

Chapter 56 Kneel Down And Apologize

Hardly had the manager's voice faded away when Jared kicked him hard in the leg. "What the fuck?! How dare you ask her to kneel down and apologize to that man? Don't you know who she is?" Jared cursed.

Ignoring the manager's sour face, he walked up to Carlos and was going to ask him to help Debbie. But on second thought, he changed his mind and deemed it wise not to interfere in the couple's private affairs.

So without uttering a word, he turned around and walked back to Debbie.

Everyone was dumbfounded, not knowing what he was doing.

The manager had no idea who Debbie was. But as an experienced business-minded person, he knew his priorities. His boss and two other distinguished guests were blocked by the crowd, so he urged them to make way. "Gentlemen, please get out of the way." He decided to settle matters with them after Carlos and his friends left the club.

"Son of a bitch! How dare you kick me?! I swear I'll break your leg!" he angrily swore to himself.

The moment Damon saw his brother, he instantly realized what was wrong with his VIP card. His eyebrows raised a little when he recognized the girl next to Jared. Excitement ruled over him as he was dying to witness the fun that was about to begin.

He elbowed Wesley and said in a light voice so that Carlos wouldn't hear him, "Look! The girl who smashed the private booth is Carlos' wife."

Wesley rolled his eyes at him, then followed the direction where he was pointing. He stepped aside to keep Damon at arm's length.

Damon's face soured at Wesley's reaction. "What is wrong with this guy? Why is he avoiding me as if I had some communicable disease?"

"Good evening Carlos, Wesley, and Damon. Nice to meet you guys. I didn't expect to meet you here. Are you enjoying the party?" Laying his eyes upon Carlos and his friends, Oscar suppressed his anger and walked towards them with a forced flattering smile.

Damon flashed a wicked grin; he knew this man was finished for he had offended Carlos' wife. Wesley, as a military officer, abhorred evils as deadly foes and knew one when he saw one. He didn't even turn his head to cast the man a single glance; he only wished he could shoot him straight in the head right this instant.

"Come over here!" Carlos motioned, but not to Oscar.

The onlookers got confused and wondered whom he was talking to.

Debbie, on the other hand, knew that Carlos was talking to her. At that moment, she was no longer the same girl who had smashed the private booth a moment ago. Uneasily, she gripped her shirt and wondered whether she should listen to him or not.

After a series of pondering she finally decided to be an obedient wife to her husband. In disbelief, they watched the girl jog along towards Carlos.

Looking at the girl standing before him, Carlos curled his lips in satisfaction and asked in a cool voice, "What happened?"

Although she looked rather obedient right now, he could feel the anger brewing inside her. He knew his wife was not a bully, and there must be a reason behind all this trouble.

Hearing his question, the group who had offended Debbie were quite nervous—the girls who had spoken ill of her, the manager who had asked her to kneel down, and Oscar who had attempted to slap her.

"Why is Carlos so nice to her? How are they related?" they mused.

Debbie knew Carlos was never a kindhearted man. If she told him the truth, he would definitely deal with these people in the harshest means possible—he might even throw them into the ocean or bury them alive. She didn't want to bully others with Carlos' resources, so she decided to smooth things over and pretend that nothing had happened. "Nothing happened. I smashed the private booth. I'm going to pay for it," she said indifferently.

Since she refused to tell him the truth, Carlos turned to Tristan and ordered, "Tristan, make my wife the lawful owner of this club."

After a short pause, he added, "Contact the lawyer now!"

Everyone was held speechless by what Carlos had said. His words went down like a bomb; the hallway went so still that you could even hear a pin as it dropped.

Debbie was flabbergasted as well. She looked at Carlos with her jaws slack.

Soon, Damon came back to his senses and turned to Wesley. "Hey, bro! Be ready to give me your pistol."

Tristan swallowed hard, and without asking he took his phone out and dialed the lawyer's number. When the call was answered on the other end, he said, "Carlos would like you to help him make his wife, Debbie Nelson, the lawful owner of Orchid Private Club. As for her personal data, I'll send everything you need via email. Please do it as soon as possible."

"No, no, no! Please don't do it." After a long time, Debbie finally managed to say something.

She grabbed Carlos' arm and stuttered, "Carlos... Boss... P-Please don't make such silly jokes. It's not funny at all."

Carlos looked at his wife and then turned to the manager. "The rest is up to you. If you fail to deal with it properly, you'll be sorry for the rest of your life. Kneel down and apologize to her!"

"Y-Yes... Carlos... Miss Debbie..." The manager almost pissed in his pants as his knees touched the floor.

With what Carlos had ordered, Debbie was raised from being a student to being the boss of a high-end club. Needless to say, the share-out bonus of which was up to hundreds of millions a year.

"Carlos, listen to me..." Debbie demanded in a stern voice.

But before she could make him turn, Carlos grabbed her hand and led her to the exit of the club.

Upon seeing this, the girls inside the club were awed with mixed emotions—envious, jealous, unconvinced and frustrated. They watched the ideal man of their dreams walking away with a girl, hand in hand.

Their hearts broke into pieces.

Seated inside the Emperor car, Debbie and Carlos were in the backseat, while Tristan was in the passenger seat. The driver started the engine and swiftly drove off.

No one broke the silence on the way to the villa. As the car halted to a stop, Tristan bid them goodbye at the entrance and closed the gates behind him. Debbie confronted Carlos, who was now drinking water. "Carlos, I really appreciate the way you saved me in that club. Now that we are home and nobody is watching us, I hope you can call your lawyer and tell him not to make me the owner of that club.

You know for a fact that I'm currently studying. Who knows, the two of us might even get a di—" Meeting Carlos' eyes, she swallowed back the word "divorce" and didn't dare to complete her sentence.

Carlos was holding a glass in one hand with a firm grip. He was now staring at her with fierce eyes as if he were going to kill her right that instant if she dared to say that word.

She really couldn't understand why he hated so much to divorce her. "Oh for heaven's sake! Why can't you just sign the di—" Fine, I won't say the word again. Don't look at me like that. I'm really serious. Did my father give you a large fortune with the condition that you must be my husband your whole life?" She really couldn't find another acceptable reason except for this one.

Normally, marriage should be based on love. But she didn't love him, and she didn't fancy the idea that he loved her. "Wait, is there a possibility that he fell in love with me?" Thinking about this, she couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"How's that possible? A rich and powerful man like Carlos would never fall in love with a boyish girl like me," she mused.

Carlos poured a glass of water, gave it to her and said, "Are you not thirsty? You've been talking since we arrived."

"Uh... I am." She took the glass over and drank all the water with one gulp. All of a sudden, she felt hungry. Although there had been lots of delicious dishes prepared at the gathering this evening she had no appetite and had barely eaten.

It was past 8 p.m. and she wanted to leave the villa and grab something to eat. "Carlos, I want to go out to eat something. Are you coming with me?" she invited.

Carlos just looked at her, saying nothing.

She didn't know what was on his mind and assumed that he didn't want to. She took out her phone and said, "Since you're not coming with me, I'm calling my friend to come with me."

"Who?"

"Jared. I guess he hasn't eaten anything either." Before she was able to dial his number, her phone was snatched away by the man.

Carlos turned off her phone, put it in his pocket and walked towards the gates.

While putting his shoes on, he said, "Grab the car keys. You're driving."

"Oh! Okay." She nodded; for her, it would be a good idea since she knew he had drunk much this evening.

She drove the BMW cautiously. When she stopped at a red light, she tilted her head and stole a look at the man who was taking a rest in his seat with his eyes shut. "Carlos, call your lawyer now!" she demanded.

