

Mr Carlos 9

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 10 The Award Ceremony

While standing with his head courteously tilted down, Tristan waited for an answer, but not a peep was heard from his boss even after a long moment.

When he raised his head in confusion to check what was going on, he noticed that the cigarette in his boss' hand had mostly burned into ash. What remained in his grip was the cigarette butt, but Carlos had yet to realize it. His eyes were glued on the screen. Out of curiosity, Tristan turned his head towards the TV; a girl was taking the lead of the marathon.

The young lady wore a green T-shirt and sneakers sponsored by Carlos' company, ZL Group. Although her T-shirt was soaking wet from all the running, her pace was steady. Her face, on the other hand, was as red as a ripe apple. It was so adorable. One careful glance, and a person would be tempted to give it a little pinch. At least, that was what Tristan felt as he found himself watching and silently cheering for the athlete.

"Repeat your report. From the top," Carlos suddenly demanded, giving Tristan quite a start. When Tristan turned around to reiterate his report, his boss had already averted his gaze from the screen. Once again, his head was buried in a file, his eyes hidden from view, as though he was never distracted.

After some time, the one-time silver medalist managed to surpass Debbie. But this did not faze her, and 1 hour and 10 minutes later since the beginning, Debbie was ahead of everyone again. Everyone witnessed how much effort she put into each calculated step as she advanced forward. The whole venue was boiling with enthusiasm from every side.

As she gained momentum, some students from the Economics and Management School applauded her in excitement, shouting, "Well done, Debbie!" "Keep it going! You're almost there!" they yelled approvingly. Even the students who could not see everything clearly from a distance had joined in the cheering when they heard that Debbie was taking the lead again. Everything else was drowned out by the shouts, which came in waves, one louder than another. It went without saying that as much as she showed no signs of slowing down, neither did their screams of encouragement.

Ten more minutes later, only three passes were left before they hit the finish line. All of a sudden, surprised exclamations came from the crowd. Amidst a mixture of reactions, some students shouted Dixon's name.

When Debbie turned back, short of breath, she found that her friends, Jared and the rest, were nowhere to be seen. She realized that they had pulled out of the race. On the other hand, Dixon, who had been in the sixth place, had tripped for some reason. As he tried to get to his feet, it proved to be more difficult than he had thought and he failed.

Seeing this, Debbie hesitated for a second. Despite being several meters away from him -- the distance growing with each step she took, she let out a low growl and then spun back towards him, sending the audience into a hysterical fit of amazement.

The moment she made the call in that split second, the former silver medalist took the lead again in her stead.

"Tom..." panted Dixon, sensing her return. "Tomboy. Don't come... don't... come back for me..." But before he could string a few more words together, Debbie was already standing before him with an extended hand. Looking up with a pair of apologetic eyes, Dixon fell silent, his jaw slack.

With a quick glance past Debbie's figure, he saw that the silver medalist was still finishing the race and it brought his focus back. If not for him, he had to keep going for Debbie who had risked what was possibly already a sure win for her. Resignedly, Dixon took her hand and got up.

injury seemed to be worse than he had thought. As soon as he stood up, the throb in his legs made hurt." He shook his head, feeling defeated. "I... I can't go on. But you can still go. Run. Just

on his knees, Debbie encouraged him. "Doctor, it's just a

the teachers. This time, however, he was the one

running again. It did not hurt as much, though, as Debbie supported him the entire time for the rest of the

their resilience was seen by everyone at the venue, the students screamed at the

stood out from the rest in the crowd. "Debbie, I love you!" It was received with a lot of giggling, and a few good-natured shaking heads,

Dixon gradually overtook some runners in front of them. Eventually, when they reached the finish line,

decision to go back and help an injured friend engraved Runner #961's compassion in the hearts of everyone at the venue. Due to a decision that she made in split second,

happened in the race. Although he did not show it, the

female athlete was swarmed by a dozen boys. Out of elation, they carried her effortlessly with their hands, tossed her in the air, and caught her. They repeated this a few more times, and although she was helpless and exhausted, it brought a genuine smile on her face.

' he

with open arms. A lot had happened, but the day was not over yet.

going to take place in a matter of hours, including an awarding for winners. What was more, the special guest to award the

not help but shout out loud in disbelief. 'Carlos?' she thought angrily. 'Seriously! Why is he

"I have to say, Debbie. Mr. Huo and you seem to have a special connection. It's like wherever you go, he appears to be there

looked at her. "I won't clash with him at the ceremony," assured Debbie. "Just that... well, who'd have thought that he'll be awarding the medals?" Huffing in a grumpy manner, she added, "Since I wasn't going to be the winner, I should have

competitive that way. And coming third meant she had lost her bet with Gail. Blowing at her new polished nails, Kristina chimed in, "Actually, Debbie. I envy you. How lucky you are to get to run into Mr. Huo so many times! He's so handsome, so rich. He's just everything. It's like fate." Then, the dreamy look which had been present on her face a moment ago, disappeared. It was replaced by a pout as she continued, "But when I think of how badly things ended every

more powerful

possible.' Shaking her head, Kristina chased that thought away from her mind. In Y City, no one had dared to