

Chapter 52 A Good Kisser

Amused by Jared's reaction, Debbie winked at him and teased, "So now you've realized that you made a big mistake, huh? Can you imagine what Carlos would do to you if he thought you were having an affair with me? I'm really curious to find out."

All of a sudden, Carlos turned around and glared at Debbie. Immediately, she sat up straight and looked forward at the screen.

His cold eyes made her feel like she was lying on a bed of nails. "Oh my God! Why is he looking at me like that? His gaze is sharp enough to see right through my soul," she thought.

It was not until then that she realized Carlos came to teach in the university for her. He made sure that Debbie had to attend all of his classes and he was even strict enough to give her trouble if she tried to cut classes.

Just as she had expected, Debbie was asked to go to Carlos' office when the class came to an end. She gave Jared her books and told him "Go buy some firecrackers when you have time."

"Firecrackers? What for?" Jared was confused.

"When Carlos quits teaching, I'll set off firecrackers to celebrate the glorious moment."

Jared stood there without a word, unable to comprehend what Debbie was trying to accomplish.

In truth, he felt pity for Carlos, because he was the one who'd have to spend the rest of his life with a bad girl like Debbie.

In Carlos' office

Carlos walked in and placed Debbie's phone on the desk, the screen of which was now locked. "Unlock your phone!" he demanded coldly.



An idea popped up in her head just as Debbie reached out her hand to grab her phone. However, he quickly grabbed her hand and threatened, "If you don't unlock it, I'll unlock you this evening."

'Unlock me? What does he mean by that? It must be one of his dirty jokes again!'

Feeling embarrassed, Debbie forced a fake smile and said, "All right."

In the blink of an eye, just as Carlos released her hand, she grabbed her phone and dashed towards the door.

A cold voice from behind pulled her to a halt. "Look at your phone first. Then you may decide whether you want to run away or not."

'What? Look at my phone?'

Without further delay, Debbie unlocked her phone and looked over the messages between her and Hayden. Much to her surprise, somehow the conversation had continued even after her phone had been confiscated by Carlos.

The last message she had read from Hayden said, "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?" Unfortunately, Carlos had taken her phone away before she could send a reply. However, now she was looking at a reply on her phone screen that said— "My husband can help me make up for missed lessons."

To which Hayden had replied, "Deb, you must be kidding me, right? Are you still mad at me? To be honest, no ordinary man would have the audacity to date a girl like you." Debbie was spitting fire when she saw this. She took a deep breath and continued reading.

The last message sent from her phone was, "My husband is not an ordinary man."

Hayden hadn't replied to that message. Perhaps he believed that she had married some other man.

'Carlos wrote these messages himself? When did he do it? How did I not see him?'

When she looked at the time logs of the messages, Debbie was surprised to find that Carlos had sent the messages while he was still lecturing to them in class.

Debbie remained calm. In fact, she was surprised by her own ability to stay calm in such a moment. If it were in the past, she would have already broken his bones. But the truth was, she was no match for him in martial arts.

After she read the messages, she didn't turn around to face him. Carlos lit up a cigarette, took a moderately big drag and exhaled. "Your lover?" Carlos sneered.

"My lover? What the fuck?" However, Debbie decided it would be best to spare him the details. She turned around and looked at her husband. "Yes, he is. So, will you divorce me now?"

Leaning his back against the seat and resuming his usual cold expression, Carlos remained silent for a long while before he asked, "Do you love him that much?"

Debbie had once told him about a boy she had feelings for not too long ago. Her words came back to him and he believed that boy to be the one who had sent her the messages.

Debbie shook her head unconsciously, but then she thought of an opportunity and nodded. "Yes, I love him very much." However, she wasn't telling the truth. The truth was that she had loved the boy very much, but that was a very long time ago. After falling out with his family members, she no longer wanted to ingratiate herself with them. Now all that remained between the two of them was a fleeting memory of their brief encounter.

The reason why she lied to Carlos was that she hoped it would convince him to divorce her.

However, Carlos' reply was something she could not have anticipated in a million years.

"Good. You know, I like challenges." He curled his lips and continued, "I'm sure to drive him out of your heart."

Words had left Debbie as she stared into Carlos' eyes in utter disbelief.

Having run out of patience to argue, she turned around and walked out of the office. When she shut the door behind her, Tristan walked over to her with an unnervingly wide grin on his face. "Carlos asked me to tell you that he had bought two movie tickets and he would like you to go to the cinema with him this evening."

Debbie looked at the name of the movie on Tristan's phonescreen. It was a horror film set to start at 2 a.m.

Shivers ran down her spine almost instantly.

Without any hesitation, she turned around, opened the door and ran back into the office.

"I won't send him any messages from now on!" Debbie promised.

Carlos flashed a satisfied smile as he stood up and walked towards her. "Wait for me at home this evening."

he said, as he reached out and held Debbie in his loving arms.

Debbie put her hands on his firm chest and was just about to say something when he lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

Her eyes widened and then shut close as she melted in his arms like a doll made out of wax. "Why does he always kiss me in his office? He is a good kisser, though," she mused.

In a private booth of the Orchid Private Club, a handsome man was leaning against the couch with a glass of red wine in his hand. The man was none other than Carlos.

Sitting across him were two men wearing expensive branded clothes—Wesley and Damon Hampton. They were Carlos' closest friends. Wesley was not interested in what the other two were talking about, so he went out to play golf.

Damon was shocked and dazed by what Carlos had to say about his wife. It wasn't until Carlos kicked him in the leg that he came back to his senses.

"A girl who is seven years younger than you? Don't rob the cradle, Carlos. She is too young for you. I've never heard you mention any women before."



This was the first time we've ever talked about women, and you're telling me that she is seven years younger than you? And she's so willful and unruly. Are you sure you want me to teach you how to court her?"

Carlos cast a freezing glance at his old friend and said, "Cut the crap!"

"Fine!" Damon Han, the infamous playboy, had lots of experience with women, and perhaps that was why Carlos sought his advice. He sat straight and said to Carlos in a serious tone, "Women love money, and you happen to have lots of it. Why don't you just use your money?"

Carlos had supported Debbie for three years. But now she had been asking for a divorce instead of asking for money. Furthermore, she even wanted to pay back all the money that she owed him in the past three years. Last time, when Debbie ran out of money, she asked her friend for help instead of going to her rich husband. Even after Carlos had given her his bank card, she refused him without hesitation. Only when he threatened her did she agree to take his card. That was just the kind of person Debbie was.

Suffice it to say, money wouldn't work for Debbie.

"She doesn't want my money," he answered in a cold voice. Damon shook his head in disbelief. He never thought such a girl could exist—a girl who could refuse Carlos and his boundless wealth. "Win her over with your body! You are a handsome man with a great body," Damon suggested.

The number of women who wanted to marry Carlos could fill the whole Pacific Ocean.

Despite his unwillingness Carlos decided to tell the truth. "She has no interest in me."

The truth was, Carlos had tried to seduce her with his handsome face and strong body before.

But to his disappointment she had turned him down.

The fact that she didn't have any feelings for him was a hard pill to swallow, but he had come to terms with the truth.

Damon choked and almost spit out the wine in his mouth. With a



mischievous gleam in his eyes, he said, "I'm starting to like her. Let me give it a try."

"She's my wife!" Carlos cast him a murderous glance.

"What? She's from the Nelson family?" Damon thought to himself, "The girl is from the Nelson family? Jared's good friend is also from the Nelson family. Could they be the same person?"

What did Jared say her name is? "Is your wife Debbie Nelson?" Damon probed.

Carlos looked at him and nodded.

"What a coincidence! Your wife is my brother's best friend. Hahaha! I can imagine how you feel now." Damon and Jared shared the same father but had different mothers. Perhaps being a womanizer and being good with women ran in the family.