

## Chapter 12 Talk About It Face To Face

As Terence and Gail were being taken away, Brandon ordered the security guards to evacuate the crowd.

Debbie and Kasie were about to leave when a tall man suddenly blocked their way.

Debbie raised her head and saw that it was Carlos.

His cold gaze seemed to see right through her.

When their eyes met, the atmosphere grew a little awkward.

Noticing the tension between the two, Kasie, Brandon, and the others around didn't dare to make a sound.

Debbie looked up at him unhappily. Carlos had just helped her. What did he want from her now?

"Er... What's up?" Debbie asked seemingly casually.

"Are you pretending you don't remember me?" Carlos looked her up and down and frowned. "I didn't expect you to be so... forgetful and open."

Debbie tilted her head to the side in confusion. What on earth did he mean?

Just when she had thought of a retort, Carlos sneered and turned to leave.

Debbie shouted at his receding back, "Mr. Hilton, it's none of your business!"

When Carlos walked up to Debbie just now, Emmett was so scared that he broke into a cold sweat. But now that Carlos was walking away, he scurried to follow him.

After taking a few steps, Emmett turned around and bowed to Debbie two times with an imploring look. It looked as though he was about to cry.

If things went on like this, how would he be able to hide Debbie's identity?

He was doomed!

After a while, the black Lincoln pulled up in the driveway and the two men got inside.

Thinking of what had happened on campus, Emmett hesitated for a moment before finally saying, "Mr. Hilton, it's not Debbie's fault. Obviously, those two other students wanted to frame her. Debbie is a pretty girl after all. It's only normal that others envy her. If we think about it from this perspective, then she has had a hard time in college, don't you think?"

The divorce was still up in the air. Despite his initial hesitation, Emmett couldn't help but put in a good word for Debbie.

After all, Debbie was quite the beauty. Every man would be susceptible to her charm.

Emmett had been working for Carlos for a long time now. Although Carlos and Debbie didn't get along well with each other now, Emmett could tell that his boss had special feelings for Debbie.

"If the two of them get together in the future, maybe Mr. Hilton will forgive me for lying to him with Debbie," Emmett thought uneasily.

"Pretty?" Carlos cast a cold glance at him. "Do you need a day off to have your eyes checked?"

Emmett's mouth clamped shut.

"It's clear to everyone that Debbie is beautiful! You're the one who needs an eye check-up, Mr. Hilton!" Although Emmett thought so, he didn't dare to speak his mind.

"Oh, sorry. You're right. I guess I didn't get a good glimpse of her," Emmett took a deep breath and hurriedly changed the topic. "By the way, Mr. Hilton, there will be a product launch tomorrow evening. Who are you

planning to go with?"

Carlos didn't like wasting his time on these kinds of things. After all, every woman was the same in his eyes. He thought for a moment and selected one randomly. "Mr. Moran's granddaughter." It was obvious that he didn't remember her name.

"Olga?" Emmett asked helpfully.

"Yes, her."

"Okay, Mr. Hilton."

As soon as the car was started, Carlos's phone buzzed. It was a text message.

Carlos unlocked his phone and saw it was from an unknown number. "Hello, Mr. Hilton. I'm your wife, whom you have never met before. Please take one minute out of your busy schedule to sign the divorce papers. Thank you very much!"

After pondering for a few seconds, Carlos replied, "Let's talk about it face to face tomorrow."