

Chapter 46 The English Lesson

Debbie winked at Carlos gloatingly, without the slightest awareness of his gloom, while he stared at her with a poker face. "I'll teach you from now on," he said in English.

Despite being clueless of what he said, Debbie nodded after a transient daze.

Carlos thought she understood that sentence, so he continued, "Next, follow me."

Debbie hesitated a little, and then she nodded again.

Carlos tapped his index finger on the book and said, "Are you a fool?"

'Fool? Sounds familiar, but I've forgotten what it means.'

This time, without hesitation, she simply nodded, because she found that so far nodding had not brought her any trouble yet. Therefore, she assumed that no matter what he said, nodding would be the proper response.

Carlos sighed and closed his eyes hopelessly. He took out his phone and typed, "Are you a fool?" on a translation APP, and showed her the translation.

Debbie stared at the screen with surprise.

She realized that

she had nodded at him back then.

'Calling me a fool? He is a fool, an old fool at 28.'

Ashamed and infuriated, Debbie pushed the book away and stood up from the couch before she declared, "I quit. You're making fun of me."

When she was about to leave, Carlos grabbed her hand and pulled her

back onto the sofa. However, the force of his pull was so strong she fell off the sofa.

"Ah!" she cried out, before her body hit the floor. Without a conscious thought, she desperately grabbed his shirt.

Carlos quickly wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her into his arms.

Annoyed, Debbie raised her head and glared at him with fury. The next thing she knew, apart from the meeting of their eyes, his lips had somehow found their way to hers. She didn't realize they were so close. Embarrassed, Debbie's blush seared through her cheeks and for a minute she thought her face was on fire.

Although the little episode surprised Carlos as well, it only sent him into a three-second trance. Before she knew it, he quickly made their accidental kiss official.

Debbie intended to turn him down, but when she recalled what he had said to her on the playground, an idea popped up into her head. She mustered up the strength and pushed him onto the couch.

Lying there, Carlos looked at her in disbelief.

'What just happened? Did I, Carlos, just get knocked over by a girl?'

Debbie then walked towards the couch and leaned over him with her hands on his chest. Instantly, Carlos understood what she was trying to do. However, he was not going to give her a chance to succeed in what she was up to. He grabbed her by the wrist and said calmly, "Sit up. Let's continue our lesson."

Debbie's eyes widened with shock. She felt hurt. 'How is he able to stay calm in such a situation?'

Apart from my pretty face, am I not attractive enough?

That must be it, or else, why would he not be tempted?

Did he say that to me on the playground because he doesn't have any feelings for me?

Debbie's heart grew numb. Her mood turned sour like bad milk. For the

first time in her life, she hated herself.

During the remainder of the lesson, she kept silent. Carlos was focused and she seemed attentive. But only she knew what was going on in her mind.

An hour later, Carlos closed his book. "That's all for today," he said.

With a nod, Debbie put away her book, looking distracted.

After the lesson, she got up to leave the study, but as soon as she opened the door, Carlos asked her to come back. She turned around in puzzlement.

He took out his wallet from his pocket, pulled out two cards, and handed them to her. "Here you are. One is a savings card with nine-figure savings in it and the other is a credit card with no limit."

The savings card had the annual revenue of one of the branches of his companies. He figured it would be enough to cover her expenses.

Debbie's eyes almost popped out at his words, and her mouth gaped open. Nine figures? She held out her hands and counted on her fingers. One zero, two zeros, three zeros...hundred thousand...million... My God! One hundred million? ? ? ?

"No, thank you." Debbie refused him instinctively. She had her reasons, all of which were valid.

Carlos knew what she was thinking. Although he wasn't sure what her life would be like in the future or what kind of person she would turn out to be, right now, she was a person with a good heart. Pure and honorable. She still didn't understand how important money was yet. "We're not divorced yet. You're still my wife. I see no reason why I shouldn't support my wife."

For two minutes, Debbie couldn't find her voice. "No, Carlos, we're getting a divorce. I don't want to owe you anything. I'm 21 years old. I can support myself."

In truth, after everything that had happened between her and Carlos in the past few days, there were moments when she had wavered from getting a divorce. But still she felt they should divorce each other if they

could.

Debbie looked resolute when she said that. He could tell from her eyes that she had meant every single word.

However, he was used to taking control over everything. This time wouldn't be an exception. "You can't wait to get rid of me, huh?" With that, he put the cards in her hands. He didn't say it, but his behavior told her that he wouldn't accept her refusal.

"Yes, Carlos. I don't know what you want from this marriage, but I won't change my mind."

Debbie might be stubborn and arrogant, but in front of her was a man much more stubborn and arrogant than her.

Carlos frowned. 'Boss, Sir, Mr. Handsome, Mr. Hilton, she has addressed me in so many ways. When is she going to call me Honey?'

"I won't change my mind either. If you don't use these cards... should I remind you of the consequences of defying me?"

Sure enough, as soon as he finished talking, Debbie flared up. "Do you always get what you want by threatening people? Do you have no other ways of convincing people?"

Debbie snapped at him, her voice hardened with rage.

"Other ways? I do have other ways, for example, sleeping with you and making you incapable of getting out of bed for three days," he said.

"You... you... you are shameless! I won't give you a chance!"

"Then I won't give you a chance to get a divorce," Carlos responded casually.

Debbie wanted to make a snappy comeback, but she failed. After a while, she said, "I'm going to bed." She couldn't bear to spend another second in the same room as him.

When she got to the door of her bedroom, Carlos spoke again. "Give your classmate's money back now. Stop looking for a job. You won't have the time for a part-time job and university."

"Were you eavesdropping on my private conversation?" Debbie got even angrier.

'How could he? This is unacceptable.' Debbie wanted to wrap her hands around his throat and strangle him, but she knew better than to pick a fight she wouldn't win.

"Eavesdrop? I was just passing by your door, which by the way, you left open when I overheard you talking to someone on the phone."

'Ah!' Debbie screamed inwardly. She wanted to punch him hard so he wouldn't even recognize himself in the mirror. Breathing in and out, she tried to calm herself down.

Finally, she managed to form a smile on her face. "Carlos, how about I give you ten grand and we get a divorce?"

The man fell into a silence.

However, Debbie realized that ten grand was too little for a rich man like Carlos. It was so little he probably wouldn't bother picking it up if he had dropped that amount on the floor. "One million!" she declared.



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