

Chapter 45 An English Class

Carlos looked at the girl standing before him and said nothing.

Debbie approached him and whispered in his ear, "Hey, are you stupid or something?"

His face soured almost immediately at what she said. He cast a warning glance at her and said in a cold voice, "Are you sure you want to offend me?"

Debbie immediately shook her head and replied with a flattering smile, "You asked me to buy my classmates' ice cream. But the money was yours. Technically, it was you who bought them the ice cream. Why would you do that?"

"You were late for class," he said indifferently.

"What did it have to do with---" Before she could utter the words, "buying them the ice cream", she shut her mouth. In truth, she didn't understand his motives.

"What was he trying to say? That there was nothing wrong with me eating ice cream, but I shouldn't have been late for school? Was he trying to imply that?"

Actually, I didn't run eight kilometers nor was I the one who paid for the ice cream. So basically I never received any punishment.

Seriously? Is he really such a nice guy?" she thought to herself, while eyeing Carlos from head to toe in disbelief. She was not accustomed to being treated well by Carlos. When she noticed Carlos' ramrod straight posture, she asked curiously, "Have you served in the army before?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then why did you quit the army? You prefer being a CEO?" She could imagine he must have been the most handsome soldier in the army.

Debbie believed that if he were wearing the military uniform right now, she would literally be drooling over him. 'What a pity!' she sighed.

As if Carlos understood what she was thinking about, he flashed a naughty smile at her and whispered in her ear, "If you really want to learn more about me, why don't you come and see me this evening? We can have an in-depth exchange."

What? In-depth exchange?

If he had only mentioned "in-depth exchange", she would not have been lost in various conjectures. Why did he stress "this evening"? Was he implying something else? Men would never tire of telling dirty jokes, and Carlos was no exception.

When Debbie realized what he was implying she flushed scarlet with shyness. She coughed once and cleared her throat. "No, thank you. Bye!" she answered simply, before turning to leave.

The man said something behind her back that made her stagger.

She steadied herself and turned around to say something, but the man was not there any more. He had already left to instruct the students in training.

'Did I mishear him? No, that can't be right!' she thought to herself.

From that day onwards, Debbie had changed her motto from, "Don't run with the crowd, and go your own way" to "I need to sleep with Carlos; I must sleep with him one day".

Initially, Debbie had planned to sleep in the dorm after school was dismissed. However, on her way to the dorm, she received Philip's call.

"Debbie, Carlos just called me. He just got off work and is on his way home. He asked me to remind you that you will have an English class with him this evening."

Debbie went pale, as blood drained from her face.

'What have I done to anger Carlos? Why does he always have to mess with me?' she cried in her mind.

When Debbie arrived at the villa, Carlos was not back home yet. She went up the stairs to her room and threw herself onto the bed.

After a few minutes, she called her friend Jared. "Hi Jared. Have you found me a suitable job?"

Since the door to her bedroom was unlocked, the man standing outside was able to eavesdrop on their conversation. He was about to knock on the door, but withdrew his hand in the last minute.

On the other hand, Jared had just arrived at a bar with his buddies. When he saw the caller ID, he found a quieter place and answered the phone. "I thought you were kidding. Are you seriously looking for a part-time job?" he asked in stunned disbelief.

"Of course I'm serious. I've been living on a shoestring lately. You need to help me out, buddy!" She thought that her money was enough to keep her going for the next two months. But unfortunately, Carlos had made her buy her classmates' ice cream. As a result, she was going to run out of money in just two days.

"You have no money?" Jared asked, confused. But as he was about to go further, his buddies waved at him, urging him to get in with them. He had to reluctantly dismiss Debbie by saying, "All right. I'll get back to you on this tomorrow."

"Oh, okay. Uh... could you..." Debbie was too shy to continue because she had never been caught up in such an awkward situation before.

It was very unlike her to behave like that because she had always been a straightforward person. Jared asked curiously, "Tomboy, are you okay? Don't mince words. Just say it."

"This isn't like you at all."

Debbie rolled her eyes, cleared her throat and finally said, "Uh, I was wondering if you could lend me some money. Like a few thousand dollars? I'll pay you back once I have my salary."

Debbie was so embarrassed she wished she could dig a hole in the ground and stick her head in. She shouldn't have asked Carlos for a divorce while she was still a college student. If she had waited until she had graduated and found a job, things would have been totally different.

'Pathetic' didn't even begin to explain how she felt right now! Not only did she have to look for a job, but she had to ask Jared to lend her some money.

Unfortunately, she didn't have the means to turn back time.

Jared was completely shocked. 'Debbie has no money? That can't be true!' As his buddies kept on urging him to get in the bar with them, he had to bid farewell to Debbie. "Okay. I'll transfer the money later," he said before he hung up.

Within one minute, Debbie received a text message from the bank which said 5,000 dollars had been transferred into her account.

Immediately, she sent Jared a WeChat message. "Got the 5,000. Thanks, bro!"

She clicked the "send" button and flashed a relieved smile. All of a sudden, someone knocked on her bedroom door. Realizing who it was, she put her phone in her pocket and jumped out of the bed. She trotted towards the door, and opened it to greet Carlos. "Old man, good evening"

From the looks of it, he had just arrived home as he was still wearing his white shirt and tie, with his coat hanging from his arm. Carlos eyed her from head to toe and said in a calm voice, "Grab your English book. I'll be waiting for you in the study."

After saying that, he turned around and walked towards the study himself.

When Debbie entered the study with her English book, Carlos was standing before the French window, smoking. He stood straight as a ramrod.

He had a picture-perfect profile. The first two buttons of his shirt were unbuttoned, exposing a part of his firm, chiseled chest. Debbie felt somewhat thirsty at the sight of the handsome man smoking before the window. She swallowed hard and wished for this peaceful moment to last a bit longer.

Carlos saw her come in through the reflection in the window. He walked towards the desk and killed the cigarette butt in the ash tray. "Sit," he demanded briefly.

Looking around the study, Debbie believed that the couch would be the most comfortable place, so she went towards the couch and made herself comfortable.

Carlos followed and sat next to her. They were so close, she could feel the warmth of his body.

In a low, tantalizing voice, he asked, "How's your English? I'll need to assess that before we can continue. We are going to communicate in English this evening."

Debbie was slightly taken aback. "Communicate in English? Seriously? I've never passed any English tests before. I can only speak a bit of English I had learnt it before I had to travel abroad."

"First of all, you need to pay..."

Carlos opened his mouth and English words poured out of his mouth like a waterfall. Debbie didn't know what he was talking about, but she could tell that his accent was of that so-called Received Pronunciation. The only words she was accustomed to were words like "first of all" and "you need to". She had no idea what he was trying to tell her.

When Carlos finally stopped talking, Debbie sat up straight, cleared her throat and answered, "Good night... H-How much..." The more she said, the deeper he frowned.

After she finally finished speaking he gripped the book more tightly. He tried his best to calm himself down and not make her feel intimidated and discouraged.