

Chapter 51 Shame On Her

After some hesitation, Jared asked, "Debbie don't forget that our high school classmates' gathering is this evening. Can you make it?"

Dixon added cautiously, "We agreed to go to the party a while ago, but I know your husband won't allow you to drink and we won't force you to drink either. Will he still allow you to come?"

Debbie rolled her eyes and snapped, "Guys, if you keep acting like this, you won't be my friends anymore."

"Okay, okay. Let's not talk about it. Let's go to the classroom. It is your husband's class." Kristina winked at Debbie. She had tons of questions for Debbie, but the entrance of the university was too public for a private conversation. She decided to put off talking with Debbie until later when they were alone.

Debbie wasn't sure whether to laugh or to cry. She wanted to tell Kristina not to address Carlos as her husband as their marriage was only real on the outside. However, Kristina wasn't aware of that, and it was a long story. Debbie was in no mood of revisiting it at that time. Before anything else, she decided to shut her mouth and park her motorbike first.

Kristina and Dixon went to the multimedia classroom first. Finally, Debbie, Kasie and Jared entered the classroom which was almost fully occupied.

Fortunately, Kristina had saved them three seats. While the three of them were walking towards their seats, two girls were arguing with Dixon. "Why did you take up our seats?"

Kasie went and sat in the seat next to Kristina, Jared sat next to Kasie, and Debbie sat beside Jared. The other side of Debbie was the passage.

Debbie put her books on the desk in front of her and leaned against the back of her seat as she looked at the two girls who were still arguing. "You say these are your seats, but do you have any proof? If you have a problem, why don't you fight us for these seats? Finders keepers, losers

weepers!" she said.

"Debbie, we were here first. But then we went to the ladies' room. When we came back, Dixon had already taken our seats. You can't be this unreasonable!" Gail, one of the two girls, argued. She regretted not leaving her books on the seats before going to the ladies' room.

After hearing what Gail had said, Debbie flashed a mocking smile and snorted, "Come on, Gail! Why do you use the ladies' room as an excuse every time? You must really like it huh? Why don't you just live in the ladies' room?" The last time in the shopping mall, Gail had used the same excuse to mess with Debbie. Her lame excuse really amused her cousin.

Although Gail was livid, she didn't dare snap back at Debbie. She knew she was no match for her, so she had to look for somewhere else to sit with her companion.

Moments after the bell rang, the man most of the students were waiting to see stepped into the classroom. As usual, he swept his eyes over the crowd and when he spotted the girl he was looking for playing with her pen, he felt satisfied and began lecturing.

The content of this class was scientific economics. All the students were listening carefully, including Debbie. All of a sudden, her phone beeped. She stole a glance at the man on the platform to confirm that he was not looking in her direction, and took out her phone secretly.

When she read the text message on her phone, she froze on the spot for a long time.

Eventually, she decided to reply to the text. After sending her reply, she put her phone back and stared blankly at her book. All she was thinking about was the text.

"Deb, I'm flying back the day after tomorrow. Will you pick me up at the airport? I've missed you so much. I want to see you the moment I get off the plane."

Would she go to the airport to pick him up? Of course, she would not. She sent a reply to his text saying that she couldn't pick him up at the airport as she had classes to attend on the day he was coming back.

Debbie received a reply almost instantly. "I'll be in Alorith at 3 p.m. I can

help you make up for the missed lessons. You still haven't forgotten about me, right?"

While all her attention was focused on that text, Debbie failed to notice that her husband was approaching.

When she was typing the words "I ha—", she was interrupted by a loud knocking sound.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Carlos knocked on the desk in front of her and reached out his hand towards her.

'Holy crap!' she cursed inwardly. Carlos had told them before that it was forbidden to play with mobile phone in his class. Debbie immediately put her phone back in her pocket, sat up straight and gave him a wide smile.

Carlos, however, had no intention of letting her go. He pointed to her pocket, gesturing for her to hand her phone over.

Debbie had forgotten to lock her screen before she put her phone away in a hurry. If she gave Carlos the phone right now, nothing would stop him from reading the conversation between her and another boy.

Embarrassed, she smiled at Carlos and put her hand on his palm as if she didn't understand that he was asking for her phone.

The others in the classroom widened their eyes in disbelief. How dare Debbie put her hand on Carlos' hand?

All the girls stared at Debbie angrily. How they wished they could chop her hand off.

With no change in facial expression, Carlos gently shook her hand away and reached out his hand again. This time, the fact that Debbie placed her other hand on his hand and looked at him with her doe eyes angered the students even more.

A girl cursed through her gritted teeth, 'Wow! Shame on her!'

Debbie looked in the direction the voice came from and cast a warning glance at the girl. Startled, the girl looked away and set her sights elsewhere.

All of a sudden, Jared, who was sitting next to Debbie, took out her phone.

from her pocket and gave it to Carlos. "Carlos, Debbie has been paying attention to you all this time."

Debbie's jaw fell to the floor. 'Oh my God! I'm done! Jared Han, what did you do?!' she cursed him in her mind.

When Carlos took over the phone, the screen was still on. As a result, he saw the conversation between his wife and another boy. Within seconds, his entire face darkened. He cast a cold glance at the girl before him as he put the phone in his pocket and walked back to the platform to continue lecturing.

'I might get buried alive today!' she cried inwardly and cast a burning glance at Jared. Confused, Jared whispered in her ear, "You've got some nerve! Even I don't dare to play with my phone in his class. I tried to warn you when he was approaching but he was staring at the both of us and so I didn't dare to make a move. Never mind. He's your husband. You'll have your phone back after the class. Why are you being so worried?"

Why was she being so worried? Her husband saw the conversation between her and her ex!

More importantly, she had been planning to type "I had a thing for you once, but it's over between the two of us." Sadly, she had just managed to type, "I ha—" before she was interrupted. Carlos must have misunderstood "I ha—" for "I have a thing for you!" Damn it!

Under the desk, Debbie gripped Jared's fingers as tightly as she could.

Although Jared was in extreme pain, he didn't dare utter a single cry. The pain appeared on his face in the form of slight twitches.

While Carlos was not looking at her, she took the chance and whispered in Jared's ear, "If Carlos is going to punish me for this, I'll tell him that I was sending the text message to you."

"What text message?" Suddenly, Jared had a bad feeling in his gut.

Debbie gave him a wicked smile and said, "Hayden Gomez's coming back. He said he missed me. He wants to see me."

"Hayden is coming back? Why?" Jared was too slow to realize Debbie's true intentions.

Debbie peeked at the man on the platform, only to realize that he had been staring at her all the time, with icy, cold eyes.

"I don't know why. But it has nothing to do with me," she replied in a soft yet cold voice.

When Carlos looked away, she added, "I didn't save his number. So if Carlos asks me about it, I'll tell him that it was you."

"Damn it!" Jared looked at Debbie in stunned disbelief. "Are you serious? Please don't do this to me! I didn't know you were exchanging messages with Hayden!"