

## **Mr Carlos 141**

### **Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

#### **Chapter 141 A Handsome Young Boy**

Jared didn't want to bother arguing with Debbie, so he changed the topic and said casually, "There is a poverty relief project to support the people in the Southon Village. Are you going to sign up for it?" If his memory served him right, Debbie was always enthusiastic about this sort of charity events.

"Yes! Of course, I'm going!" Debbie replied firmly. In the past, she didn't have much money, but she still actively participated in the charity activities. Now that Carlos had given her a large amount of money to spend as she wished, of course she would go and put that money to good use. 'I'll just be doing charity on his behalf, ' she thought to herself and she was okay with it as long as she could help others in need.

"I knew it!" Jared groaned. "But Southon Village is the poorest village in our country. The conditions there are awful. Besides, it's winter and the event will go on for at least a week. Are you sure you want to torture yourself by doing this?"

His words did scare Debbie a little. She hesitated, but when Carlos' face popped up in her mind, she gritted her teeth and said, "Yes, I'm sure. I've made up my mind."

Although Jared was dressed in a warm down jacket, he suddenly felt the whole world freeze after hearing her reply. A chill ran down his spine when he thought about accompanying Debbie to such a remote place where even a heater was a luxury. He couldn't help but pull his down jacket tighter around himself as his body trembled.

In the multimedia classroom

Kasie repeatedly shook her head in disbelief. "Tomboy, please. Please! Think about it. Are you even aware of how bad the conditions in the Southon Village are? Most of the people in the village speak the minority language which you don't understand. There will be no heater, not even an asphalt road to walk on, no shower..." She shuddered as she imagined being in such a place. "Gosh! Believe me! You'll turn into a complete mess after spending a few days there."

Echoing Kasie's words, Kristina nodded her head up and down and then glanced sympathetically at Jared, who looked visibly depressed now. From the expression on his face, Kristina knew that Jared was definitely planning to accompany Debbie in spite of his reluctance. Patting him on his shoulder, she praised him, "I admire your courage, Jared. I didn't know that you were actually this manly."

Unconvinced by her weak praise, Jared yelled, "Dixon, get a leash on your girlfriend and ask her to mind her words! What does she mean 'actually'? I've always been manly, okay?"

Dixon merely smiled and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. Then, he said in a calm voice, "Kasie. Kristina. You two needn't come along. Jared and I will go with Tomboy." Dixon was born in a small village and had lived there before he had come to the university. He was used to the hard life in the village, so it wasn't a big deal for him to spend a few days in the Southon Village.

With an apologetic look, Kasie patted Debbie on her hand and said in a mock serious tone, "Tomboy, as your best friend, I know that I should share weal and woe with you. However, this is a hardship you're begging to be in, so I'm not going to share it. Take care of yourself."

go with her. "I'll be okay with Jared and Dixon. The two of  
up for the activity. There were fifteen students who were taking part in the  
boy who took me back home when I was drunk that  
indoor type. Why would he be interested in going to the  
scanned the classroom and her eyes met Gregory's.  
but Debbie was too busy to notice it. She was marveling at his good-looking  
He should be staying in a big city. Why would he want to go  
curiosity, Debbie decided to go and ask him directly.  
she gestured to the girl in the seat and she immediately moved to another seat, making room for  
Debbie. Debbie casually sat down in front of Gregory and  
truth was that he actually had something else to  
knew Debbie's hobbies and he was sure that  
used to know. She searched her memories,  
clothes and a pair  
Debbie was shocked to see an unexpected person in their midst. She pointed at the masked boy who  
was dressed  
by it? Can't I go  
kept it to himself the reason why he was there. The truth was that he was forced to sign up for the  
activity by his brother, Curtis. Curtis had told him that he should go along and  
is stronger than most men. She doesn't need  
someone's protection, it shouldn't have to be me! She has nothing  
so well. 'Could it be possible that they are in some sort of relationship?' With  
to talk to her on the playground, she

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### **Chapter 142 Rebuked By Gus Lu**

To get to the Southon Village, Debbie and her schoolmates had first taken a two-hour ride on a high-speed train. Then they transferred to a bus, which took them seven hours. By the time they arrived, it was already dark. The bus had bumped all the way along the rugged mountain roads, jolting the passengers on it badly. Debbie never had carsickness, but this time, she couldn't help but feel dizzy. She bent down on the roadside and retched a few times, but didn't vomit.

A few of her schoolmates had begun vomiting as soon as they got off the bus.

The pungent smell of vomit and the disgusting sight of it only made things worse for Debbie. Just when she felt she was safe, her stomach churned violently, and in one loud retch she threw up.

Dixon opened the lid off his water bottle and handed it to Debbie to wash her mouth. "There's no hot water right now. Just take a few sips of this bottle of water first," he said.

Debbie took the bottle and rinsed the taste out of her mouth with the water. Now that she felt much better, she was finally in a mood to appreciate the scenery.

As they stood up high and looked around, the students could see the small village in the distance—dozens of houses lined up at the foot of the mountain. Most of the houses were smallish one-storey houses, with the tallest standing only three-storey up.

Still feeling exhausted from the journey, Debbie stretched herself. It was refreshing to finally breathe the clean air of the countryside.

But the biggest problem was... the piercing coldness in the mountain area.

A gust of cold wind blew over, threatening to freeze them into icy stumps sticking out of permafrost.

Although they all came in warm clothing, they were not prepared for biting cold. The girls soon began to complain. Even some of the boys found it worse than they had expected.

Once the villagers learnt of the students' arrival, many of them, especially children, stood at the entrance of the village to welcome the group. As Debbie and her schoolmates walked towards the villagers, they were shocked to realize that the children's faces and hands were turning red from exposure while they waited. And it really gripped Debbie's heart that the kids wore old, worn-out cotton clothes, which were far from enough to keep them warm in such harsh weather. Worse still, some of the children wore thin, baldly beaten shoes.

With wide eyes, the children stared curiously at the visitors from the big city. Expectation and eagerness to learn about the outside world were obvious on their faces.

Behind the children, there stood a group of old or middle-aged women, wearing genuine, welcoming smiles on their tanned faces. They raised their gnarled hands and waved enthusiastically.

The scene moved most of the students close to tears. Born and brought up in affluence, they were jolted, coming face to face with such abject poverty for the very first time.

came, the squalid living conditions here were way

the village tomorrow, so the students would start their work from tomorrow. After greeting the students, the village head led them to the host families,

were assigned into smaller groups for accommodation in different villagers' houses. And some were in individual rooms. When Debbie saw the room that was arranged

she didn't want to complain, because she had seen Jared's and Dixon's rooms too. Compared to their rooms, hers was much better. The conditions were indeed terrible. The room was

was that there was a new and clean set of bedding. She counted herself

at their different rooms, the group gathered

various dishes were served, everything from fresh farm ingredients. There was rabbit meat, turkey, pork and fish. All generously provided by farmers

girls sat still, sipping at their cups of hot tea, to get some warmth. Gus and Jared, both born into aristocracy, kept killing time by playing games on their phones, without even lifting their chopsticks. Debbie couldn't help but nudge Jared, and persuaded

women who volunteered to prepare the meals. 'The villagers would find it insulting, if we and grabbed his chopsticks to pick a

didn't care. He remained glued to his phone. Unimpressed by his aloofness, Debbie rolled her eyes, but she didn't want to

team leader, Dixon, realized it was incumbent on him to address Gus' indifference and maybe discourage anyone who might have similar thoughts. So when all the villagers went outside, he rose up to speak. "Hey, guys, listen to me! The villagers have devoted a lot of effort to prepare this meal for us. Maybe these foods are not good enough for you guys, but for them, these are the best. Probably, they will only have the chance to enjoy such a big meal once a year, on Spring Festival. So let's be considerate words, all the students obeyed him and began eating the

"Dixon, do we have anything to charge our phones tonight?" she asked. Maybe that would destruct Gus. meant to say. "No," he answered, his gaze fixed on Gus.

noticed whether there was any socket in the room or not. Thus, when everyone with some pots of wine in their

his fingers on the phone, Gus squinted at Debbie.

to check if there was a socket in his room, and to his relief, there was. So he could play on his texted him. "If you don't eat the food, I'll call Mr.

each other for the time they'd be posted in the village. Curtis had also

catch her returning the phone back into her pocket. "I've

but was enough to be heard by their schoolmates. As Gus' eyes were fixated at Debbie, everyone instantly understood who the annoying woman was in his

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### **Chapter 143 The Warm Bed**

"Rat-a-tat-tat." Debbie was startled by a sudden knock at the door. It was already well past her usual sleeping time and she wondered who could it be at this ungodly hour. She had just unzipped her down jacket. She had no choice but to zip it up again.

"Who is it?" she called out.

"Young girl, it's me." It sounded like the voice of the village head's wife.

Her guess was right. When Debbie opened the door, she saw the village head's wife and her handsome son standing outside.

The woman smiled pleasantly on seeing Debbie and asked, "Young girl, did I wake you?"

Debbie shook her head. "No, it's okay. I hadn't slept yet. Is everything okay?" she answered, confused as to why these two were paying her a visit at night.

The woman turned towards her son. He immediately lifted up something from the ground and handed it to Debbie. "This is our electric warming fan. My mother and I have brought it to you so that you don't get cold," he told her coyly.

"But...no... I can't take this. This is too generous." Debbie was deeply moved. As far as she knew, there was not even a water heater in the village. How on earth did they manage to procure an electric warming fan for her?

She didn't want to prove a burden to anyone, but the village head's wife was having none of it and straightforwardly asked her son to carry the fan into Debbie's room. Before Debbie knew how and what, the boy had already plugged the fan into a socket and the room was filled with the slight hum of its motor.

"Thank you so much! But if I keep the fan in my room, what about you? You'll be cold at night without it," Debbie protested, though she wasn't entirely ungrateful. If she had guessed right, then this might have been the only electric warming fan in the whole village.

With a genuine smile, the woman responded, "We're used to this weather, young girl, but you've come from the big city. You can't fall asleep at night without it. Please sleep tight. We should get going now!"

Then, she held her son's hand and they left together, leaving Debbie to her confused thoughts.

With the warming fan on, the room was soon filled with a warm ambiance. Sitting at the edge of the bed in her thoughts, Debbie even forgot to lie down.

She was confused. 'Why does the village head's wife treat me so well? Is Jared's joke true? Does she really want me to stay and marry her son? Truth be told, her son is quite handsome. But...I'm married. I have Carlos. If that's why this whole special-treatment-thing is going on, I'm afraid their wish can't come true, and it's got to stop, ' she mused.

turned out, she couldn't be farther from the truth. This

owner of the house which she was staying in gave her special care. When she walked out of her bedroom and told

had prepared a new basin and a clean towel for Debbie too. At the moment, Debbie hadn't thought too much about these new things, because she believed that all the

face and wiping her body, she slipped into the bed again. Much to her surprise, the bed didn't

took a careful look. It wasn't until now that she noticed there was an electric blanket on her bed. And moreover, someone had turned it on in advance, so it was already

she took out her phone and texted Jared and Dixon. She asked cautiously, "Hey

reply. "Of course we feel cold Deb! I couldn't

a voice message from Jared. "Dude, what the fuck! It is such a cold weather here and I'm freezing to death. What's more, that jerk

choice but to tolerate that guy." Though her friends

really comical. "Jared, are you a

words, Debbie was sure that they

who has it?' she wondered. To confirm her guess, she texted Gail too. She couldn't sleep right now anyway if

question? It's so cold in this bad place. How the hell am I supposed to fall asleep? I shouldn't have brought snacks for the kids. I should have brought something to keep myself warm, such as an electric blanket. I don't even want to get

After all, Gail was her cousin. Debbie didn't want her to catch a cold or get some serious illness, so she returned a message. "If you can't withstand it, how about you

I will never sleep in the same bed with you! Who knows what your body smells like! Not a chance. Damn! What a bad place here! I can't even find an electric

Then just stay in your cold bed!' Debbie angrily repeated Gail's sentence in exasperation. She didn't care about her

began to

who didn't have parents and were being raised by their grandparents. She silently

knelt down in front of Debbie, which startled her, and she quickly lifted the old woman up from the ground. It would have been a touching scene, but Debbie didn't feel comfortable with someone

to the kids there. They shared a lot of things with the kids that they had never heard due to the poor education conditions there. They also sang a lot of popular songs for

villagers had also come to the school and were even standing outside since there wasn't enough space inside. With keen pleasure, they listened to Debbie and Jared singing songs and then listened to Dixon

this batch. The university students helped the kids wash their feet

She wanted a breath of fresh air for as long as she could have one. Earlier, she had told the village head's son to help her send out a few postcards. 'Have Kasie and the others received my postcards

a big rock and taken out her phone which had no signal, when a person

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**Chapter 144 Gregory, A Docile Pup**

Avoiding Gus, Debbie found a quiet corner and sat down, looking blankly into the distance. She was immersed in deep thoughts. 'What's Carlos doing right now? I've been away for a few days. Has he been missing me?'

Since she was on a trip far away from the city, Debbie had left her diamond ring behind.

"Debbie."

Her train of thoughts was interrupted by a voice again and she snapped back into reality.

Debbie turned to look at the person and gave him a friendly smile. "Hi, Gregory." Gregory had helped her several times in the past few days and she felt the need to be polite to him though she did want to stay alone and allow herself to indulge in Carlos' memories.

Gregory sat down next to Debbie. "Why are you sitting here alone? Are you feeling cold?" he asked in a concerned tone.

"No, I'm okay."

She thought about her quarrel with Carlos a few days ago, so she wasn't in the mood to talk much. Gregory was a man of few words, so he didn't know what to say next either. Awkward silence filled the air.

He unwittingly stole glances at Debbie, who had loneliness written all over her face. Finally, he broke the silence and asked, "Debbie, you look upset. What happened?"

"Oh...Um... It's nothing, really." Not knowing how to explain what had happened, Debbie gave him an embarrassed smile and then suggested quickly, "Let's go and find the others!" Being alone with someone who had nothing in common with her made Debbie feel uncomfortable.

Gregory stood still, watching his favorite girl walk away from him. He had a lot of questions for her, but they were all stuck in his throat.

ask such a private question. Left

into Gail, who was complaining to another girl about how dirty the village

like rambling,

she was talking to the other girl. She instantly stopped wearing her long face. Forcing a tender smile, she turned around and said, "Hello, Tim. What's

handed a hot-water bag to Gail and said, "Hi, Gail...Um... I filled this bag with hot water for you. Please use it and keep warm." His heart ached when

accepted his kindness with a sweet smile. Tilting her head down shyly, she took the

was out of sight, Gail looked at the

wanted to reveal Gail's true face to everyone so badly. Yet, she held back her anger. There were times that she felt helpless. If she and Gail were to be really considered

Debbie was the elder cousin, she had to concede to Gail

how bad her behavior was. She sighed inwardly and then walked up to her. "Wow! It's so nice to be such a beauty. You even get hot-water bags from your dear

what about you? Does a tomboy like you get anything at all from anyone? Boys never treat you well and now even Gus hates you to

taunting Debbie, she caught a glimpse of Gregory tagging along with her. A pang of jealousy stung her heart. She wondered why there were so many men around a tomboy like Debbie. Did all of the men have such bad taste in women? Shifting her gaze from Gregory to

the weak lamb must be... Gregory?' Debbie thought and looked at

be. And it's better to be a stupid puppet or a weak lamb than be a hypocritical bitch. Some people appear to be innocent and tender on the surface, but deep inside, they are dirty and vicious. I could never regard that sort of person as a

that Debbie was used to, Gregory was now provoking Gail aggressively. Even though he didn't spell out Gail's name, everyone knew clearly who the hypocritical bitch he was referring

docile pup which would never bite anyone. But now, he wasn't just biting. He was viciously tearing someone apart. Debbie had never seen Gregory this way, and she was taken

pointed at Gregory with a trembling finger, unable to utter a single word. It took her a moment to find her voice again. "You...You! How dare

never said that I was talking about you. Don't get me wrong. Or do you actually think that you are one of those people

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**Chapter 145 If A Bear Mauled Me To Death**

"I heard it from the village head!" Jared replied. He had gone to the village head's house in an attempt to get an electric warming fan or at least, an electric blanket. Much to his disappointment, he hadn't gotten anything. Perhaps, the only thing to help him keep warm now would be wine, which thankfully, their hosts had supplied in plenty. So he joined the village head for a drink with the accompaniment of some hearty talks. But the elder was no heavy drinker. Only a few glasses down and he dropped the guard, turning into a blabbermouth.

In between his juicy tales, he let slip to Jared that someone had requested the villagers to give special care to Debbie. Although he didn't know who that person was, he remembered someone mentioned about a name "Mr. Huo".

From the village head's words, Jared could put two and two together. The surname Huo was a rare name, and even across the city, there was only one "Mr. Huo" whose influence could reach a remote village like the Southon Village.

Touched by Carlos' gesture, Debbie flashed a sweet smile. But she didn't want to admit the happiness exploding in her heart. Instead she faked a retort to Jared. "No, I don't think the village head was telling the truth."

"Oh, really? But I can see you smiling from ear to ear. Why don't you just admit that you're on cloud nine now?" Jared teased.

Debbie turned around and glared at him. "Just go and do night running. It will help you keep warm!"



'Do night running? No way! I would rather stay under the quilt, though I have to tolerate Dixon, ' he thought.

In Y City, by the time Carlos came back, Debbie had already been away for about three days. She had left without giving him a phone call, not even sending him a message.

Sulking silently, he took out his phone and called Curtis. "Have they arrived there?"

"Yes, they arrived safely, although my brother lamented the living conditions. Seems a little seedy over there," said Curtis on the other end of the phone. 'His brother? Gus Lu?'

Closing his eyes tight, Carlos said in a stern tone, "It serves her right. She made her own bed." 'She didn't even ask for my opinion before deciding. I didn't know it until the name-list was submitted to the school, ' he thought to himself.

"Rest assured. I've done as per your instructions and asked the people there to take good care of her. I've also sent Gus there to protect her. I know you feel bad, but it's only a few more days and she'll be back." Curtis understood what was going on in Carlos' mind.

convinced that Gus could be of any help. "Do you think I can bank on your unreliable brother for anything meaningful?" he asked. If he hadn't known that Gus had shown no interest in women in the past 22 years and had been suspected to

a moment and then replied, "Well, anyway, he's a man. Somehow, I believe, he can protect the girl should the need arise.

was no reason for Carlos to be distressed that she might suffer some harm. If anything, he was pretty sure she'd be just fine. But how would she cope with the other inconveniences of

not until she set out for the Southon Village that he learned about the dismal living conditions there. It seemed like a village abandoned by the government, with virtually no basic infrastructure.

once! I think I should just let her be. Why should I care after all?' Carlos was angry at

damn, for the three days of her absence, everybody around him could sense his palpable anxiety. For fear of getting on his wrong side, they

in an extremely terrible mood. Before he followed Carlos to the company offices, he took out his phone and secretly sent a message to the WeChat Group consisting of his colleagues. He wrote, "My dear fellows, attention please! A

at the company building, all the staff tried their best to

even after Emmett's kind warning, there were still a few managers who were unluckily caught

oppressive. Standing next to Carlos, Emmett wished the ground under him would magically open up and swallow him to save him from this demon. But he knew he had to finish reporting to his boss no matter how much he wanted to escape. "Mr...Mr. Huo, Mrs. Huo is having... a good time with...a minority young boy..."

continued, "Mr. Huo... Mrs. Huo is

Mrs. Huo is

everyone in the meeting room held their breaths. They couldn't utter a wrong word, because senior executives and managers of the ZL Group finally can be saved!' Emmett exclaimed in his personal assistant, Emmett rushed into the

a good mood? Then how about I send you

curious and nervous gaze, Emmett mustered up his courage and walked toward

came to a sudden stop when Emmett

this is my second day in the Southon Village. Have you come

with you. It is just that this postcard is very beautiful so I sent it to you on a whim. Then again, I think

in the Southon

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### **Chapter 146 Love Letter**

When Carlos left the meeting room, he took along with him the postcard that had magically changed his mood. As soon as he stepped out of the room, noisy sighs of relief filled the space; some executives almost cried out gratefully, especially the planning department.

"Phew! Thank God! We survived!" one of them exclaimed. "Not just that! Each of us gets twice our pay this month! Isn't this great?" someone responded excitedly.

Back in his office, sitting leisurely in his chair, Carlos couldn't help but re-read the words on the back of the postcard. Before he knew it, a smile had appeared on his face.

When he had finally savored the words long enough, he opened a folder on his desk and carefully put the postcard in the middle of it. It was made of poor quality paper, but it was his treasure nevertheless.

'Looks like this woman has started to take the initiative, ' he thought.

In Southon Village

It was getting dark. Debbie was jogging when she heard some noise ahead of her, which sounded like two people were having sex.

It was awkward, so she stopped her run and stayed away from them.

The reception was usually awful in the village. Unfortunately, she got signals at the spot she was at that moment and her phone started buzzing in her pocket. It was on vibration, so it didn't disturb the couple.

She hid behind a big tree to take care of the call. Panting for breath, she took out her phone and saw the familiar number.

Tears threatened to roll out of her eyes. 'This grumpy, hateful man! He has finally decided to call me!' she thought, gratified and angry. After wiping her moist eyes, she swiped her finger on the screen to answer the call, but she did not speak first. Their stupid fight was still fresh in her mind. "What are you doing?"

Carlos asked when she refused to say anything. His tone was flat. There was neither rage nor affection.

Debbie was mad because she was disappointed. This wasn't the attitude she had been expecting from him. She wanted to throw a tantrum, but she couldn't find a good excuse. "Having fun," she said, after a long pause.

Despite her sullen tone and short answer, Carlos smiled when he heard her voice. "I got it," he said.

"Huh?" She was perplexed. 'Got what?'

letter you

This fact-twisting capitalist!' Blushing, she corrected him, "It wasn't a letter.

them. She filled the little space with her scribble and had asked the young man to help her send them. Since the village was so remote, she was surprised that Carlos

that postcard was a love letter

on such a trifling matter, he moved on. "How are you doing these days?"

to have gotten more passionate. 'It's freezing cold outside. Why do

path while holding her phone to her ear.

ten degrees below zero at night. It was so cold that stepping out the door of

was more or less

up without

Would it kill him to

spoke

She couldn't stop thinking about Carlos. At

single-word answer. Debbie cursed him a hundred times in her head. "And? What was it?" she asked, trying to be patient. She was expecting a sweet response despite knowing that she

know

know that he cared. Her eyes reddened as she read his message. "I...I'm not okay." She missed him beyond what words could express. She missed his voice, his

have been too busy because he replied

hundred question marks flashed

know that I'm not

that I'm unhappy?! Why does he hate me

bothering her immensely. The more she thought about it, the angrier it made her. "I hope

"Okay.

furrowed while a thousand angry exclamation marks

had been overcast for many days in a row. The

with the children. Jared was one of them. Since he was so tall, it was funny to see him running among the kids. When he started running around the

shouting, "Jared, tag Debbie! We want to see Debbie

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### **Chapter 147 Why Her**

Among all the college students in the village, only Debbie, Dixon, Jared, Gus, Gail, and Gregory knew that Emperor was Carlos' car.

However, not a single soul from this group knew why Carlos was here except for Debbie, Dixon, and Jared.

Jared excitedly grabbed Debbie's sleeve as soon as he saw the car, and said, "Tomboy, this is the moment that tests our friendship. Ask your husband to get me out of here too."

As a matter of fact, Jared had called his dad the next day after they reached this village. He was asking the older man to send him a car and take him home. He badly needed a private car because the minibus that had taken them to the village made him vomit for a whole day. There was no way that he would ride that horrible vehicle again. It was bad enough that his dad immediately rejected his request without even letting him rebut the decision.

Worse, Jasper went as far as telling all his friends not to pick his son up. He brainwashed everyone by claiming that his son needed to experience some tough life which might help him change his frivolous personality.

On the other hand, Emmett sent two of his men to discuss the details of the investment they were planning with the village head. He then walked towards Debbie. His action made everyone turn their head curiously to them. Thus, he and Debbie decided to move somewhere else so that they could talk privately.

"Mrs. Huo, Mr. Huo asked me to take you home. I've already sent someone to pack your things. You can get in the car and go home directly," said Emmett.

Debbie looked at the car again with furrowed eyebrows. She then asked, "Is Carlos here or not?"

A knowing smile crept over Emmett's lips before he replied, "Why not go near the car and check for yourself?" 'How would Mr. Huo not pick you up personally when he knew that his precious wife is having a hard time here, Mrs. Huo?' he thought.

Debbie was still trying to come up with the best response she could give Emmett when a tender voice suddenly cut in through her trail of thoughts.

"Hi, Emmett."

It was Gail.

wondered as she gazed at

him. They were in the middle of their endless greetings when Emmett threw Debbie a questioning look after hearing that Gail was actually Sebastian's daughter. Nevertheless, Debbie just remained silent, devoid of any expression. "Oh, so you're Mr. Mu's daughter. What can I do for you?" he asked

here?" Gail responded in a casual

and replied, "He's busy. May I ask why you'd

want Debbie to know what her real agenda was. Thus, she glared at Debbie

when she said, "Yes.

Debbie and Emmett really married to each other just like what the rumor says? Then why didn't Mr. Huo get angry

really involved with Debbie? Jared? Emmett?

is such a

other hand, it wouldn't be impossible for Carlos to just let her off easily if Emmett is indeed her lover. Considering that Emmett has worked loyally for

Gail finally turned to Debbie

the car or not and hoped to finish the conversation as soon as possible. Thus, she rested her arm on Emmett's shoulder and cunningly replied, "We're close.

had already taken her for a slut, it didn't matter to add one

go pack my things. Wait for me here." The possibility of seeing Carlos put her in such a good

couldn't be happier upon seeing how

Debbie and dotingly said, "No rush. Someone is already packing your things for you. You can get in

"Got it."

Emmett and asked anxiously, "How exactly

mean by "you two"?' Confusion flooded Emmett instantly. His eyebrows were furrowed as he tried to figure out what the woman before him was talking about. It took him a while before he finally realized that she was talking about him and Debbie. "I don't think that's what you are really interested in," he coldly

again. However, she wasn't going to waste the chance

Emmett deadpanned since he already knew what Gail was up

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**Chapter 148 Going Back Home**

Gail had gone there to meet Debbie, but when she reached Debbie's room, she saw that there were two people looking for something in the room. Her breathing became faster until she realized it was two bodyguards. And after watching them for a while, she realized that they weren't looking for anything. Rather, they were packing Debbie's things for her. What was going on?

What surprised her even more was that there were two bodyguards packing her things. The special treatment wasn't enough to make her suspicious, the number was. How much luggage could Debbie possibly have? Only then did it hit Gail that things were not as simple as she had thought. Something was definitely up, and she was curious what.

The bodyguards saw her, but both of them seemed not to care. They merely continued with their work. After they had packed everything that was visible in the room, one of them flipped the covers over, wanting to make sure that nothing was left behind. Instead of Debbie's belongings, a white blanket came into view. It looked much like an electric blanket to Gail.

Sure that nothing was left behind, the bodyguards remade the bed almost oblivious to the blanket. At that point, Gail couldn't help it anymore and dashed into the room like a tornado. With one enormous swipe, she lifted the covers and the sheets. Aha! It was indeed an electric blanket. Shocked, she looked around to find an electric warming fan in the corner as well. What was more, there were a number of more articles for daily use spread across the room, which were brand-new and barely seen in the village.

'None of us got any of these things except for Debbie. Why?'

It seemed that Debbie had more secrets than she had thought, and there was more to her story than she was letting on. Then Gail recalled that Debbie had invited her to sleep in her room the first night they were here, but she had refused, even insulting her in a way. Thinking about her stupid decision, she was extremely regretful. If she had said yes that night, then not only would she have slept soundly, she would have found out about this whole thing earlier.

Panting, Gail went in search of Debbie once more. The latter was saying her goodbyes to some elders in the village.

Regardless, she dragged her away from those villagers and demanded some answers. "How come your room had much better facilities than ours? What's so special about you? And tell me one thing: why do I need your permission to leave this godforsaken place!? No wait. I get it. Tell me this: is it Emmett or Mr. Huo you are involved with?"

Gail studied Debbie's face after the string of questions she had thrown her way. With makeup, the girl had been the center of attention at the party the other day. But what was surprising was that even with bare face, her skin looked fantastic. Quite unusual!

The past few days had been really tough for every one of those students and they had to make do with the bare minimum of facilities. However, even under such circumstances, Debbie had managed to look more feminine and beautiful than before. Gail hated to admit it, but that was the truth. She had noticed it herself.

And she was convinced that only money, a lot of money, could bring about that kind of change.

The puzzle was—was it Carlos or his secretary who had spent that kind of money on Debbie? Either way, it was clear that Debbie was close to Carlos.

Gail started trembling at the thought. If Debbie's secret lover was Carlos, Gail believed that her miserable days would never end. Since Debbie was in power while she was with Carlos, she could make her life very miserable indeed.

question of her own. Gail noticed that she sounded a bit curious. 'My permission? Why?' It sounded because of you. My dad wouldn't have forced me to come here if you hadn't joined this project. If you're leaving, then you have to take me with you. And you really don't have a choice, because I

Gail knew that very well. What infuriated her was the fact that it was almost as if Debbie had managed to steal her parents away from her. Nothing she did seemed to be

She then told her, "Gail, I can take you with me, but you have to promise me not to mess with me

"Who is he?"

not that day. Can you do what I asked you to or not?" If Gail knew about Debbie's relationship with Carlos, the whole world would know. She wasn't the sort who were too keen on keeping secrets.

left with no choice now

"Drop the Handkerchief" game with her and her schoolmates. It was a tearful scene with the kids when they found out she was leaving. Her eyes watered a bit too. It was sad to say

sorrow, Jared suddenly popped out from nowhere and started dragging her towards the

pulled along. She felt that both Jared and

where I

"But why?"

"To pack my things."

shins when she heard that. "You can pack your things on your own. What

"Of course not."

and it didn't take them more than three minutes before they found themselves in Jared and Dixon's room. As soon as they came to the door, Jared pulled Debbie inside and locked

threw all his items in as he kept an eye on Debbie. "You can't get in the car without me. Otherwise, I am going to be stuck here," he explained, noticing her

to get

came here with me. Do you really think I will leave you and Dixon

you won't leave us behind," he replied immediately, "but

packing was done within minutes,

**Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

**Chapter 149 On The Road**

It occurred to Debbie that she had said goodbye to everyone but him. "Just a minute," she muttered quietly to the man inside the car. Before Carlos could protest or ask what was going on, she had shut the car door and was walking towards the young man, who was breathless from all the running.

"Debbie, are you leaving?" he looked at her sadly. From the way he was sulking and the way he looked at her, affection was visible clear as daylight.

"Yes," Debbie replied with a nod. "My... My family has come to pick me up. It was nice meeting you. Keep in touch." Debbie didn't want to break his heart like that and corrected herself.

The young man took out a sachet from his pocket and handed it to her. "I made something for you. It's a silver accessory. I want you to keep it as a souvenir."

Debbie looked at the sachet in surprise. It was meaningful, she knew that. Reflexively, she tried to decline it. "Thank you from the bottom of my heart. But it's a very big gesture and I can't take it."

"It may be worth little, but I will be glad if you take it. It would mean a lot to me."

Debbie didn't know what to say. She was saved by Emmett who walked towards her at this point. "Mrs. Huo, Mr. Huo is waiting. It's time to go," he reminded her with a smile.

'Mrs. Huo?' The young man was surprised and confused. He knew what that form of address meant. "Are you married?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yes, I am," she admitted shortly. "Thank you for taking such great care of me these days. My husband is waiting. I have to go."

The young man watched the woman he had fallen for get in the car, heartbroken.

The fancy cars drove away one after another. From the rearview mirror, Debbie could see him standing there alone. She felt sad to see him so heartbroken.

She had only stayed in the village for a couple of days, but the villagers had been so nice to her, and the village head's family deserved a special mention. It was unfair that the young man had to face such heartbreak even after being so nice to her.

"Feeling sad?" a cold voice asked, breaking into her thoughts.

"Yes," she admitted succinctly. Humans were sensitive. It was normal to feel sad on occasions like this.

to stay and be the

Debbie turned towards him

What did I do wrong in saying goodbye? I

he sulking about now?' she thought.

she slid closer to him

tried to save face with a poker expression. "Sit back," he demanded, though it

long eyelashes, "You didn't react much on seeing me. Did you



in Carlos' car, Debbie could barely feel it. It was much better than passengers could have some privacy. Confused, Debbie was about to ask what was going on when her face was lifted

into his eyes, she regretted saying that. "No, no. I—" She wanted to say this was not what she had actually, she wanted to kiss him too.

as annoyed as if he had just eaten a dead fly. It was all because of the woman sitting next of two or three, whoever was connected with Debbie was given a separate car. Dixon, Gus, even Gregory were enjoying a car alone. Only Jared had to share a car with someone. And to make matters worse, that someone had

there were no passengers in the two Bentleys behind this to

unfair. He had had to accompany Carlos' wife to the remote, backward

Emmett is?" Gail asked, even though she had anticipated that most likely, Jared wouldn't tell her anything even

"I don't know."

in the same car with

"Go see for yourself."

she to

her questions and couldn't take it anymore.

an urban district on the way. They would

simple area, Carlos was famous. As soon as the black Emperor pulled up in front of the fancy hotel, the manager

### **Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife**

#### **Chapter 150 Getting Close To The Truth**

"Emmett, you're being too polite. We'll leave you be. You know where to find me if I'm needed," said the manager with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Yue."

Emmett had already made arrangements to make sure that Carlos and Debbie arrived at the hotel a few minutes before the others. Five minutes after Carlos had entered his room with Debbie, Emmett parked the car in the parking lot and then walked back to the hotel.

When the others reached the hotel, they didn't see Carlos' Emperor. Jared looked around. When he saw neither Debbie nor the Emperor, he asked one of Carlos' bodyguards where Debbie was. That was when

he learnt that Debbie had arrived at the hotel a few minutes before them, and that most possibly, she was already in her hotel room.

Jared hesitated a little before he decided to call her. However, she didn't answer his call. To put it more precisely, she cut the call.

'What's wrong with her?' Jared wondered. After pondering over it, he whispered to one of the bodyguards with a goofy smile, "Mr. Huo is here, isn't he?"

Emmett had told the bodyguards when to talk, and when to keep their mouths shut. The bodyguard assumed that it should be safe to answer Jared's question, so he nodded.

'That's what I thought, ' Jared gloated.

Deciding to leave the couple alone, he put his phone away and strolled into his room humming a tune as he pulled his luggage behind him.

Just as Jared had imagined, the scene in the Presidential Suite was screeching hot. Its two occupants had been apart for too many days. Debbie was stripped down to her bra and panties.

Lost in Carlos' kisses, she lay in bed, enjoying their reunion. When her phone rang, Carlos turned it off impatiently, without even checking who was calling. His lips never left her body the whole time.

"Wait! I have to take a shower first,"

she said as Carlos' breathing got heavier. Southon Village was too cold and lacked facilities. So she had never got the chance to have a proper shower.

he moaned in

he was a

He continued to do what he wanted, without a

the car on their way to the hotel. But Debbie had turned him down saying that it was embarrassing handsy all the way. Frustrated as well.

he was acting like a wild predator set

when she had gotten drunk. "Can I ask

"Hmm?"

be

back, he hadn't been intimate with her

later, Debbie was pressed against the

the suite excitedly a couple of times, exclaiming, "This is great! You get what you pay for!" She rolled on the soft bed until she was tired. Then with one hand propped against her chin, she said, "I should remember to thank Debbie someday. If it wasn't

her, nodding his head. "The car was so damn comfortable! I've never sat inside a Bentley Mulsanne before. Five million dollars! I used to be

all the fuss, Jared joked as he leaned against the door, "You should hang out with me from now on. I'll make

came her chance to humiliate him. She took it immediately. "Ride in a luxury car every day? The entire city knows how strict your dad is. Nobody came to pick you up from Southon Village. You can't even get yourself a luxury car. How do you plan on letting others

suite, he couldn't have been happier. Even Gail's insults didn't make him lose his temper. "Your dad didn't pick you up either. You are here because of your cousin, Debbie.

what Jared had said.

you've never mentioned it

you two related?

"

relationship with Debbie to

she was forced to admit it. "Yes, Debbie is my cousin.

many posh cars came to pick her