

Mr Carlos 201

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 201 Scandal

Portia's explanations made Blanche feel better about her plan. She was still wary, but Portia seemed logical about this. "But it's not easy to get close to Mr. Huo," she said to her daughter.

"I know. From now on I'll work harder to stand out. You and Dad can try your best to get me the invitations of the parties, dinners, and commercial activities Carlos will attend," said Portia.

She had been trying to be a better woman all the time. It used to be just for show, but now it was for Carlos.

She understood that only an exceptional woman deserved to stand by him.

In New York

The next morning, some professionals came to the Huos' house to investigate the case involving the missing items. Debbie just wanted to get out of there, so she left the house with Carlos without asking the men anything.

She felt much better after wandering around and having some fun.

When the sun started to set, it was time to go back. She wanted to find Carlos to go home together with him, but then she learned that he wasn't in the office, so she had to head home alone.

Since it was late, she ate dinner outside. When she went back inside, not a single soul was around.

The chandelier in the living room had been switched off. Only some dim wall fittings in the hallway were on. The place was almost eerie now. Debbie paused. She could almost hear ghosts, but she wasn't sure what it was. The shadows on the walls did little to dispel the unsettling feeling. She peered into the gloom, trying to see into adjoining areas, but had little luck. She changed into slippers at the vestibule. Just as she walked into the living room, some noises startled her. This wasn't her imagination this time. Debbie looked towards the sound.

A shadow was descending the staircase, trying to be stealthy. Debbie swiftly hid herself behind the shoe cabinet and watched. It was a man, she was sure of it. And the man seemed to be...

At the corner of the stairs, he knocked over a potted plant but was quick enough to catch it.

He looked around carefully. Seeing that no one was around, he moved on.

Debbie followed him cautiously. To her surprise, the man walked towards the storage room she had cleaned.

room and locked it from inside after looking

to the door of the storage

room as she couldn't hear clearly. But one

bad was going to happen. Sure
one to find out about this?' Debbie thought in frustration.
ears and started to walk
the storage room. It had taken her a couple of hours to clean it, and now it was used to sneak some
as she reached the
trotted over to Debbie excitedly and said loudly, "Deb, Deb, you're home. I came downstairs to grab a
can
to cover his mouth with her hand and drag him
are sleeping.
stroked Debbie's hand with a grin. Debbie let him go
did you come home alone? Where's Carlos? He
to talk to him, Debbie wiped her hand on his clothes and went
watched her and swallowed
here?" a man's voice asked casually. It seemed he was coming from where the storage room
"I came down to get a
I came down to get a glass of water, but then I had to
way, so Lewis didn't think anything of it
upstairs while pouring himself some water. He asked,
it was... it was Debbie." Lewis intended to say Deb but changed it, considering it sounded a little too
Lewis
pointed to the bathroom after he closed the refrigerator door. Thinking that James had
the rooms on
cool when the storage room was mentioned. "Did she

Chapter 202 Carlos' Rage

It was midnight, but Debbie still hadn't heard from Carlos. Before long, she drifted off.
In the dead of the night, someone opened the door to her bedroom silently.
That someone walked in stealthily and glanced around the room. The fragrance in the air filled his nose.
He sniffed greedily.
In her sleep, Debbie felt that mysterious figure slip into her bed. Assuming that it was her husband, she
didn't open her eyes and held him tightly. "Honey, finally, you're back," she muttered.

Without a word, the man tried to kiss her lips, but Debbie happened to slide down a little, so he kissed her hair instead.

She opened her eyes a little and found the room was completely dark. Unable to see anything, she closed her eyes again and snuggled into the man's arms. "Mr. Handsome, did you just take a shower? You smell good. Is that new cologne?" The scent was a bit strong.

The man didn't answer. He turned over and threw himself on top of her.

Sensing what he was about to do, Debbie woke up. "No, Mr. Handsome, I'm good. I'm still sore from last time."

'Wait. Something's wrong, ' Debbie realized.

'This doesn't feel right. The weight and scent are both wrong!'

Debbie's eyes snapped open. She reached for the lamp on the nightstand, fumbling with the switch. Her eyes widened in shock when she saw the man's face.

Angry, she pushed him off of her forcefully, and the man was dumped unceremoniously onto the lushly carpeted floor. "Ow! Dammit! What's wrong?" he howled.

Debbie straightened her pajamas quickly. Usually, she slept naked. But tonight, she had been so sleepy that she had dozed off in pajamas. Lucky for her, otherwise he would have felt something he had no right to. This man was no Carlos. Indeed, he could never match up to that powerful, handsome presence. Instead, this guy would forever be in Carlos' shadow, no matter where Carlos was at the time.

the bed and grabbed Lewis' ear furiously. "How dare

worried about you. I thought you might be lonely, so I came in to give you some lov—

Debbie released his ear and gave him a hard scissor

even though most of the others are here. They all think I'm a pushover, don't they?' Debbie

picture of her and Lewis earlier and sent it to

home. His face darkened instantly. "Drive as fast as you can,"

ordered the driver sternly. "Yes, Mr. Huo." At that moment, they were already near the manor. A couple of minutes later, they arrived at

got out of the car and strode into the

was supposed to be quiet with everyone deep in sleep. However, right now, each room was bright with the lights on. His

Spotting him, they all

clearly. Lewis was lying on the floor, cupping his face. Beside him was Debbie with a coat draped around her shoulders. Her eyes reddened as soon as she saw Carlos.

elders of the Huo family had scolded her harshly without listening to her explanation. Carlos was the

move. She was waiting

afraid to lift his head. James, on the other hand, thundered, "What shameful behavior! She's a disgrace to this family! Carlos, look what your wife did! Trying to bed your cousin while you weren't home! We wouldn't have known, but they were too loud. This is the woman you've been protecting! How can

me that... you weren't home tonight and... asked me to... to c-come

this time! God, what a whore! Even though your father and

anything. Some were too scared to speak, others were

livid expression on her face, as if she wanted to beat him to death right now. If looks could kill, Lewis would have been a smoldering corpse.

walked towards Lewis, stood in front of him, and then without a word, sent him flying to the wall with a heavy kick. The beaten man screamed painfully.

others gaped at the sight. Worried about Lewis, Valerie panicked. "What

man's squeals pierced the air. And blood covered his whole front side, red, wet, sticky; all gushing from

over to Carlos

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Chapter 203 Megan's Declaration Of Love

Seeing so many people had failed to stop Carlos, Megan thought she'd give it a shot. She approached him and tried to talk him out of it, but she only got one single tug at his sleeve before she herself was pushed away. The push was so fierce she stumbled backwards to the wall. Holding her injured arm, she stood there and didn't dare to take another step towards the enraged man.

By now, the house was a total mess. Everything was in disarray. The potted plant was tipped over, and dirt spilled onto the carpet. The little decorative table was knocked over, and the knickknacks it once held were all over the floor. Pools of blood stained the carpet darkly in places where Carlos' victims had bled. Even the wall hangings were knocked crooked. This was the worst anyone had ever seen the place, but anyone who might want to try and clean up the place was held in check by Carlos' white-hot rage.

Tabitha walked to Debbie and pulled her arm. The young woman was still at a loss. Caught off guard, she staggered and managed to steady herself by pressing her hand against the wall. "This is all your fault! Everything was okay before you married him. But look what's happening now! Because of you, Carlos is beating his own father! What kind of monster have you turned him into?!"

That brought Debbie to her senses. She handed Carlos' coat to Connie, trotted over to him, and grabbed his raised hand, now balled into a fist, covered with blood both fresh and congealing. "Carlos, Carlos, please stop. He's your father..." she sobbed.

The madman regained his sanity when he heard her cries.

"Carlos, listen to me. There's nothing wrong with elders scolding their kids. Please don't hit him again, okay?"

Valerie was so angry she could barely stand, even though Frasier and Gloria were supporting her on either side. She pounded on the floor with her cane and shouted, "Sinful! This is utterly sinful! Carlos, he's your father! How could you do this?"

Carlos glanced at the others nonchalantly and ignored all of them. He pulled Debbie closer to him and asked, "Does it still hurt?" That was the second sentence he had said the whole evening.

Shaking her head, Debbie answered, "No. Let's go to our room."

"Your room?" Valerie walked over and glared at Debbie. "Debbie Nian, you saw it yourself. Not that we don't welcome you, but you ruined the peace in this family.

"It seemed true. Debbie forced her tears back and apologized, "I'm sorry—"

As soon as the words came out, Carlos squeezed her hand.

need your apology. I'm sure you've shaved years off my

Debbie's heart twisted

papers. As long as you sign the papers without making a fuss, we may consider

her behind him protectively and confronted the old lady. "Since when does any

disrespect me again and again, all because of this woman. You

shouldn't have hit Debbie. He should be thankful he IS my dad. Otherwise, I would have cut his arm off. You protect your son,

Valerie was too furious to go

just forget about it, because you'll only be disappointed. We're only living here because we want to keep my mom company. But now it seems it's not necessary. My mom's willing to take insults lying down, but there is no

took Debbie's hand and

her grandson's cold figure, Valerie wanted to ask him to stay. However, Carlos only quickened his pace. He didn't want to be there a minute longer than he had to be. If this was the way they were

said to the others, "And my wife isn't

let him play and run

responsible?'

entrance to the house. Before getting

out. You can stay

coat draped on her shoulders closer to her.

"I—"

a ringing voice interrupted Debbie.

She threw herself into

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Chapter 204 Call Him

Carlos' ruthless refusal was a shock to Megan. She felt as if she'd been struck by a thunderbolt. Her face turned pale. "Uncle Carlos, don't you like me at all?" Her lips trembled.

"I like you, but that's not love. I see you as family."

Megan couldn't take it. This was not what she had expected. She took a few steps back while shaking her head in disbelief. "No, no! Uncle Carlos, you are always so good to me. You love me! I know you do!"

Carlos sighed deeply. "Megan, listen to me."

He tried to calm her down, but in the end, Megan's illness reared its head again. She slumped onto the ground, gasping for air.

Carlos closed his eyes tightly in resignation, scooped her up, and started walking towards the house. Sitting in the car, Debbie watched her husband carry another woman in his arms all the way to the manor. That wasn't what she wanted. Not even what she needed. She was hoping to get away from all this, away from Carlos' family, away from creepy Lewis, who had plucked the straw that broke the camel's back. From judgmental Valerie and James, two oldsters who didn't like her because her family wasn't rich. Because there was no advantage for them if Carlos stayed married to her. They even suggested she divorce Carlos.

A couple of minutes later, Mr. Handsome himself called her.

She slid her finger along the screen of the phone to take the call but didn't speak.

"Honey, I'll get my assistant to drive you to the villa first. Megan is sick. I can't leave right now. I'll be there as soon as possible."

Debbie smiled bitterly. There was little she could say. After a while, she replied gently, "Okay. But you have worked all day. Take care of yourself."

Carlos was exhausted. Debbie's tender words were the cure for everything. He smiled, "Okay. Just rest when you get there. Don't stay up late."

"Got it. Bye, honey."

"Bye."

an empty house, but when she got out of the car, she could see lights were on inside the house

were waiting for her. "Good evening, Mrs. Huo," they greeted

and asked,

The room is

"Thank you."

one with the night, close her eyes, and forget the events of the past few days. She could swear that the Huo family members were trying to drive her mad. Fortunately she was made of sterner

closer so that I can apply the ice," she said quietly. Apparently the maid followed her inside the room agreed. Actually, her face didn't hurt much right now, but she was too weary to speak much or do anything. Her head was full of thoughts. She just lay there and let the maid do her job.

things that had happened tonight hit her like a ton of bricks. Only the
or was I a lousy daughter-in-law?

Maybe both.

moved by that. But then I saw Megan in his arms... and he isn't home yet... Oh, God, this is so frustrating from the maid's hands. "Go to sleep. I can do it

Kasie. She would know what to do. Or could at least give her

late? It's midnight in New York. Shouldn't you and your husband be doing the
had a bad day today. Kasie, I want to go

captured her sad

That's what happened. I don't even know where to start.

relieved. "I thought it was something serious. Why do you even

got in a fight with his family because of me, I felt so awful. And Megan, his not-by-blood niece, loves him in a romantic way. It bugs the hell out of me, but I can't get mad at Carlos because of it." Debbie

and James to defend your honor, and then Megan's asthma

"Yeah."

is an extraordinary man. A manipulative bitch like Megan will try everything to make him hers. Hang up with me. And

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Chapter 205 Bring It

'She even used Carlos' unconscious grandpa as a pawn in her game. She would really use everything she could, ' Debbie thought. She took a deep breath and snorted, "You've finally shown your true colors. You declaring war on me? "

"War? Don't be stupid. You're not even a worthy opponent. I can make Uncle Carlos spend the night here if I want. Want proof?" Megan asked in a weird, creepy voice.

"Huh! Who on earth do you really like? Carlos? Wesley? Curtis? Or Damon?" Debbie asked.

"I like them all," Megan answered simply. "You're absolutely the biggest ho I've ever known. Too bad for you, Carlos's married. I'm his wife, and you're just one of many women who want him."

"I warned you, but since you're so stupid, don't cry when things get tough." Megan laughed like a happy witch over the phone.

Debbie had never feared anyone before except Carlos. An 18-year-old was definitely no threat to her. What was she thinking? Besides, Carlos wouldn't cheat on her. He had many opportunities to, and hadn't done so yet. So was Megan just a madwoman chasing a dream she could never have? Or was there something to what she was saying? After all, Carlos' family seemed to like Megan a lot more than they liked Debbie. On the other hand, Carlos had beaten his own family members in defense of Debbie, so maybe this was really woman to woman. "Bring it, Miss Lan!"

"Good!"

"Can you hand the phone to my husband now?"

"Of course, Aunt Debbie!" Magically, Megan's voice was back to the usual sweet one. She was good at sounding bubbly and innocent. Probably the weapon she used well against Carlos, and on the family if anyone called her out on her actions.

She walked downstairs and came to the kitchen, where Carlos was cooking for her. "Why did you come downstairs?" he asked when she showed up at the door.

With a sad face, Megan raised the phone so that he could see the screen. "Aunt Debbie wants to talk to you. I didn't want to come down. But she said it's urgent. I told her you were cooking, and then she started yelling at me. Uncle Carlos, you should try and calm her down."

Debbie heard everything. 'She's pretending to be soft and innocent again, that evil, manipulative bitch!' she cursed.

Seeing that Megan had answered his private call, Carlos was a bit annoyed. "Go wait outside," he said to her.

Megan read the annoyance on Carlos' face. She left the kitchen obediently.

tenderly on the phone, "Why aren't you

advice, she answered gently, "I couldn't sleep. I was worried about you. Did

worried about

while adeptly cracking an egg into a bowl with

of whisking eggs, Debbie felt her heart was soaked in bitterness, but she

cook for

Where are the servants? Aren't they supposed to do that?" Debbie's eyes started tearing up. Carlos was busy every day. She didn't have the heart to ask him to do anything for her after work. But right now, another woman was

well. She wanted to eat the noodles I cooked for her before," he

held back her tears

always been trying to reign

she would suppress her anger

said it was

go back to Y City

be here for three days. I'll be finished with work by then. What's the

the bottom of her heart, but meanwhile, she couldn't stand him being nice to other women, even if the woman was his supposed niece. Especially a niece who

she also thought she

her seem

but she didn't know exactly why

now? I miss you, honey. I can't sleep

meal wasn't finished yet. He didn't like leaving things half done. "I'll be

minutes. He always finished what he had started.

wait for

"All right, bye."

hanging up the phone, Debbie got a message from Kasie.

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Chapter 206 Don't Be Kind

Carlos shook his head and pecked her lips. "I should be the one to apologize. Sorry for making you suffer like this. Did Lewis do anything bad to you?"

"No, but he climbed onto my bed and I discovered it wasn't you..." Debbie hadn't expected Lewis to be so bold even in the Huo family's house. At first, she had thought that the guy who climbed on top of her was Carlos. But then the difference in weight and the scent of Lewis' cologne made her realize that it definitely wasn't Carlos. She got really crept out, and even now, when talking of it, she still felt her heart race.

Flames of rage flashed through Carlos' eyes. He asked between gritted teeth, "And then? What did he do?"

Though embarrassed, Debbie mustered the courage to tell him in a hushed voice, "He... climbed on top of me and wanted to...touch me, but I figured it out and stopped him at once."

At this point, Carlos' face had completely darkened. He suddenly broke his embrace, removed Debbie from his arms, and strode toward the doorway.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Debbie shouted anxiously. Without time to put on her slippers, she ran after him in bare feet. Thankfully, he hadn't gone outside, and the carpet was warm and soft.

Carlos turned his head around and spat, "To deal with him!"

Seeing the fuming rage in his eyes, Debbie got flustered. It looked as if he was going to eat someone. To stop him, she grabbed hold of his arm, shook her head and persuaded, "No, no. See, I'm safe and sound now, right? He didn't do anything. And you've already taught him a lesson. Come on, calm down, okay? I promise I'll be more careful next time."

It took him a moment to compose himself. Letting out a deep sigh, he noticed her bare feet and immediately, carried her in his arms. "Where are your slippers?" he rebuked. He didn't like it when she went barefoot. Not only was it unseemly, but it could be unsafe.

Debbie threw her arms around his neck, staring into his eyes. "You just got here. I have you all to myself finally. Don't go anywhere now, okay? I'm tired. Come to bed?" she said, using her cute tone in her favor. She knew Carlos was a man of his word. Once he made a decision, it would be hard to change his mind. Even though Lewis was his cousin, he would still find him and jump him.

Most of the Huo family members already disliked her. And earlier tonight, Carlos had punched Lewis and James in front of the other family members. After tonight, they hated her even more. Now, if Carlos did anything terrible to Lewis, the Huo family would never forgive her!

"Okay, I hear you," Carlos promised, regaining his composure. He tucked her into bed and covered her with the quilt. Then, he shed his clothes before entering the bathroom.

Lying prone in the bed, Debbie whined, "Mr. Handsome, it's less than ten below zero outside. You didn't sweat today and you change your clothes every day. Why shower now? The water will go to waste!"

Carlos stopped his steps and looked toward the complaining woman, feeling baffled. Hesitantly, he replied, "I need to wash my feet."

Debbie nodded happily.

that germophobe still chose to take a long shower in the end...

finally climbed onto the bed, Debbie clung to him and joked, "Next time, I'm going to quit showering for a whole week and hug you like this. So have I

casually, "So what? Even if you don't bathe for a whole week, I still can kiss you all

couldn't believe her ears. 'Mr. Huo, aren't you

jealous voice, she asked, "You've been busy

I've been looking after her like this. I didn't think much of it tonight. But if you don't like it, I guess I can stop." He had never turned down Megan for anything she wanted in the

like it! Debbie sulked. "Yes, I hate that you put yourself out for her. You work hard all day, and then you take care

her forehead. "It's sweet that

feel my heart ache!" Yes, her heart ached when she knew Carlos personally cooked for Megan. But could comprehend the subtext of her words. "Sorry, sweetheart. I didn't know

his heartbeat. There were times that she felt this man was actually a fool who tried his best to make her happy. Yet, maybe he was not stupid at all because his strategy always worked. Even though she had almost drowned in jealousy, how could she be angry with him anymore after

the third day, an unexpected guest came to visit Debbie

It was Miranda.

Debbie greeted

nonchalantly and went straight into the living room.

did Miranda show up all of a sudden? Did Carlos know anything about her visit? Or did she come here to seek

she sat

Debbie asked, trying to understand

tea to the guest. After smelling the strong tea aroma, Miranda took a sip,

easy for Lewis' father to make him a general manager. But yesterday, Carlos fired him from that job and set him up in the secretarial

to seek justice for her son?' Debbie asked in her mind.

coldness and arrogance radiating from Miranda. Even though she spoke in an elegant way, there was a hint of power in her voice, just like

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Chapter 207 Death Barbie Pink

"I hear you. Goodbye, Aunt Miranda." After bidding farewell to Miranda, Debbie began to think about her parting words. 'Carlos did a good job? They deserved it? Did she mean what she said? Is Miranda really Lewis' mother?' Watching Miranda's receding figure, Debbie couldn't fend off the barrage of doubts from intruding on her thoughts.

That night, Carlos picked up Megan from the Huo family's house and drove her to the villa. Megan was going to spend the night with them. Since they were all flying back to Y City tomorrow, it would be more convenient to have her there.

When Megan stepped into the villa and spotted Debbie, she ran briskly and gleefully toward her. With an innocent look on her face, she said, "Aunt Debbie. Guess what I bought you?"

Debbie smiled sarcastically as she stared at her innocent look. It was exactly the same look as when she met Megan for the first time. Miranda's words came unbidden to her mind—"And be careful of Megan. She's a great actress." And wasn't that the truth? Megan had managed to hoodwink both Carlos and her, intending to steal Carlos away from her. Back then, her fake innocent expression blinded Debbie's eyes,

making her believe that Megan was a pure, sweet girl. It turned out that she was just a hypocritical and cunning woman.

Oblivious to Debbie's indifferent attitude, Megan lifted the shopping bag with an international brand logo printed on it. In a more excited voice, she revealed the answer. "Lipsticks! The latest ones! Uncle Carlos and I picked out the colors for you. Come on. Open it and take a look."

'Uncle Carlos and I...' Debbie repeated this sentence in her mind. 'Interesting that you'd bring Carlos into it. You always follow him around like a lost puppy dog,' she thought angrily.

She shifted her gaze past Megan to the man walking towards them. 'Wasn't Carlos busy wrapping up his work here before leaving New York? How could he spare any time to go shopping with Megan?' she wondered.

Devoid of emotion, Debbie took the shopping bag from Megan and said flatly, "Thanks." Then, while Carlos and Megan watched, she opened the exquisite, high-class packing box.

There were three shades of lipstick inside the box. When she unscrewed the lid of the first one and saw the color, she was overwhelmed by an urge to punch the pair.

She couldn't believe her eyes. The first one was Death Barbie Pink!

Her lips twitched, totally at a loss for words. Every netizen knew about that shade, and many jokes were told about it. It was supposed to be a hue similar to a Barbie doll's lips. But this shade was completely unsuitable for most Chinese women. All it did was make their faces seem darker and dirtier. Some actresses tried it, but they also failed to pull it off and were roundly mocked. Thus, it came to be known as 'Death Barbie Pink.' And the second tube of lipstick was blue.

This was getting bad! She had lost all her strength to lay a finger on the third lipstick. Instead, she glared at Carlos. The man was obviously confused by her expression.

Finally, she mustered the courage to unscrew the lid of the third lipstick. Thank God! This one was at least normal. It was orange.

She asked Carlos, "How much did this set you back?"

question embarrassed Megan and she apologized, "I'm sorry, Aunt Debbie. You know,

her eyes on Carlos. Confused,

She insisted on

take,"

a chill down her spine. Her eyes popped out in shock. "Dollars? Eighty thousand dollars for three lipsticks?!" she confirmed again.

But Aunt Debbie, the manager told us that it was a limited edition. There are only two sets of you think eighty thousand dollars isn't expensive? It's a sky-high price for lipstick. Much higher than market price. You think money grows on trees or something? How about you go and earn eighty

thousand dollars for me now? Huh? And, you take it for granted to waste my husband's money. Take it back to

staggered backward. Tears instantly sprang to her eyes

man and a workaholic, he didn't understand colors of lipstick. "Why get mad? You don't like them? I

he remembered Debbie had worn a blue down jacket once. She looked good in it too.

the orange color, she had two orange pajamas and they both were quite

hold back her anger. "Yeah, pink is a nice color. But Carlos, not everything in pink is good and not everyone looks good with pink lipstick. And blue, yeah, you may have seen some people put on blue lipstick, right? But they are mostly models who need special make-up for a fashion show. You want me to be a model? Okay, the orange lipstick is a normal shade, but since I don't like the other two, you should go and return the whole box," she said, trying to make her voice sound calm. Yet again, Megan's nonstop crying got on her nerves. She turned to Megan and rebuked, "Megan, dear spoiled lady, why are you crying? Are you hurt? I can give you a reason to cry... Don't bother buying me any gifts from now on. And would you please kindly stop wasting my husband's

a helpless voice, trying to stop the

eyes. "What? Don't tell me you don't care about eighty thousand dollars. But I care! Give me your wallet now. You need my

as she stretched out her hand in front of him. Sighing, he obediently

every month, as you used to get from my

quickly hid herself behind Carlos. Nodding her head,

mad? How can I not be pissed off by these two?' she thought

box and lifted it, asking, "Now who's going

ridiculous for a CEO of an international company to return a box of lipsticks and take back eighty thousand dollars.

wasn't common for women to put on pink or blue lipstick in daily life. With that epiphany, he was determined to fire the sales manager who had recommended these colors to

and beautiful girl. She'll look gorgeous in this color. Honey, what

nod and tell the girl behind him, "Megan, your aunt Debbie doesn't like them, so you can keep them. And she's right.

Chapter 208 Why Hasn't She Gotten Pregnant

Megan kept shaking her head, her face turning pale.

"Didn't you declare war on me? Why so afraid now?" Debbie confronted her. Carlos stepped forward, pulling them away from each other.

As soon as they were separated, Megan weakly leaned into Carlos' arms, her body trembling. Debbie sneered, "Carlos Huo, you feel your heart ache, don't you?"

Carlos shut his eyes. "Don't make a fuss out of nothing!"

'Make a fuss? Me? She's got her hooks in you, ' Debbie laughed ironically in her mind.

She felt like she was suffocated by her anger. "Fine, I'm in the wrong. I'm a troublemaker!" she yelled, a lump in her throat.

Ignoring them, she turned away and ran upstairs.

To prevent the two women from fighting again, Carlos had a housemaid prepare a guest room for Megan on the ground floor. After confirming that Megan was fine, he turned around to leave. It was better this way. Debbie was stopped from doing much at the Huo family's house. But here, away from all the elders who disliked her, her anger had free reign. Tomboy's rage was a terrible thing to behold. Carlos thought he'd better make them stay away from each other for the moment.

"Uncle Carlos..." Megan called out, her body curling up in the bed. "I'm sorry if I make you and Aunt Debbie unhappy. Maybe I should fly back to Y City alone tomorrow."

Carlos glanced at her, shaking his head. "No. Stay here. Sleep tight."

Before he left, he turned off the lamp. But all of a sudden, Megan jumped out of the bed and rushed to him. She threw herself into his arms, stopping him from leaving the room. "Uncle Carlos, trust me. Aunt Debbie doesn't love you at all..."

"Megan!" Carlos cried out sternly. He tried to pull himself away from her.

Megan raised her voice. "It's true! Think about it. You've been with her awhile, but why hasn't she gotten pregnant yet? Don't you think something is wrong?"

Her words froze Carlos.

Megan composed herself and continued, "I saw...saw Aunt Debbie take birth control pills. I didn't want to tell you this. But I don't want you to hate me because of her! I want you to know who she really is..."

Carlos asked, "When did you see that, and where?"

house. I saw her

her for a blood test and see if there're any common steroidal compounds in her body, like the kinds that are used in birth control pills.

stopped walking now.

married a man I truly loved, I'd want to have kids with him. But if I don't want babies, then it means I don't love the

of all the times when Debbie told

drive a wedge between you

Carlos pulled her hand off and strode out of her

soon as the door was closed, Megan turned her tears into a big and cunning smile.

walked upstairs, he found that their bedroom was double locked. He couldn't get in. He could unlock the doorknob, but not the

stared at the closed door, Megan's words resounded in his head, making him even

Huo? Mrs. Huo requested... you sleep in the guest room tonight. I have it

Kicking the door, he

to be heard by the woman inside. But

at the ceiling, pressing his lips tightly to stifle his anger. 'Debbie, you did a

rooms. Ever since they confirmed their relationship, this was the first time they spent the night in different rooms, though still

back to Y City in his private plane, there was

the housemaid told him Debbie had already left for the airport an hour ago. She'd bought a ticket for herself and asked

pass on Debbie's words. The housemaid almost fainted when she saw the fire

At the airport

a pair of sunglasses and sipping a bottle of milk tea bought at the airport, Debbie sent a message to their friends on WeChat.

her joke and wrote, "Long Live Queen

"Your majesty, we, your people,

time! I'll book a

wrote, "Bon

put away her

Though she had control over Carlos' wallet now, she still

taking his wallet away, sparing him not a single cent. She was justified keeping a tight grip on his purse strings, or he would spend all the money on another woman.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 209 Stalk Them And Report Everything To Me

Hayden smiled resignedly. Aware of Debbie's stubborn personality, he had to back out gracefully. "My assistant booked it for me. I don't know the price of a first-class ticket. How about this? When we return to Y City, you can buy me a meal or something. Then we'll be even-steven."

Debbie hesitated. After a moment, she nodded, "Okay." Then, she put her phone in Airplane Mode and put on the headset, ignoring the man next to her.

Hayden was true to his word. They'd been on the plane for hours, but he hadn't bugged her once.

It had been a sleepless night for Debbie last night thanks to her fight with Carlos. She couldn't fall asleep until the wee hours and then she woke up quite early this morning to catch her flight. She tried watching a movie to pass the time, but she was soon overtaken by drowsiness, her eyelids drooping. She turned off the video and rested her head on the seat back to take a nap.

She fell sound asleep at once. Seeing that, Hayden pressed the button to call in a stewardess, asking her to fetch a blanket. He carefully covered Debbie with the blanket, and tried not to wake her.

For a moment, he kept staring at her sleeping face, eyes glimmering with affection. He wished that time would freeze this moment forever. As the affection in his eyes grew, he couldn't help but plant a kiss on her forehead.

The sleeping Debbie was disturbed, her forehead itchy. She frowned. But the itchy feeling was gone soon, and she drifted off to dreamland again.

She had been asleep for only a few moments before it was dinnertime.

As the stewardess began to deliver the food, Hayden woke her up and asked her what she would like for dinner.

The stewardess had been waiting at one side. In a haze, Debbie mumbled, "What do we have?"

Her sleepy look and mumbling amused Hayden very much. With no choice, he repeated what he had said. "Fruit salad, fish and rice, Australian steak... Which one do you want?"

Debbie lowered her head to look at the blanket in confusion. Absent-minded, she casually answered, "Fish and rice, baked chicken wings, seafood, spaghetti... and a glass of orange juice and a Haagen-Dazs. Thank you."

The stewardess was taken aback by the amount of food she had ordered. Yet, with professionalism, she managed not to show the surprise on her face and replied politely, "Yes, please wait for a moment." Hayden, of course, was absolutely stunned. He knew she could eat a lot and liked to, and her metabolism somehow managed to let her burn all those calories and there wasn't a trace of fat on her, not even a belly. How she did this was a mystery. Hayden was also secretly delighted, because it was one new thing he didn't know about this goddess before. And he loved finding out new things about her.

As a man, he had only ordered a garden variety steak. No wonder the stewardess was so shocked to hear Debbie's order.

it was necessary to hide it from Hayden. She didn't care what he thought.

seats were actually for couples. There was a small curtain around their compartment. If they pulled it closed, it would separate them from the others, giving them

that wasn't something she really wanted to do with Hayden. So, she kept the curtain open, adjusted

felt resentful. That bad man hadn't called her once after knowing she took a good time with shouldn't have given them patted her own forehead, feeling gesture and turned to ask said, "I'm okay. Just get some sleep now. The side with her back against Hayden could hear her light and steady breathing. Knowing that she'd been sound asleep, he smiled happily. He really cherished this precious moment when he and Debbie were the followed Debbie out of the plane. A few moments later, he Debbie nodded, "Thank you." together. After that, Debbie suddenly felt a stomachache. She caught a glimpse of the ladies' turned around and looked at her in to use the facilities.

In it were all kinds of snacks bought in New York, which were gifts for Kasie and Kristina. Debbie didn't think it a good idea to take that handbag with her into the toilet. Some of the snacks understood. He took her luggage and urged, come. She felt confused. She hadn't eaten anything bad or If this continued, she thought she'd better go to the hospital to have a check-up. come out, he didn't take over her luggage, but since she was still wiping her wet

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 210 Have Something To Do With Debbie

Hayden had been talking about work with his assistant the whole way. He hadn't intended to interrupt Debbie either. He respected her space, and sometimes it was just enough for him to catch a glimpse of her. They were downtown before he finally took the initiative to talk to her. But this time, he had a pretty important question to ask.

"Where's your house?"

Debbie hesitated at the question. 'Should I go back to the manor? Carlos and Megan are probably there already.' Not in the mood to see Megan, she replied, "Please drive me to East City Villa."

Hayden raised his eyebrows. "Oh, what a coincidence! I have a house there too," he said to Debbie. He turned to his assistant. "Alfred, I'll stay in East City Villa tonight. Have someone ready the house for me," he instructed.

"Yes, Mr. Gu."

Debbie's breath caught in her throat. If she had known he had a house there too, she wouldn't have rattled off that destination.

Even so, they remained silent again all the way to East City Villa. She didn't feel much like talking, and she was hoping Carlos wouldn't figure out where she was right now, or that she'd caught a ride with Hayden.

A few moments later, the Porsche pulled up in front of Debbie's previous villa. Hayden personally helped her remove her luggage from the trunk.

Debbie reached out her hands for the luggage while saying, "Thank you for the ride, Mr. Gu. Goodbye!"

Instead of handing the luggage to her, Hayden suggested, "I figured out what you could do to repay me for the ticket. You used to make the most wonderful egg tarts. I haven't had any in a long time. How about you make some for me now? Then we go our separate ways, and you owe me nothing. What do you think?"

Frankly, this was rather a far-fetched excuse. He knew it, and so did Debbie. It was just an excuse to spend more time with her. And she didn't want to do that. She wanted to talk to her friends, and be alone with her thoughts. Hayden was a constant—and dangerous—distraction.

Of course Debbie turned him down and refused bluntly, "If I recall correctly, you don't like egg tarts, do you? On top of that, I don't know how to make egg tarts. I think I'd better buy you a meal some other time."

The truth was, she could make egg tarts if all the ingredients were ready-made. There were pre-made egg custard, pastries and tart tins sold in the supermarket. She just needed to fill the tart tins with the egg custard and put them into an oven to bake for a while. But she didn't feel like doing that now. She didn't have the energy to do much at all.

Back when she and Hayden were dating, she had once made egg tarts for him. But he'd just looked at the egg tarts with contempt in his eyes without taking a bite.

much now. And we're already at the door of your house. Don't refuse me, please?" Hayden

long face, annoyed. "I don't have any ingredients at

buy a full set of egg tart

"Yes, Mr. Gu."

becoming bolder and more annoying now. He had always done something that made her hard to turn him down. Now he was not only buying all the ingredients for egg tarts, but a brand new oven as well. Never let it be

Julie and the other housemaids were

Hayden into the living room. In an angry voice, she warned, "Just sit there and wait. Don't speak to me. Or else I'll spread

felt remorseful again. 'She's so cute when she's like this!

Debbie lugged the bags upstairs to her bedroom first.

her. By rights, she should have sent him home. But there was always a small part of her that wanted to care for the smallest parts of his soul. He was like a lost child now, and seemed as pitiful as anything else. However, letting him help her with

items for making egg tarts. Looking at the clean kitchen,

her husband had done a few days ago. That night, Carlos cooked noodles for Megan, and now, she was going to make

anyone saw this, they might think I'm deliberately doing this

these thoughts and began to wash the tools. Then, she clumsily

tins and it spilled out. And then again, her elbow accidentally swept some of the tart tins off the table onto the floor. The kitchen

into the kitchen.

a tearing hurry, Debbie nodded and said, "Yeah. Help me

the box and took out the new oven. Quickly glancing over the instruction book, he switched it on

unbaked egg tarts on a tray. Steadying the tray in her hands, she carefully moved it to the oven. When she drew back her hands, her bare left hand accidentally touched the hot oven grilling pan. With no oven mitt, she was definitely asking

she groaned and

standing right behind her

other hand, Carlos had hurried back to his office after getting off his private plane. He had just sat down in his seat when Tristan called him and reported to

Emmett in, his face darkened. "Besides bidding for the contract of the Century Group, what else has the Gu Group been working on

"They held a new product release event. A few international A-list stars