

Mr Carlos 121

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 121 Will You Promise Me That

With a serious expression on his face, Carlos said, "I don't care what other people think of me. I won't stand anyone crossing you. Not even a 5-year-old boy. That's my word."

Messing with his wife meant messing with Carlos himself, and he would not let anyone get away with that so easily.

It really touched Debbie, to have Carlos taking her side against Megan this time. That was quite out of the blue. Feigning anger, she pouted her lips and said, "If you refuse to let it go, it will make me so anxious I might even cry. Would you kick yourself for making me cry?"

Mulling over her words, Carlos lowered his head and saw the hint of emotion in her eyes. A frown marred his face. But he misunderstood her mood. Actually she was teary-eyed because she was touched by how protective he was of her. Sighing in defeat, Carlos didn't get her drift. "Okay, okay. I'll let you have your way, dear. Some concessions can't be avoided between lovebirds," he said with a thoughtful look. Then lowering his head closer to her ear, he whispered, "Don't put on that sulking face, sweet pie, or I'll be tempted to carry you to our room for a full body massage."

Before Debbie could react, Tabitha interrupted them with profound resignation. "Son, I didn't travel all the way to see you show off. Give me time with my daughter-in-law too."

Blushing, Debbie pushed Carlos away immediately and turned to Tabitha's support. "Mom is right. Carlos, stop being so possessive. You should let me enjoy her company for the little time she's here."

Then she walked towards Tabitha calmly.

When she approached Tabitha, she held her arm, and pretending that nothing had happened, asked in a sweet voice, "Mom, what were you discussing with Julie?"

No one knew how much courage it took for Debbie to hold Tabitha's arm and call her "Mom".

While still holding hands, Tabitha showed Debbie Julie's notebook filled with recipes. "We were discussing what we're going to eat this evening. But I think it would be wise if we let you choose. Tell me what your favorite meal is or anything special that you'd want for the night. I'll gladly prepare it for you," Tabitha offered.

It humbled Debbie to have a mother-in-law who, despite all her money and position, was so affectionate to prepare a meal for her.

Sensing the surprised look on Debbie's face, Tabitha asked, "Well, you don't believe I can cook, do you?"

Debbie nodded with embarrassment. "You got me. I must be the dumbest person here. I don't know how to cook..."

Debbie attempted to cook a meal

me to learn how to cook, I should've listened to him. Now I so wish I could cook for Carlos...' she

began Tabitha, patting her hand, "all you need to do is study hard. As for cooking, you don't need to do a thing while you have Julie around. She's a terrific cook. Even if you

They could learn it if they were really fond of cooking, but if

knows

which Debbie made a phony reproachful glance. Tabitha and

the

the family's happy moment together was interrupted to Debbie, when the gate to the villa opened again and Megan walked in. The

a guilty look said, "Yes, everything is okay. Uncle Carlos, Aunt Debbie, I'm really sorry for what has happened. I promise that

cook this evening. Why not stay

suggested that

asking for her permission. "Please stay here for dinner," Tabitha said with a smile. Whenever Tabitha had come

while since I last ate Tabitha's delicious food." Thrilled, Megan jumped to

be honest, she could feel Tabitha liked

going to cook. Then she turned to Debbie and asked, "I heard from Julie what

her

will be just perfect for

Tabitha nodded.

the study to work, Tabitha went to her room to take a rest, and Megan followed after Tabitha, claiming that she wanted to have small talk with her. Left

kill the time, she began to clean the dressing table. Suddenly, she received Kasie's message on WeChat. "Tomboy, how was your meeting

graceful, and really nice to me. To be honest, I've liked her, right from the word

an amazing mother-in-law. Despite her noble birth and the fact that she's highly educated and rolling in money, she's also a welcoming person. In fact, very good with people, from the little

Debbie simply typed back, "I

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 122 You Stay Overnight In The Study

Before reaching the door, Megan changed her mind and sat on the couch in the study instead. Looking at Carlos in admiration, she said, "Aunt Debbie, Uncle Carlos speaks English so well. He used to teach me. Actually, my English grades improved vastly, thanks to his tuition."

The more she droned on and on, the more she irritated Debbie. 'Such an airhead! Can't she just leave us alone?

What joy does she derive from being the third wheel all the time? She keeps showing off her relationship with Carlos again and again! I must put an end to this,' Debbie mused.

Suddenly, a light bulb went off in her mind. She cradled Carlos' neck and kissed his short hair. It smelt good. "Honey, I've changed my mind. Let me fetch my book for a short lesson as we wait for dinner. I guess it might take Julie and Mom a little longer to cook what they have in mind," Debbie said playfully.

Pleasantly, Carlos curled his lips and stroked her arm. "Alright. Go fetch the book. I'll be here waiting for you."

"Sure. I'll be back in a minute." Before Debbie trotted to get her book, she gave him a kiss on the cheek.

With eyes full of affection, Carlos stared at her retreating figure. Once Debbie was out of sight, he turned to Megan and said, "Why don't you go to the living room and watch TV?"

With a cute smile, Megan answered, "Uncle Carlos, I wish I could join Aunt Debbie for the lesson."

Carlos shrugged as he couldn't find a reason to turn down her request. When Debbie returned with a book in her hand, Megan, still sitting on the couch, cast her a challenging glance.

"Aunt Debbie, Uncle Carlos has agreed to let me join you for the class." With a haughty face, she had her chin and nose up in the air.

Instantly, Debbie fumed, but she did her best not to lose her temper. Just then, an idea struck her. With a fake smile, she conceded, "Okay. Why not?"

Sitting on the couch with Debbie and Megan on either side, Carlos began his lesson.

In a minute or so, Debbie casually put her hand on his lap. Every now and then, she adjusted herself, getting closer and closer to him until, at long last, she completely leaned into his arms.

Occasionally, she'd give him a peck on the cheek or earlobe without Megan noticing. Even Megan could sense something unusual with Carlos. When the class was finally over, he ordered, "Megan, go check if the dinner is ready."

Debbie alone. She also didn't want to

she could say a word, he pressed her against the couch. "Seducing me,

hands ran over her clothes, hurriedly

him, she allowed him on top, her arms wrapped around

to tell them dinner was ready. "Got it," Carlos answered in a low voice. Debbie, who was pressed against the windowsill, turned her head and tried to stop

be bad if we...if we... didn't

so much effort...to make

open slightly,

her go. Eventually, Carlos decided to let her go despite the fact that he didn't come. He caressed her hair and gave her a peck on the back. "Honey, we need to bang this evening," he

frenzy. With the support of the windowsill, she turned around and snapped, "Old man, we'll see to that when the

casually, "Deb, have you

running. As long as I'm free, I usually go

to improve your endurance. Otherwise, you may find it

remark left Debbie blushing.

man! Is he a sex maniac or something?' she

second floor, the housemaids were busy serving the dishes.

went soft. If it weren't for Carlos' fast reaction, she would have fallen and

fault!' Debbie cast

funny?" she retorted to his naughty smile. Since he didn't deny her causation, Debbie gnashed her teeth and whispered

want Mom to

know

by now. Straightaway, he led her to the sink so that they could wash their hands. Just then, Tabitha and Megan walked out of the kitchen together. "Debbie,

of things had taken place while they were in the study. She answered with

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 123 You've Eaten So Much

The dinner had a pleasant start, but it wasn't long before Megan began to fawn over Carlos. "Uncle Carlos, this is popcorn chicken. I helped Tabitha cook it. Give it a try, please."

"Mmm," Carlos said, unwilling to say more with a mouthful of food. The look on his face and the sounds of chewing were enough to gauge how he felt.

"Uncle Carlos, taste the soup. I helped Tabitha flavor it. Does it taste good?" Megan put a bowl of soup on the table, setting it down in front of Carlos.

She acted as if she were the hostess, and anyone who didn't know better might believe that Megan was Carlos' wife.

His face deadpan, Carlos answered "Mmm" again. He was a man of few words, yet those few words usually said enough.

Still, Megan continued to pile food onto his plate, and soon his place was inundated with all sorts of tasty dishes.

Debbie, on the other hand, grew angry when she saw this. As any woman would be. Tabitha kept putting food onto Debbie's plate, ignoring the gal's rage. Debbie had to take a deep breath to suppress her anger, so she wouldn't snap at the wrong person.

She lowered her head and ate her food quietly. Suddenly, a piece of fish was put onto her plate and the man finally spoke, his mouth finally forming words that were not just sounds. "I boned the fish."

Debbie paused for a moment. If Tabitha were not here, she would mock him, "So you finally remember your own wife, huh?"

She put on a fake smile and said icily, "Thank you."

Before long, he put a piece of raw lobster onto her plate. "I remember you like seafood. Mom made a couple of dishes just for you. Here..."

Tabitha smiled at Debbie, "This lobster was flown in from Australia earlier today. It was very fresh, so I just sliced it. You'll love it."

"I really appreciate it, Mom!" Debbie gave Tabitha a sweet smile, and ate the lobster. She always loved lobster, ever since she was a little girl. Even when she was too young to properly shell it, her dad had always made sure to give her some. It was a nearly lifelong love affair with the dish. Carlos now paid all his attention to his wife. When Debbie was about to pick up a piece of lobster again, he was one step ahead of her and picked it up himself.

Debbie stared at Carlos in confusion. He dipped the lobster into the sauce before putting it onto Debbie's plate. Then he picked up another piece of lobster with shell and began to shell it.

his ear, "Put it down. Mom and Megan haven't touched the

answered with a shrug, "They're not fond of

echo her thoughts. What Tabitha was really thinking was, 'My ungrateful

lobster for his wife, but he didn't dish up anything

okay now? You sliced the lobster." Worry was obvious

head. "Don't worry. As long as I don't eat it, I'm

have some of this." Debbie placed the

scooped

seafood? Or just don't

his head.

He's acting like a mime!' Debbie rolled her eyes secretly. 'They say silence is golden, but this is

good appetite and she would feel embarrassed if she was left eating alone. Besides, he liked to take his time, and not much would make him rush. Even if the house were on fire, he might

was still eating, while Tabitha and Megan ate some fruit as a

had with

was distracted. He put a piece of bamboo shoot onto her plate and said, "Here, have some

came back to her senses.

amazed by Debbie's good appetite and exclaimed, "Aunt Debbie, you've eaten so much! How do you

whether she was praising her or mocking her. She gave Megan a smile and continued

chimed in, "Debbie, a good appetite is a blessing. Take your

moved to tears. How lucky she was to have such a good husband and a caring mother-in-law! "I

the dinner, Carlos asked the housemaid to make a fruit platter for Debbie. Looking at more than a dozen fruits on the platter, Debbie gulped them all down. She loved fruit,

9 in the evening. As a result, Tabitha invited her to stay overnight.

Carlos will be sleeping with me. Megan won't have

the dead of

she entered. Carlos was

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 124 The Past

When Douglas first put forward a proposal to marry Debbie to Carlos. Artie, who had heard of Carlos before, agreed to the proposal without hesitation.

Debbie had just broken up with Hayden back then. And she couldn't bear to turn down her father, who was terminally ill. She had been so mad at Hayden that she had agreed to marry Carlos in a fit of pique. Their marriage certificate had been issued on her birthday that year.

The reason why Carlos had agreed to marry Debbie was that he respected his grandfather's advice. From Carlos' childhood, Douglas had dedicated his time and money to his grandson's education.

When weak, frail and advanced in age Douglas sat Carlos down and recommended Debbie for a wife, it made sense.

At that time, Carlos was a workaholic with virtually no time for anything else.

Shortly after, Douglas had been hospitalized, in a coma, before he could let anyone in on his grandson's marriage. It didn't help that Carlos was overextended in time. So much that he hurtled from meeting to meeting, place to place, the world over for business. Until gradually, he had completely forgotten about his wife.

Debbie didn't know the story behind this. She and Carlos had been married for three years, yet had barely known each other until several months ago.

"Your grandpa is still in a coma. When your dad gets to know this, I'm pretty sure he'll throw a tantrum," said Tabitha in a worried voice. That was a real source of concern for her. If there was one thing that Tabitha didn't like in James, it was his quick temper. Over the years, she had learnt to wisely avoid unnecessary strife with her husband. But it wasn't lost on her that if triggered, he could be unreasonable.

And there was no way to tell how he'd receive his son's marriage to Debbie.

Sensing that his mom was worried, Carlos stood up from his seat, walked up to Tabitha and assured in a calm tone, "Mom, just leave it to me. There's no need to fret."

He didn't want her to be blamed for the decision. If anything, his grandpa's word was enough. The only problem was that chances of Douglas ever making it safely at the hospital were infinitesimal.

Eventually, Tabitha agreed to stay her calm, and hoped that James would be rational enough not to throw a hissy fit when Carlos finally got to introduce Debbie as his wife.

"Well, then, when are you going to take Debbie to see the rest of our family?" Tabitha asked. A couple of years back, the Huo and Li families had all moved abroad, which meant Carlos would need good planning of his otherwise busy schedule to take Debbie for introductions.

"I think it won't take long. It's time to visit Grandpa and Grandma," answered Carlos. It had been three months since he had last visited them. And the Spring Festival was drawing near. Carlos planned to take Debbie to see his family to celebrate the Spring Festival together this year.

not keep her company?

beamed with delight at the mention

usually had a rather impersonal, business-like atmosphere. Tabitha hoped that a baby would make things

and said, "Debbie and

Tabitha didn't think he was handling his relationship with Megan properly. Yes, she liked Megan very much and treated her as her own daughter. But of course Debbie was Carlos' wife. "You see, Megan and you are not related by blood. Now that you have Debbie, you'll need to set

at Megan? "Mom, you are overreacting.

she could do nothing. All she could do was pray and hope that her son would learn to give

bit of small talk, Tabitha went back to her room, while Carlos assigned his remaining work to some of his staff and left the

downward-facing dog posture she was in when Carlos walked into the room instantly turned him on.

the door closing, she turned her

to drop.

done, I'd better take a shower and go to sleep, ' she thought.

stand up, Carlos stopped her.

"What? But why?"

current posture,

struggled to her feet. "Stay away from

hadn't been satisfied in the study. Now that he had been turned on

Debbie's slight unwillingness at the beginning, she gave in to his desires in

power through her whole system, she pulled his shirt over his head. In quick response, he pushed her hard onto the bed, his hands coming up to her neck as he cupped her head into his palms while passionately kissing her lips. She tried to

moments later, he flipped her over forcefully, Debbie burying her head into his neck, while his hands caressed her all over the body. Their breaths by now came in gusts, fast

bra, he violently grabbed it in the middle and yanked the thing off, without even trying to undo

wild sex. Still tightly wrapped in his arms, Debbie mumbled

kissed her hair affectionately,

then nodded. Pouting her lips,

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 125 A Business Trip

Nestled in Carlos' arms, Debbie shook her head and murmured, "You didn't wake me up. Hear that buzz? Someone sent messages in group chat."

Debbie was usually a light sleeper, and the person who had awakened her was none other than Jared. He met a girl recently and couldn't stop posting selfies with her in group chat on WeChat. He just wanted to show off.

Hearing that, Carlos furrowed his eyebrows and reached out to grab her phone to find out who was to blame. Debbie somewhat unsuccessfully tried to keep her phone away from him. She was wrapped in the sheets, and he could reach across the bed easily.

Afraid that Carlos might punish Jared again, Debbie immediately grabbed his hand and said in a charming manner, "Honey, it's no big deal. A friend of mine is overexcited about his S.O. Baby, I'm still really sleepy, and it's cold in here. Snuggle?"

Carlos realized she was covering for someone, so he went along with it. He curled his lips, got onto the bed and lay down beside his wife. He felt really uncomfortable now. He thought about taking a look at her phone, but somehow it didn't seem worth the effort.

Debbie rested her head on his arm and wrapped her arm around his waist. A satisfied smile found its way to her face.

"It's Sunday, but you worked all day. You must be tired." Debbie reached out her hand and stroked his face, concern showing in her eyes.

Carlos grabbed her hand and put it inside the warm quilt. "No, not really. Close your eyes and get some rest. You have a yoga class tomorrow morning."

The yoga class started early the next morning, so Debbie needed to get up earlier than usual. She liked to sleep late. If she didn't get to sleep now, she wouldn't be awake enough for the class.

"Okay. Night, Honey." She closed her eyes obediently and dozed off in his arms within a couple of minutes. She was tired, and the warm bed was inviting. If she had any dreams, she didn't remember them.

The next morning, since Debbie had to head to the college and Carlos had an important meeting, neither of them could drive Tabitha to the airport. So Damon offered to drive her there.

Debbie and Tabitha were saying their goodbyes at the gates of the villa when Damon's car pulled up. He greeted them playfully, "Wow, two beautiful ladies! Good morning!"

Debbie waved her hand at him. "Morning, Damon."

Tabitha's smile grew wider when she saw Damon. "I've been here all this time, and you never came by." to Y City, so I took the red-eye to get here. At least I can drive you to the airport. You know I wouldn't be able to eat or sleep if I didn't see you

shook her head and sighed, "You silver-tongued devil. No wonder you

put it against his lips. In a low voice, he added, "I have a fiancée now. I'm a respectable man. We don't that they had different mothers. She felt as if it were Jared she was talking to, and maybe that was why Damon soon became

both had glib tongues, had both dated countless girls, and both seemed to have car and asked, "Really?

you're around, I'll take her to meet you. Or maybe I can take her

"Sounds good."

and Damon, she got into her BMW, and Matan drove her to the college. Damon started

from Carlos. He said he needed to go to a nearby city on business. Debbie was surprised by the sudden news. "That's short notice!" She

There's an emergency I have to fix. I'll

very thought of it made her feel unhappy. She didn't like to be separated from Carlos for long. When he was difficult, he was infuriating, but

attend a dinner for me tomorrow evening? Emmett will keep you

you?!" Debbie cried in

a long time ago. I'll tell him who you are, so there won't be any problems." She wanted to keep their marriage a secret, and he was fine with it. But

the media about his marriage once Debbie had graduated. Yeah, that would make it all better. She don't think I can

You need only give it to him, and then find a place to enjoy

into laughter. "Come on! You brat!

He teased, "Really? Last time I was out on the cruiser, I saw a girl stuff her face with so many desserts. She looked a lot like you,

plate of dessert for more than half an hour without stopping once,

Debbie snapped, "Leave me alone about that! It was all Jared's fault. Once we got on board, he went after two girls and

How dare you mention the cruiser!

through gritted teeth.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 126 At The Party

When the car came to a halt, Debbie straightened her clothes and fixed her hair. "Emmett, we're ten minutes late. Think anyone will notice?" she asked. This was all Carlos' fault. When she was picking out a dress, he refused to hang up the phone and insisted on video chatting with her.

Carlos picked out her dress and even her earrings. It was like he wanted control over the entire process. Before that, he had watched her change and try on every dress. That had been fun. Some secrets a man should never know—like all the gymnastics it took sometimes just to fit into a dress. The net effect was that no one was supposed to know how much effort you put into getting ready.

Therefore, she ended up getting to the hotel ten minutes late, even though she was an excellent driver behind the wheel of a sports car.

"It's okay. Don't worry about it, Mrs. Huo," Emmett answered, frankly relieved they'd stopped. He didn't enjoy the trip over here at all, wondering how long it would take him to stop shuddering. He got out of the passenger seat and trotted over to the driver's seat. After straightening his clothes, he opened the door for Debbie with a serious look on his face and held out his right hand. "Please, Mrs. Huo," he said respectfully.

Debbie put her high heels on again. She had taken them off and thrown them aside while she was driving. Then, she put her hand on Emmett's gracefully and got out of the car.

The PR team knew Emmett as Carlos' secretary. When they saw him being so respectful to the woman getting out of the car, they all knew she must be very important. Carlos spared no expense to make sure those close to him were well taken care of, and she was obviously close to him.

In a pair of 6 cm high heels, Debbie walked carefully and nervously into the lavish hotel. Emmett was by her side and the PR team led the way.

The lobby doors were pushed open by two bodyguards, and held in place while Debbie walked in. The boss of Kasee Group had just delivered his opening speech.

Soon, all eyes were drawn to the woman who had just walked in wearing a red evening dress. She was letting her passionate side shine.

Fine feathers make fine birds. The woman they were gazing at had been made up and dressed by an international master make-up artist. Nothing but the best for Carlos' wife. Even the socialite divas and the actresses present at the event couldn't hold a candle to Debbie now.

Her hair was no longer a lilac, and was dyed back to a gorgeous raven hue. Knotted into a five-strand braid, it was coiled up at the back of her head, adorned by a diamond tiara-shaped hairpin.

dress underneath. It had three-quarter sleeves and a stand-up collar, and her beautiful clavicles were partly exposed. The dress was a gold medal-winning work by a master designer from Milan. Crystal and diamond studs adorned it from head to

now delicate and smooth. She used to know little about skin care and so didn't take care of her skin, but now it fairly glowed. Her

hint of deeply hidden helplessness about them. Beneath her

white crystal necklace, from the same set as the bracelet on her

in her black high heels, straightening up, with a presence of aloofness and uniqueness. Everyone feasted on her sumptuous beauty but hesitated to approach, all wondering who she was and why she was with Carlos' secretary Emmett. "Who is she? Why have I never seen

aunt was talking about how she wanted

it's pricey. I don't think Emmett can afford something like

were guessing, the boss of the Kasee Group came over.

evening, Mrs. Huo, Emmett," the

to his secretary and said with a smile, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Zhu." When he glanced at the gift, she continued, "It's a present from my husband. He's too

a waiter was carrying, one for Debbie and the

the powerful Carlos' wife to be so modest and polite. "Mrs. Huo, you're too modest. It's indeed a pity that Mr. Huo can't come himself, but I'm

good with flattery. Nor did she like too many compliments. She smiled nervously, "Thank you for understanding, Mr. Zhu. Today's a big day for you. I bet you're very busy, so I'll not take

let me know. Please

Debbie took a sip of her wine, and Mr. Zhu left them. He intended to mingle in

was relieved. She visibly relaxed, taking a

"Did I say anything

smiled, "No, Mrs. Huo, you were great. Relax." At that point, Emmett understood why Carlos wasn't confident and looked even more amazing after the makeover. She

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 127 Fake Crystal

Among her acquaintances, the girls kept looking at her with an envious eye. If gazes could kill, Debbie would have been dead.

"Debbie," called Colleen and Curtis in unison.

Some men wanted to approach Debbie, Emmett noticed. But when they saw Curtis and Colleen, they stopped.

When Debbie, who was eating a snack, heard them, she put the snack down and clinked with the two. "Hi, Colleen, Mr. Lu."

Taking a step back to look at Debbie, Curtis complimented, "You look great. No doubt Carlos has been good to you."

Colleen released Curtis and took Debbie's hand. "Of course. One has just to look at Debbie to know that she is in love,"

she said, as gentle as the first time Debbie had met her. If Debbie hadn't seen Colleen on the dance floor the other day, she wouldn't have believed the woman could dance seductively like that. Debbie smiled resignedly.

Playfully, Curtis pinched Colleen's cheek before he turned to look Debbie straight in the face. "Did you come here on Carlos' behalf?" he asked.

"Yeah, he is on a business trip," Debbie replied.

Curtis nodded. "Not bad." He was relieved to see that Debbie and Carlos were happy together.

After a short while, Curtis and Colleen were needed somewhere else and left Debbie. So did Emmett. Even though he was only a secretary, many people sucked up to him, on account of having Carlos as his boss.

Debbie ate some more snacks

another woman standing in the hallway. Adorned in an expensive champagne evening dress, and holding a

was not too

Debbie wondered.

nodded and

Portia believed the glowing woman at
smiled faintly and excused herself. "Yeah, it's me. If you have nothing
to engage with anyone from the Gu family, unless it
Debbie was about to leave, Portia began, "What's the rush? Are
She looked at Portia and
tell how much Debbie's outfit was worth, but she wouldn't admit it. "Are you afraid that people might
know you are wearing a fake designer dress and fake crystal?" she
right hand, which looked smooth after the skin care. "Since when is the daughter of the Gu family so
ignorant? Is the Gu family degrading? Or does Hayden grudge giving you money after he became
anything, Debbie's dress for the night was something few divas could afford. Even
of the seven treasures, the bracelet she was wearing had
Most likely, Carlos had seen it on display and sent someone to make the purchase on his behalf. Later
that evening,
brown nail polish and had an extra crystal—a ring on
superiority, "Sorry to disappoint you, but the Gu Group is thriving under my brother's leadership. Also,
my brother and I are on such good terms that besides my basic income of \$500, 000 a month, he always
secretary,

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 128 Breakup in Three Minutes

It hadn't been that long since Portia last saw Debbie. But this wasn't the Debbie she knew. Debbie used
to be humble and self-effacing, with low self-esteem. Now she was parading around with her nose in the
air, all puffed up with pride as if she were the queen.

'Dammit Debbie! Your husband's just a secretary. Don't get cocky. It's not like he's Carlos Huo! We'll see
who comes out on top!' she thought resentfully.

On Debbie's way back to the party, two other women stopped her in her tracks. They sized her up and
down, and then one of them said curtly, "Someone wants to see you."

'I wonder who they're talking about, ' thought Debbie.

"Who?" she asked. Neither of the two women looked even remotely familiar. She'd know if she'd met
them before. So it made her even more curious who wanted to talk to her, and why.

The woman in a black dress snapped, "Don't ask. Just follow us."

'This is crazy!' Debbie was irritated. It was supposed to be simple, and maybe fun. She went to the party
on Carlos' behalf, but ended up coming across all kinds of weird things and hostile women. Mental note:
Don't do this again. And now, why did she have to deal with some ridiculous mystery boss? She didn't.

She was thinking that maybe now would be a good time to bug out of here. She had made an appearance, presented her gift, and now she just wanted to be left alone.

"Sorry, I'm busy." She passed them without giving them a second glance. Who were they? And why were they following someone else's orders? And more importantly, why were they trying to get her involved?

The woman in black shouted to her back, "Hey, you! Miss Mi wants to see you! Get your butt over here now, unless you want that butt kicked out of Y City! Just so you know, Miss Mi is Mr. Huo's woman. I wouldn't turn her down if I were you."

'Really! We'll just see about that!' Debbie thought.

The two looked at Debbie gloatingly, anticipating that she would turn around and follow them timidly to see Olga. After all, these two were at her beck and call, so why shouldn't Debbie be the same? She wasn't any better than them.

Nonetheless, to their disappointment, Debbie only paused for a second and then continued walking away.

when she returned to the party, she couldn't help walking towards

the corner, ready to dig in. But before she could take a bite, a familiar figure sat next to her. He looked around and asked cautiously, "Your husband

took a bite of iced mango pudding and rolled her eyes at him. "Why are you sneaking

plates. "You're asking me?

to respond, he grabbed her arm and said, "Tomboy, promise me that you'll never cheat on your husband." Debbie almost choked on her

did, I think he'd

from his grip, swallowed the food in her

saw Hayden just now. He's a

to grab a Fairy Bean Cake from Debbie's plate and toss it into his mouth. "Why do girls like sweet

on her mind now. She was totally smitten with him. Other men couldn't

he looked at Debbie and said, "Hey, dude. I'd like

up with the news, when

her, she choked on her black tea. Same old Jared.

seductive black dress and a pair of high heels that seemed to be at least eight cm high. Her long red curls tumbled to

hooked his finger towards the girl and the latter instantly ran coquettishly into

thought that was hard to watch, the two started to make out. Debbie slid over to be farther away from them, pretending not to know them. This was embarrassing

is my buddy Debbie Nian." Jared

she'd cleared the dessert

simply said, "Hi." Then she threw herself at Jared and acted like a spoiled little girl. "I want to go shopping. Go with me," she said while shaking his arm and wriggling her body. It wasn't a pretty sight, but it was what it was. This was how she got her way, because certain men liked the fact they acted bratty. That was considered cute by some.

minute. I need to talk

bought her those clothes, didn't you?" DeeDee had noticed Debbie as she walked over. 'What rock did this ho pop out from? Stealing everyone's thunder like

Chapter 129 Call Mr. Huo

"You two seemed fine. What went wrong?" Debbie probed.

"Fine? I don't even like her. She seduced me while I was drunk and continually pestered me to take responsibility after we slept together. Otherwise, I wouldn't have even talked to her. Who does she think she is? I've slept with dozens of women. I don't even remember her," Jared said contemptuously before taking a sip of beer.

Debbie was surprised, even though she knew Jared was a playboy. She felt obliged to chime in. "Hey, dude. What you did was disgraceful. How could you sleep with someone and not take responsibility for it? She did nothing wrong to you."

Derisively, Jared waved his hand. "These women are all after my money. It sucks! None of them loves me. They only freaking love my money! If they could marry my old man, they would leave me immediately."

Although Jared was not as handsome as Damon, he was still good-looking in his own way. He was so tall that when Debbie stood beside him, she looked like an elf.

In Y City, the Han Group was one of the leading enterprises. Although it was not as influential as the ZL Group, it was among the top five most successful enterprises. The Han family's assets were worth more than 100 million.

Therefore, it came as no surprise that many women were tempted by his wealth.

Listening to Jared's misery, Debbie felt grateful for Carlos' dour moods, which repulsed women who would have surrounded him like a swarm of bees, if he entertained them.

Gently, she patted Jared on the shoulder and comforted him, "Relax, buddy. You'll find a girl who truly loves you soon."

At that time, Debbie had no idea that that girl would appear very soon. Neither did she know that she was familiar with the girl. Jared didn't take her words seriously.

she was just saying that to comfort

about everything. Until suddenly, a bunch of loud women descended on them. A gang of socialite

her overstuffed stomach and didn't notice the commotion. The crowd was behind her, so it was Jared sitting opposite her who saw those women. "Tomboy, I've

about why he

more than ten women in the oncoming gang. In the lead was Olga, flanked on either side by Gail and Portia. Right behind them Debbie could only identify DeeDee who had just broken up with Jared. As to who the rest of the gang were, Debbie

glance was the hideous looks on their faces, especially Olga,

evening dress mounted with diamonds, she towered over them and pointing at Debbie, asked

Olga. That's the shameless boyfriend snatcher. She must

Debbie glanced at Jared, but he

when Olga picked up Jared's half

Olga tried to douse her face in all the contents of

with the frothy liquid, the poor girl screamed,

contrary, she even had the nerve to give the girl a dressing-down for screaming.

though it was the offended girl who was in the wrong and not the other way round. The impertinent attitude got on Debbie's nerves. 'Who the hell does Olga think she is, to go stepping on

issue to the

for no damn reason, she added, "But since your waistline is a little thick, I'm worried that maybe no shop has the right size for

Chapter 130 Ruined By A Glass Of Wine

'Call Carlos Huo?' Olga was frightened. She and Carlos hadn't talked for a long time.

As if remembering something, Debbie acted surprised and asked Olga, "So you claim to be Carlos' woman and Carlos Huo even said he had a girlfriend to the press. Are you the girl he carried out of the hotel?"

Jared knew the truth, and buried his face in his cuff to avoid bursting out in laughter. 'Way to go, Tomboy! She's a lot different now. Much more confident, she takes pot shots and ducks for cover.'

Embarrassed, Olga bit her lower lip. She had no clue who that woman was. She really couldn't answer either way. When the news broke, she had looked into it. But Carlos was security-conscious, so no information was available on that mystery woman.

She had heard from Emmett that Carlos was married, so she wondered if that woman was the mysterious Mrs. Huo.

Determined to avoid the question, Olga growled brashly, "Listen to you! Prying into Carlos' personal affairs!"

Seated on the sofa, Jared cut in, "Miss Mi, I'm just curious. Was that you? Mr. Huo said that the woman in his arms was his woman and that's who you say you are. Did any of you hear Mr. Huo say this to anyone?"

Jared looked at the other girls with her. They looked at each other. Gradually it dawned on them. It turned out none of them had ever heard Carlos refer to Olga as his woman. It was only Olga who talked about her life with Carlos. No one else was circulating those rumors.

Debbie gave Jared an knowing look, as if to say, "Nice, dude!" Then she shifted her eyes to Olga and continued, "Using Carlos Huo's name to bully others. Does he know about this?"

"You!" Anger overtook Olga. She raised her hand to slap Debbie.

when Debbie's hand flew out, it stopped. Her tea didn't. Black liquid sloshed out of Debbie's cup and drenched Olga's

tea wasn't hot. It just stained the victim's face—and her cream dress.

shit. And she was done with this insufferable woman. She kicked Olga in the leg. Debbie's victim screamed

his wife, and the self-proclaimed his woman, which of them Carlos would

by the arm and pushed her hard. The woman fell backwards. Being in high heels, all these women lost their balance quickly and

glass of red wine. She took the hint immediately. While those

neighborhood of a million or so. Now they were all ruined by a

with his hands, making sure it was pristine. He rested his arm on Debbie's shoulder and said to those miserable women,

glared at them. Noticing that, Debbie cast them a sideways glance and sneered, "What do you want? Hadn't had enough? How about I cut your dresses

women shut their mouths and lowered their

was so shocked his teeth started clattering. He wasted no time ringing up Carlos. "Mr. Huo, something's happened.

Carlos rubbed the spot between

"Mrs. Huo... Er... She..."

that it was about Debbie, Carlos stood up abruptly. "What about her? Get to

She got into a fight with some socialite divas, including the daughters of the Mi

got the gist. "Which side lost?"

divas were getting up from the floor, and Debbie was watching them, remarkably unscathed. "It looks like