

Chapter 57 You Need To Do Nothing But Count The Money

Although Carlos had heard Debbie's words clearly, he didn't respond, choosing to look out the car window instead.

"You are not calling your lawyer? Fine! I'll call Emmett and ask him to call your lawyer!" Debbie said as she called out the address book on the vehicle navigation screen.

"Without my consent, he won't call the lawyer." The man finally opened his mouth to speak.

"Then call him!" she demanded.

"Focus on driving. I'm a man of my word. I won't rescind my decision."

As the light changed, Debbie had to restart the engine. While focusing on the road, she asked, "What do you prefer to eat?" After all, he was the boss.

"Eat whatever you want," he said indifferently.

Undecided on where to go, Debbie ran a few names of familiar places through her mind. At last, a restaurant popped up.

She drove to the destination and pulled over.

When they got out of the car, Carlos' face soured at the sight of the restaurant.

Debbie gave him a big grin and pointing to the restaurant said, "I suddenly want to eat durian pizza. That's why I drove here. I know the restaurant might be a little too cheap for your fancy, but it's much better than street food, right? Come on. Just give it a try."

It was a national chain restaurant and the food was pretty good. The chain operated stores in most of the leading shopping malls. To Debbie,

it was a nicer restaurant. To Carlos, however, it was one of those low-end places he associated with needless penny-pinching.

After a moment's thought, he acceded, albeit begrudgingly and walked towards the entrance of the restaurant.

Debbie immediately followed after him.

It was 8 p.m., but the place was still bustling with customers. Debbie and Carlos sat at a table near the window. Among the patrons, a few heads turned to greet the arrival of the beautiful couple.

A waitress came to them, and when she noticed Carlos, her eyes widened. Debbie shook her head with resignation and looked at the menu. "A large-sized durian pizza, a durian multi-layer cake, paella and Spanish mackerel dumplings. I'm done. What would you like to eat?"

She put the menu in front of Carlos, but he didn't give it even the mere dignity of a cursory glance. "I already ate," he said, the disinterest in his voice showing.

"What?" asked a bemused Debbie. Why did he have to come along if he thought it was low-grade? Whatever the case, he could as well walk out, because she was not holding a gun to his head.

"Is it possible that he just wanted to accompany me?" Her heart raced at the very thought.

But she had to calm down, because she needed to talk to Carlos about the ownership of that club. So after the waitress had left, she tapped the table to attract his attention. "Um, actually, I'm not that kind of good girl..."

Before she could finish her sentence, he cut in, "I knew it." To which Debbie blushed. She wanted to say something but her jaw went slack.

Carlos then added, "You'll be just fine. It's only a matter of time." He swore to himself that he would turn her into the perfect girl.

"Wait, what are we talking about? I wasn't going to discuss with him whether I'm a good girl or not." She shook the weird feeling off, leaned toward him and said in a serious tone, "Are you sure you want to transfer the club to me? I believe it will go bankrupt within half a year. Oh no! Within three months!"

Leaning forward as well, Carlos said in a low, attractive voice, "Rest assured. You need to do nothing but count the money. There will be a professional team to run the club."

Besides appointing her as the lawful owner of the club, he'd also gradually turn more and more shares to her. Whichever the case, she'd be taking home huge bonuses.

Debbie didn't know how to turn his tempting offer down. The business offer aside, his chiseled looks were so inviting she feared she'd give in to him at any moment.

With a blushed face, she leaned back to keep him at arm's length. "There's no pressure to appoint me the owner. That points me in a bad light. I'm not a gold digger. How about this? As long as you don't make me the owner, I won't divorce you," she offered. To be honest, it was not a bad idea to have a husband like Carlos. He was handsome, rich and powerful.

'Just the right response that I wanted,' thought Carlos. He heaved a sigh of relief that he managed to have her rule out divorce. However he kept calm and composed. "Don't bother bargaining with me. I don't think you're capable of it yet. I can assure you that you'll be the owner of the club. And forget about the divorce, as that's impossible."

'No! Why is he being so bossy?' Debbie rolled her eyes.

Soon, the durian pizza was served. The aroma made her drool as she picked up the pizza cutter in a hurry.

Just as she was about to cut the pizza, Carlos took the cutter from her hand.

By the time she raised her head to object, she realized he had already rolled his sleeves up. He cut the pizza in an elegant manner.

Then he picked up a slice of pizza and put it onto Debbie's plate. The little gesture touched her. To her, such small acts of kindness meant a lot.

All her life, she had always been an independent girl, who was used to living on her own. Apart from her late father, she had never depended on a soul. As such, that simple courtesy from Carlos was something she

Much of the time, the men in her life tended to be cautious about her independent nature and they ended up not being much helpful. For example, her best buddy, Jared, had never treated her like a girl who could use a bit of chivalry.

As for Hayden, whom she had dated for two years, they had never eaten anything fancy together. In fact, she had been the one who provided everything in that relationship. All that Hayden did was to drain her, always taking things from her. A boring self-serving man.

"Why not eat?" asked Carlos, who had already sliced the pizza into pieces.

When he realized Debbie was distracted, he dropped the cutter just hard enough to jerk her back to the present.

Embarrassed at her lapse, Debbie tried to act calm as she picked up her knife and fork. After several bites, she noticed that Carlos didn't eat. "Please have some," she offered.

Then she stretched her hand to pick up Carlos' knife and fork which he had pushed away. But he stopped her.

"No need for that," he politely declined her offer.

In reality, he was not a big fan of durian. Almost loathed the stuff.

"But I ordered for both of us." It was a large-sized pizza, a little too much for one person, in addition to the other food she had ordered.

Looking her straight in the eye, Carlos reached out his hand and gently took her fork with the piece of pizza on it.

A broad smile forming on his lips, he took a careful bite, catching Debbie by surprise once more. "I... I already bit on it..." she stammered.

As if he didn't hear her, Carlos picked up a napkin and wiped the the corners of his mouth. After swallowing, he took his sweet time, before finally replying "I knew you had bitten on it."

Blushing now, Debbie was lost for words.

Every time she finished a piece of pizza, Carlos would add another slice to her plate...

Apparently, she must have been very hungry. She went through the food faster than a hot knife through butter.

It was only when she realized she had wiped all the plates clean that she felt embarrassed. "Did I eat too much?" she murmured. Wasn't that too much food for someone to finish in one sitting?

She felt even more embarrassed. Anyway, she chose to focus on Carlos. That guilty trip she was starting on was not necessary for now.

"Uh-huh." She hesitated, trying to find the right reaction to Carlos' admission.

Why had he changed his mind to bite on her pizza, which he thought was too cheap for his sophisticated tastes?

Again her mind went back to how much she had eaten, while he watched. 'It's up to him if he wants to compare me to his many girls who only nibble at food,' she dismissively thought.

None of that was important to Carlos, though. Like a gentleman, he picked up a serviette and wiped the rice at the corner of her mouth. "A good appetite is a blessing" he commented.

To see if he was kidding Debbie studied him up and down. However, from the look on his face, she realized he must have been as serious as her life.

"Oh, that's so kind of you," she said, giggling like a teenage girl in love.

On second thought, however, she told herself not to get carried away.

There was nothing special about Carlos' words. Her father had always said the same. All the same, she began to feel at ease in his presence again.

When they walked out of the restaurant, it was about 10 o'clock in the evening. Carlos went to a nearby convenience store, bought two bottles of water and handed her one. "Rinse your mouth," he suggested.

