

Chapter 53 They Deceived Me Together

Carlos rubbed his arching brow and swore to himself that he would never divorce Debbie, however hard she was to handle.

"Yes, I admit that she's a wilful girl. But luckily, she doesn't smoke. Nor does she hang out with dubious people." Carlos paused for a moment and then added, "Apart from your brother, Jared."

"Is my brother a dubious fellow in your eyes?" Damon thought to himself.

He couldn't help grinning at Carlos' description of Jared. "You're right. He's not very reliable," commented Damon. Jared, as a rich second generation, had some disreputable associates. And Damon believed it was quite normal.

Wesley, who had finished playing golf, went back to rejoin his friends. He sat down in his seat and said indifferently, "Megan's 18th birthday is coming next month. Where are we going to celebrate her birthday?"

Five years ago, Wesley and Carlos had adopted Megan Rodriguez.

She was an innocent and adorable girl, whom Damon and Curtis had grown quite fond of.

"Since it's Megan's coming-of-age ceremony, we need to make it a grand one. Why don't we celebrate it on her favorite island? We can drink, sing and dance all night long," said Damon.

After some consideration, Carlos offered, "She loves the island in Odison. I'll buy the island for her as a gift and you guys will be in charge of the other affairs."

Damon made a face and exclaimed, "Wow, look at you, Mr. President. The island at least costs hundreds of millions of dollars. You made it sound like you are going to buy groceries at some convenience store. If I were a woman, I would do everything I could to make you mine. After all,



owning Carlos means owning the world."

Carlos cast a chilly glance at Damon and mocked, "If you were a woman, you would look butt-ugly. No man would fall for you."

Damon, who had always been proud of his handsome face, was enraged by Carlos' mean words. "Carlos, you're just jealous of me and my looks. I'm such a handsome man. If I were a woman, I would be the most beautiful woman in the world. Am I right, Wesley?"

Ignoring Damon's shallow expression, Wesley refilled his and Carlos' glasses. He clinked glasses with Carlos and said, "I'm on a vacation now and I have plenty of time to spare for the party. Don't worry. I'll take care of everything. If I need your help, I'll call Emmett."

Carlos shook the glass in his hand and said briefly, "Call Tristan."

"Is there something wrong with Emmett? I thought he was your personal assistant. Why should I call Tristan instead?" Wesley asked in confusion. In his eyes, Emmett was the one who had always been standing beside Carlos.

After a long pause, Carlos finally decided to tell them the truth. "Emmett... He and my wife deceived me together."

His words set Damon roaring with laughter. Even Wesley couldn't help laughing. "They cheated on you?" he probed.

Carlos snorted, "Maybe she had the audacity to cheat on me. But Emmett? Come on! He wouldn't dare."

Damon and Wesley felt sorry for their friend.

"Debbie is so dauntless; she isn't afraid of doing whatever she wants. But I strongly believe that someday she'll be tamed by me!" Carlos thought to himself.

Damon inquired "So, what did you do to Emmett?"

"He's currently working on a construction site. He needs to understand how hard life is for workers. With that, he'll cherish his job as my personal assistant more." An unsettling smile flashed across Carlos' face. He heard that Emmett had been doing well on the construction site.

Damon and Wesley were rendered speechless.

After a while, Damon broke the silence. "Why did Curtis have to be away on a business trip today? If he were here, we could play mahjong together and order some beautiful women. Now we need a fourth player, and you don't want to play mahjong with other people. I'm so bored I want to kill myself!"

Disregarding Damon's whining Carlos raised his wrist to check the time. "Debbie's Yoga class is supposed to end soon. I need to go home to teach her English."

He finished off his red wine with one gulp and stood up from his seat. "Gentlemen, I shall be leaving now. Please enjoy yourselves."

"Are you serious?" Damon looked at Carlos' retreating figure in stunned disbelief. He wondered if all men changed colors after getting married. But he married the girl three years ago. And I've never seen him go back home this early in the past three years.

Does that mean he fell in love with her just recently? Damon wondered.

The doors of the private booth were pushed open by two bodyguards, and noises came from outside the room. Just as Carlos was about to get out of the room, Damon's voice came from behind his back. "Carlos, since you don't have any means to make her fall in love with you, I'll give you a piece of advice. Why don't you be nice to her as much as you can? I guess your best hope is to move her with your sincerity."

Damon knew Jared well. If Jared believed that Debbie was a good girl, Damon wouldn't doubt that. "What does a good girl want? She doesn't want money or fame. I guess she only wants a man who would love her truly," Damon thought to himself.

Without turning around or responding Carlos left the booth. Damon raised one of his eyebrows and then turned around to look at Wesley. "Want to bet?"

"Not interested." Wesley turned him down without any hesitation. After all, he was not that close to Damon, at least not as close as Carlos was. Wesley himself was a military officer, while Damon was a gang member. If it weren't for the sake of Carlos and Curtis, Wesley would have sent Damon to jail a long time ago.



"Don't be such a killjoy! Listen. I bet Carlos will become a slave for his wife sooner or later, and he will be willing to kneel down before her." If Damon knew that Wesley had always wanted to send him to jail, he would feel wronged. Yes, it was true that he was a gang member, but he had never crossed the threshold into terrible and unacceptable behavior.

Wesley didn't know what to say to him.

However, he firmly believed that a proud man like Carlos would never kneel before a woman.

Damon had been long drooling over one of Wesley's pistols, so he said, "If I win, you will give me that pistol of yours." Damon had heard rumors of Wesley's new double-action, semi-automatic pistol. With its stainless steel and polymer construction, it was one of the lightest pistols in the world that packed quite a punch despite its weight and size.

"Okay. If I win, you need to leave the gang."

Damon remained silent for a while. After a lot of contemplation, he was almost certain that he would be the winner. He nodded and raised his glass.

They gulped their wine, put the glasses on the table and left the booth to catch up with Carlos.

Debbie's high school classmates' gathering happened to be on the same day. Jared had made a reservation at the Orchid Private Club in advance. Debbie arrived on the phone with her Yoga teacher asking for a leave. All the while Jared showed her the way as she was completely unaware of the club she was in.

When the call ended, she was already in a private booth.

It was the largest booth in the club. There were four big tables in the room and many guests had already arrived.

When the people saw Jared, they all stood up to greet him. It was the first time that they had been to such a luxurious club together.

The club was for members only, and the annual fee alone cost millions. Therefore, they couldn't help but fawn on Jared.



Jared was obviously in a good mood. Tugging at his sleeve, Debbie asked him in a low voice, "Why did you book a room here? Are you sure you can afford it?"

"Don't worry. I have my brother's VIP card. There is at least ten million in it. So, enjoy the night and help yourself with everything here." Debbie knew that Jared had an older brother named Damon, but her impression of him wasn't exactly positive. Although she had met him once or twice in passing, she had long forgotten what he looked like in person.