

## **Mr Carlos 24**

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

#### **Chapter 24 Driving To University**

'I've been so stupid! I should've inquired Philip about Carlos more before. If I did, I wouldn't have had the audacity to cross him. Alas! It's too late now. What else can I do?' Debbie thought, beating herself up over her ignorance.

Now that she was seeing things in a different light, she really regretted having sung the song that evening to offend him.

'Debbie Nian, why did you have to provoke him again and again?

You lifted a rock only to drop it on your own feet!' she berated herself. Slapping a palm on her forehead in resentment, she then stood up. Tomorrow morning was going to be tough for her. When she went to the second floor, she stole a glance at the closed door of Carlos' bedroom. As soon as she was certain that it was not going to burst open at any minute, she sneaked into hers and closed the door as gently as possible.

All night long, she tossed around in her bed. Her worries did not leave her alone at all.

The next morning, she got up half an hour earlier than usual. After readying herself, she went down the stairs with dark circles around her eyes. All she wanted was to leave the house without being noticed by Carlos.

The previous evening, she had made up her mind. Since she could not divorce him right now, she just had to keep herself away from him as much as possible. It was her only solution until she could make the man sign the divorce papers. If she had to face him, she decided she would not provoke him again. After all, safety was now her first priority.

When she reached the first floor, however, she saw the very same man she meant to avoid in the dining room. Without even looking at her, Carlos ate his breakfast. It was a bit strange seeing him in a black shirt instead of his usual business attire.

"Debbie, come eat," Julie said in a cheerful voice as she went to the kitchen. Before the servant could reappear with Debbie's breakfast, the young lady was already running to the entrance door.

"No need for that, Julie," she shouted hastily. "I'm in a hurry!" 'When did he get up? I didn't even hear him make any sound, ' she thought to herself.

"Stop!" came a cold voice from behind her back. Almost as if on command, Debbie paused from changing her shoes. Her breath hitched when she heard him.

"Um..." she stammered, turning around.

Until that moment, something never occurred to Debbie. What was she supposed to call him? 'Boss?' Debbie thought. 'Sounds like I'm an employee of his. Honey? That would be disgusting!' She scrunched her nose in revulsion. "Sir," she said formally, trying to make an excuse, "I have something urgent to finish. So I'll be leaving now."

'Well, actually I can call him Uncle. He's so strict with me that he reminds me of my father. But, ' Debbie thought, still trapped in her own musings, 'if I really call him Uncle, he will surely get irritated.'

The young lady refrained from voicing out her thoughts, for if she did, it would throw out her entire plan of not getting on the wrong side of her husband.

him 'Sir', Carlos could not help but furrow his brows while saying nothing for a while. Gracefully, he wiped his lips with a napkin, and said, "I'll drive you to

then opened his laptop, burying himself with his work. Once again, his

imagine how he would react if she insisted on going to the university on her own. She did not want to be frozen to death by his

and cautious manner, Debbie walked over to the expensive mahogany dining table and sat as far away from him as possible.

But Debbie simply had no appetite at all. His presence made it difficult for her to enjoy her meal. While putting food into her mouth, she kept stealing glances at Carlos every now

at her hands under the table. A stomachache

stood up, picked up his briefcase from

profound resignation, Debbie grabbed her backpack and followed

Something about the vehicle appeared to be very striking, but she could not quite point a finger at it. Through the car window, she saw

close to him sent shivers down her spine. 'No, ' she thought stubbornly, 'I do not want to die out of fright! Hm... but maybe I can sit

in his voice brought Debbie back to her senses. Darting towards the car, she opened the door of

the door and sit behind with

while the car moved slowly. Casting a glance at Debbie from the car window, Philip noticed the girl lean against the car door, averting Carlos

cheerful and lively girl. Now that she's in front of Mr. Huo, she looks so cautious and

minutes later, a black luxurious car stopped along the entrance of the Economics and Management of the

university was worth at least tens of millions

she pushed the door open and ran as fast as she could. It looked so comical, as though she were being chased by some

the car, students in every direction began to gossip. Their curiosity was satiated by her appearance, but now

usually rides a BMW. And now, she has a new car?" "This car is

who could afford these luxury cars, there were many pretty girls in the university who were mistresses of rich men.

because it was Debbie. It was difficult to

young lady did not act like a girl at all! No one could believe that there would be a rich man who would like to have

rubbed his eyes. "Am I dreaming?" Apparently, he was among the students who saw Debbie getting out of

millions of dollars. So Jared's curiosity was not about whether Debbie's family could afford it. More likely, he was curious about the type of man who would spend so

rich man whose surname was Nian. Simultaneously, he realized that Debbie had rarely spoken about her father. Now more than ever he wanted to get to

there are only two Emperor cars in Y City. And one