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He Deserved It

In the classroom, the students whispered amongst themselves and stole glances at the boy who had just been beaten up by

Debbie and her companions. Needless to say, they were jeering at him.

Gail didn't even cast a single glance at the boy despite the fact that he had spoken ill of Debbie to fawn on her. The boy was

boiling with rage, but he could do nothing to vent his anger. He swore to himself that he would report the incident to the dean.

In the afternoon, while the teacher was giving a lecture, Debbie rested her cheeks on her hands and thought, 'Is the boy going to

tell the dean that I beat him up? If he does, I swear I'll give him another hard lesson!'

As soon as the bell rang, R. Kelly's "I believe I can fly" was on the air. However, just after a few seconds, the song was

interrupted by the broadcaster's voice. "Debbie Nian of Class 22, please go to the dean's office now. Debbie Nian of Class 22,

please go to the dean's office..." The broadcaster repeated it three times. Everyone in the university had heard it loud and clear.

Although this was not the first time Debbie had been called into the dean's office, she still felt a little embarrassed. She stood up

from her chair and grabbed Dixon along with her to go to the dean's office.

The reason Debbie brought Dixon with her was that he was a straight-A student and was a favorite of most teachers. Every time

Debbie was called to go to the dean's office, she would bring him along, and with his interceding for her, the dean would let her

go more easily.

Debbie assumed that the dean wanted to see her this time was because of that boy she had beaten up this morning. However,

since the camera in the classroom had been covered during the whole process, she decided to simply deny that such a thing

had ever happened.

'Dude, how dare you! I swear I'll beat the shit out of you!'

Debbie entered the dean's office, her face expressionless. Having been in a similar situation countless times before took away

the seriousness of it all. She yanked Dixon's sleeve and dragged him in.

To her surprise, the dean was bending over and pouring tea for a man sitting on the couch, as she flooded her face with a big

grin. Debbie felt an icy shiver running down her spine at the sight of the man's face.

Immediately, she pushed Dixon out of the office. Considering the circumstances, she wouldn't be able to protect herself, let alone

protect her friend. She didn't want to get Dixon in trouble for her selfish reasons.

"Debbie, here you are!" The dean smiled at Debbie, who was a lit a cigarette before he made himself comfortable on the couch.

'Smoking again? I saw him smoke many times. Is he a chain smoker?' Debbie wondered. His handsome face became unclear

behind the smoke, and she was unable to read his facial expression.

After he finished his cigarette, neither he nor Debbie uttered a word.

Soon after, he lit another cigarette and continued smoking again.

Debbie was overwhelmed with anxious thoughts. 'Say something, okay? Whatever you want to do to me, just go ahead and say it! Don't leave me in suspense!'

After a brief pause, she broke the silence. "Mr. Huo, I'll go and fetch some fruits for you." With a flattering smile, she eagerly looked at the man in front of her, waiting for his response.

However, a few minutes passed, and he still hadn't said anything. Disappointed, Debbie furrowed her eyebrows and walked towards the kitchen.

She took out an avocado, some cherries and some grapes, and arranged them nicely on a plate. Before long, she came out of the kitchen and placed the plate on the table in front of him.

"Um, please have some fruits." Debbie gave him a gentle smile and handed him a fruit fork.

Yet, silence still lingered over the room like an impending doom. Carlos threw the cigarette butt into the ashtray and looked back

at her, completely ignoring the fact that she had been holding a fork in her hand for him.

Carlos had always treated Debbie like a child instead of his wife. All he wanted was for her to be a good person with a proper education, but he had gotten in way over his head.

Finally, she grew impatient of keeping her hand raised for such a long time. "Never mind!" She threw the fork back onto the plate.