

Chapter 22 Carlos Knew The Truth

Emitting arrogance, Carlos refused to grab the drink. Marvin Lee, however, didn't dare to force him, feeling his menacing aura. He could only force an awkward smile and gave him the contract he had prepared.

While Carlos was reading the contract, his brows furrowed. After a couple of minutes, he stood up and threw the contract on the table. "I won't sign the contract," he said coldly.

After hearing this, Marvin got anxious and argued in an instant, "Carlos, as per our last conversation, you agreed to..."

However, even before he could continue, Carlos interrupted him in an icy tone, "Marvin, do you think I'm that stupid? The content of this contract is clear to me. Did you really think that I would fall into your trap?" Surprised by Carlos' words, he started having cold sweat.

With a pale face, Marvin thought to himself, "Did he find out the trap hidden in the clauses? How's that even possible?"

Without a word, Carlos walked towards the door. In an instant, Emmett pulled the door open for him.

Looking at Carlos' back as he took his leave, Marvin exclaimed, "Carlos, please wait. This is only a misunderstanding." He tried to follow behind Carlos in an attempt to make him stay. On the other hand, Carlos ignored his plea and left without looking back. He went to the underground park and stopped halfway as he heard an alluring sound. Immediately, he changed his direction and walked towards the entrance of the club.

Under a big tree, about several hundred meters away from the Orchid Private Club, a girl was seen singing a beautiful, sad song. "Just one last dance, before we say goodbye..." her song continued playing.

When Emmett recognized the singer, he widened his eyes to plates, his jaw slack. "Since when did Mrs. Hilton start to make a living as a street



singer?" he thought.

When Marvin noticed that Carlos seemed to be interested in the female singer, he thought he had a chance to fawn on him. He took out a thick wad of notes from his briefcase and threw it into the iron box in front of Debbie.

After seeing the amount of money he just threw, Debbie stopped singing shocked by the impressive amount of thousands of dollars.

Everyone looked at Marvin, who put on a proud smile and demanded in an arrogant tone, "Sing a song for our Carlos. If you can make him smile, I'll give you more money."

Hearing his words made her fuming mad. The fat man's words came as an insult for her.

Casting a quick burning glare at her so-called husband, she immediately straightened herself and flashed a sweet smile. "Sure, I'll be glad to offer Carlos a song. I hope you enjoy it."

On the other hand, in the gathered crowd, some recognized Carlos and couldn't help but go berserk over his handsome face.

Noticing Debbie's beaming eyes, Carlos suddenly felt bad over Marvin's groundless request. He then uttered, "No need to..." Even before he could turn her down, she started strumming her guitar and singing a song.

Skipping the first part of the song, she immediately went to the climax and hit the notes.

Her song went, "I pray your brakes go out running down a hill. I pray a flowerpot falls from a window sill and knocks you in the head like I'd like to. I pray your birthday comes and nobody calls. I pray you are flying high when your engine stalls. I pray all your dreams never come true..."

Hearing the end of her song, the crowd became silent and stole glances at the handsome man, waiting to see his response.

Surprised, Marvin hadn't expected Debbie to sing such a song. He was so scared, thinking he had done a stupid thing. "Damn bitch! What is she singing? Oh man! I'm screwed!" he thought, wiping the cold sweat off his forehead.

Without giving a care nor caring to stop, Debbie continued singing her song for Carlos. She didn't mind irritating the man in front of her. At the same time, Carlos lowered his head and rubbed his arching brow. Her song came as a surprise. Without raising his head, he pointed to Debbie and demanded, "Since she can swim, you, Emmett, dig a whole and bury her alive!"

Carlos felt his heart beating so fast. Not because he was flattered, but because his anger was slowly filling the brim of his patience. His gut feeling was telling him that if he didn't kill this girl now, he would someday die of anger because of her.

Carlos' words made the crowd surprised. "What? Bury her alive?" were the words heard from the crowd. Everyone was startled from his sudden reply.

If it were somebody else who had said those words, everybody would think that it was a joke. However, it was Carlos speaking and he was known as a man of his word. Noticing a group of strong, terrifying bodyguards heading towards Carlos, the crowd immediately dispersed in an uproar.

Emmett panicked, not knowing what to do. 'I guess I should tell him the truth now before things get worse. Otherwise, he will definitely regret his decision today,' he thought to himself and made a decision.

Leaning towards his ears, Emmett whispered to his boss, "Carlos, this girl, whom you just asked us to bury, is Debbie Nelson!"

His words confused Carlos. He looked at Emmett as if looking at an idiot. 'What is wrong with him? He's been acting really weird recently,' Carlos thought. 'Do I not know her name? Do I need him to remind me of that?'

Debbie realized that Carlos' words weren't a joke. She immediately packed her guitar and pulled Kristina's wrist, who was still standing there. She decided to run away as fast as she could. Before she took her leave, she grabbed the money in her iron box.

Hearing Emmett revealing her real identity to Carlos, she immediately went ahead.

As the group of bodyguards slowly approached them, Emmett cleared

his throat and said, "Carlos, your wife's name is also Debbie Nelson."

"What does it have to do with---" Carlos said and halted. Even before he could utter the words "my wife", his face changed from one expression to another.

The man who just planned to bury Debbie seemed to be trapped in a daze after learning about her identity.

Carlos' facial expression changed from indifferent to stunned, then shocked. Never had Emmett seen so many expressions on his boss' face before. He was both amused and frightened, knowing Carlos would not spare him this time.

Suddenly, Debbie stopped after a few strides. Since her identity had already been revealed, she released Kristina's wrist, turned around and went back to Carlos. With a fierce face, she said, "I dumped you, Carlos. Remember to sign the divorce agreement!" She then turned her back and continued walking with Kristina.

With a shaking hand, Carlos pointed to Debbie's retreating figure. His face couldn't be painted. He was too angry to utter even a single word.

The girl who he had called a slut and ordered to be buried alive was his wife? This thought kept on playing on his puzzled mind. Because of this, for quite some time, Carlos remained in a daze. He still couldn't believe what had just happened.

Until finally, he came back to his senses. Immediately, he could only think of kicking Emmett as hard as he could on his leg.

Emmett wailed mournfully. He had known it! He had known this would all come to no good end for him.

"What were you doing? Why didn't you say so earlier?" Carlos exclaimed in anger. After saying that, he trotted towards his Bentley.

As he got inside, he quickly pressed on the accelerator and left that place.

When the car approached Emmett, he reduced the speed, rolled down the car window and ordered, "You better go to a construction site and carry bricks tomorrow! I don't want to see your face in the coming year!"

With a mixture of anger and disbelief, he sped up and left Emmett behind.

Hearing his boss' words, Emmett suddenly forgot the excruciating pain on his leg. Watching the guitar container and iron box left by Debbie and Kristina, he was at a loss whether to laugh or to cry.

Meanwhile, Debbie and Kristina stopped and sat on a bench at the roadside after running a long way. They gasped for breaths, unable to talk.

Kristina had been startled by Carlos' presence and hadn't heard what Emmett had told him. There were only three words that kept on repeating in her mind -- "bury her alive!"

The very thought made Kristina tremble with fear. She grabbed Debbie's hand and stammered, "Tomboy, hurry... Take the money... Take the money and run as far as you can. I do not wish to see you buried alive!" Her innocence made Debbie puzzle whether to laugh or get worried. All along, Kristina knew Debbie had offended Carlos several times. She also knew that he would, by no means, let her go that easily.

"Since he now knows who I am, I am positive that he will sign the divorce papers soon. He won't have to bury me alive anymore," Debbie thought. "Otherwise, how will he be able to divorce me if I am nowhere to be found?"

Without taking into consideration how easy it would be for Carlos, she didn't realize that he would no longer need to divorce her if she were buried alive. Automatically, he would be single again in that case.

"He won't do that. Rest assured. He is not a mean man," she assured Kristina. Patting her hand in an attempt to comfort her friend, Debbie wondered what could happen after today's incident.

Thinking about this and Carlo's cold eyes, she couldn't help but shiver in fear.

Time went by as they continued to rest. Finally, they decided to go back to the dormitory and hailed a taxi. Just as Debbie was about to get in, her phone rang. It was from Philip.