

Chapter 49 Having A Headache

Tristan prayed for the students in his heart.

Intimidated by Carlos, they were already half sober when they saw him standing at the door. One by one, they took turns and greeted him politely.

"Good evening Carlos," said Jared. "This is creepy. What's Carlos doing in Debbie's home?" he wondered.

"Nice to see you, Mr. Carlos," Dixon and Kristina chimed in. Dixon had sensed that Carlos and Debbie had a personal relationship when he had seen Carlos in the dean's office, but he had kept that knowledge to himself all along.

"Carlos?" Kasie couldn't believe her eyes. "Who am I? Where am I? Why am I seeing Carlos in Debbie's house?"

Then the same question popped up in Debbie's friends' heads. "Why is Carlos here?"

"Mr. Handsome!" A crisp voice caught the attention of everyone in the room.

"Whhhhhhha?"

Did Debbie just call Carlos Mr. Handsome?

The living room grew deafeningly silent, while the air was too thick to breathe. Jared's legs were shaking like dry leaves. He felt as if his bladder was about to let go. Even his father didn't scare him as much as Carlos did. Who would believe the man at the door was only six years older than him?

Jared shook his head in disbelief. Nothing else mattered anymore. The most important question in their minds was, "What is Carlos doing in Debbie's house?"

"Have you been drinking?" Carlos asked. The line of people nodded in unison like a flock of birds bobbing their heads.

Debbie clutched the corner of her clothes. All she kept thinking was why Carlos had come back unannounced all of a sudden. How was she supposed to explain their relationship to her friends?

After glancing again at the cans on the floor, Carlos asked, "Did all of you drink this?"

Some of the kids nodded while the others shook their heads.

Debbie was one of the latter. She wasn't dumb enough to admit in front of Carlos that she had drunk a lot.

"Tristan, go buy ten crates of beer. None of them is allowed to leave until they finish all of them," the man ordered sternly. The students gasped and looked at each other in horror.

Debbie, however, was doing math in her head. To match his status, Carlos would only buy imported beer. Generally, there were 12 bottles in a crate. Therefore, they would have to drink 120 bottles of beer in total.

Divided by five, that left them with 24 bottles of beer each.

No normal human being could drink 24 bottles of beer. As if that weren't bad enough, each of them had already drunk ten cans of beer before Carlos walked in.

When Debbie came to that conclusion in her mind, the smile on her face froze.

She couldn't even bring herself to utter a single word to beg for the tyrant's mercy.

Tristan followed his boss' orders and turned around. When he was about to leave, Carlos added, "These kids are having a nice get-together. It's a pleasant occasion. The beer must be of good quality. Be sure to buy canned Amazon Beers."

"Yes, Carlos." Tristan wished the kids luck under his breath, after he closed the door behind him.

Kasie's face turned ashen and Jared collapsed onto the sofa.

The other three didn't understand why they had reacted like that. Actually it was because Kasie and Jared knew that

instead of 12, there were 24 cans in a crate of Amazon Beer. Therefore, they would have to drink 240 cans of beer in total. Each of them would have to drink 48 cans of beer.

'No! I can't let him treat us like this.' Debbie felt it was time for her to step forward. She couldn't watch as her friends got dragged down like that.

She took one step forward and said, "Carlos, I invited my friends over and I take full responsibility for the party. If you want to punish somebody, punish me. Let my friends go."

Kristina was about to help Debbie when Kasie grabbed her hand while shaking her head.

'How can Kristina not see that Debbie and Carlos have a special relationship? Debbie is our best chance to get off the hook.'

Carlos sat down in the armchair and slowly lit a cigarette while Debbie was waiting for his response.

However, Carlos remained silent. Having run out of patience, Debbie said, "Since you aren't saying anything, I take it that you have given us your acquiescence."

"No problem, just as long as you drink all ten crates of beer yourself," he said casually as his fingers slid on the screen of his phone. When he found Tristan's phone number, he typed, "Go home."

"Carlos, Sir, Debbie is a girl. Certainly she can't drink all the beer by herself. Let me drink with her," Jared put in. When he heard that Debbie had taken all the responsibilities his legs were not shaking anymore and he jumped off the sofa instantly.

Whatever relationship Debbie and Carlos had, Kasie didn't think it mattered anymore. "Carlos, they will die if you make them drink all that beer."

Then Dixon broke in, "I am also to blame for the party. I should be punished with them."

"Me too," said Kristina.

Carlos' eyes shifted from one to another. "Very touching. Your friendship is deeper than I thought."

Debbie had heard that before, but when Carlos said it, she couldn't help shivering. "Of course. We're old friends," she said defiantly.

"If you don't want to drink the beer, okay then," he announced.

The kids felt a huge relief when they heard that. But unfortunately, Carlos wasn't finished yet. "But you'll have to agree to study abroad next year," he said to Debbie.

Carlos had been in management for nearly ten years, but he had mostly been managing subordinates. This girl, his wife, however, was a totally different ball game altogether.

Lately, she had been attending all her classes and hadn't been in a single fight. However, every time he thought of her weak English it pained him. And now, the mess in the living room and not to mention the alcohol abuse...

All this had given him a new kind of headache. However, he still didn't want a divorce.

He thought maybe she would be more focused if she studied overseas, where she was away from her friends.

Back at home, when Jared went upstairs, his legs were weak as jello. As soon as he saw his father, Jasper Hampton, he embraced him immediately, close to tears. "Dad, I swear I won't drink a drop of alcohol in the next month."

When his son hugged him, Jasper intended to ask his son to leave him alone, but what Jared said intrigued him. "What's happened?" he asked his son.

"Dad, Do you know Carlos?" Jared asked.

"Carlos? Which Carlos? Carlos Hilton?"

"Yes." Upon hearing Carlos' name, Jared immediately let go of his father and stood straight. With a towering height of six foot eleven, he looked like a tree.

Jasper looked at his son in confusion and asked, "Why did you suddenly bring him up?"

"Because he is... he is a demon. I feel sorry for you old guys who have to do business with him."

When Jasper heard his son call him an old guy, he slapped him in the shoulder and said, "You ungrateful lad, I'm your father. Show some respect! Did Carlos give you a hard time? I'm telling you, stay away from him. Messing with him is the stupidest thing anyone can do. He will make sure you will never see the sun rise again."

Despite being frightened, Jared sneered to save face.

When his phone buzzed, he read his WeChat message and his eyes widened like watermelons. "What the hell?"

If nothing had happened tonight, he wouldn't have believed what was written in the message. However, after all of that, he was ready to believe that even fishes could fly.