

Mr Carlos 211

Chapter 211 Hayden Is A Crazy Guy

Carlos' tall figure came into view. Realizing she was in Hayden's arms now, Debbie felt the blood rushing to her head. She knew that she had done wrong, and she was now in a compromising position. Carlos would be angry with her, she knew that. And he had no sense when it came to Debbie. It was like she knew exactly which button to push to drive him crazy, but didn't know she was doing it until it was too late.

'I'm so screwed!'

She released Hayden's neck and jumped out of his arms. She was so anxious that she staggered when she landed on the floor. Luckily, Hayden steadied her and kept her from a nasty fall.

'Dammit! I promised Carlos that I wouldn't hang around with Hayden.'

Carlos stood where he was, wordless. His eyes fixed upon her, as cold as ice.

Debbie opened her mouth to explain, but nothing came out, and she shut it again. After recalling what he had done for Megan, she decided otherwise.

She turned and walked into the kitchen, without saying a word.

Now, Hayden was sure that there must be something wrong between Debbie and Carlos.

He gave Carlos a smile and sat on the couch naturally, almost as if he were not a guest. "It's not what it looks like, Mr. Huo. I'm here for egg tarts. I helped Deb on the plane earlier, and she wanted to make egg tarts for me in return. Nothing happened. You seem like a reasonable man..."

Resting his hands in his pockets, Carlos cast a cold glance at Hayden and said indifferently, "You seem to have a lot of free time, Mr. Gu. Do you want a lot more?"

As a clever man, Hayden instantly heard the warning in Carlos' words. "Thank you, Mr. Huo, but I'm good. We're really busy these days. After all, we'd been preparing bids on a specific contract for a while, but ZL Group suddenly stepped in and outbid us. We have to stay alert, right?" Hayden said.

Carlos turned to look at Debbie, who was pretending to be busy in the kitchen. "You like egg tarts, Mr. Gu?"

Hayden didn't know why Carlos asked, so he simply answered, "Deb's making them."

"Then just sit here and wait. Remember, don't take off."

After saying that, Carlos walked past the couch, and into the kitchen. He turned off the tap and pulled Debbie, who was washing a rag, into his arms. His moves were quick and smooth.

deliberate, showing disdain for his guest, and showing this rival for his true love's affections exactly who was in charge. By telling

on the couch in the living

the villa was working. Debbie had taken off her down jacket when she got home. She was now wearing a knit shirt, under which Carlos' hand was caressing her breasts. It was obvious what he

was about to do, Debbie couldn't believe it, her eyes wide.

His hands were like the arms of an octopus, and every

well-educated man, with an aristocratic

the villa. After pausing briefly and casting a sad glance back at the villa, he left. Carlos finally let go of Debbie's lips and was about to take off his pants when Debbie blurted out, "Cut it out. My aunt

idiot? Your aunt Flo has already been

her aunt Flo had already visited her twice this

then, Carlos completely

looked at Hayden's secretary with a mocking smile and taunted, "Hey, man. Why is your boss always

smile, the man answered in a diplomatic manner, "That's Mr. Gu's business. If you really want

be the third wheel. It's messed up that a CEO can't find his own date and has to go after a married

girl truly love

Emmett was shocked by his words. "I always knew Hayden Gu was kind of a crazy guy. I didn't think his assistant would also be

the smile on the secretary's face. "Mr. Zhong, watch your tongue," he warned.

proper. Should I bow to you now?" Emmett taunted.

rage at Emmett's attitude, but he didn't dare snap back. After all, Emmett was Carlos' secretary, and

were opened, and Hayden walked

a closer look, and found that Hayden's eyes were

with Mr. Huo, and now you're paying the price. Young man, you've

smile, Emmett greeted him,

was always a polite man, cast a sidelong glance at Emmett and got into his car without saying a word.

all; he knew Hayden was in a bad mood, and he was happy to

guy's a real tool, hitting on Mrs. Huo! I don't know

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 212 A Matter Of Trust

Carlos took Debbie's chin between his thumb and forefinger, forcing her to look him in the eye. "You still have the guts to yell at me after I caught you making out with Hayden! Make egg tarts for him? If I hadn't come back, he would have already fucked you. Huh?"

Smack! The sound of a slap reverberated in the car.

Startled, Emmett almost lost control of the car and crashed into a tree. He didn't think his boss would slap Debbie, so the person who got hit was...

Maybe Carlos had really spoiled Debbie. She slapped him, and she was not afraid of what he might do next. Sometimes, she really acted like a little brat. Still not willing to make a concession, she went on, "You thought I wouldn't hit you, didn't you? Don't you forget what you did the other night—you were at the manor cooking noodles for Megan in the freaking middle of the night. If I hadn't called and asked you to come back, you would have banged her that night. Am I right, Mr. President?" She said his title acidly, indicating that she did not approve, and was mocking him.

Although his face didn't swell, somehow she still felt uncomfortable after she slapped him. She wished she could stroke his face, but she was too proud to do so. Besides, that would be conceding to him, and she wanted him to know how mad she was.

Carlos' gaze was so cold, so piercing that Debbie thought she would be dead if eyes could kill. "Why are you looking at me like that? I'm telling the truth. Don't say things like that. I won't take it lying down..." Her voice trailed off.

He pulled her into his arms rudely. Caught off guard, Debbie was shocked and yelled, "What are you doing? Let...ugh...me...go!"

Carlos pressed a button, and the interior screen rose. Then he lowered his head and bit her lips savagely. At this point, he was beyond reason. Not a savage, but a thoughtless, brutal animal. She was his woman, and needed to be taught a lesson.

The car stopped at the entrance of the hospital owned by ZL Group. Two minutes passed, and the two people got out of the car.

Debbie's lips were red and swollen, while there was a tooth mark on Carlos'.

'Wow! They must have really gone at it, ' thought Emmett.

Carlos took Debbie to the obstetrics and gynecology department. Upon seeing the sign, she thought he took her here because he cared for her, and her heart softened. She regretted slapping him.

'He does care for me. He just has a short fuse, huh?' she thought to herself happily.

Two older doctors stood up and came over to greet Carlos. Carlos, however, dragged Debbie to his side and said coldly, "There's something wrong with her period."

The doctors immediately got his point. Debbie blushed, and stammered, "It's not a big deal. It's probably because I always stay up late." She decided to make peace with Carlos.

was not how it looked to Carlos, however. He was

Carlos left the exam room in his retreating figure. 'Maybe I should apologize to Carlos as well, it didn't take a long time to finish the exam. After several corridor. Instead of coming up to him, she found a

Each of us is too possessive, but it's because we love each other hospital by force to have me checked out. Maybe things will be better if back until the

the common compounds found in birth control pills and her the doctor.

option. If you don't want a child for now, it still be showing up

she had promised Carlos that she would give birth to their baby once she got pregnant, she hadn't taken any

said that she had been taking the pills. It

doctors looked at one another, and one of them told Carlos apologetically, "Mr. Huo, here are the results. You can

"No need for that."

"Let's try this again!"

Debbie spoke at the same time.

the doctors and said in a stern voice, "Think very carefully about what you're saying. I need another test. If it turns out I haven't

said, "I said, there's no need for

me like that." Debbie had seen disappointment in Carlos' eyes when the doctor said she had been taking birth control pills. She wanted to clear her

however, turned around

overtook him and said anxiously, "Carlos, I only took the pill

trust

take the pill? East City

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 213 This Has Nothing To Do With Love

'Carlos left instead of waiting for me, ' Debbie thought, heartbroken and sad. She folded the papers, stuck them into her pocket, and reached out her hand. "Emmett, give me the car keys. I can drive myself home. You're free. Do whatever you want."

"I'm available now. Why not let me drive?" Emmett offered as he could tell something was not right with her.

"Thank you, but I'm good. Don't worry. I just need to go to the East City Villa first to fetch my luggage, and then head to the manor." Debbie took a deep breath, pretending to be calm.

Left with no choice, Emmett handed her the car keys. "Mr. Huo has the Emperor. This Mercedes-Benz belongs to the company. Just leave it in the manor, and I'll grab it later."

"Sure. Thank you, Emmett." Debbie took over the car keys and cranked the ignition. After hearing a satisfactory roar from the engine, she drove off.

Little did she know that Emmett walked into the hospital as soon as she was out of sight. He went straight to the obstetrics and gynecology department.

Several minutes later, Emmett called Carlos. "Mr. Huo, Mrs. Huo just drove herself back."

"Mmm." After a short pause, Carlos asked, "The test results?"

Recalling what the doctors had told him, Emmett swallowed before stammering, "Mr. Huo, the pills would harm a woman's health. The doctors suggested Mrs. Huo stop taking—"

Before he could finish, Carlos hung up the phone.

Emmett looked in the direction where Debbie left, and wondered, 'I thought Mr. and Mrs. Huo loved each other. Why take the pills?

What's more, everyone knows long-term use of birth control pills is harmful. Why did Mr. Huo allow his wife to take them?'

On her way, Debbie was absent-minded. She kept going over it in her head. What foods had she eaten recently? Could any of those foods cause the results to skew?

She had eaten a lot of seafood lately. And scientists had recently found contraceptive compounds in fish. Could the doctors be detecting that, instead?

Sometimes, she would pull over and think about whether there were the same steroidal compounds in seafood and what kind of seafood might have the same chemicals.

admit that she knew next

some food delivery on Meituan app. She sat down for a quick meal, then checked to make sure she had all her luggage, and drove towards the manor.

way to the manor, she kept thinking about what the doctors had told her. 'There must be something wrong with the two doctors. Is it possible

decided to turn around

a red
phone rang. She saw the caller ID, and it was an
Bluetooth and then answered,
reverberated in
asked in a cold voice. 'Is she in the manor with
truly loved. Oh, it turns out you always take birth control pills. You don't want to have his baby, do you?
I really feel sorry for
Debbie acted calm, but her long fingernails stuck into the leather steering wheel, leaving deep marks.
'So the thing he had to deal
that he would never leave me and that we'd be together
attention to it. Not until the driver behind her honked at her did she come back to her senses and start
the engine. "You're the daughter of the ones who saved his life. He's supposed to treat you like his own
niece and take care
of me after sending you abroad?
like a bad dream! I can't believe it, ' Debbie thought. "No, you got it wrong. My husband's going abroad
with me, and will live with me while
Uncle Carlos will leave me behind? Especially after I told him that
Debbie interrupted her. "You're the one that told him about
all the time and that you didn't want his baby. And he believed it.
rage. She guided her car over the bridge, the river surging madly under it. When she saw a car galloping
at full
miscalculation. She lost control of her car, and the black Mercedes-Benz
crashed right through the guardrail and fell into the river. Bubbles rose for a bit, before the rapids once
again
few of them called for an ambulance, hoping against hope that the driver would be alright. They hadn't
seen much before the actual
coming from the other end of the line, Megan suddenly had a bad feeling about this. She heard a
piercing scream and took the phone away from her ear. When she put her ear to the receiver again, she
heard Debbie say in a calm voice, "Looks like you'll get your wish. I'm dying. Enjoy living with
Silence ensued.
knowing what happened to Debbie, Megan was frightened. She pried the back off the phone, took out
the SIM card and dumped it into

Chapter 214 Saving Grace

Carlos had been nice to Debbie all this time, and she really couldn't die like this.

Her will to live was so strong that she found the strength to swim upwards again.

After what felt like an eternity, she could breathe again. She took several breaths and shouted for help. "Help me..." Her voice could hardly be heard. She grabbed onto one of the concrete supports of the bridge and hung on for dear life.

Many people gathered on the bridge, and more people were arriving. A first-aid team arrived as well.

The moment she emerged from the water, someone saw her. "Look! Someone's there!"

Debbie was too tired, and when her fingers slipped from the concrete and she sank into the water again, she heard several people jump into the river.

Her chest burned like fire. She had no strength left at all; she closed her eyes and stopped struggling.

'Carlos Huo, I'm sorry...' Then she lost consciousness.

Debbie was awakened by the cold. She blinked, but the light was so blinding that she closed her eyes to stop the headache she felt coming on.

She heard people talking in her ear. Opening her eyes slowly again, she saw the blue sky.

'Am I still alive?' she thought.

"She's awake!" said a strange voice. "Is the ambulance here? She woke up!"

"Girl, are you all right?"

Debbie nodded by instinct. But she felt very cold, both physically and mentally. She was shivering, and for some reason, she was getting hot flashes. She wasn't sure why.

Someone helped her to her feet. She then noticed that she was wearing a man's coat. It was part of a uniform and had patches on it as well as a name badge. It must belong to someone on the first-aid team. Underneath, she was still wearing her wet knit shirt.

She heard the ambulance approaching, and some men gathered around her when it arrived. She was bidden to lie down on a stretcher and was carried into the ambulance by several men.

In the hospital

patients. A nurse bound her head, and then set her

we need you to contact your family. They need to pay for your treatment!" the nurse demanded in a loud voice with a wad of test results

with it, and didn't hear the nurse at first. Not until the nurse called her several times did she come back

was practically yelling, like Debbie was deaf or something. Debbie opened her mouth,

it?" She

stop meeting like this, ' she

was Portia, staring at her

IV fluids, that's a total of \$2, 100. Here's the bill. The

friendly smile, "Thank you for

and his impeccable manners. Although she was wearing a mask, you could tell from her reddened ears that she blushed

squatted down and looked at Debbie. "Are you okay? What happened? And whose coat is this?" Concern was written all over his face.

to talk, Debbie

settle the bill. Wait for me here,"

she croaked. After her experiences, she was

left, followed by Portia. Debbie could hear Portia berating Hayden. "Why did you help her? Look what she's

ask the driver to send you back home, okay? You don't need to be here,"

Portia were out of earshot did

and ask her what she

next to her was a woman with a baby in her arms. With an embarrassed smile, Debbie said to her, "Excuse me, miss, may I borrow your phone? I fell into the river and lost my phone. I need

there was a blood-stained bandage around her head. The woman took out her phone and gave it to Debbie. She had no doubt that

her and dialed

hand, went directly to his

light up. After he lit the first one, he took a drag and let

the desk. "Hey, bro. It's

at his lip! Who had the

He knew Carlos well, and he felt he should remind Damon. He didn't want Damon to get hurt if Carlos flew off

on the couch and fixed his eyes

both of them stared at Carlos, who had just tapped his cigarette on the ashtray to get rid of the cherry. He still sat

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Chapter 215 Be More Tolerant Towards Her

Delicately holding two glasses of wine, Curtis walked towards his buddies. "I've managed to bring only one extra glass," he said while taking a sip from the glass in his right hand. Then he placed the second glass on the desk before them and added, "Whoever grabs this first will have it. The rest of you can fetch your own."

They all took it as a joke. Since when did they have to compete for a glass of wine?

But even before he loosened his grip, Damon grabbed the glass, went to the couch and said casually, "Well, seems I'm the lucky one." Then in the same casual manner, he sat next to Megan and offered her the glass. "Little angel, you can have this," he said with a sideways glance at Curtis.

"Hey, are you trying to impress her with the wine that I've just brought for you? Shame on you!" Curtis reprimanded.

"Thank you, Uncle Damon, but I don't feel like drinking." Megan declined his offer politely. She sat with her fingers interlocked under her chin, seeming very preoccupied.

"You were fine just a moment ago. What happened?" Damon asked curiously.

Casting a pitiful glance at Carlos, who was still smoking, Megan complained, "Aunt Debbie doesn't seem to like me. She even had a fight with Uncle Carlos over me. I feel so sad..."

Carlos flicked the ashes from his cigarette and said indifferently, "It has nothing to do with you."

Poor at reading moods, Damon consoled Megan, "It's okay. Pepper Nian is an odd woman. As far as I know, she has only a few friends. Besides, our Megan is so adorable. I can't see how anyone could not like you. Don't think about it too much." He stroked her hair gently.

But the comments rubbed two of his friends the wrong way. Carlos looked at him with burning eyes and asked, "Who is the odd woman? I dare you to repeat it."

Gruffly, Curtis snatched the glass of wine from Damon's hand, poured the wine into his own glass, and snapped, "Boy, you have the nerve to speak ill of Debbie before Carlos! Try that one more time, and I swear, he'll beat the crap out of you!"

Instantly, Damon regretted his mistake. Why would he cross Carlos? To make up for his error, he went to the wine cabinet and brought the other glasses of wine that Curtis had poured for them. "I'm sorry, Carlos. You know how clumsy I sometimes get in expressing myself. Guys, let's forget that dry joke and drink."

They clinked glasses and settled down to some chitchat.

Turning to Curtis, Carlos asked, "I've already gone through all the formalities for Debbie to study abroad. How about you?"

made an incredulous face and asked, "You want her to

the cigarette, Carlos

her insistence on taking

the bathroom, inserted an anonymous SIM card

back to Carlos' office, the men were almost
notice something was not right with Megan. "You look pale. What's
curious eyes. Flustered, she looked away and covered her face with both palms. "Nothing. I'm perfectly
she looked calmer and more composed when she dropped her hands, no one around bothered to press
further. Briefly, Carlos consulted with his secretary about some work related issues, and
had hardly left the building when the employees began to gossip about them. "I envy Miss Lan so much.
Lucky girl! She's
but four high-class men,
Mr. Huo must dote on her the most. Did you hear the
Miss Lan than to Mrs. Huo. Miss Lan must have saved the world in her previous life. What else could
explain her never ending
"

At Orchid Private Club

bade his

a military officer sometimes denied him time for his taste for

of his crew settled down to whine, amid chitchat. But Damon didn't stay long either. About two or three
glasses later, he too excused himself. "Hey, guys, will you excuse me? I need to go back home and keep
my

Curtis, Megan and Carlos in the private booth.

so he reminded Megan to watch on him. "In case he gets two extra glasses after I'm gone, please don't
let him drive.

happy? Is it something that you could get over by talking? Should you feel the need to kindly talk to me,
I'll be more than

his glass, Carlos asked, "How did you know she took birth

he was not staring at Megan, sternness was obvious

skipped a beat at the question. "I-I saw it... with my own

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Chapter 216 Find Her

Holding Carlos' phone, Megan said to him, "Uncle Carlos, the reception in the room is bad. I'll take the
call outside."

"Okay," Carlos responded.

Megan hung up the phone and walked out of the private booth. She was about to call Tristan again when Carlos' phone started ringing. It was an unknown number.

Megan stared at the number, wondering, 'Who's this? Why are they calling on Carlos' private number?' She decided to answer the call. "Hello?" she said.

At the other end of the line, Debbie recognized the girl's voice. She smiled bitterly and said, "Put my husband on the phone."

Megan had been nervous the whole afternoon, worrying that she would be held responsible if Debbie was dead. Now that she heard Debbie's voice, she heaved a sigh of relief. 'Thank God. She's not dead.'

"Uncle Carlos doesn't want to talk to you right now." Megan lowered her tone to a whisper. As far away as Carlos was, he was definitely out of earshot. The whisper was a voice that only she and Debbie could hear. The girl glanced around warily.

But Debbie wasn't happy. 'Doesn't want to talk to me? Who's this bitch to decide whom he talks to?!' "Put him on the phone!" Debbie demanded, balling her hands into fists. If Megan were standing in front of her right now, she would put one of those fists to good use—punching her in the face.

"Uncle Carlos is in a bad mood. He really doesn't want to talk to you. It took hours for me to make him smile even a little. Just leave him alone. Moreover, Uncle Carlos told me to answer the call for him. He even told me how to unlock his phone. Just go away."

"So... how do you unlock his phone?" Debbie doubted what she said. Anything Megan said was suspect at this point.

To her surprise, Megan recited the new password to get into Carlos' phone—Debbie's birthday. She'd set it only a few days ago. Now, she had to believe Megan was telling the truth. Heartbroken, she hung up the phone quickly.

But Megan's performance had only just begun. Still holding the phone to her ear, she pushed open the door to the private booth and said in a persuasive tone, "Aunt Debbie, hang on. Why don't you tell Uncle Carlos that yourself? Hello? Aunt Debbie?"

Carlos opened his eyes suddenly when he heard Megan's words. Megan showed him the conversation log while holding the phone with trembling hands. "Aunt Debbie called from an unknown number. I thought it was Tristan, so I answered it, but it turned out to be Aunt Debbie. She asked me to tell you that she wouldn't be home tonight and then hung up."

Carlos took the phone and glared at the number silently for a long moment before he called Debbie, but he didn't get through; it went straight to voice mail.

He hung up in disgust and then dialed the unknown number. A woman answered the phone. "Hello?"

Debbie Nian?" Carlos

girl who borrowed my phone?

abruptly from the

boyfriend carried her in his arms. It was so sweet. Lucky her! My husband and I
and Carlos was no stranger
to the woman holding the baby. Just then, Hayden was back with the receipt
to get you a
looked pale and felt groggy. She nodded to Hayden and attempted to stand
soon as he noticed how weak she was. He made her comfortable in his arms and hurried towards the
ward. The hospital had been packed with patients
pulling some strings, Hayden managed to get
the ward, Hayden placed Debbie on the bed carefully and tucked her in. A nurse
In Orchid Private Club
be indifferent to Debbie, no matter how mad he was at her. He still cared for the woman,
Emmett on
men found Debbie, it was already
department of Y City Second General
black stalked through the corridor, breaking the
grimly at the hospital beds on either side of the hallway.
their families. Their looks and presence made people wonder who they were and what they were
which Carlos walked in steadily. There were two beds and four people inside.
and a man sat next to it, head resting on
lay a woman with a bandage around her head. She was in deep sleep. She was hooked up
bed, working. Seeing Carlos walk in, he smiled at him but
Carlos said nothing to Hayden either. He strode over to
sickly red. The bandage around her forehead was blood-stained. The fluid in the

Chapter 217 Let Me Starve

Sitting on the bed, his back against the headboard, Carlos carefully took Debbie in his arms.
He took special care with the hand that was hooked up to an IV. Stroking her other hand, he noticed
how pale her hands were. Her face was pasty white. He had never seen her so fragile. His every
movement was made with extreme care, like she would break if he moved too fast or forcefully.

A tough guy, he rarely showed his feelings, much less adopt a different facial expression. But when Emmett told him that Debbie had a car accident and her car fell into the deepest river in Y City, all the blood drained from his face.

When Carlos and his men reached the accident site, Debbie's car hadn't been retrieved yet. Some professionals were working on it. The site was thronged with people, but few of them had witnessed exactly what had happened. Anxious to know how Debbie was, he told Emmett to ask around, see if anyone knew what happened to the driver. It took a long while before he found someone. They told him that the woman driving the car had been rescued and taken to the hospital.

Then Emmett checked all the hospitals nearby. It took him a bit to cut through the red tape, but that was what he was hired for. He finally found Debbie in Y City Second General Hospital.

Debbie had been asleep for quite a few hours, and had quite a few dreams to match that extended time. She remembered seeing Carlos in her dream. He told her gently that he came to get her out of that place.

A man's exasperated growl interrupted her wandering thoughts.

"Didn't you say she'd come around this morning? Do you know what time it is? 2 p.m.! Why is she still unconscious? You call yourselves doctors? I spend a ton of cash on this hospital every year. I pay you good money. And what do I get in return? A bunch of idiots! "

"Please don't worry, Mr. Huo. Mrs. Huo is only sleeping. "

"Sleeping? She's been asleep since last night! You tell me that's normal? "

"Carlos, why are you yelling? " a feeble voice scolded.

Hearing her, Emmett said to himself, 'Thank God, Mrs. Huo's finally awake. If she slept any longer, Mr. Huo would probably tear this hospital down around our ears.'

As soon as he heard Debbie's voice, Carlos' anger vanished like smoke on the wind.

He and the others all rushed to her bed. The doctors looked at her, thankful and anxious. Now they knew their jobs were safe. At the same time, they prayed Debbie would be fine so that they wouldn't get another round of sturm and drang from Carlos. Debbie was surprised to see so many doctors surrounding her. One might think she was dying or had contracted some weird and highly-contagious disease. But she knew that it was all because Carlos had lit fires under these doctors' backsides. They knew that their jobs were on the line, so they gave her the very best care. One of the perks of owning the hospital, Debbie figured.

to her heart and lungs, checking her vitals, making sure that her reflexes were good. Afterwards, he assured Carlos repeatedly and unctuously that there was nothing serious with his wife.

Carlos was deeply worried.

Huo." Emmett turned

were left alone in the ward. Carlos seemed a little distant, while Debbie was silent.

finally broke the

him. "Isn't

The other parts of the car were all functioning fine. So the only thing Carlos could think of was Debbie's driving. "Since

expecting him to say how worried he had been, maybe even treat her gently and comfort her, just as he had in her dream.

have woken up. Just stay nice and warm and loved in her dream world. She was thinking maybe she should say she was tired and shoo him

he used to treat

a word. Indifferently, he turned around, leaving. His hands were

much he wanted to hug her. But he had been telling himself not to.

exerting all

still too weak. Don't

waiting for a response, he continued with a frown,

after waking up was you blaming me for being a bad driver. Was I ever a bad driver before? Why now? Did it ever occur to you that something happened before the accident? Or maybe you were hoping I died so that you could be with another woman." Debbie started panting after this. Only now had she stopped to take a breath.

to the bed and made her lie down. "I think you must have

punch him in the face. While Carlos was tucking her in, she slapped his hands and snarled, "Thank

to be at the

with admiration, "Mrs. Huo, let me

don't want to eat. Let me starve.

starve. You can't imagine how happy Mr. Huo was

shouted. Immediately, Emmett shut his mouth.

"Emmett, I bet you don't know that your boss fell in love with someone else! Wait, that's not it. He's always

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 218 Call Mrs. Huo For Help

Curtis' concern opened the floodgates for Debbie's tears. Compared to Carlos' cold tone, Curtis' sounded so warm. Debbie embraced Colleen, who was standing next to him and was equally worried. "Finally,

someone cares about me. Mr. Lu, Colleen, please take me with you. Can't stay here anymore. My husband loves another woman. He won't let me eat and talks to me coldly all the time,"

she sobbed.

Curtis rarely got mad. But upon hearing what Debbie had said, he turned to Carlos with a sullen face and demanded, "Carlos, is this true? Don't you know she just had a near-fatal experience?"

Carlos glanced at Debbie and said, "It's all bullshit and you know it."

Not having the heart to watch his boss make a bigger mistake, Emmett walked to Carlos and reminded him in a whisper, "Mr. Huo, with all due respect, don't say anything you'll regret."

Carlos glared at Emmett. The dutiful secretary's voice trailed off.

Assuming the couple were fighting, Colleen rolled her eyes at Carlos. "Debbie, don't cry. Gregory's not busy. So if your husband can't take care of you, I'll call my brother and ask him to come and look after you," she said, trying to comfort Debbie.

Recently, Colleen learned her brother had a crush on Debbie—Carlos' wife. She knew that Gregory stood no chance and that it would go nowhere. She felt sorry for her brother.

Now that there was an opportunity for Gregory to show how much he cared, Colleen grabbed it for him.

And with both her and Curtis around, she believed Carlos wouldn't be tough on her brother.

Colleen took out her phone and was about to dial the number, when Carlos observed. "Colleen, you're a bride-to-be. Don't you have a wedding to plan?"

His tone was full of warning.

do you have to be so mean? Couldn't this wait until she's well? You're so rude. Honestly, I don't know

the bed and picked up a bowl of congee. Gently, he spooned some food out of it and placed it to her mouth. "Here,

Lu," Debbie said sweetly.

and

by everyone else in the ward snatched the bowl and spoon away from

simply pushed off the bed. Looking at the overbearing man, he shook his head. 'This man's ego sometimes makes him lose his head. But at least, now the reverse psychology is working. If he won't take

mouth!" Carlos ordered bluntly.

I guess I'll have to open my mouth." A spoon of warm

"Shut your mouth!"

mouth, and the next, you ask me to shut my mouth. You're so high-maintenance. Mr. Huo, if I shut my mouth, how will you feed me?" asked Debbie, blinking.

while Colleen and Emmett burst into laughter. This was too good. She was giving as good as she came sauntering into the ward while Debbie ate. They were Jared, Debbie had met Adriana. She hoped she was good for him. Jared woman was almost almond-shaped eyes were bright and beautiful. orange designer down jacket and soft flats. tied back casually. Debbie's first impression of her was that she When Adriana saw Carlos himself feeding Debbie, she was very curious about the dropped everything and sprinted towards Debbie. "How ya feeling, Tomboy? I was worried to death when I heard about the accident. I couldn't sleep. I even lost my appetite. How to hug her, but Carlos pulled him away by the sleeve, putting the boy at a distance to hug my wife

Chapter 219 The Truth

As soon as Debbie finished eating, Carlos peeled a banana and handed it to her. Damon saw this. He looked at Carlos earnestly and said, "Bro, I'd like a banana too." For the first time since Jared, Damon and Adriana had walked into the ward, Carlos spoke. "Beat it!" Seeing his brother getting bullied, Jared snorted, "Don't be so bossy. Your wife's here." The others laughed. The atmosphere inside the ward was pleasant. Everyone was happy, except Carlos. "Tell us what happened," Curtis said to Debbie. The smile on Debbie's face froze when the accident was suddenly brought up. She looked at Carlos. He was confused by her look. "If you have something to say, just say it." "It's true. I mistook the gas pedal for the brake." They were rendered speechless by her careless mistake. Debbie, however, was wondering if her friends would believe her if she told them that Megan was involved in the accident. And Carlos... Would he trust her words? Luckily, Wesley wasn't in the ward. Among the four, Carlos and Wesley valued Megan the most. If Wesley were there, he would be pissed at her if she told them that the accident was caused by Megan. 'Should I tell them that Megan not only provoked me, but also purposely told Carlos that I had taken birth control pills?'

Debbie pondered silently.

She blamed herself for being too weak. She shouldn't have let Megan get to her so easily. She had learnt her lesson. Even if she decided not to tell the others the truth, she would get back at Megan sooner or later. She promised herself.

Noticing that she was in a bad mood, Colleen patted her hand and said, "It's okay. If you don't feel like talking, just forget about it now. You are fine, that's all that matters."

Adriana chipped in, "Get some rest. When you are ready to talk, Mr. Huo will be here beside you. If there's some problem, I'm sure he'll fix it for you."

still

anymore. "Tomboy, you have never been

true. She used to speak her mind anytime, anywhere. That used to be

now, she couldn't. And it was because of Carlos. She was wondering if he would believe her. If he didn't, then whatever she said would be pointless. And he might even think that she was trying to frame

forced a smile and said, "This is just the result of me being a bad driver. It's nothing else.

she was definitely hiding something, but no

left the hospital together after spending some time with her.

with Carlos, Debbie fell silent once again and

up, it was

the half empty infusion bottle. "Hello? Anybody there?" she shouted after

in from the

nurse-call button. They were engulfed in complete silence as they waited. Soon after, two

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

turned to leave,

can I do for you?"

you help me get out of

right beside her, the nurses were confused by her request. They stared at

me completely! His face clouded over in anger.

out!" he ordered icily.

his furious face, the nurses fled from them quickly.

scared them away! I need their help!" Debbie complained with

walked over to her, rolled the bed up for her, and put a pillow behind her covers aside impatiently and tried to get out of bed urgent. What? You have a problem with that, Mr. Huo?" Debbie yelled. 'If you don't want to infusion bottle. He everything herself, but Carlos refused. He led her towards the bathroom, washed her hands and walked out of the door. Silently, he escorted her back to the bed, the end, she was kind on the bed, her dinner arrived.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 220 Lying Son Of A Bitch

That was when Debbie had been stimulated. In a fluster to avoid the vehicle coming in the opposite direction, she had mistaken the gas for the brake. As a result, the car veered out of control and ran into the river.

Sounding morose, Carlos said, "Although I was disappointed in you, I didn't go to Megan's place. It was indeed Megan who told me about you taking birth control pills, though." It was also true that he had told Megan he would take care of her forever—as her uncle.

"Did you lose your composure because your lie was exposed?" he asked.

Debbie looked at him in disappointment. "So, you think this has nothing to do with her?"

At the moment, Carlos wasn't sure how much he should trust Debbie. It had just been confirmed that she had been taking birth control pills behind his back. Besides, Hayden was never out of her life.

"You're a grown woman. You should take your own responsibility when there's a problem instead of blaming others, understand?"

Apparently pissed off, Debbie laughed sarcastically. Grabbing the pillow from behind her back, she threw it at Carlos angrily. "To hell with your 'blaming others'! Get out of my sight! I don't ever want to see you again! Ever!"

Unflappable, Carlos didn't duck. The pillow softly hit him.

"Get some rest." With those three words, he picked the pillow up, tossed it on the sofa, and left.

Left alone, Debbie's eyes reddened. One of the most enjoyable feelings she had with Carlos was his constant reassurances. It was a priceless part of the relationship. Made her feel like a princess. But when he ignored her, it made her feel like a weed in his backyard. Something which he didn't give a damn about and could as well be trampled under feet.

Her phone had been destroyed in the accident, so when Debbie was left alone in the ward, she had nothing to do but aimlessly switch between TV channels. Yet, she didn't find anything of interest.

When she finally got bored with the telly, and Carlos had been gone for more than one hour, she decided to get out of bed to play on the computer in the ward.

Leaving the TV on, she heavy-heartedly dragged herself out of bed and sat at the computer. That was when the TV in the background drew her attention. "CEO of ZL Group, Mr. Carlos Huo, is present at the fashion show." Instantly she turned to check what was on the news.

On Y City Fashion Satellite TV, an international fashion show was being broadcast live.

a cloud dress and white stilettos. Arm in arm, they walked on the red carpet towards

help but move closer to the

no mistaking the woman next to him—Portia!

the envious gazes from everywhere, obvious excitement written all over

Debbie wanted

kept a low profile? Didn't he say he never allowed the media to take pictures of him? Then what the hell is this?! Everything he says is a

lying, cheating son

kept on taking pictures of the two. After all, it was rare for Carlos to be willing to face cameras. Besides, he

Olga, and then Megan, and now, Portia! Mr. Huo, aren't you a philandering old dog?!' Debbie

to her. And now she was wrapping her arm around

grabbed a glass from the bedside cupboard and smashed it angrily against the TV, sending the nurses gasping in

show, Carlos got a

Although he tried as much as he could to remain calm, the anxiety was detectable in

Huo smashed

"Why? What happened?"

herself in the covers in bed. Disturbed, he tapped his middle finger at the side of his forehead, now sinking deeper into thoughts. Why did he have to walk into the ward just when Debbie was about to smash the TV? Now he had to be the one telling his boss what she was up to. While he fumbled for words, Debbie shouted in the background, "Well, do you ever get tired of fooling around with all kinds of women? Aren't you such an amorous wild flower that entertains anything and everything, from poisonous bees to

calmly, "Ask her if she had a good time smashing things. If one set is not enough, give her more sets to

He couldn't even find the right words. "Yes, Mr. Huo,"

Portia listened carefully to the conversation on the phone. She couldn't hear anything

this fashion show as Carlos' date. And since the chance was here, she had decided to use it to its fullest, making sure she left a favorable, lasting impression on Carlos. The very best she possibly