

Chapter 50 The Truth Was Out

In the group's chat on WeChat, Debbie said, "Carlos is actually my husband."

Then she added, "But I'm trying to get a divorce."

"Moron!" commented Jared.

He was relieved when Kasie and Kristina pretty much said the same thing. "Who in their right mind would not want to be Carlos's wife?"

In Esastin Villa, Debbie was told to clean the living room by herself as punishment. She replied to her friends' messages as she put the empty cans into the bin. "You don't understand. We didn't get married because we loved each other. It's nothing like that. I don't love him and he doesn't love me. I'm still young. Why should I be trapped in this loveless marriage?"

Kasie had jumped out of bed when she read Debbie's first message. Her hands were shaking from excitement. It took a while before she calmed down and said, "Debbie, are you really that old-fashioned? Times have changed! Who cares about love now? Can love keep you alive? Although you don't love each other, Carlos is rich, handsome, and powerful. That's everybody's dream. What else do you want?"

When Debbie sat down on the sofa speechlessly, Kristina said, "I just realized that I have been shopping at the Shining International Plaza with the owner of Shining International Plaza."

Dixon couldn't believe Debbie was married and what shocked him even more was that her husband was Carlos, the man whose face was as cold as an iceberg. "Think it over, Debbie. Divorce is huge. To be honest, I think Carlos is the right man for you. You know, considering your personality. He might be the only one that can take your hot temper down a notch."

Dixon's words made Debbie even more determined to get divorced. She didn't want a husband who would take control of her life.

After a long while, Jared joined in the conversation again. "Debbie, you would be a muttonhead to file a divorce."

Debbie couldn't stand to read her friends' messages anymore. She threw her phone away on the sofa in distress. Why didn't any of them support her in her decision? However, her phone didn't stop buzzing. She knew that her friends were still trying to talk her out of the divorce. "Go to sleep. Since Carlos has been holding back the divorce, what I think or want doesn't really matter."

Instantly, the chat became quiet. Her phone stopped beeping because no one was talking.

Debbie shook her head in disappointment.

These were her best friends, but none of them was on her side in this matter. "Not only should I end my marriage, I think it's time I find myself some new friends," she thought bitterly.

Before going to sleep, she sent another message in the group's chat. "This is confidential. Don't tell anyone else."

At almost half past midnight after playing some video games, Jared saw Debbie's message and he joked, "I have sold your secret to a journalist. By tomorrow morning everybody will come to know that you are Mrs. Hilton."

The beeping of the phone woke Kasie up. She looked at the screen drowsily and snapped, "Don't disturb my sleep. Back off!"

Finally, everything went silent.

The next morning when Debbie was getting dressed, the newly bought fashionable clothes in her closet upset her. She regretted buying them.

Why had she bought all those clothes just to look good for Carlos? Why couldn't she continue to live her life the way she wanted to? And just be herself?

She fumbled in the closet for the old casual clothes she had crammed in the back. They had been wrinkled, but she put them on anyway. After putting on a pair of white tennis shoes, she went downstairs. "Ah, this is so much better."

By then, Carlos had already finished his breakfast. Something on the iPad caught his interest. "Try to wake up half an hour earlier from now on," he said when he saw her.

"Why?" As soon as she sat down at the table, Julie handed her a bowl of congee with salted pork and century egg. She took a sip and looked up at Carlos.

"Because then you won't stay up so late."

Here came the intrusion once again.

Debbie was fuming. "Why do you care whether I stay up late or not? You fool around with other women and you don't see me passing judgement on you."

Carlos suddenly lifted his head from the iPad and stared at her coldly. Debbie started to get nervous. "What? Am I wrong?"

"Are you jealous?" Carlos never treated any of those women seriously. If him being with another woman bothered her, he wouldn't mind making some changes to suit her preference.

His question blindsided Debbie. "I... I... Of course I'm not jealous. Why would you think that? Do as you like. I don't care." The last few words were not only directed to Carlos, but also to herself.

Carlos' eyes returned to the iPad without another word.

For some reason, Debbie couldn't enjoy the delicious bowl of congee with salted pork and century egg in front of her, even though that was her favorite dish. Instead of wolfing it down, she remarked, "If you want to marry one of them, just let me know. I'll be glad to make room for her."

Carlos slowly put down the iPad and walked over to her.

He gently grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

At that moment, Julie was busy in the kitchen. Debbie flushed and tried to free herself. "Julie, Julie will see us."

Regardless, Carlos explained slowly, "I don't want to marry any of those women. I only see them for work. None of them matters to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do." Did he have to be so close to her to say that? She didn't want to think what he would do if she had said she didn't understand him. The man nodded in satisfaction.

"There's a bit of rice on the corner of your mouth," he said.

Huh? The sudden change of subject confused her a little. When she understood what he meant, she stuck her tongue out to lick the rice.

Before she knew it, Carlos wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed his lips against hers.

After breakfast, Debbie dashed out of the villa on her scooter, totally ignoring Carlos, who was behind her, also on his way to work.

Her cheeks were still burning with embarrassment until she stopped at the traffic lights one kilometer away from the villa.

That man sure knew how to make a woman's heart flutter.

Bang! A dull sound startled her and brought her back to reality. The sound came from an empty juice bottle that had been thrown out of a Lamborghini before it rolled on the road and finally stopped at the side of Debbie's scooter.

Debbie took a short glance at the red light. There were still 30 seconds to go.

She got off the scooter, picked up the bottle, and tapped on the window of the Lamborghini. The window was slowly rolled down and revealed a woman wearing sunglasses in the passenger's seat. Judging from her outfit and appearance, Debbie assumed that she was most likely a parvenu.

The woman's clothes were fancy, but the color was gaudy. Her unbound curly hair had been dyed blonde and she was wearing hoops.

The man in the driver's seat was in his thirties. When they heard Debbie tapping on the window, both he and the woman turned to look at her with a confused look on their faces. Without a word, Debbie took several steps back, threw the empty bottle in the air and kicked it into the limo.

Somehow it hit the woman in the head, but Debbie couldn't care less.

"Hey, maybe your parents never taught you anything when you grew up. But just so you know, you deserved this. And if you keep being such a disgusting piece of shit, more people will be glad to teach you a valuable lesson." When Debbie finished talking, there were only three seconds left before the red lights turned green. Allowing the people in the car no time to respond, she returned to her scooter, and sped off.

Meanwhile, Debbie's friends were waiting for her at the entrance of the university. When her scooter appeared, they all walked up and surrounded her.

Kasie gave her a pat on the helmet and said, "Yo, as the powerful Mrs. Hilton, don't you think it's bad for your image to drive around on a cheap scooter?"

Debbie took off the helmet and rolled her eyes at her. "You helped me pick this scooter. Don't forget that you liked it too."

"That's because I didn't know your real identity. Otherwise, I would have convinced you to buy a Ferrari, a Lotus, a Lamborghini, a Rolls-Royce, or a Maserati. Anything but a scooter," Kasie protested.