

Brother

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

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

Suddenly, a memory flashed into his mind. Despite being one of the terrible students, with terrible grades, Debbie remained

excellent in his eyes. She may be a bad student, but for him, she was admirable in all other things. Thinking about this, he had

always thought that she was too good for him, and he had never been confident enough to strike a conversation with her. He

thought he was incapable and lacking in many ways.

Even then, the same thought lingered in his mind. With this, he decided to keep his admiration to himself until he became

successful enough to finally confess. These thoughts played in his mind as he occasionally glanced at her sleeping face.

Half an hour later, they arrived at East City Villa. The taxi was hailed by the guards at the entrance and Gregory didn't know what

to do. They didn't let them through until they saw Debbie who was sleeping in the back seat.

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

shoulders. "Debbie?" he continued.

Drunk, Debbie couldn't utter a single word, nor hear anything he just said. After a long while, with not a single response from her,

Gregory told the taxi driver to wait. Opening the door and pulling her out of the taxi, he carried her and walked towards the villa

she lived in. His eyes continuously wandered, as he was in awe of what he was seeing.

The night was getting late and the sky became darker. The night complemented the

extravagance each villa gave off. It was

perfectly clear what kind of people lived in the area, he thought, people who were far different from him.

Knowing this, he lowered his head to look at Debbie. 'Many people worked so hard in their whole lives but couldn't afford such

villas. Yet, she lives here? Who exactly is she?' he wondered.

Even then, she had been surrounded by rumors in school. However, he had never believed in

any of them. Rumors such as

Debbie was a mistress, that she was a lesbian, none of these he chose to believe. For him, they were nothing but nonsense.

Clouded with these thoughts, he didn't notice that they had already reached their destination.

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

halt with flashing signals.

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

'Who is this arrogant man?' he thought, furrowing his brows. 'Does he know Debbie? What is his relationship with her?' More

questions popped into Gregory's head.

Without taking a second glance, the man continued to head towards the villa. Gregory examined him up and down, trying to

figure out who he was. The man looked familiar, he thought, but his face didn't ring a bell. His alluring posture gave him a feeling

that he was someone he shouldn't associate with.

On the other hand, the man walked straight towards the villa. As he was about to get in, Gregory called out hastily, "Hello,

mister." Puzzled, Carlos turned his head and looked into the young man's eyes, not uttering a single word.

"Good evening, mister. I know this might sound forwards, but what is your relationship with Debbie?" he asked, gathering all his

courage. Thinking that he could be her brother, he asked politely. Little did he know his real relationship with Debbie.

Carlos' eyes widened when he heard her name. It was only until then did he notice that the girl wrapped in his arms was his wife,

Debbie.

Stunned from the stated she was in, "What happened to her?" he asked as he walked his way towards Gregory and Debbie. As

Carlos moved towards them, immediately, Gregory felt the intimidating and arrogant aura pressing towards him. It was an aura

that only older, mature men possessed. The way he walked looked even prominent for Gregory. 'He seems concerned for her, ' he thought. 'I must be right. He must be Debbie's brother.'

Carlos reached out his hand to pull her towards him. Obediently, Gregory understood and handed her to him and said, "One of our

classmates threw a birthday part.

She must've drunk more than she could handle." "Why drink more than you could handle?"

Carlos said, pulling Debbie towards

him. Now that the man was near, Gregory took a close look at him and knew that he was someone well-off.

As he pulled her in, a strong stench filled his nose. Carlos winced in disgust from both Debbie's smell and the sight of her wasted

state.

"Are you her classmate?" he suddenly asked in a deep tone, furrowing his brows.

Politely, Gregory nodded and answered with a smile, "Yes I am. I should've taken good care of her." After saying this, he looked

around and noticed the night getting darker. "Well, brother, I should better take my leave. Have a good night then."

'Brother? Who is he referring to? Me?' Carlos raised one of his brows. No longer bothering by what he meant, he returned a nod

to the young man and carried Debbie towards the villa.

As soon as he stepped inside, Debbie, who was in his arms, started to become restless. Her cheeks were crimson red, and the

scent of alcohol dominated over her. At this sight, Carlos' face blackened with anger. He despised her current state. He wanted

to throw her to the sofa but considered carrying her upstairs instead. He went all out and carried her to her room.

The hue of Debbie's bedroom was sky blue. All her furniture was colored and tainted with sky blue. Her round bed, dressing

table, closet, desk and even her bed sheet were in sky blue color. Most importantly, the room smelled like Debbie. Slowly, he

placed her in her bed and intended to leave the drunk be.

As he turned around, he felt a hand grasping on his. In her drunken st

ate, she reached out to him and held his hand by her own will — something she wouldn't do when sober.

"Water. I am thirsty," she murmured, wriggling her body in bed restlessly. "Give me some water...water..." she continued.

Looking at her indifferently, he took back his hand from her grip and left the room. "Why did you drink if you knew you would end

up like that?" he said, walking out of the room.

When he came back, Debbie was already on the floor, curling on the carpet by the bed. In his eyes, she became more hideous.

Gibbering, "Water... thirsty... water..." she repeated tirelessly. Turning and rolling around, he bet she would not even remember

a single thing she was doing then. With brows knitted, he placed the glass of water on the nightstand and walked towards her. As

he was about to pick her up and carry her into his arms, he thought, 'Just how much did she drink?'

'As a student, how could she get herself so drunk? I was right to decide to discipline her after all, ' he added. Finally, he carried

her into his arms.

With her arms around his neck, she pressed her head against his chest, pushing her body nearer to his. Gradually, his breathing

became ragged. He couldn't understand why his heart was beating fast with their current state. Without minding too much, he

put her back on the bed.

With his body leaning towards her as he slowly let her go, her hands remained locked around his neck. Suddenly, she pulled him

down on the bed.

As much as he was surprised, his face remained firm and indifferent. Trying to suppress his fast-beating heart, he stared at the

tipsy girl beside him, whose eyes were closed. Her long eyelashes, rosy lips, crimson cheeks — everything on her pretty face

looked tempting for him.

However, he knew his own limits. Out of the blue, Debbie struggled to sit up. That night, she was never a quiet girl and continued

to do things that surprised him. As she tried to sit up, her balance came off. Not only did she fail, but also dragged Carlos even

closer — close enough for her to feel his breath.

Coincidentally, their lips touched.

At that instant, the air became awkward. Suddenly, he could no longer smell the stench from her. The tempting scent emitted

from her body slowly filled his nose. The light in his eyes dimmed and the scene where he had kissed her came flooding back in

his head.

Back then, he had hesitated to sleep with her because they had no relationship. Now that she was his wife, it was only natural for

them to spend the night together. With this thought, he lowered his head and pressed his lips on hers. The courage he had tried

so hard to stop himself from doing such a thing was no longer there. He could only think of how tempting the girl beside him was;

he couldn't control his desire for her.

As she wriggled and moaned from his every touch, it made him more aroused. He got more and more excited, but then she

suddenly stopped and became quiet. Lifting his head, he opened his eyes to look into hers, and to his disappointment, she was

already fast asleep.

Frustrated, he let out a deep sigh. He was still feeling hot and his face was burning up. 'How could she just fall asleep in that

state?' he thought. After a while, his face turned livid. 'This bloody woman must have done it purposely, ' he continued.

Time passed, and it was Saturday the next day. Morning came, and luckily, there was no school. Knowing this, Debbie didn't leave her bed until noon and waited for the alarm to set off. As the alarm rang, she slowly woke up and turned it off. Feeling lightheaded, she rubbed her throbbing temples. Suddenly, her phone rang. She fumbled in her bag to look for it and finally found her phone after a while. "Hello?" she answered. Without looking at the caller ID, she continued, "Hello? Who's this please?" It was Jared. "Tomboy, were you still asleep? It's 12 o'clock already," he said. Since Debbie was never in a good mood the moment she woke up, he started to wonder if he should hang up. "12 o'clock? Oh, it's still so early," she replied. "Then, I should go back to sleep." Even then, she wasn't sober yet. Her voice sounded coarse. Jared felt speechless at her words. "Tomboy, it's noon, okay?" he reminded her. 'Noon?' She looked outside. The sun was shining high in the sky. 'Fine. But, what does it have to do with me?' she thought. The beaming light from the sun blinded her eyes. Suddenly, memories of last night hit her. Recalling how drunk she had been last night, she wondered how she had managed to come home safe and sound. "How did I get home last night?" she asked over the phone. The diverse possibilities of the answer to that question almost woke her up from her dizziness. She looked around swiftly to make sure she was in her own room. When she got a positive answer from the familiar furnishings, she could only let out a sigh of relief. "Gregory sent you home. Don't you remember?" Jared replied. "I remember him saying that he ran into your brother and handed you over to him," he continued. "Tomboy, since when do you have a brother? How come I didn't know that?" Jared asked in an intrigued tone. 'Brother? What brother?' she thought. 'I, myself, don't even know that I have one, ' she continued, lost in the words she had just heard. Suddenly, a wild guess popped into her mind. 'Wait. Could it be Carlos?' Her mind started playing pictures of what could've happened. 'Could it really be him? Did Gregory meet him?' she continued frantically. Thinking of the huge possibility, Debbie sat up on the bed. 'Did Carlos know that I was drunk? Did that scumbag take advantage of me?' In an instant, she lifted the covers and looked at herself. "Oh, thank God!" she exclaimed when she found that she was still wearing yesterday's clothes. Things from the night before were only a blur in her head. "Tomboy?" Jared asked. "Yoohoo! Debbie? Why aren't you talking? Are you there?" Worried, he looked over the phone and saw that the call was still connected. 'How come she is not answering? Could it be that she fell asleep again?' Jared continued to wonder, not knowing the facts from last night.