

Chapter 47 You Win

The man remained silent.

"Ten million!" Debbie declared, gritting her teeth.

Again, there was no response from the man.

"Fifty... fifty million!" As long as she could get rid of the bane of her life, she was willing to give him fifty million. It was not like she had that kind of money right now. Suffice it to say, she would have to work extremely hard to earn that amount, but Debbie firmly believed that she would have it eventually.

Fearing that the girl would have a mental breakdown in anger and anxiety if he kept silent any longer, he finally said, "Why don't we talk about this when you actually have fifty million?" For a man like Carlos, fifty million was just the same as fifty bucks; for Debbie, on the other hand, it was another story.

"Fine! Carlos, you win!" Debbie's seething resentment finally reached boiling point, as she stormed out of the study.

In a dramatic display of anger, she slammed the door shut behind her.

Back to her bedroom, Debbie threw all her casual clothes out of the closet and crammed them in a corner of the room. Standing with arms akimbo, she stared at the empty closet, but that was not enough to vent her fiery rage. "Go shopping with me. I'll buy clothes, cosmetics, jewelry, everything," she told Kasie on the phone.

"He wants me to spend money? No problem! Making money might be difficult, but spending money is easy."

Earlier on the playground he said that if I slept with him, he would set me free.

Okay then, just wait and see, Carlos. I'll sleep with you.* 

Early the next morning Debbie went to university in the pink lace dress that she had worn on her 21st birthday.

The thought of the look on Carlos' face when he'd seen her in that dress that morning made her want to burst out laughing.

At the dining table, Carlos put on a cold face as per usual, but the amazement was plain in his eyes. Debbie whirled in front of him on purpose and asked, "Mr. Handsome, how do I look?"

"Did he forget that I am a girl? Even pretending to be a man won't be hard for me, not to mention acting like a lady. Do I even need to pretend to be a lady?"

"I used to be a sophisticated girl when I was little. How hard can it be to act like a sophisticated lady?"

With the help of foundation primer, BB cushion, brown eyebrow powder, black eyeliner, and Giorgio Armani Lip Maestro 400 The Red, the tomboy had transformed into a princess.

Once she used to wear her hair in a ponytail or a bun, but now she let it flow elegantly as a princess should.

Her long, black hair, so smooth and silky, as if it were tailored from a starless night sky. As she whirled, her hair tumbled down to her waist, stirring in the wind.

The last time at the cruiser party, Debbie had captivated Carlos' heart with an elegant evening dress.

However, the simple pink lace dress she was wearing now seemed to have made her even prettier.

Carlos lowered his eyes and concealed all his feelings for her. "Eat your breakfast," he said flatly.

Only he knew how crazy he was feeling about her deep down in his heart. He wished he could just throw her onto the table and...

Even though Carlos had tried to hide his emotions, Debbie was quite satisfied with his minimal reaction. She wasn't expecting him to compliment her anyway, so she ate her breakfast quietly without uttering another word.

Debbie's eyes brightened as her mind replayed the pleasant memories from the morning. When she smiled, all the boys stopped moving and gathered around her, spellbound by her beauty. 'I would give up everything for that smile,' they all thought.

Having noticed all the attention she was getting, Debbie winked at the boys. Some returned goofy grins at her, while others blushed, and the rest bumped into each other, flustered, as they walked by.

"My...my goodness, Tom...I mean, Debbie, are you going on a blind date?" Kristina changed the way she usually addressed Debbie, because at that moment, Debbie didn't look like a tomboy at all.

The last time Debbie had worn that dress, she hadn't put on any makeup, nor had she paid any special attention to her hairstyle. Needless to say, unlike today, she hadn't turned as many heads on that day.

When Debbie, along with Jared, had gone to that anniversary party on that cruiser the other day, the only difference from her usual daily image was that red evening dress. As a result, none of Debbie's friends had ever seen her so stunning.

Dixon, who was standing next to Kristina, remarked, "Debbie, I guess you are not here to study but to distract the boys."

At that moment, Debbie was actually feeling a bit tired of pretending to be a different person. The smile on her face had finally gone on strike. Most importantly, Carlos wasn't at the university to see her anyway.

As soon as the stiff smile was gone, Debbie walked over to Kristina, hugged her, and complained, "Kristina, I never knew being a woman could be so exhausting."

"Huh? How come? I feel good to be a woman," Kristina replied. Having considered the fact that she and Kristina were two completely different kinds of women, Debbie waved her hand resignedly and suggested, "The class will begin soon. Let's go to the classroom."

When they entered the classroom, all eyes were drawn towards Debbie. Jared ran to her, wrapped his arm around her shoulders and declared, "Debbie, I am going to pursue you. I mean it."

She rolled her eyes at him and replied bluntly, "I'm sorry, Jared, but I

didn't put on this outfit for you."

"Then who is it for? Are you in love or something?" Jared had a keen ear.

"What? Debbie is in love? Who is the lucky man? Debbie, come on, tell us," Kasie asked anxiously while shaking Debbie's arm. Her voice was thick with shock as if someone had just told her that the sun had risen in the middle of the night.

"Even a charming man like Carlos can't pique Debbie's interest. Who is this mystery man that has won her heart? He must be perfect," Kasie wondered.

"Don't be ridiculous. I'm not in love. I'm just upset," Debbie explained to her friends.

She couldn't stop thinking about what had happened the night before.

However, her friends' curiosity was not even close to being satisfied. They wanted to ask some more questions, but the professor had stepped into the classroom. They had to put aside their curiosity for the moment.

In the afternoon, Carlos' class began as scheduled. Sitting in the middle of the multimedia classroom, Debbie seemed awfully quiet.

As if that weren't strange enough she had attended the class on time and she didn't even stop the boys from coming into the classroom.

Although she seemed well-behaved, Carlos didn't believe that she had somehow changed in less than a day. Later, her actions proved that he was right about her. In class, whenever Carlos laid eyes on her, she'd wink at him.

What confused Carlos was that before, other women had winked at him constantly, but he had never felt a thing be it super models, actresses or socialite divas. But when this girl winked at him, he'd lose focus and fail to concentrate.

When the bell rang, some girls rushed to the podium and surrounded Carlos immediately with excitement in their eyes, as if they had finally met their prince charming, even though that was not Carlos' first lesson with them. Debbie strode to the podium, patted on the shoulder of one of the girls and gestured for her to move away. When the girls saw it was

her, the joy on their faces evaporated. Debbie could sense their anger in the air and in their eyes. However, none of the girls dared to speak up.

She stood by Carlos' side and watched him put his things away with one hand propped against her chin. All the while, Carlos pretended not to notice that she was there. "Carlos, there are some points in this lesson that I don't understand."

With everything tidied up, Carlos cast her a cold look and made his way to the door without saying a word.

Seeing Debbie slighted, some students started snickering some even taunted.

Embarrassed, Debbie held her head up high and commented, "Why is he so arrogant? As if I wanted to learn all this stupid stuff!"

Unfortunately, Carlos hadn't walked out of the classroom just yet.

He heard every word she had said. A smile appeared on his lips. Humiliated and angry, Debbie walked back to her seat, took out her phone and sent Carlos a message. "Carlos, don't come back to the villa tonight. I don't want to see you!"