

Mr Carlos 181

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 181 You're Not Part Of The Family

Miranda furrowed her eyebrows, annoyed by Megan's crying. "Stop crying for heaven's sake! It's New Year—a day of celebration. Crying is bad luck. Besides, are you a snowflake or something? I hate people bawling all the time. You should learn something from Debbie. Now, get back to your room and get some shut-eye."

Instantly, Megan stopped crying. With a pitiful expression, she apologized to Miranda. "I'm sorry, Miranda. I'm leaving now. Have a good night."

Connie helped Megan walk to her room. When they walked past Miranda, Connie said softly, "Mom, have a good rest."

Miranda nodded at Connie and then went back to her room. Despite Connie's humble family background, Miranda was pretty happy with her—Connie was kindhearted and was never a troublemaker. No drama was Miranda's rule, and Connie adhered to that.

When Tabitha and Connie left Megan's room and walked past the study, they could still hear James roaring.

Tabitha shook her head with profound resignation.

Debbie was unpacking when she heard a knock at the door. She opened it and saw her mother-in-law. "Mom, why aren't you in bed? It's late," she said with a smile.

Tabitha looked at her, not as close to Debbie as before. Hearing Megan trash-talking Debbie definitely changed the way she saw the woman. "What are you doing?" she asked.

Pointing to the luggage on the floor, Debbie replied, "Unpacking."

"Don't mind James. He's short-tempered. Don't take his words to heart," said Tabitha.

a while. Then she nodded, "Mom, I can understand...Dad. Maybe to him, I'm just some rando

the plane to New York, Debbie had secretly practiced addressing Valerie and James as "Grandma" and "Dad" hundreds of times. Unfortunately, she didn't have the

Then she pretended to mention Megan casually. "By the

Megan's parents. After short consideration, she realized that Megan must have snitched on her to Tabitha. She nodded honestly, "Carlos told me about that. Mom, don't worry. I'll be nice to her and treat her like my

at a loss for words; she didn't know whom she should trust—Megan or Debbie. "Megan is an adorable girl. We all

weren't in the Huo family's manor, she would have already taught Megan a lesson. But she decided to be obedient to Tabitha. "I'm three years older than her. I will humor her as much as possible. Don't

and Debbie seemed

why don't you go to the study and get Carlos out of there? You know James' temper... If I

'If James wouldn't listen to Tabitha, then why

to do as she was bidden. She didn't

door to the study. "Come in," came Wade's voice.

opposite Carlos, and James stood before a desk. The floor was a mess—papers, pens, pen holders, knick-knacks, paperweights, paperclips, and staples. There was barely any place to step on that wasn't

Uncle, Dad, sorry to interrupt you," said

the girl. "What are you still doing here?

the couch and put an arm around Debbie. He had kept silent all this time in the study, not giving a damn about what James said.

him over a woman. He pointed at Carlos with a shaking hand and said through gritted teeth,

Carlos to protect him. The book hit her arm and

it was winter, and she was wearing thick clothes. Otherwise,

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Chapter 182 Poor Mrs. Huo

Debbie shut her mouth immediately. As the saying goes, "He who talks much errs much." She wondered whether she had said something wrong that caused Valerie's fury. But she didn't say anything wrong.

"Debbie Nian! You are so rude! Didn't your parents teach you about self-esteem and self-respect?" Valerie's words cut Debbie's pride like a sharp knife.

Her face was hot as she felt both sad and humiliated.

"Grandma, Deb—"

Before Carlos could finish, Debbie interrupted him. 'Carlos has been yelled at by his family this whole time because of me. I should do something, ' she thought. Looking Valerie in the eye, she flashed a smile and said, "Grandma, I don't think it's a big deal to leave self-esteem and self-respect behind to be happy."

Carlos had done a lot for her, and she should repay him. And this was the best way she knew how. By carefully choosing words that they couldn't argue over, maybe she could stop them from fighting. Maybe she'd even win one for Carlos. Who knew? But it was important that she stood up for herself and for Carlos, not to mention for their marriage.

Carlos' eyes lit up when he heard this. Meanwhile, his heart ached as Debbie had to fight against three elders.

James knew he was in the wrong, so he had to find another excuse to yell at her. "Debbie Nian! Who do you think you are? We're older than you. Show some respect!"

Debbie blinked and sighed with resignation. "I wanted to respect you, but respect is a two-way street. You haven't shown me any respect at all."

No one had ever dared to talk to James like that before. His face twitched as he said through gritted teeth, "Fine! You have guts! Aren't you afraid that I'll drive you out of the Huo family's house?"

Upon hearing that, Debbie held Carlos' arm and said playfully, "Honey, your father wants to throw me out of the house. Protect me?"

into laughter at Debbie's reaction.

was eased a little by Wade's laughter. However, Valerie and James still wore long faces. It would take more than just that to change their

someone dares hurt her while I'm away, Grandma, Dad, Uncle..." He left it there, an unspoken threat. More menacing than anything he could

took Debbie's hand and

retard!" James roared behind Carlos' back, but Carlos paid

went back to their room, she shut the door behind them and rested her head against his chest. "Honey, I just pissed off your whole family," she grumbled pouting her lips.

forehead and said, "That was awesome. You

I made Megan cry. Mom looked unhappy too. And I even talked to your grandma, dad, and uncle like that. Did I go too far?"

James lost his temper, Carlos wanted to leave the study. But Tabitha had urged thought to herself.

you wearing this? Aren't you hot?" he asked in confusion. The central heating in the villa worked very well. Debbie

to be respectful by dressing decently," said Debbie. She was wearing a short knit

softly, "I know it's a holiday, but I still have to go to the branch office here for work. Are you going to be okay here? Don't hesitate to call me if anyone tries something. No one's going to harass you if

they'll harass me. They didn't call

simple-minded.' He changed the topic. "So what happened between you and

tried to piss me off. Then she left, crying. I don't know why she cried." Debbie looked at Carlos carefully, and asked casually,

walk now? I'm not tired yet." Although it was already midnight, it was still daytime in Y City. She was

neither." Carlos flashed a grin.

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Chapter 183 She's So Delicate

Actually, Debbie was never a troublemaker. If Megan hadn't gone too far, Debbie wouldn't have cussed her out. No woman was willing to give up her husband without a fight, and Debbie was no exception.

Any news related to Carlos was a hot topic. Before long, Kasie's comment on Weibo was in the top 3, with a ton of likes.

Many people agreed with Kasie. When Carlos had come out of the hotel with Debbie in his arms back then, paparazzi had asked him whether the girl was Megan. But Carlos, the man of few words, had simply said, "Megan is my niece."

Megan's name had always been linked with Carlos, and many people actually thought she would be Mrs. Huo—or worse, already was Mrs. Huo. As the saying goes, "There's no smoke without fire." If Megan really treated Carlos like her uncle, things would never have developed like this. The truth was, they had spent too much time together, and the press was on that. And tabloids love to spread salacious rumors.

Kasie's comment had been shared a countless number of times. Weibo users left comments under Carlos' and Megan's Weibo posts asking about their relationship.

When Kasie opened her Weibo again, she was startled by the number of likes and comments. She was thinking of deleting the comment, as she didn't want to offend Carlos. But it was already too late. She herself became a hot topic, as her comment was shared via screenshot to all the online gossip rags. Some staff at these websites even sent her private messages about her relationship with Mrs. Huo.

What was more, her post had caught the attention of the ZL Group's PR department.

It was Emmett who was responsible for dealing with news related to his boss. After all, he was Carlos' right-hand man. When Emmett saw the comment, he thought something wasn't right and asked the technology department to find the poster's profile. That was when he found himself staring at Kasie's information.

Many Weibo users left comments under Megan's posts and asked her, "Why are you bugging Carlos Huo? Are you trying to seduce him?"

The next morning, Carlos got dressed and went downstairs to have breakfast. Debbie had just fallen asleep. The Huo family was having breakfast in the dining room—everyone was there except Lewis and Debbie.

Valerie cast a glance at Carlos and then at the stairs. "Where's your wife?" she asked in a cold voice.

Carlos sat at the table and answered casually, "Sleeping off the jet lag."

He banged his chopsticks on the table and shouted, "Then why didn't Megan have to sleep off the jet lag? I swear that woman is

the mention of her name, she began, "I... I

thought you had gotten used to New York time,"

Carlos, who was placing a table mat in front of himself. He raised his eyes and saw her reddened orbs. "Why are you crying?" he

handed Megan a tissue and

girl. Miranda, however, was an exception. She always thought Megan was a troublemaker and disliked her. She thought this

streamed down Megan's cheeks. She dropped her chopsticks, her voice choked

anxious. "Tell

wiped her tears with the tissue and said with a sad smile, "I'm sorry, Valerie, James, Tabitha. I'm okay

furrowed his eyebrows, but he said nothing. He just

earshot and told him, "Megan cried last night. And now she's crying again. Put your people

couldn't bear her beloved

from cyber-bullying, Carlos knew why she was crying. He had already knew that the

and let him know that Kasie was the one who had

glance at his family; they were busy consoling Megan. Then

out in

stopped and turned to

friend. Just pretend that you don't know anything, okay? I don't want you and Aunt Debbie to

company," Carlos

turned around and left, saying nothing more.

Chapter 184 You Like My Wife

"I don't care where you are," Carlos answered nonchalantly.

Emmett's heart broke. "You should care. I'm your assistant, and I've worked for you for so many years," he retorted.

Carlos lit a cigarette, took a drag on it and blew it out. "I heard you've been at the cafe near the office the last couple days."

Covering his chest, Emmett said excitedly, "Boss, it's the first day of the Lunar New Year, yet you expect me to work. There's a reason I'm at this cafe. This is my 36th blind date, and she'll be here in ten minutes."

It was already late at night, but he couldn't even go back home.

"That can mean only one thing," Carlos said.

"What?" Emmett asked while working on his laptop.

"Your taste in women has improved after you started working for me."

"Isn't that a good thing I have better taste? As for my future wife, I hope she's at least half as pretty as Mrs. Huo, and at least half as cheerful. She doesn't need to know anything about martial arts. I hope she can learn yoga and dance...like Mrs. Huo..."

Carlos knitted his brows as he felt like Emmett had some special feelings towards his wife. "You like my wife, huh?" he pried.

Emmett was too focused on deleting negative comments under Megan's posts on Weibo to figure out what his boss was getting at. "Of course. She's a classy lady. She's so special, the one and only. You are so lucky, dude," he said casually.

"Emmett Zhong." Carlos' voice was as cold as ice.

A shiver ran down Emmett's spine. He raised his head to look at the central heating, which was still working. "Boss, I'm deleting the comments on Miss Lan's Weibo. These kids are so mean..."

'Why am I cold? That's weird, ' he thought.

"After the Lantern Festival, I'm reassigning you to L City's branch in D Country. Gay marriage is legal in D Country, and you can find a husband there. I'll ask the manager there to introduce you to some excellent men. I remember you seem to like... muscular men like Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson. Don't worry. You'll find the perfect husband there," said Carlos.

couldn't believe his ears. "What? Mr. Huo, why would you do that? Did I say anything wrong? I'm really sorry if I— Wait, wait! Don't

desperate. Carlos had already hung up.

dialed Debbie's number. She must know how to cool

her phone. It went straight to voicemail.

himself across the face. 'I was such a fool. Why did I say anything like

it

When

are you

Emmett

glance at the girl before

then back at

out and checked the name—it was Taylor Mo. "You're her friend, huh? Where

"Wait a

and changed the topic. "None of your business. But I have something to ask you. You know now was call Debbie and ask for her help. But she couldn't didn't think Emmett had any proof against already sold her out. He turned his laptop and pointed at the screen. "See? You posted a comment, and I've been Mr. Huo's assistant. Isn't this IT's job?" Kasie asked in truly." Emmett had a perfect reason to neglect his dates—he had to work for Carlos and had no pried, "Can you please not "Why not?" Emmett already knew she had posted the comment, she decided to admit it. to do eyes. 'He has his orders? He only came here to pass on Taylor's message. I'll leave you be.

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Chapter 185 I'd Rather Find A Boyfriend

Emmett told Kasie honestly, "I'm really fed up with blind dates. I can't stand them anymore. I'll send my father your pic and tell him we're dating. Then at some time in the future, I'll tell him we've broken up. Sounds good?"

"Get bent! You think I'm that desperate?"

Emmett stared at her, eyes wide. He really knew next to nothing about women. "But I'm not asking you to be my girlfriend. It's just... Ah screw it! Name your price," he offered, resignedly.

"Well, you buy me a bunch of roses, a handbag and some clothes. Do that, and you won't just get my pic, but we can take selfies together. Way more convincing. Okay?"

'What?! That's some serious time and money! This woman's gone too far! I'd rather find a boyfriend who can support me, ' Emmett cursed inwardly. But the more he thought about it, the better it sounded—Kasie's demands, not the boyfriend part. Maybe then his dad would get off his case. Despite his thoughts, he said through gritted teeth, "Deal! You're Mrs. Huo's friend, after all. I just need to make some arrangements and pay the bill here. Then we'll go to the mall."

He called the IT manager and assigned some tasks to him before leaving the cafe with Kasie.

After they arrived at Shining International Plaza, Kasie led Emmett to a store, picked up a handbag which she'd had her eye on for a long time, and put it in Emmett's hands. "Just buy this. I don't need roses or clothes."

The handbag stood out because of its strange shape. Emmett was a little shocked by Kasie's taste, but said nothing. He needed this, so he just went along with whatever she wanted. He took it to the cashier's desk, and much to his surprise, it only cost him around \$200, 000. He had thought it would cost more than 1 million dollars.

Then he went back to Kasie and handed the well-packed handbag to her. She kissed the package cheerfully. 'He's not a bad guy at all. Even more generous than my dad, ' she thought. "Hey, Mr. Zhong. If you buy me a handbag every month, I'll be your girlfriend," she offered.

"Really? A handbag a month is enough to buy you?" Emmett retorted, rolling his eyes. "I thought you loved Mr. Lewis Huo. What would he think? Do I look like a fool to you?"

With a serious look, Kasie explained, "Lewis? I broke up with him a long time ago. Besides, you do look like a fool to me..." If he wasn't a fool, then why would he buy such an expensive handbag for a woman he'd only met a handful of times?

It was the first time that Emmett had been called a fool, and he was hot with rage. He reached out his arm and put it around her neck as if he were going to strangle her. "Let's get a selfie together. My dad's already called a couple of times. I better send a pic to him."

Kasie struggled trying to loosen his grip. "You want to kill me, don't you?"

took out his

to Emmett. After taking some pictures, he was about to let her

Emmett turned around in confusion, only to

straightened his clothes and

each. With a sneer, he said, "I

he talking about? Since when was I

Emmett responded, "Mr. Gu, this is

been Deb's best friend.

see me seduce Mr. Huo? You... Mmmph..." Emmett quickly covered Kasie's mouth,

Kasie mention Carlos, and was confused.

at Hayden with burning eyes. She thought Hayden

Mr. Gu, we're leaving now. Buh-bye!"

Kasie away, leaving Hayden behind.

a few years, he was never a fool. He

Spring Festival in New York now. And according to the news, Carlos took his

off in his head. Debbie wasn't

ring, and why Curtis Lu and Damon Han protected her at that party. Not to mention why she's the largest shareholder of Orchid Private

was able to spark a change in Debbie in such a short time—she was much more graceful and elegant than in the past, and one of the most

never seen any kind of affection between Debbie and Emmett.

was such a fool!" he thought.

at

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Chapter 186 I Always Stand By Your Side

"Remember, mum's the word. It all rests on Tomboy's decision. Anyway, I'm just helping them to cover their marriage. And I can't do anything until I get the green light to let everyone know. So I have to pretend that she's my wife, until she says otherwise," explained Emmett.

Kasie finally made a sense of the situation. "So, you mean that everyone thinks you're Tomboy's husband, even though you never said anything. You just let people think what they want, right?"

"Exactly." Emmett sighed helplessly. His boss's wife wanted to keep a low profile.

"But still...Why keep it a secret from Hayden Gu? Isn't it better to let him know? If he knew Mr. Huo was Tomboy's husband, he might stop pestering her." Emmett and Kasie continued to walk along the road, engrossed in a talk centered around Carlos and Debbie. She asked, and he felt it was only fair to let her know what was going on. That way, she might not let anything slip either. Carlos wasn't happy with her at the moment, and maybe if she understood more about the situation, then she might even be able to help.

After pondering Kasie's question for a short while, Emmett said, "Maybe Tomboy just didn't bother explaining anything to Mr. Gu."

Emmett had always been impressed by Debbie's unique personality. There were many reasons why. But what impressed him most was her attitude toward the title of "Mrs. Huo." If any other woman were in Debbie's position, they probably would let the whole world know that Carlos was their husband.

But Debbie was different. She had silently kept it a secret for three years, and more surprisingly, she had even wanted to divorce Carlos.

She was actually trill, not a faker, not just trying to attract Carlos' attention. Luckily, Carlos had figured out who she really was and had done everything to win her over. Or else, they probably would have already divorced.

Emmett and Kasie kept carrying on like this until they reached the gate of Kasie's apartment building. Before they bade each other farewell, Emmett tried to call Debbie one last time. To his surprise, the call went through.

Kasie's jaw dropped when she saw how Emmett's face changed all of a sudden. With a pathetic expression on his face, he begged in a feigned sobbing voice, "Mrs. Huo, you have to help me!"

"Emmett?" Debbie stifled a yawn, trying to wake up. "What's wrong?" she asked in confusion while rubbing her sleepy eyes. She had just woken up and powered her phone on when Emmett called.

Hearing the noise from the bedroom, Carlos guessed that Debbie was finally awake. He put aside his work and walked out of the study, only to find that she was on the phone. Then, he called a housemaid downstairs and asked her to prepare food for Debbie.

complimenting you, but Mr. Huo got angry with me and intended to send me to D Country. You know there are too many strong men there. What if I get hurt? Mrs. Huo, you

'Didn't he say he'd help me out?

of the man approaching her. "Uh-huh," she said to Emmett while staring at Carlos curiously. She was trying to hide the fact that it was Emmett on the other end.

shifted his gaze to her phone screen and

what was going

Debbie, trying to grab her phone away, but she dodged him, rolling her eyes at him. Surprised and amused, Carlos couldn't help but

put in a good word for me..." Before Emmett could finish his sentence, Kasie suddenly kicked him in his shins, reminding him

could hardly process his words. It seemed that a

explain it to you when you get back. Anyway, Mrs. Huo, do you think

his fingers over her body. She was pretty sure she could convince Carlos to let them off, but she didn't want to do it by having sex with him. This man had

the other end, Emmett became more anxious. Regardless of Kasie's presence, he suddenly cried out, "Mrs. Huo! Please! You have to help me this time. You know I always stand by your side like family!" Again, Kasie was stunned, her mouth agape, and her eyes popped out.

even funnier

you're calling my wife on her cell? Huh?" a cold voice chipped in

I'm dead meat!

is Carlos really sending you

"Yes!" Emmett nodded.

shit boss!" Debbie

right! Exactly!' Emmett wanted to speak out loud, but knowing that his boss was listening in next to Debbie, he had to keep these words to himself. He nodded his head vigorously to

a try. But if I fail, maybe you can go find Miss Mi,

knew this would work, and she was right. Next second, Carlos' cold voice came into Emmett's ear again. "You're such a pest. I trust my orders are being carried out!

at Debbie as he said it. Nothing had ever happened between him and Olga, but every time Debbie deliberately mentioned her, it sounded like he was in the wrong and he

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Chapter 187 Missed Out On Her

Kasie was taken aback by Emmett's mischievous joke. She hastily explained to the middle-aged woman, "He's just kidding. He's only a friend."

Emmett smiled and waved at her. "I should get going. Bye Kasie."

"Hey, wait! Young man, don't leave!" the woman suddenly called out to stop Emmett.

Confused, Emmett turned around. The woman stepped forward, observing him from head to toe, and asked, "So how long have you two been dating? How old are you? Come inside, please. Have a drink. You can meet her father too."

'What? Meet her father? So this woman is Kasie's mother? Oh, Jesus!' Regret filled Emmett's heart. He shouldn't have made a joke like that! He had told this woman he was Kasie's boyfriend. 'Well, that's another fine mess you've gotten yourself into, Emmett.'

He straightened up, returning to his usual calm and serious self, just like at work. He said to the woman politely, "Oh, so you're Kasie's mother. Nice to meet you. I'm sorry for my joke. I'm actually one of her friends, but not a boyfriend. Sorry for the misunderstanding."

Despite his denial, Kasie's mother didn't mind it at all. Instead, a happy smile crept across her face as she studied his own. She was satisfied with the way he behaved and talked. He seemed quite respectful, and maybe her daughter might take up with him. He seemed to be a working man as well, and she could do much, much worse. "Never mind. Even if you're just her friend, you're welcome to come to our house and have a cup of tea too!" As she finished her words, she grabbed hold of his arm and led him into the elevator of the building. She didn't give him any chance to refuse.

Shocked, Kasie raised her hand but put it down immediately when she realized it was too late to stop them.

Watching the elevator door close, Emmett began to wonder how big a fool he really was. 'Now I'm really in it. All because I can't keep my big mouth shut. How could a fool like me become Carlos' personal assistant? I may have to thank Mr. Huo for not firing me all these years.'

But in fact, Emmett was pretty straightforward and effective in the office. He never made these sorts of stupid mistakes at work.

He would only play the bad boy in private, but unfortunately for him, each time he made fun of someone else, it backfired on him.

On the other hand, in New York, Debbie was leaning back, held in Carlos' arms. "What on earth happened? And how was Kasie involved?" she asked.

Carlos gently kissed her cheeks and said in a muffled voice, "Nothing happened."

Don't bet on it, ' she thought.

had already missed out on breakfast. If she skipped lunch again, the elders of the Huo family would hate her more. Not like they hated her for any rational reason anyway, but there was no need to add fuel

she threw an angry glance at the man. 'Huh! It's all your fault, you bad boy. You tortured me until the wee hours and even turned off the alarm clock, ' she thought, pursing her lips.

her face, Carlos whispered, "It's fine if you want

kidding? I'd be thrown out of the house along with my luggage, and your father

bed to dress herself. Leaning against the headboard, Carlos watched

answered

and get something to eat. I'll take

she could hang out with Carlos, Debbie got

to Debbie and they had lunch together. All the other family members ate their food silently. No one dared to speak a word against Debbie at Carlos'

"Just live with it. Don't start a fight with Carlos.

out a cold hum. "But that means I go back

string of Buddhist prayer beads in

you make me hate you so much even when you're ill and in the hospital? You've kept Debbie's grandmother in your heart for your whole

you'll realize what

long before Debbie began to feel exhausted and sleepy. She hadn't fully gotten over the jet lag yet. It was about

to her bedroom, Debbie dove onto the bed and hit

choice but to head to the study and

he wasn't at home, Debbie thought she'd better stay in the bedroom and avoid the

the bed, and played on her phone inside the bedroom. After looking through the news on Weibo, she finally figured out what happened. In no time, she dialed Kasie's number and so

Kasie said. Hearing the loud music and cheering on the other end, Debbie guessed that Kasie might be having fun in a bar. But soon enough, the noise subsided—probably because Kasie

comment. I'm touched, really. Thanks, Kasie. You always got my back!" Debbie expressed her gratitude sincerely.

comment and

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Chapter 188 It's Not Like We're An Item

"No way. We're not a good match. Emmett is a weird guy when he's not working. What's more, I enjoy being single. I don't need a man. It's my parents. They want me to find a nice guy," Kasie said on the other end.

Debbie pursed her lips and defended Emmett, "So why did you accept the expensive handbag he bought?"

"For the selfies. Those are worth more than the price of a handbag. We took some cute pics to convince his parents we're dating."

Debbie sighed helplessly. "Fine, as long as you guys are okay with it."

"Yeah. Oh! Can you guess who we bumped into at Shining International Plaza?"

"Who?"

"Hayden. By the way, why haven't you told him who your real husband is? He thought you were married to Emmett."

Debbie knew Hayden had mistaken Emmett for her husband. Yet she wasn't interested in explaining anything to him, and he likely wouldn't even believe it. "I don't need to explain anything to him. Anyway, it's not like we're an item," Debbie replied firmly.

"Sounds about right. I'm looking forward to the day Portia finds out you're Mrs. Huo. I can see the look on her face. Aha...ha..." Kasie leaned against the sofa, bursting into wild laughter.

Right then, the door of the empty VIP room was pushed open. A group of businessmen walked in as a man said politely, "Emmett, this is the room we reserved..."

The group of neatly dressed businessmen were shocked to see a woman lying casually on the sofa. When she spotted them, Kasie hastily stood up from the sofa and tidied her clothes.

Emmett asked curiously, "Kasie? Why are you here?"

Kasie swung her phone in front of him. "Too noisy out there, so I wanted a quiet spot to talk on the phone. I'm leaving now," she explained briefly.

Emmett nodded and moved aside to let her out. But the next second, he remembered something and stopped in her tracks. After pulling her out of the room, he said, "Hey, my dad invited you to have a meal at my house."

widened her eyes in shock. "What did you say? A meal with your

nodded casually, confirming her words. "Yeah. I have no choice. Relax, this is a paid gig. When you have some

to go out with him? Wouldn't that be like a prostitute? If the comparison was valid, then did that make her a whore? And what did that do to her image? What if someone found out? And was that

so she spoke loudly to get Kasie's attention. "Hello, Kasie? Kasie? Put

caller ID was "Tomboy" and that they had already been on the phone for 18 minutes. Realizing this, he grinned broadly and said playfully, "Hi, Mrs. Huo. Emmett

her eyes at him. "Oh please. What would

remark, she couldn't help but burst into laughter. She fought the urge and

her best friend Kasie, after all. "My parents are happy

what about

gaze to the girl casually leaning against the wall. "I'd like to give it a shot. But she loves

angry shout. "Hey, who loves Lewis Huo? You mean me? Bullshit! I was done

okay. Mea culpa." Getting back on the phone, he said, "Mrs. Huo, I have a meeting. I'll call Kasie later to talk about her visit to

Debbie exclaimed. She was taken aback. 'Seeing parents? Are they

Kasie, Emmett drew close to her and whispered in a mysterious voice, "The contract tonight is important to the company. If I can't seal the deal, half of my bonus goes bye-bye. I'll

Kasie nervous. With a stiff smile on her face, she stuttered, "I-It's...

plaza after the Spring Festival. I'll buy you two things and you come to my house to have a meal, okay? Just one meal. That's

I get fed...' Kasie hesitated. This was tempting because her mother had tightened her purse strings recently. 'Fine, just one meal. I'm

room, he patted her on her shoulder and promised,

he buy me things, invite

back to her senses, realizing that the call

Emmett's a nice

while, she said, "I...

was a housemaid, informing her that Carlos' grandmother wanted to see her. The old lady was waiting for her downstairs. It seemed that Debbie had been too naive. She thought that as

she asked the housemaid curiously, "Did she say why she wanted to

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Chapter 189 The Idiot

Debbie shifted her gaze toward Valerie and Megan, who were both pretending to ignore Lewis. Frowning, she wondered why they paid no attention to his lewd behavior.

Lewis put a hand in front of her eyes, blocking her view, and asked, "Debbie, why are you looking at them? Eyes on me, okay? I'm hot, right?"

Debbie rolled her eyes and turned around to go upstairs. "Want me to lie or tell the truth?" she asked, walking past him.

Catching up with her, Lewis said, "Lie to me, then."

"You're not hot," she replied purposefully.

Lewis tittered. 'That's a lie, so she means I'm a good looking guy!' But he didn't want her to beat around the bush to praise him. He wanted to hear it from her lips directly. "And the truth?" he asked expectantly.

Debbie turned around and looked into his eyes. "The truth is—you're so ugly that when you walk into a bank, they turn off the cameras."

Lewis was stumped by her words.

Seeing the frustrated look on Lewis' face, a few housemaids in the living room giggled under their breaths. Even Megan couldn't help but cover her mouth to stifle her laughter.

As Debbie continued to walk toward the staircase, she was shocked to spot a woman standing on the landing of the staircase.

It was Miranda, who was dressed neatly. It seemed like she was going out.

Embarrassed, Debbie forced a smile and greeted, "Hello, Aunt Miranda."

Oblivious to Debbie's greeting, Miranda fixed her eyes on her son, who was ready to run away, and reproached in a cold voice, "Lewis, you idiot!"

Scolded by his mother in front of others, Lewis lowered his head in shame. He walked to the sofa, sat down next to Valerie and asked, "Grandma, what did you need?"

while Megan answered instead, "Grandma lost her string of

I take it?" Lewis replied nonchalantly as he stroked his messy hair. Seeing Miranda finally leave the living room, he quickly stood up

her bedroom door when she heard a knock. She opened it, but in a

he had already squeezed part of his body in before she could close the door. Wearing a lewd smile on his face, he said, "Hey,

her teeth, she swallowed her anger and flung the door open straightaway. "What do you want now?" she yelled.

lonely, so I just want to keep you company. I'm so considerate, aren't I?

thought he was a great

an even more obscene smile, he teased, "Please don't kick me out. I heard you're a very naughty girl. C'mon sis-in-law, let's

written all over her face. She wanted to say, "tell that to your brother's wife." But on second thought, she remembered that his brother's wife was actually a nice person, so she swallowed those words. Instead, she

they raise such an asshole?' she thought

retreated from the room. Standing at the doorway, he still tried to get in her pants. "Come on! You have to admit my cousin is a cold guy. What's so good about being his wife? Cut him loose and marry me. I promise I'll stay with you every minute. Never leave

choice but to walk out to the corridor, since Lewis hadn't stopped his pestering. In a cold voice, she "Why?" Lewis asked.

you're asking for!" As she spoke, she dropped into a fighting stance, and cracked her

Huo family's house. I wouldn't try anything if I were you. Remember, you're not exactly popular here," he said

quiet, they still wouldn't change their minds. This is going to be fun!" Then, without saying anything more, she darted

Lewis quickly ran toward his own bedroom, following a wave of screams. Eventually, he managed to shut the door behind him, putting his back into it. He quickly locked it

beating any time. 'She's such a hard woman. I

be great in bed. Damn! I really want some of that action!' He couldn't help but

all so different from each other. It had to make life

Valerie was strict; James was ill-tempered; Tabitha was docile; Carlos was cold; Lewis was frivolous and Miranda

usual. Everyone sitting at the dinner table was

James wasn't having dinner

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 190 His Wife Is Pregnant

As soon as the housemaid put the plate in front of Carlos, Debbie thrust her chopsticks in to pick up the slice of roasted meat. Shaking the meat in front of the angry Megan, she said in a naughty tone, "Oh, I'm sorry. You know, your uncle Carlos is a germophobe. You touched the meat with your chopsticks, so he won't eat it. I'd better eat it instead."

Before stuffing the meat into her mouth, she looked at the meat while adding, "But...do you have... Are you healthy?" She managed to swallow the words "infectious disease" before she said them out loud. That would have been blatant, and Debbie was too clever for that. She wanted her attack to be well-planned, well-timed, and well-executed, and being too brazen would have knocked all that off kilter. She tried not to smile while chewing her food. That would have given her away.

Exasperated, Megan began to breathe faster. Short of breath, she stuttered, "Aunt Debbie, what are you... talking about... I... I..."

It seemed to Debbie that Megan's asthma attack always came at the best times. Debbie's plan had hit a snag, instead of staking her claim to what was rightfully hers—Carlos himself. But yet again, it looked as though Debbie was bullying a patient.

"Enough! Why are you being so noisy at the dinner table?" Seeing Megan struggling for breath, Valerie immediately gestured to a housemaid, instructing her to take care of Megan. In the meantime, she cast a stern glance at Debbie. Of course, Debbie wasn't about to take that lying down.

'I'm being noisy? But who started it?' Unconvinced, Debbie pursed her lips and focused on eating her food.

Carlos put down his chopsticks and called in the steward. When the steward came into the dining room, he ordered, "Tomorrow, swap this table out for a rotating table."

"Yes, Mr. Huo," the steward answered and left.

Carlos put a piece of cabbage in Debbie's bowl and looked at Valerie. "Grandma, Debbie's part of this family too. If you play favorites, you'll hurt Debbie's heart. As time goes by, she may develop psychological problems. If that happens, you might find it harder to be a great-grandmother."

'A great-grandmother?'

Valerie looked toward Debbie with hatred, while the latter blinked her innocent eyes at her. Debbie didn't expect Carlos to mention having a child all of a sudden.

"Just eat your food," Carlos ordered her in a hushed voice. He moved more food to her plate before eating his own.

On the other side of the table, Valerie heaved a sigh of relief when Megan's breathing had improved. It seemed like her asthma attack was going away. Debbie saw it too, and glared at her briefly. She believed that Megan used it to get attention, and might even be faking to the whole ordeal. Quite the accusation!

After dinner, Valerie excused herself, and asked both Carlos and Megan to come into her room. She wanted to talk with them privately.

Obviously knowing that Debbie was watching, Megan cheerfully closed the door.

the closed door. 'Huh! I don't give a damn what you will talk about,' she thought, gritting her

she turned around, she saw an emotionless Miranda standing right behind her. In an instant, the grimace on her face was replaced by a polite smile. "Aunt Miranda," she

the arrogant Miranda was not because Debbie was scared of her. It was just that Miranda was an elder. And besides, she hadn't done

"I'd like you to come with me to visit

head and looked at Miranda with

queried in a cold voice, "Is that a

an honor to go with you." It was just that she hadn't

responding to Debbie, Miranda turned around and returned to her own bedroom, leaving Debbie alone with her thoughts. Why did she do that? Was this a way to reach out, maybe an olive branch? She didn't have long to think about it,

back to their bedroom too after listening to Valerie's lecture. Debbie had given up thinking about the invitation, and had been chatting happily on WeChat with her friends. Jared suddenly complained, "Damon's getting married. His wife-to-be is pregnant. My dad is busy preparing

wrote, "Ha! Think your brother cares about your dad's

zipper-mouth face emoji. But she was right, Damon was rich enough himself, so he wouldn't care about his dad's fortune a bit.

a nodding-head emoji.

but you were too drunk to listen. I'm not sure you heard anything I said. So... I heard Damon say he sent Oscar to the police station at your

was taken aback. "Seriously? Life-imprisonment? But it

like kids eat candy. Any one of these would have dumped him in jail for the rest of his life.

didn't text

room, this was what he saw—a meditating Debbie. He climbed onto the bed, pressed on her

her phone aside, she struggled to roll over and looked into his eyes. They were in a rather

that she didn't even have time to care about it. "Is

racking his brain to recall who this guy was. But he failed. "Who's Oscar?" he asked in confusion.

I got in a fight with a

quickly. He wouldn't bother dealing with a guy like that personally. "I told Damon about it. I

meditation, she pinched the handsy man's ear and

like this woman wouldn't let it go. After giving her a quick kiss, Carlos pulled out his phone and called

in the quiet bedroom. "Carlos? You finally remember that I exist. You've been a hermit since you