

Chapter 39 The Punishment

Sensing her skepticism Carlos continued persuading her. "As I just said, in the past, the biggest problem in our marriage was me. You did nothing wrong. Please, allow me to make amends. If it still doesn't work out between us, you can choose not to be with me then. But you can't cheat on me. That's my only request."

Debbie swallowed and asked, "What if I... What if you find someone you like during this period?"

The man cast her a hard look and continued "I won't give you a chance to like somebody else." Debbie had once told him that she had feelings for someone else, but now, Carlos realized that it was all a lie. It was just her strategy to make him consent to the divorce.

At that moment, she felt the last bit of hope go up in smoke.

"No. Something is off." But she couldn't put her finger on what it was.

Confused, she opened her mouth to say something and then closed it again. The words were frozen on her lips. The confused look on her delicate face and her rosy lips were too much for the man to resist. He lowered his head and gave her a second kiss.

"There it is! That's what's wrong," Debbie pushed him away. "Why do you keep kissing me?"

The touch of his lips and his scent sent her into a heady trance. He must have been trying to seduce her.

"What's wrong with me kissing my wife?" Carlos looked at her in puzzlement.

"Of course it's wrong. After I kissed you, you threw me out of the mall, into the ocean, and even threatened to bury me alive!" Debbie reproached. Her anger boiled up inside at the thought of how he had treated her just because of a stupid kiss.

"Tut-tut, do all girls hold grudges and bring up old scores?" Carlos thought sourly.

"You should have told me you are my wife at the mall," he replied defensively. He was enamored of Debbie's adorable and unique personality. If he had known that she was his wife, he would have never done any of those things.

"What? Is he trying to make it look like it was my fault?" She rolled her eyes at him.

"Look at what has happened ever since you found out that I am your wife. You've been interfering in my personal life. You treat me like your daughter. You kept me locked up in the villa for days."

"You've been behaving badly at the university. I can't turn a blind eye to that."

Education was a top priority for Carlos. That was the one thing he would not waver from. The air around them had become toxic. They glared at each other, eyes sparking with anger. "You are a nosy old man!"

Old man? Carlos hated it when she called him that. His lips tightened into a thin line and his face darkened with dissatisfaction.

He was only seven years older than her.

Carlos' eyes dimmed. He looked at Debbie sharply and took a step forward. Debbie took a step back, poised for defense. "I'm warning you. If you come any closer to me, I won't hesitate to fight you!"

"Fight me? Good! I can't wait." He abruptly pushed her on the desk behind her and then leaned forward.

They found their bodies in an awkward and yet erotic posture. Debbie could hardly move. She wriggled and tried to free her arms, but to no avail. "Let go of me," she demanded.

"Go to the university with me this afternoon and attend my class. Maybe you don't want to, but you have no choice. No more cutting school, especially my classes. At half past three this afternoon, my first class is International Finance. You know which classroom it is. If I don't see you there..." Carlos pinched her on the waist as a warning.

Debbie uttered a yelp and blushed with embarrassment. "Do we have to talk like this? Can't you let go of me first?"

No one had ever treated her like this. This old, lustful man had been disrespectful to her several times now.

He'd better mind his actions, or some day he might become a eunuch in his sleep.

Helpless, she glared at him with resentment as her cheeks puffed up. It seemed like the anger boiling up inside her was going to burst out at any moment. Fortunately, Carlos released her from his restraint.

Soon, Tristan drove her back to Esastin Villa. After they had arrived, he made sure to give Debbie's luggage to Julie before he left. "Debbie, Debbie said that you must attend his class at half past three," Tristan reminded her before he took off.

She clenched her fists, feeling immensely irritated. 'He wants me to show up to his class? Well, guess what? I won't.'

At half past three, Carlos walked into the multimedia classroom, which was packed with almost one thousand students present. He started with a small speech, during which he swept over his audience. When he was sure Debbie wasn't there, his face clouded up.

'Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me.' Carlos realized that he had made a mistake. Before that moment, somewhere in his heart he had still believed that she wasn't a bad person. However, now it seemed to him that he had given her too much credit.

It was a little past 6 p.m. when Debbie was seen in a cafe. She was talking to Jared on WeChat when two bodyguards appeared in the shop.

"Mrs. Hilton, Carlos asked us to pick you up," they said.

Instead of responding to what they said, she continued talking on the phone.

Puzzled, the bodyguards looked at each other, and then one of them said, "Mrs. Hilton, Carlos has given us strict orders to carry you home on our shoulders, if that's what it takes."

"Please, by all means, do what you must," Debbie countered casually.

Perhaps Carlos had anticipated that things wouldn't go smoothly with the bodyguards. One of the bodyguards took something out of his pocket and swung it before Debbie's eyes. When Debbie caught sight of what it was, she saw two certificates, which stated that both bodyguards were black belts in tae-kwon-do. One was a 7th dan and the other was a 8th dan.

Debbie resignedly crammed the last bite of the desert into her mouth, stood up from her chair and followed the bodyguards out of the shop meekly.

'Son of a bitch! Where did Carlos find these tae kwon do masters?' she cursed inwardly. Although she had practiced martial arts for ten years, when faced with those two bodyguards, she didn't dare to pick a fight with them.

Meanwhile, an Emperor was parked at the roadside. When she reached the car, Debbie opened the door and saw the man in the backseat. His eyes were shut tight, as if he was taking a nap, completely unaware of the fact that she had opened the door.

One of the bodyguards took the driver's seat and the other sat in the passenger's seat in the front.

The car engine revved and sped out. After a while, Debbie realized that the car was taking them out of town.

'This isn't right. This is not the way home. The villa is in the east district and the car is driving westward,' she reflected. "Where are we going?" she asked.

No one answered her question, as if no one could hear her.

Debbie got nervous and fidgety since she had defied Carlos again. The skies were getting darker and by the look of it, they were heading somewhere remote. Her heart throbbed inside her chest violently.

'Is he trying to find a place to bury me alive again?'

In the grip of silent panic, the air inside the car felt like it was suffocating her. Everything was so quiet, she could hear her own heart pounding in

her chest. When the car finally came to a stop, the bodyguards got out of the car, but Debbie remained where she was.

Her eyes caught sight of something. Was that a tombstone?

The door on her side was opened by a bodyguard who stood there waiting for her to get out.

With the headlights on, Debbie glanced around and a chill crept up her spine. Bloody hell! A graveyard? Why would Carlos bring her to a graveyard in the evening?

While she was trying to figure out what was on Carlos' mind, the bodyguards returned to the car.

"Hey, what's this supposed to mean?" Debbie tried to open the doors, but they were all locked, so she started tapping on the windows helplessly.

One of the windows in the backseat was rolled down. With a gloomy look on his face, Carlos said, "This is a martyrs' park. Stay here and reflect on what you've done."

Here?

Didn't he know that she had a fear of darkness? If she couldn't deal with her fears in the villa, how would she deal with them alone in a cemetery? Fear gripped her entire body in an instant.

"I... I..." Before Debbie could say anything else, the car drove off.

As she helplessly watched the car drive away and disappear into the horizon, all she could do was curse Carlos a thousand times in her heart. This was more terrifying than being buried alive to her.

Trembling with fear, she barely managed to take out her phone. Unfortunately, the reception there was terrible. She tried to dial Jared's number anyway. As if the Gods were screwing with her, Jared's phone was switched off!

