

Chapter 43 I'm Your Husband

Tristan was amused by Kasie's question, but he tried his best to maintain a serious face. 'First of all, Carlos is a gentleman who will not force women to do anything they don't want. Second, Debbie is his wife. It wouldn't be inappropriate if they did end up doing something,' he thought to himself. 'Don't worry. What Carlos is doing is for Debbie's own good,' he reassured Kasie.

Tristan didn't know what his boss would do to Debbie, but he knew it would do him best to stay away from their matters.

Kasie, however, still felt worried about her friend, for she remembered what Kristina had told her before -- Carlos intended to bury Debbie alive the last time. 'How about I get in and stay with Debbie? I swear I'll just sit there and listen to Carlos. I won't make any noise,' she pleaded.

Tristan shook his head and thought, 'If I let you in, Carlos will be angry with me. I don't want to be punished by him. I should take warning from Emmett's example.' He cleared his throat and said, 'Kasie, I assure you that Carlos won't do anything to Debbie. Would you please stop worrying about your friend?'

Kasie had no choice but to leave because she realized that Tristan would not let her pass by any means. As she walked to the classroom, she couldn't stop getting worked up about Debbie.

In Carlos' office

Carlos placed a folder on the desk in front of Debbie and said, 'For the rest of this semester, you will need to take these classes -- Yoga, Dancing, Piano, Etiquette... You also need to take part in the post-graduate entrance exams, so I will be your teacher for English, Advanced Mathematics, and Financial Economy.'

'Stop, stop!' Debbie interrupted, as her eyes widened at the sight of the countless classes listed.

She leaned forward to get close to him and said, 'Old man, who gave you

the right to arrange so many classes for me?" "Did you ever ask for my opinion? Did I ever give you my consent?" she cursed in her mind.

"Old man? Am I really that old to her?" Carlos knitted his eyebrows and answered in a low voice, "I'm your husband."

His voice was so captivating and attractive that Debbie got caught in a trance. It took her a while before she came back to her senses. Feigning a calm disposition, she cleared her throat and retorted, "Yes, I'm not denying that. You are just my husband, but what you've done to me only makes me wonder if you're treating me like I'm your daughter."

Carlos' face soured when he heard what she had said. As hurtful as they were, there was truth in her harsh words.

All of a sudden, he reached out to pull her into his arms and forced her to sit on his lap.

Despite her struggling, he held her waist tightly with his left arm and grabbed her chin with his right hand to make her look him in the eye. "Ah, I see. You want me to do something that only your husband is allowed to do. No problem!"

Before Debbie knew it, he lowered his head and kissed her red lips.

Her eyes widened as she wasn't expecting things to turn out this way. "I didn't mean it that way! I was just trying to ask him not to discipline me like my father did. Is he taking advantage of me now?"

However, she couldn't deny the fact that Carlos was an amazing kisser. All the sensations he was bringing her made her close her eyes and savor the entire moment.

It was not until she was pressed against the desk and the two buttons of her shirt were unbuttoned that she came back to her senses. She grabbed his hand, her breath coming in short gasps, and her cheeks were bright red. "Carlos... no... please..."

How bold he was! This was the teacher's office. Was he just trying to have her here?

Having realized her unwillingness, he stopped at just two buttons. He leaned his forehead against hers and breathed heavily. After a short time,

he calmed down and said in a husky voice, "I can let you go, but remember, no more martial arts classes. You need to choose two from Yoga, Dancing Piano and Etiquette. And I'll teach you the other courses in the evenings."

Debbie bit her lower lip, reluctant to obey his orders. "I have one condition," she said, trying to bargain.

Carlos wanted to turn her down, but on second thought he decided against it. After all, he didn't want his wife to think of him as her father. He took a deep breath and briefly said, "Name it."

"I will only choose Yoga." English, Advanced Mathematics and so on -- those lessons meant torture to her.

Carlos released her and became aloof again, as if the part of him who had been aroused just moments ago had left his body. Debbie was shocked by his behavior. 'He acts as if it were not him who kissed me and wanted to strip off my clothes! What a fake man!'

"Wanna watch a movie?" he offered.

"What?" Debbie was amazed by his kind offer.

With a malicious smile, he said, "A horror movie is showing in the cinemas. Come with me?"

The mention of a horror movie alone was enough to make Debbie turn pale. She cursed him in her mind for knowing her weaknesses.

Eventually, she agreed to his proposal. She would take Yoga and Dancing classes, twice a week respectively, and he would hire professional teachers for her. Carlos himself would be responsible for her English and Advanced Mathematics results.

On her way back to the classroom, Debbie was fuming mad at the man and also despised herself. 'Why do I always give in to his whims?'

He seems to know all of my weaknesses. Did he have his men investigate me? What a wicked man! He's not ashamed to threaten me with my weak points!'

When she was deep in thought, the sound of an incoming message

brought her back to her senses. She took out her phone and found that someone with the nickname "C" had sent her a friend request on WeChat.

Debbie didn't give it much importance as she thought that the person might be one of her classmates, so she accepted it as a friend.

Before long, she opened her WeChat Moments and shared something-- "He is a wolf in sheep's clothing!"

Kasie, who was playing on her phone immediately saw it and called Debbie. "Did Carlos let you go? So soon? And what does your post mean? Did he do something to you?"

Debbie raised her head and stared at the ceiling. After a short pause, she cursed through gritted teeth, "Kasie, I must have done something very bad to him in my past life. That's why he is taking revenge on me."

Thinking of her miserable life in the future, she couldn't help but say some bad words in her mind.

"What? What do you mean? Did Carlos..." Kasie didn't finish her sentence, but her dirty laugh was telling Debbie what she was asking. Obviously, Kasie was expecting a positive answer from Debbie.

Debbie didn't intend to keep it a secret from her friend. "He kissed me. Can you believe it? Is he not a teacher? How could he kiss a student in his office? Do you agree that he's a beast in sheep's clothing?"

A loud scream came from the other end of the line, and Debbie had to move her phone away from her ear. She cast a scornful glance at her phone as if she were looking at Kasie in person.

"Debbie, Carlos must have a thing for you. What are you waiting for? Go to him and make him your man!" Kasie yelled.

"What the fuck?! Are you kidding me?" Debbie was shocked by her friend's suggestion. She snapped back, "Kasie, are you my friend or not? Since when did you become my pimp? How dare you ask me to... to go to him and..." Debbie was too shy to utter the words, "make him my man".

Why did Kasie give in to Carlos' handsome face so easily? Debbie couldn't believe what her friend had just told her.

"Come on! If I weren't your friend, I would have gone to him myself. He is Carlos! Do you know what that means? If you become his woman, do you know how many women will be jealous of you? Tomboy, you'll be a real-life winner!"

Debbie was rendered speechless.

On the other hand, Carlos was really efficient and reliable. The next morning the dance teacher arrived at the Esastin Villa by 8 a.m.

As Debbie's first class in the university started at 10:30 a.m., she was still sound asleep when the teacher arrived. Julie came to Debbie's bedroom and gently woke her up. When Debbie squinted her sleepy eyes at her, Julie told her that the dance teacher was waiting for her in the dance room.

After readying herself, Debbie entered the dance room. The moment she saw the dance teacher, her eyes lit up and she became enthusiastic about taking lessons.

The teacher was about Debbie's age. She had a pretty face, and most importantly, a perfect figure. Debbie could tell from the way she dressed that she was a soft and gentle girl. Debbie was almost drooling over her, firmly under the impression that most men would fall for her at first sight.