

Chapter 35 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 Nelson of Class 22, please go to the dean's office now. Debbie Nelson 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 about to leave with Dixon, and gestured her to come in.

Out of curiosity, Dixon turned around to look back, when the man's cold glance darted to the office door at the same time.

The mere sight of the man's icy glare, had his legs quivering to the point where he thought he was going to fall to the floor.

"Why is Carlos here? I better get away from here while I can!" he thought and fled the office immediately.

Debbie was also confused. "Why is he here? I thought I was going to see Philip here, as usual. After all, the dean only has his number. When I figure out who called Carlos, I swear I am going to paint the walls with his blood. I won't even spare the dean if I find out that she was behind this!"

Debbie trembled with fear, her heart in her mouth, as she stood outside the door worrying.

"Debbie?" The dean walked over to Debbie. Her voice so amiable. She had always been aware that Carlos was Debbie's backer, so she didn't dare to punish her, even though Debbie had violated the code of the school many times.

She was surprised by the fact that an important man like Carlos made an effort to come here by himself.

"Wow! This is the first time I've met him in the flesh! If the principal and the vice-principals hadn't been away on official business, they would have been here to receive Carlos now."

Debbie gave the dean a wry smile. "Hi, we meet again, but I don't want to get in," she whispered in the dean's ear so that Carlos wouldn't hear her.

The dean looked surprised by her words. She didn't know that a naughty girl like Debbie could be so afraid of Carlos.

"Debbie Nelson!" Came an impatient voice from inside the office, causing Debbie to jump to her feet.

She approached the dean and whispered, "Who called him?"

The dean was a little surprised by Debbie's apprehensive behavior. Although the dean was in her early thirties and considerably young for her profession, she kept a strict disposition in front of the students. No one had ever dared to get close and talk to her so casually like Debbie did.

Considering the fact that Carlos was Debbie's guardian, she cast her thoughts about Debbie aside and decided not to mind that.

"I called Philip. I didn't expect Carlos to come here either." Like Debbie, the dean spoke in a low voice as well.

Without further ado, they entered the office together.

Three of them sat face to face. Debbie looked at the dean; the dean looked at Carlos and he looked at Debbie.

"Why did you fight that boy?" Carlos broke the silence.

While pouting her lips, Debbie turned to stare out the window, and said indifferently, "He deserved it." Her voice was calm and collected.

"Seriously? That's your answer?" The dean was at a loss for words.

'She is never going to change!' All of a sudden, Carlos raised his voice and asserted, "Give me a better reason!" He held back his anger as he kept telling himself that she was still young and he needed to be more patient with her.

The palpable atmosphere in the room made Debbie uneasy. However, instead of cowering with fear, she retorted, "He spoke ill of me behind my back, and when I caught him red-handed, I decided to teach him a good

lesson."

She boldly raised her head to meet the man's eyes. She wore impudence on her face so proudly. However, her courage lasted only two seconds, and in the third, she looked away, because she didn't want to be frozen to death by his cold eyes.

"Debbie, you can turn to me if it happens again. I will discipline the likes of him," the dean chimed in to smooth things over when she saw Carlos' long face.

Debbie scoffed, "Come on! I'm not a three-year-old kid. We are adults and we can figure it out by ourselves."

Lacking the proper words to voice her response, the dean turned to look at Carlos.

"I'm taking her back home now," Carlos stood up and walked towards the door without looking back at the two women.

Debbie clenched her fists tightly and resisted. She didn't want to obey his orders, but no matter how unwilling she was, she had no choice but to follow him. Debbie and Carlos both sat in the backseat and remained silent all the way. The driver didn't dare to utter a single word.

Upon arriving at the destination, Carlos stepped into the house, and 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. "Carlos, 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.

