

Chapter 41 I'm A Married Man

A sudden flash of lightning lit up the dark room for a second, and Debbie caught sight of the man sleeping in bed.

Her feet tiptoed on the thick carpet, and she walked up to his bed silently.

3... 2... 1... She got there! "Ahhh!" Before she was able to celebrate, she was shoved face down onto the bed.

With her hands pressed against her back, she tried her best to turn her head. Finally, she managed to squeeze out a few words through her gritted teeth. "It's me, Debbie. Let go of me, Carlos."

Carlos shook his head to sober himself up and then released her hands. "What are you doing in my room at this hour of the night?"

If he had a gun, he would have pointed it at her head.

Debbie heaved a sigh of relief when she was released. "Oh my God! Is he always so jumpy even when he's asleep?" "I... I wanted to check if you were asleep."

She made an excuse, turned over to lie down and looked at the man who was now sitting on the bed.

"I was asleep," he said impatiently.

"Uh... Go back to sleep." Debbie closed her eyes and lay still.

Carlos looked at her in confusion. "Shouldn't she get off the bed and leave my room? Why is she still lying here?"

"Well, are you implying that you want to sleep with me?"

His straightforward words made her cheeks blush red with shame. She immediately covered her chest with her hands and argued, "Don't talk nonsense! I was just... I thought you'd be afraid to sleep on your own, so I came here to keep you company."

Debbie was too proud to admit that she was the one who was afraid of sleeping alone.

Carlos was amused by her lame excuse. 'I'm afraid to sleep on my own? Are you kidding me? Why can't you just admit that you want my company?' 'I'm not afraid of sleeping alone. I'm only afraid of being raped by you,' he teased.

"Hey, watch your tongue! Don't flatter yourself. I'm not interested in you at all. I'm just sleepy. I need to sleep now." Just after she said that, she sat up straight.

Carlos thought she was leaving, but actually she lay back and tucked herself in.

Baffled, he demanded, "Out!" He wasn't used to sleeping with another person in the same bed.

"No! I must accompany you!" Debbie was resilient.

He rubbed his arching brows and explained, "I'm not used to sleeping with others."

"You're lying. I know it. You just don't want to hurt Olga's heart."

'Olga? Who's she?' he thought to himself. After pausing to think for a moment, Carlos finally realized that she was referring to Olga Moran. "She has nothing to do with this," he snapped.

"Is she not your girlfriend?" Debbie scratched her head curiously. After all, she had seen Carlos and Olga together a couple of times.

"I'm a married man. I'm not interested in having a mistress," he answered.

Debbie snickered with pleasure as she sat up again and approached him. "You didn't even blush after lying. Last time in Shining International Plaza, you bought her so many things. Now you are telling me that you are not interested in her. Boss, are you giving yourself a slap in the face?"

"Should a man not pay the bill when he is shopping with a woman? Yes, I bought her many things. It didn't mean that she is my mistress." Carlos shook his head in disbelief. 'What the hell was she thinking?'

'His words do make sense. Besides, he is Carlos, the richest man in Alorith. It's not unusual for him to pay millions of dollars for women,' Debbie mused.

"Alright then. Good night!" This time, she pulled the quilt over her head. She was so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyelids from shutting.

In less than a minute, the man slid under the quilt and pressed himself against her. As if he was expecting her to scream, he pressed her lips with his. On top of her, he pinned her hands to the bed. His lips were firm, demanding and his fingertips were on fire running over her soft skin. Her eyes widened as she wasn't expecting things to turn out this way.

'I'm here to sleep, not sleep with you.

Yes, we are a couple, but only in name. I never wanted to be married to you. I certainly did not plan on having sex with you,' she thought inwardly.

His wet lips glided to her ear. She shivered and came back to her senses. She grabbed his hand and stopped him from caressing her breasts. "Carlos, I'm not here to sleep with you. Don't get me wrong," she gasped.

Carlos paused to look at her and said, "It's too late." His loins were burning and he needed to put out the fire.

He began to plant feather-like kisses across her cheeks, her chin and on the corners of her mouth. Fear flooded her system and she pleaded, "Please... Please don't... It's all my fault. I was afraid of sleeping alone, so I came here."

Carlos looked at the woman doubtfully and asked, "What were you afraid of? You were not in the cemetery anymore."

Debbie gave him an embarrassed smile and explained, "It has been thundering like crazy. I'm usually not afraid of it, but ever since you left me alone in that cemetery, I haven't been able to sleep on my own..."

She finally acknowledged the truth and heaved a sigh of relief. She believed that he should be held responsible for the whole thing.

Carlos sighed and shook his head in disappointment. 'I shouldn't have punished her like that. I thought she was afraid of nothing. But turns out, she is just a girl. Damn it! I made my bed, and now I must lie on it.'

He let go of her and lay beside her quietly to calm himself down.

Debbie felt relieved when Carlos let her go. "Oh, shame on me! I'm always pretending to be fearless in front of others. But whenever Carlos comes into the picture, I'm not the same person anymore. What is wrong with me?" She buried herself in her thoughts.

After several minutes, when Carlos finally calmed himself down, he opened his mouth to say something but soon realized that his wife was sound asleep.

The next day, in the Economics and Management School, one of the multimedia classrooms was overflowing with students. There were still more students outside the door trying to come in.

The boys looked at the girls enviously; the girls entered the classroom one after another, while the boys were stopped by Debbie and Jared.

Some boys couldn't keep silent anymore. "Debbie, why won't you allow us to attend Carlos' class? We want to get in as well!"

The classroom door was being guarded by Debbie and Jared. With her back leaning against the wall, she crossed her arms and said indifferently, "There are too many students who want to take Carlos' class. We're here to maintain public order. You are boys. Can't you be generous enough to let these adorable girls take his class?"

A girl, who was about to enter, overheard their conversation and turned around. She cast a scornful glance at the boys and said, "Exactly. Be a gentleman, okay?"

All the boys were rendered speechless.

Jared flung his arm around a boy's shoulders and announced in a loud voice, "Guys, what a lovely, sunny day! I'd like to treat you guys to a game of golf this morning. And we can grab lunch right after."

Very few people were able to resist temptations of such degree. Moreover, even fewer people were brave enough to turn Jared down.

As a result, Carlos was caught by surprise when he entered the classroom. The classroom smelled strongly of women's perfume, and there were almost a thousand girls present. Carlos was the only man in

the classroom.

Baffled, he put his stuff on the desk and swept his eyes over the crowd. When his eyes caught sight of a girl who was wearing a proud smile, he immediately realized what was going on.

Instantly, he figured out that this was all a part of Debbie's revenge.

Without further ado, he turned on the projector and started the class. "Good morning everyone. Class begins now. What I'm going to talk about today is the current situation of financial technology industry..."

No wonder countless girls fawned over Carlos.

Watching the handsome man carry out his work in a diligent manner rendered the girls breathless and made their hearts skip a beat.