

Mr Carlos 20

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 20 Did She Meet Her Match

At the other end of the line, Emmett paused a little to think. "Mrs. Huo, where are you?" He asked instead of answering her question. 'Has she really gone to New York?' he thought to himself, a crease on his forehead.

Trapped in his own musings, he heard Debbie say, "I'm in New York. I just got off the plane."

Her voice trembled correspondingly, and then she added, "It's freezing cold out here." What she said was no exaggeration, and Emmett was more than aware.

Back home, the climate was welcoming with the soft breeze of Autumn. In New York, however, the temperature had dropped to several degrees below zero. The young lady did not sound like she had any idea until she was there.

Emmett's mouth was agape in shock for a bit. He had not expected her to push through with going to New York by herself. "Mrs. Huo, please find someplace where you can have a cup of coffee first. In the meantime, I'll arrange a car for you right away." Despite the grave possibility of a divorce, as long as it was not finalized yet, Debbie still had every right to enjoy all the respect and proper treatment as Carlos' wife. That was clear to Emmett, and so he insisted on being of assistance to the young lady.

Although she wanted to refuse, it was snowing heavily outside and she did not exactly have a better plan in mind. After giving it some careful thought, she turned to the side and entered the nearest coffee bar that caught her eyes.

Just as Emmett kept true to his word, a car picked Debbie up to drive her to the hospital where the old man she was supposed to see was currently confined.

Upon entering the ICU ward, Debbie eyed the old man lying in bed, with all kinds of tubes and apparatuses inserted into his skinny and frail body.

The mere sight of the man's condition nearly broke her heart. "What happened?" Debbie asked in a soft whisper, turning to the driver who had brought her to the hospital from the airport.

"Mr. Huo's grandfather has been in poor health for years," the driver began, his chauffeur cap in his hand. "He has been in a coma for over three years now. Ever since he got seriously ill, the man has not awakened from it."

Looking at the motionless old man once again, Debbie could not help but feel every kind of sadness. 'Poor man, ' she thought to herself.

At his age, instead of suffering alone in an ICU ward, he was supposed to be surrounded by his children and their respective families.

Although he appeared to be receiving every possible means of comfort, it was still different than to be resting in his own home. She then sent a text message to Carlos. "Why did you not tell me about your grandfather's condition?" If she had known about it, she might not have come to New York. The primary

reason for her flying over had been to ask for an answer, but to her surprise, the old man could not even speak.

Nevertheless, since Carlos and she were still married, strictly speaking, the old man was also her grandfather by law. Perhaps, it was a good thing that she had come to see him after all. Otherwise, she would never have guessed about his current situation. Turning to the driver, she asked, "Who's taking care of Mr. Huo's grandfather?"

care," the driver explained, squinting as though he were trying to recall.

a few more questions, Debbie left the hospital. While waiting outside for the car, she stretched out

Emmett making arrangements while she was at the hospital, Debbie could stay at a place which Carlos owned in New York. At least, just until she returned back home. It was not until she walked into the room that she learned the villa was where Carlos lived whenever he came to New York. A few personal items could be found neatly propped in their respective places, some suits in the closet being one of the pity that Carlos

more than ten hours, after which she had headed directly to the hospital, it was no wonder that she felt the exhaustion overcoming her. By the time she

her own bedroom, but Carlos', and that she would be sleeping in his bed, she mustered what was left of her energy and dragged herself into the bathroom. As soon as she finished taking a shower and changing into clean clothes, she plopped onto the bed and fell asleep the moment her head

was

the text message from Debbie.

asking for a divorce, her message felt as though he was the one

turned to Emmett and asked in a flat tone, "How's

'Oh, right, ' he thought suddenly. It finally occurred to him whom Carlos was asking about. "After her visit to the hospital, Mrs. Huo went to the villa on Mountain Avenue. Right now, she is likely resting

eyes from the files before him, Carlos asked again, "When

didn't ask. Mrs. Huo hasn't booked a return ticket yet,"

intertwined his fingers on the desk, and looked at him once more. "Postpone everything tomorrow on my schedule," Carlos said. "Book a ticket to New York for me." There were a few things he had to do anyway. One, he wanted to pay his grandfather a visit. And two, he preferred to talk with his wife about their divorce in person. 'It was better not to delay either of those

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

on, she had received a message from Gail out of the blue. It was regarding Lucinda; she had gotten into an

on her aunt's situation. Her uncle did not sound too distressed. "It's not that bad," he said in a comforting voice. But despite Sebastian's reassurance, she was still worried. After the phone call, she quickly packed her

plane, Carlos' plane just landed in New York. But due to a curious twist of fate, they missed their chances of having their first meeting as a married couple, ironically to discuss their

been scheduled

Bentley sped past along the

rush hour, they were stuck in a traffic jam that extended all the way to the intersection. The car wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. Carlos rolled down the car window and lit a cigarette. Tired, he took a drag

bunch of people fighting in a lane. Seven men had cornered a woman

who the woman was, Carlos coughed out a mouthful of smoke which hid

people did not last long. When one of the seven men raised a hand, the young lady deftly kicked him who was going