

Chapter 44 The Dancing Class

The dance teacher walked up to Debbie elegantly with a friendly smile on her face and said, "Good morning. You must be Debbie."

Debbie smiled back and nodded. "Good morning."

They shook hands and made a good first impression on each other. The dance teacher introduced herself, "I'm Teresa Leach, and you may just call me Teresa. Although I have just graduated from university, I've been learning how to dance for almost twenty years and teaching others for almost four years now."

"Wow! Teresa! I like your name! Your parents are so good at naming; they must be well-educated, huh?" Debbie's curiosity was piqued.

A smile appeared on Teresa's lips and she answered, "Yes, you're right. My mother is a language teacher and my father is a professor of literature." Apparently, she was very proud of her parents.

After making small talk, they began the class. Teresa was indeed a soft girl, and even Debbie, who had always been a tomboy, became softer while she was with the dance teacher.

Since Debbie had been practicing martial arts for more than ten years, it wasn't long before she had mastered the basic skills of dancing.

The class lasted for almost an hour and a half, but Debbie was not tired at all.

When the class came to an end, Teresa changed her clothes and walked towards the gates of the villa, followed by Debbie. "I had a great time, Teresa," said Debbie.

"I appreciate it. See you next time, Debbie." Teresa waved her goodbye.

"Bye, Teresa."

After Teresa left the villa, Debbie went back to the living room and threw

herself on the couch. She needed to go to the university soon. There was no way she was going to risk missing Carlos' class in the afternoon. How she wished she could just play truant like she had done before! She was both physically and mentally exhausted because of him.

'I assumed time was money for the likes of Carlos. I've heard that he makes around hundreds of millions of dollars in just one minute. I wonder why he chose to waste time on our school. I really don't understand it,' Debbie thought to herself.

In the afternoon, Debbie went to a Haagen-Dazs shop and bought two scoops of ice cream. With her books in one hand and the ice cream in the other, she made her way to the classroom. It was Carlos' class, and she didn't dare to cut it. Otherwise, the man would come up with a plethora of ways to punish her.

Lost in various fancies and conjectures, she walked slowly across the maple grove of the university, not realizing that the bell for her class had already rung.

Between her and the building where she was supposed to attend her class, was a massive playground. She decided to walk across the playground to avoid taking an indirect route.

Suddenly, her phone beeped in her pocket. She got hold of the ice cream cup with her mouth, and took out her phone to read the WeChat message sent by Jared. "Tomboy, where are you? You're already three minutes late for Carlos's class!!!" The number of exclamation marks indicated how anxious he was.

It was not until then that she realized she was late for class. She put her phone back in her pocket, grabbed her ice cream and was about to run towards the classroom. However, on second thought, she was already late. Three minutes late or ten minutes would make very little difference.

She held the ice cream cup between her teeth again, and replied to Jared's WeChat message. "I'm on my way to the classroom. I'll be right there."

She clicked the "send" button.

"Debbie, does that ice cream taste good?" The familiar voice was so cold that Debbie almost choked on her ice cream.

'Is this man a ghost? Why is he everywhere? I thought he was in the classroom. Why is he here? On the playground?' Debbie bit her lower lip in frustration.

She put her phone back, took the ice cream and raised her head. To her surprise, not only was Carlos standing there, but all her classmates were standing in perfect order in the middle of the playground.

Since when did this class get switched to military training class?

"The ice cream tastes good, huh?" Carlos repeated.

Confused, Debbie just nodded without saying a word. 'Of course it tastes good. It cost me 80 dollars *!' she thought to herself.

(*TN: In this novel, a scoop of Haagen-Dazs ice cream costs 40 dollars.)

The students snickered at Debbie's response and wondered since when she had become so silly.

Poker-faced, Carlos pointed to a place under a big tree and said, "Go there and finish your ice cream."

In compliance with his order, Debbie walked towards the tree and began to enjoy her ice cream in the shade. From a close distance, she observed Carlos who was helping her classmates adjust their standing postures.

He was showing them the standard military posture. From where Debbie was standing, he looked like a natural. So much that Debbie wondered whether he had served in the army before.

After happily eating the ice cream, Debbie threw the cup into the trash bin when she heard Carlos calling her name. "Debbie, since the ice cream tastes so good, why don't you buy everyone two scoops of ice cream?"

"What?!" Debbie's eyes and mouth were frozen wide open in an expression of stunned surprise.

Before she could finish her sentence, Carlos added, "If you disagree, you and all your classmates will have to run twenty laps around the track."

Twenty laps? Carlos' words caused not only Debbie, but all of her classmates to break into wild uproar. It was a 400-meter track, and twenty laps meant that they needed to run eight kilometers! That was

unbelievable! They all turned to Debbie and began to persuade her.

"Debbie, I know you are good at long-distance running. You even won third prize in the half marathon. But we are not!"

"Debbie, you wouldn't do this to us, right?"

"Debbie, why don't you just go and buy us ice cream? You are from a wealthy family, aren't you?"

"You ride a BMW to school every day, don't you? If you don't buy us ice cream, everyone will call you a pennypincher."

Debbie was at a loss for words. If she didn't buy the ice cream for her classmates, they would have to run eight kilometers. The last thing she wanted was to earn everyone's resentment.

However, the price of a scoop of ice cream cost 40 dollars. Two scoops meant 80 dollars. There were about 100 students on the playground now.

And this meant she would have to pay 8,000 dollars if she didn't want her classmates to run eight kilometers with her.

"What the hell?! I hate you, Carlos!" She was so angry she could strangle him then and there.

Debbie cast a burning reproachful glance at the man, cleared her throat and turned to her classmates. "Hey, are you guys willing to run around the track with me?" Last time, she had spent almost all her savings on the sapphire collar pin for Carlos as a peace offering. She barely had any money left on her.

Running eight kilometers was a piece of cake for her and her friend Dixon. They had both finished the half marathon last time. But, this was a different story for the others.

They all united as one and collectively answered in a singular voice, "No!"

Debbie was rendered speechless.

Tristan, who was standing not too far away, witnessed the whole incident as it unfolded before his eyes.

He could barely keep the smile off of his face as he watched Debbie's



reluctant expression. 'What a silly girl! She thinks that she was made to stand there alone and buy all her classmates' ice cream as punishment when in fact, she was enjoying her ice cream in the shade of the tree while the others were standing in the sun during class. Besides, the money she would use to buy her classmates' ice cream is from Carlos.'

However, Debbie wasn't aware of that fact yet. Since she had been living on her own in the past three years, she didn't realize that she was using Carlos' money.

After paying the bill with her credit card, Debbie felt like someone had squeezed the life out of her.

Several salesgirls followed her to the university, attracting the attention of many passers-by. All the while, she wasn't sure whether to cry or to laugh. Why was Carlos such a ruthless man?

Debbie sat under the big tree watching her classmates as they happily stuffed their mouths with ice cream. Some of them were very excited as they had never tasted such expensive ice cream before.

Strangely, many girls surrounded Carlos and expressed their thanks to him.

'Hey, I was the one who bought the ice cream. Why are you thanking him instead of me? It would make sense if they knew that he is the one supporting me financially. But they don't know that!'

Wait! Am I stupid or what? I didn't realize that I was using his money!'

Debbie thought to herself.

As soon as she came to that realization, she jumped to her feet and ran towards Carlos.

"Get out of the way!" She pushed several girls aside and stood in front of him.

