

TAKE MY BREATH AWAY

CHAPTER 36 REBELLIOUS

'What do I have to do to appease him? I have never fawned on anyone at university.

However, I spent 188 thousand on a present for him just to make him happy. Why is he still so angry at me? Did I spend all that money for nothing? It seems to me that his attitude towards me hasn't changed one bit. I can't keep buying him presents to make him happy. It isn't feasible, ' Debbie reflected.

Carlos raised an eyebrow, and looked at the fork Debbie had thrown onto the fruit tray with an expressionless face. 'Finally she can't take it anymore. I just want her to behave like an upstanding citizen of society. Is that too much to ask for?'

"Go to your room. You are grounded for one week!" Carlos shifted his stern gaze towards her.

'Grounded for one week? You've got to be kidding me!' Debbie's eyes and her mouth were frozen wide open in an expression of stunned surprise. She would rather have him give her a tongue-lashing or a good flogging instead of keeping her confined at home.

"I object!" She walked towards Carlos, pouting willfully.

Object? The word was alien to Carlos' ears. No one had ever dared to defy him before.

Without hesitation, he cast a cold glance at the girl standing in front of him and said, "Denied."

His tone sounded even colder than the expression on his face.

For a moment, Debbie wanted to give up the fight. Judging by the look on his face, she thought it would be a cold day in hell before he would agree to withdraw his punishment.

'Be cool. Take a deep breath. Don't be afraid. He is just some guy, a human, much like you, ' she comforted herself, trying to calm down.

But the man was so intimidating and terrifying he reminded her of a demon from hell.

"Carlos, I don't want to be grounded for one week. I will go crazy," Debbie protested.

"If you keep acting this way, your teacher will go crazy," he returned flatly without even looking at her.

"Hey, old man, don't you think you are being too strict? And why do you care so much about this? Why do you have to poke your nose into everything?"

Carlos could feel the blood rushing to his head, as his face turned red with anger. She was not a child anymore. Why did she still behave like one? Her rebellious teenager days had been over a long time ago, but it seemed to him that she was still far from being an adult.

Debbie was smart enough to tell that he was angry. "If you ground me, I will climb out of the windows and make a run for it," she went on.

All of a sudden, Carlos stood up, towering over her like a tyrant.

"You can give it a try, if you want to challenge me."

Carlos ended the discussion there and then walked out of the villa.

Challenge him? She wouldn't dare. "Hey, where are you going? We are not done yet," Debbie shouted. She tried to run after him, but Philip stopped her.

"Debbie, Carlos said that you are not allowed to go outside for one week." Philip looked at Debbie, who was seething in anger, and felt sorry for her. 'Silly girl, ' he mused.

When the Bugatti Veyron sped out of the villa, Debbie glared at it hard as if she were trying to set the car on fire with the flames in her eyes. In the end, to make things less difficult for Philip, she went back to her room sullenly.

Just after thirty minutes had passed, Debbie started pacing around her room restlessly. When she tried to find a way to sneak out using a rope, she heard strange noises coming from outside the window of her bedroom.

When she looked outside, she found two men on ladders installing an anti-theft window for her bedroom.

Almost immediately, Debbie's face went red with suppressed rage.

'Just because he is my husband doesn't mean that he can restrict my freedom like this!

Carlos, why are you so overbearing? Divorce! I want a divorce! I have to divorce you!

There was no denying the fact that she had taken financial support from Carlos. She had even asked Jared to help her find a job, so that she could pay him back once she was able to.

When she thought of how Carlos had supported her and taken care of her in the past three years, her anger and resentment towards him gradually dissipated.

After the marriage registration, Carlos had been providing her with nothing but the best in everything.

Moreover, when her father was still alive, Carlos had helped him with important matters as well.

While, she, on the other hand, had done nothing but provoke him, despite the fact that he was her husband. Instead of requiting his concerns, she had been trying to divorce him. It wouldn't surprise her if Carlos was disappointed in her.

Looking at the busy workers, she decided not to follow through with her escape plans.

At 10 p.m., when Carlos got back to the villa from work, he didn't stop to rest or go to bed. Instead, he went to his study and continued working from there.

While he was meticulously going over some data, he heard a knock on the door. 'At this late hour, it must be her. What does she want?' he wondered.

"Come in." With his permission, Debbie walked in cautiously with a glass of milk on a tray.

Ashamed to look Carlos in the eye, Debbie kept her head low even after she had placed the glass of milk on the desk.

"About what happened earlier... I'm sorry. I figured milk would help you sleep better. Good night," said Debbie, her head still lowered, before she hurried out of the study.

'Sorry?' Carlos kept a skeptical attitude, shifting his eyes from the door to the milk. 'Is this another one of her tricks?'

From that day on, Debbie brought a glass of milk to the study three nights in a row.

On the fourth night, Carlos said to her, "I'll take you to school tomorrow." Debbie was pleasantly surprised, and her eyes lit up with joy. Carlos let out a tiny smile from the corners of his mouth, when he saw how happy she was.

The next morning, as soon as the black limo came to a halt at the roadside, Debbie threw herself out of the car like a gust of wind and dashed towards the gate of the university.

While sitting in the car, Carlos watched her disappear into the horizon with a

smile on his face.

'She... is still very cute.'

In the multimedia English class, the students were chattering in groups. When Debbie came in, a few of her classmates crowded around her and bombarded her with questions. "Debbie, we haven't seen you for days. Where have you been? How come you didn't come to school? Did something happen? We were worried about you..." Sitting at her desk, Debbie watched her friends with one hand propped against her chin. "Guys. Relax. I told you on WeChat. I was busy."

Jared, who was sitting opposite her, scrutinized her for a while and then asked, "Dixon said a very powerful man went to the dean's office the other day. Confess. Who was he?"

Debbie rolled her eyes at his nosiness and glanced at Dixon who was too scared to speak. "A god-like man. Guess who it was."

Her words attracted the contempt of some students because it wouldn't take much time to figure out who it was, since there were only three god-like men in Alorith. Carlos and his two friends: Curtis and Wesley Leonard.

There was no way it could have been Carlos. Debbie's friends knew full well that she didn't see eye to eye with Carlos. It was a wonder how they hadn't killed each other yet.

Curtis didn't fit Dixon's description.

It couldn't be Wesley either. According to the news, Wesley had been working undercover previously and then as a commander. He hadn't taken a break for months. Recently, he had cracked a major child trafficking case. Since then the army had granted him a two-week vacation, which he had been spending for a much needed rest in Askor.

"Tomboy, it's not fair that you and Dixon are keeping a secret from us. Besides, Dixon already knows about it. Why can't we know? It's not fair," Kristina complained, leaning on Debbie's shoulder.

Seeing Kristina acting like that, Debbie said exaggeratedly, "Dixon, just tell her, or she will fall out with me out of jealousy."

Baffled, Kristina looked at Debbie and retorted, "What? That's crazy. There's nothing going on between us. Why would I be jealous?"

Dixon was confused and flustered. "Kristina, didn't you agree to be my girlfriend the other night?" he asked.

This was big news for them. The crowd hooted. All of a sudden, they had forgotten about Debbie.

"No, I didn't." Kristina blushed. She leaned on Debbie's shoulder and interlocked arms with her. "Debbie, why haven't you been to the dorm lately? I missed you."

If you find any errors (broken links, non-standard content, etc..), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.