

Chapter 21 Carlos Flirting With Debbie

Debbiedistanced herself from the man quickly. When she turned around to see who the man was, he leaped behindher again. It was beginningto frustrate her, but the man's game had only just begun.

The same routine was repeated a couple more times, and finally, Debbie could no longer hold back her annoyance. She shouted, "Are you here to fight or are you just making fun of me?! Be a man and fight with me, face to face!"

The amused man failed to suppress a snort.

Upon hearing him, Debbie was so shocked that she felt goosebumps on her arms. "Not Carlos again!" she thought and lamented.

Just as her shoulders sagged, indicating that she had dropped her guard, a familiar figure appeared in front of her from behind. Deep inside, she had wished for her suspicion to be wrong.

The disdain hanging on his face stung Debbie. Ignoring the fact that she was no match for him in Kung Fu, she clenched her fists and challenged him, "Fight me or leave!" But that only threw him in a fit of laughter. "Stop laughing like an idiot!" she demanded.

Resting both hands in his pockets, Carlos said casually, "Fight you? You're too weak to fight me."

Too naive for her own good, Debbie fell for another one of his attempts to provoke her. Without another word, she raised her fist and swung it towards his face.

Effortlessly, Carlos dodged the punch and continued, "My, my! How rude of you! At this rate, no man will want to have you as a girlfriend."

But she was no longer listening. Debbie tried her best to attack Carlos but her efforts were futile. "That is none of your business!" she yelled,



fuming with madness.

"Even if you were the only man in the world, you'd never have me!" she snapped back.

"Really?" he asked, amused. His eyes darkened whilst he was mulling over her words. "I see..." he said, nodding slightly. "So you want me to have you." With that, he gave her a suggestive grin which quickly turned her face red.

"Not only is he a bastard, but he's also a womanizer!"

"Ugh! How I wish I could just beat him up!" she thought while glaring at him.

When she was about to attack him again, the phone in his pocket began to ring. It was probably Emmett looking for him. Ignoring his ringing phone, Carlos grabbed her fist with his palm and pushed her against the wall. With a dangerous smile in place on his face, he leaned close to her.

As he used his free hand to reach into his pocket and dismiss the call, the other one continued to grab her wrist above her head. While she was still trapped against her wishes, he had his right knee between her legs and his upper body pressed against her. No matter how much Debbie tried, she was unable to move at all.

He lowered his head, and now his face was mere inches away from hers. The lady whose heart just skipped a beat could feel his heavy breathing. It elicited a ticklish sensation within her which she did not appreciate. As her other hand was free from his grip, her first instinct was to scratch the ticklish sensation on her neck away, but it was also immediately pulled up above her head by his.

No amount of wriggling away worked against his strength. She was rendered speechless.

"Right now, I have a score to settle with you," he said, narrowing his eyes. "The last time we were this close, you kneed me in the crotch. What if that stunt of yours made me impotent? No erection anymore whatsoever." He paused before continuing "You'll have to take responsibility for it."

By some stroke of unfortunate luck, Emmett ended up arriving just in time to hear and be shocked by what his boss said. The client who Carlos was supposed to meet this evening was getting impatient in the club. Emmett tried to call Carlos a couple of times, but he did not answer.

Emmett quickly began to worry. Therefore, he went out of the club to search for his boss.

For a long time, he had sought for Carlos in nearby streets, thinking that perhaps his boss had been caught up with finding a parking space. But then, he had suddenly remembered Debbie. Although it was a long shot, he went back to where they had found her in hopes of finding his boss.

To his surprise, his boss was indeed with the young lady... flirting. Watching them from a distance felt surreal. 'Wow,' Emmett thought deeply, 'I didn't expect him to be so risqué with Debbie.'

And to think that he has no idea that she's actually his wife. How astonishing it is that he might really have a thing for her! Regardless whether she is Mrs. Hilton or not, it seems that they are destined to be together.'

Much to Debbie's displeasure, she blushed in embarrassment. If she was being honest, no one had ever flirted with her like this in the past. Carlos was the first one, and now she was at a loss for words.

The man was indeed a womanizer, she thought, and somehow she felt upset about it. Taking a deep breath, she threatened, "Let go of me. Otherwise, I'll cry out for help!"

"Whatever makes you happy," Carlos answered indifferently. Just when Debbie was about to scream at the top of her lungs, she spotted Emmett who was standing not so far away.

'Finally, someone who can save me from this hell!' Debbie thought gleefully, and then she called out to him, "Emmett, come here and help me! Your boss is in heat!"

Startled, Emmett did not know what to do when he was suddenly dragged into the mess. So he did what first came to his mind and made a run for it, yelling, "I saw nothing!" The last thing he wanted to do was get on the wrong side of his boss. It was why he could not disobey his orders to go ahead and walk to the club a while ago, and it was still the same reason why he did not have the courage to stand up to Carlos when Debbie asked for his help.

Moreover, this was a family matter. As an outsider, he did not think that it was his place to interfere.

'Mrs. Hilton, I'm sorry you'll have to take care of yourself!' Emmett thought ruefully, and then he fled.

"Hey, Emmett!" Debbie yelled after the man, but he quickly disappeared from view. Even with a public toilet near the alley where they were currently situated, no one else seemed to have passed by them. That only meant there was no one coming to save her.

Cursing under her breath, Debbie finally looked the overpowering man in the eye.

'Damn it! What else can I do? I guess for now... I should just admit my defeat,' she thought. So she tried her best to hold back her anger and put on a fake smile. "Carlos, a generous man like you would forgive me, right?" Debbie said in a coy voice. "After all, I'm just a weak girl."

With a raised eyebrow and a sarcastic smile, Carlos eyed her from head to toe and answered, "You? A weak girl?" He let out a derisive laugh. "Are you kidding me?"

'On the outside, she can barely be counted as a girl,' Carlos thought, his eyes lingering on her body. 'She doesn't even have a big chest! As for her ass... it is not that hot either.' Despite his observations, though, Carlos flashed an evil smile and came up with an impulsive idea.

Releasing one of her arms, he slid his hand behind her and pinched her ass. Debbie stood in silence, her mouth agape at Carlos' boldness. What just happened? After what felt like decades, the young lady finally gathered her thoughts. 'Carlos!' Debbie yelled in her mind.

'How dare you take advantage of me! I swear... I will kill you!' Even after using her full strength which was boosted with anger, Debbie was disappointed to find out that she still could not free her arm from his grip. Flustered, she said through gritted teeth, "You jerk!"

The smile on his face slowly waned. He curled his lips while letting go of her. Adjusting his suit, he became poker-faced again. "Stay away from me from now on!" he demanded coldly, and turned away.

'I'm a married man. I shouldn't have flirted with another girl,' he thought grimly, wiping his mouth as though he was disgusted with himself.

When Debbie eventually met up with Kristina, still visibly angry, the latter

had already sung several songs. Only a few people had stopped to listen to her, and most passers-by just cast a glance at her before walking away. It was a tough stint, trying to get people's attention. But singing was Kristina's passion and she would do anything to gain a loyal audience.

When she saw Debbie return after having disappeared for about half an hour, Kristina let out a sigh of relief; she was grateful that Debbie accompanied her.

After the song was finished, only one person put 5 dollars in the box in front of them. The two ladies shared an unsatisfied look.

Actually, Kristina was a good singer. After all, the reason why Debbie and she became close was that they both loved singing.

Although Debbie had a better voice, she had never been trained before. As a result of her lack of practice, Debbie was therefore not as skilled in singing as she wanted to be.

Debbie heaved a long sigh of relief. It was time for her to focus and forget about her annoying husband. Picking up the guitar, she began to sing, "I was doubling over. The load on my shoulders was a weight I carried with me every day..."

In the Orchid Private Club, a waiter pushed the door of a private booth and held it open for Carlos.

Right behind him, Emmett followed suit. The man was sweating nervously. They were already running late, and it was not like they had a good reason.

The client was throwing a tantrum as it was ten minutes past the agreed time of their meeting. On seeing Carlos, however, he immediately put on a flattering smile and greeted, "Carlos, you are finally here."

The man reached out to shake hands with Carlos, but the latter merely threw a cold look at his hand, walked past him, and sat on the couch. When the man saw Carlos' infamous arrogance firsthand, his face turned sour. But he did not say anything to show his true feelings.

He approached Carlos and offered, "Carlos, allow me to pour you a glass of wine."

Before he could do anything Emmett reached out to hold the bottle and said, "Sorry, Lee. Carlos has delicate digestion and cannot drink alcohol."

Embarrassment was written all over the man's face. It was Carlos who took the initiative to seek partnership with him. But why was he acting so arrogant as if he were the boss?

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