

Chapter 58 A Petty Man

"Um, okay. Thank you," Debbie murmured as she took the water bottle from Carlos.

Before she could remove the cap, Carlos had already rinsed his mouth and drunk up the water. Out of curiosity, she asked, "Were you that thirsty?"

"There's a residual taste of durian in my mouth."

"What?! He dislikes durian? Then why did he eat the pizza using my fork? Since he loathes Durian, I've an interesting idea!

If he dares to bully me again, I'll buy a durian and ask him to finish it all by himself! That should teach him a lesson," she thought to herself.

Upon seeing the man throw the empty bottle into a trash bin, Debbie flashed a sly smile as she licked the corners of her lips.

"Hey, Mr. Handsome!" She ended up jumping before him.

"Uh-huh?" He looked at her, startled.

Suddenly, she held him by his waist, stood on tiptoe and kissed his thin lips.

This was her first time to kiss the man on her own initiative. It was an entirely different experience. No! It was her second time, wasn't it?

Carlos remained stunned for a while. When he finally regained his full senses after the unexpected display of affection, he realized her true intentions. He felt uneasy and wanted to push her away. Debbie held his waist tightly and her tongue moved effortlessly in his mouth.

She had just hogged a large-sized durian pizza and had not rinsed her mouth yet.

After making sure that his mouth tasted durian again, she withdrew her

lips and let go of his waist. Carlos shook his head with profound resignation, and then turned around to walk towards the convenience store again.

"I want to go home! Now!" Debbie grabbed his arm and dragged him to their car deliberately. Despite the fact that he could easily shake her arms off, he followed her anyway.

Right under the glow of the street lamp, Debbie opened the passenger's door and was about to push Carlos into the seat, but he quickly shut the door by himself.

Without a moment's pause, he rolled her around, pressed her against the car door and kissed her on her lips.

It all happened in a matter of seconds that she couldn't properly breathe.

When Carlos' phone rang, the two stopped their overflowing affection for each other to an abrupt halt.

It took quite a while before Debbie realized that she was lying in the backseat and Carlos was about to strip her off. She could even feel his erection.

He wanted to switch his phone off and get on with his intentions but she pushed him away, adjusted her clothes and swiftly got out of the car.

When she got into the driver's seat, Carlos was on the phone. "You called me just because of this?" His voice seemed to croak.

"Damon, I have some exclusive information regarding the woman's whereabouts. But I've no intention of telling you!" Saying this, he hung up. As if it was not enough to vent his anger, he even turned off his phone.

Neither Debbie nor Carlos said a word throughout their way home.

Upon arriving at the villa, Debbie reassured that the car doors were locked, grabbed the car keys and rushed towards the house.

When she ran upstairs, Carlos' voice seemed to come from behind her back. "What is next to you?"

"What? What's next to me?" Debbie stopped, turned her head in utter confusion.

"I think I saw a figure next to you. Perhaps, my eyes have begun deceiving me," Carlos said.

Debbie was rendered speechless. She could feel her mouth going dry. She continued ascending upstairs. The light was switched off in the hallway, so she took out her phone and used the phone's flashlight.

"I saw a movie yesterday. The male lead kills his wife's lover, dismembers him mercilessly and hides various parts of his body in the refrigerator, under the bed, in the closet..."

Before he could finish his sentence, her scream interrupted him. "Carlos!"

Trying to suppress his giggle, Carlos asked, feigning innocence, "I'm here. What's up?"

Debbie ground her teeth and cursed him inside her head. "He is such a petty man!" Producing a forced fake smile, she said, "I won't force you to eat durian again. I'm sorry."

"Uh-huh." He walked up the stairs.

He hadn't achieved his aim yet. Pretending to be unaware of Debbie's fright, he continued, "Do you believe in the existence of ghosts?"

Debbie fidgeted, covered his mouth with both her hands and threatened, "Just shut your damned mouth! I don't want to hear a word more! If you dare to say a single word more, I swear... I swear, I'll repay in ways you can't imagine!"

She had absolutely no idea how she was going to hurt a man who had better martial skills than her. She looked at him with desperate eyes, as if she was about to break open her heart.

She was not pretending in fact, she really felt like crying her heart out.

She swore to herself that she would certainly investigate and find out who had told Carlos that she was afraid of ghosts. She would teach that person a good lesson after she knew who this damn guy was.

She foresaw that Carlos would definitely use her weaknesses to deal with her in the future as well. This wasn't the end of this.

"It's gotten very late. Good night." Carlos struggled his level best to fight off the impulse to hold her in his arms and retreated towards his bedroom.

The surroundings remained eerily quiet for a few hours.

The door of Carlos' bedroom opened from the outside abruptly. The man in the bed swayed his lips in the dark. He kept his eyes shut, pretending to be sound asleep.

Soon, he sensed the familiar fragrance of his wife and he heard her lying down beside him.

Debbie approached him stealthily and stared at his face cautiously. 'Luckily, he's asleep.

It's all his fault! I had been able to sleep on my own before he moved back into the villa. But ever since he left me in the cemetery, my fright for the dark has crossed every boundary imaginable.

As long as he's lying by my side, I'm not afraid of anything anymore. Fine! I'll sneak into his bedroom every night after he's asleep,' she told herself confidently.

She adjusted her posture and made herself comfortable before she closed her eyes and soon dozed off.

Initially, she had planned to get out of the bed and sneak back into her room before Carlos woke up. However, when she woke up the next morning she felt the golden rays of the morning sun glaze her cheeks. She sat up and scanned the room with her sleepy eyes.

All of a sudden, her eyes widened and she came fully awake and alert.

Carlos had just taken a shower after his routine morning run and was answering a phone call with his back facing her. His body was only wrapped in a towel.

It was the first time that she had seen Carlos... half naked.

Although they had slept in the same bed twice, she had come into his room at midnight and hadn't seen him wrapped in just a towel anytime before.

Wow, his body is flawless!' She was letting her imagination run wild.

Judging from his strong back, she reckoned that he had been doing regular exercise. 'He must have six-pack abs!'

She picked up her phone stealthily, opened the camera APP and clicked the shooting button. Done!

She glanced at the picture she had just taken and flashed a dirty smile.

All of a sudden, she thought of something. She put down her phone on the bed, crossed her hands together and pointed to Carlos' towel with both her index fingers. 'Drop! Drop!' she commanded in a whisper.

She stared at the white towel and wished it would fall onto the ground. She could tell from the curves of the towel that the man had a desirable butt.

'Drop! Drop—Ahhhh!' The man suddenly turned around and caught Debbie off guard.

She immediately withdrew her hands, grabbed her phone, got out of the bed and left his bedroom hastily.

She rushed back into her room, shut the door behind her and threw herself onto her bed. 'Dang! What would he think of me now? Would he think I wanted to sleep with him because I have a thing for him? Never mind! He's my husband, and it's perfectly normal for us to share a bed,' she consoled herself in her mind.

She opened her WeChat Moments, uploaded the picture she had just taken, and captioned it, 'Waking up in the morning I find the sun shining brightly. You stand before the window, enjoying the scenery, while I can't take my eyes off you.'

Ah, I'm in such a buoyant mood now."

The reason she dared to post Carlos' picture in WeChat Moments was that she thought he was not her WeChat friend. He would not know that she had taken his picture and posted it, after all. As for her friends, she didn't think they would recognize it as Carlos—it was just a view of his back. Yes, some people might speak ill of her behind her back when they saw the picture. But she didn't care at all!

