

Chapter 16 Falling Together

Debbie's charming smile made Carlos's heart skip a beat.

This woman might have been annoying but there was no denying her attraction to him.

He quickly came to his senses and sneered with disgust. Then he pulled away from her as quickly as possible.

Just as he took a step backward, a vicious smile appeared on Debbie's face. He had fallen right into her trap. She raised her slender arms and pushed him hard on the chest.

Apparently, Carlos was standing right next to a swimming pool. It was by no means deep, but it would be awfully embarrassing if Carlos fell in.

Carlos instantly realized what was on Debbie's mind.

Seeing how smug she looked, Carlos couldn't let her succeed at all costs. He acted quickly and grabbed Debbie's dress, pulling her into his arms...

Then came a big plop!

The loud sound of splashing water attracted everyone's attention.

"Mr. Hilton!" a terrified voice shouted. "Mrs. Hilton!"

When Emmett saw what had happened, he rushed over quickly, panic written all over his face.

Carlos climbed out of the pool sopping wet. Other than being embarrassed, he was more or less fine since he was wearing a suit.

Debbie, on the other hand, was a mess. Carlos had inadvertently torn her dress, exposing her pearly white skin. The wine red dress was drenched now and it clung to her body for dear life, accentuating her curves.

As the beauty climbed out of the pool, she looked devastatingly stunning

She glared at Carlos, aggrieved, her eyes turning red with tears. She was stubborn yet beautiful, which made the bystanders feel sorry for her.

All the men present were stunned when they saw her come out of the pool.

However, before anyone could undress her with their eyes, a wet black suit was draped over her shoulders, covering most of her body.

"Carlos Hilton!" Debbie hissed through gritted teeth.

Just as she was about to give him an earful, she suddenly felt a pair of powerful arms scooping her up.

Before she knew what was happening Carlos picked her up in his arms.

"Is this your way of seducing me?" he asked with one brow raised. "Great. Just great!"

Debbie stared at him, dumbfounded. She couldn't believe her ears.

Her mind was in a mess. She immediately started thinking of countless ways to kill this man.

"Don't move a muscle! Unless you want everyone to see your scantily-clad body!" Carlos's voice was low, but there was a hint of restlessness.

Although she hated to admit it, she knew he was right. Debbie gave him a stern look but stayed put.

A hush fell over the entire cruise ship in that moment.

Everyone on deck exchanged glances, but no one uttered a word for what seemed like an eternity.

Some of them dared not make a sound, while others were stuck in a daze, wondering if they were daydreaming.

One of them, Olga, was too angry to say a single word...

Carlos carried Debbie away from everyone's gaze. He didn't stop until they made it to the lounge.

When they arrived at the door to a room, Carlos kicked it open and entered, with Debbie in his arms. Without turning on the light, he gingerly placed the woman down and kicked the door behind him shut with his foot.

Now, he pressed the woman against the door, his eyes burning with lust.

His big palm started to roam around the woman's body. Debbie was unable to move, her hands pinned behind her back.

"Carlos—"

She wanted to ask him to let go of her, but the man didn't give her the chance to finish her words. He stopped her mid-sentence by pressing his lips against hers.

After what felt like an eternity, Carlos finally pulled away from her lips.

The man sneered and rested his forehead against hers. Then he whispered in a hoarse voice, "Tell me, how much would it cost for me to sleep with you for a night?"

"Fuck you!"

Tears welled up in her eyes. How dare he view her as a whore?

Ashamed and angry, Debbie tried to push the man away, but Carlos tightened his grip around her.

Carlos's shirt was wet through and through. She could clearly see his broad, chiseled chest through his clothes.

And his hair was a little messy. Droplets of water dripped from his hair onto his collarbone, trickling down to his...

Damn. He was so sexy.

Debbie suddenly found herself in a trance, being so close to this man's face.

No wonder so many women swooned over him. It was true that he was dashing, sexy, and charming.

Fortunately, the man didn't notice that she was in a daze. He teased her contemptuously, "Do you still want to play hard to get? My wealth is incomparable to everyone on this ship. Just give me a number and I'll..."

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