask the driver to drop you home now."

"Who am I supposed to respond to between the two of you?" asked Megan, unimpressed by conflicting instructions.

Carlos shot Debbie a warning look and walked to the door, where he instructed, "Zelda, tell the driver to drop Megan home."

"Yes, Carlos." On the spot, Zelda called the driver.

After Megan had left the office, Debbie turned around and was ready to leave too, when Carlos grabbed her hand. "Come in," he said.

"No. I'm not staying," she replied stubbornly, which came as a shock to the secretaries who had been observing what was going on in the CEO's office. 'Lord, did she just say no to Carlos?' Anticipating their boss would explode with rage, they all pretended to bury their heads in work.

Everyone was afraid that they would be the victim of their boss' impending fury.

"I said, come in," Carlos continued in a colder tone, still holding Debbie's hand. The expression on his face indicated that his demand was non-negotiable.

However, Debbie shook his hand off and shouted, "I already said, no!"

She cast the man a glare and turned around. But the next thing she knew, her feet were off the floor, Carlos holding her by the waist and carrying her into his office.

"Carlos, put me down! You sleazebag! I'll kill you! I'll..." The woman's voice trailed off when the door was shut.

The secretaries exchanged terrified and confused looks and lowered their heads again.

In his office, Carlos put Debbie down on the sofa.

She tried to get up, but was stopped every time by Carlos. After some exchanges of moves between martial arts masters, she was overwhelmed and confined to the sofa, Carlos' body closely against hers. Humiliated and angry, she wanted to curse, but as soon as she opened her mouth, a pair of wet lips

pressed down.

The man was fierce. Yet the scent on his body was so enchanting for a moment, Debbie almost forgot to fight.

For a while, Carlos kept on holding her. "Debbie, you have been unreasonable. Don't push my buttons!" he said, breathing heavily.

When he finally relaxed, Debbie took a deep breath, looked him in the eye and asked sarcastically, "Your buttons? Do you mean Megan?"

The gloom on Carlos' face deepened. His hands gripping her wrists tightened. "I don't like repeating my words. For the last time, Megan is a girl Wesley and I are fostering together. Don't pick on her," he snarled.

'Pick on her?' Debbie hit the ceiling. She tried to kick the man off her, but after some wriggling, she was forced to give up. "You asshole! I never—"

The rest of her words caught in her throat when the fierce lips came again.

Several minutes later, Debbie gasped greedily for air, feeling as if her lungs had been sucked empty. A moment more and she might suffocate from the kiss.

By now, she didn't think it necessary for them to talk about what had been going on between them recently. "I have to go back to school. Let me go," she said.

Carlos didn't move. "Are you done with the drama?"

'Drama! Drama your ass!' she cursed in her heart. "Yes, I'm done." They were just a nominal couple after all. She shouldn't take everything seriously. At least that offered her some consolation.

"You're upset," Carlos declared.

"No, I'm not. You're reading too much into it," Debbie denied.

Even so, Carlos knew he was right. He eventually released her, but didn't allow her to go. He made her sit on his lap and wrapped his right arm around her waist.

Annoyed, Debbie rolled her eyes. 'What now?'

To which Carlos asked, "Why did you give the lipsticks back?"

"Why should I keep them?" she retorted curtly.

"They were a gift for you, and it pissed me off that you didn't appreciate my effort. That's insulting."

Debbie sneered, "Huh! Was it a must that I accept them? Get over yourself! I can say no to anyone, okay?"

Nonetheless, she actually started regretting giving those lipsticks away. She really loved the brand and colors, not to mention that now Megan had them. The idea made her wish she could collect them back. .

But then she recalled Megan kissing Carlos and how calm Carlos had been. The kiss must have happened a lot of times and he must have become accustomed to it.

Ignoring her hostile tone, Carlos ordered, "You have no right to throw away gifts that have cost me an arm and a leg!"

"That depends." Debbie finally got a chance to negotiate with Carlos, who was trying to read what was going on in her mind.

All of a sudden, Debbie wasn't angry anymore. She locked her arms around his neck and observed, "I have three terms."

Debbie might have forgotten that Carlos was a successful businessman. How was it possible for him to agree to trade one term for three terms. "No problem. But to be fair, you have to agree with my three terms too," Carlos said firmly.

Three for three, it sounded fair, but why did she feel she had missed something? And she didn't know exactly what was wrong.

To make Carlos agree with her terms quickly, she nodded, "Fire away."

"Ladies first."

Debbie had to begin, "First, you have to call Megan and get the lipsticks back. But I won't take the broken ones."

In disapproval, Carlos' mouth twitched. "You already told her those lipsticks were a gift. How do you expect me to ask them back? I can buy you new ones."

"No, I only want those." She wouldn't let Megan benefit from their argument.

Carlos was lost for words.

Noticing his silence, Debbie stood up and declared, "I see no point continuing this talk."

For the first time in his life, Carlos felt so helpless.

"Okay. Your next term?" 'Debbie, good for you!' he thought.

"You can't stay with her alone for more than five minutes. No, five minutes is too long. What if you are not so good in bed? One minute! You can't stay with her alone for more than one minute!" Debbie said, holding up her index finger, even though she saw clearly that Carlos' face had turned black. He didn't think it was funny at all.

'This woman! How could you humiliate me like this?

Underestimating my ability in bed? I'll let she know how good I am at that, woman! Right now!

He pulled her hard towards him and held her tightly. "Hey! What are you doing? You haven't said yes to my second term yet! Where are you taking me?" she asked nervously.

But Carlos didn't respond. Off he carried her towards the lounge. What was he going to do?