

## Mr Carlos 241

### Chapter 241 The Silent Treatment

As soon as Debbie left the cab, the smoke filled her nostrils. She could taste the acrid vapors, stale, with a hint of bitterness. "Ugh...Carlos... ugh..." She coughed violently, tears threatening to come out. She hated the smell, hated the taste, and most of all hated not being able to breathe. Carlos did this deliberately. He knew she hated the habit, yet he exacerbated the problem. He couldn't stop playing pranks on her, and she walked into them all the time.

Carlos smiled mischievously.

The cab didn't leave immediately. The driver rolled down the window and stared at Carlos. After a while, he asked, "You look familiar. Are you Mr. Huo?"

Carlos nodded indifferently, at which the driver pushed the door open excitedly and rushed over to Carlos. He stammered out a request, nervous at finally meeting the man. "I...my daughter... my daughter worships you very much. Can I get an autograph for her? Her birthday's coming up. It would make an awesome present."

It was a request from a loving father. Hard to refuse. Carlos wanted kids, and his heart softened around them, indeed, at the very mention.

Carlos held Debbie tight in his arms and said, "Okay."

The driver ran back to the cab and rooted around in there for a long while, but he found nothing that Carlos could write with or on.

He turned back and looked at Carlos, eyes full of disappointment. "Never mind. I don't have a pen or paper. Thank you, Mr. Huo."

Carlos raised his eyebrows and released Debbie. He motioned the security guard to bring him some paper and a pen.

Then Carlos wrote, "Happy birthday! —Carlos Huo."

The driver was moved. While Carlos was writing, he took out his old phone and snapped a pic.

Carlos saw that, but he decided not to take it seriously. He was a fan, after all. What was the harm?

After handing the paper to the driver, he put his arm around Debbie's waist and walked back to the Emperor with her.

"Thank you, Mr. Huo! Bye, Mr. Huo!" the driver said. He watched the car drive into the manor. When the car couldn't be seen anymore, he spent a few minutes standing there to admire the grand house. There was a lot of square footage to be impressed with. He drank it all in with his eyes.

Inside the manor

face as soon as I got out of the cab. What were you thinking? If you hate me, just

looked at her silently while she threw her tantrum. The longer he looked at her, the cuter he found her. If he thought she

you? Okay, then get out and go back to your precious

of Manipulation?"

I bring her up. I can't stand

grabbed her hands and

that?" Debbie glared

you say you couldn't stand it anymore? Stand what? Besides, you think we can

"Of course. I'll give it to another guy. Then, off you go. Out of the

the driver killed the engine.

on his face was replaced by a look of intense gloom.

her into the manor and then upstairs. He didn't stop to make sure she was alright. Even though she stumbled, he simply lifted her up and continued his climb.

her before. But right now, the fierce man holding her wrist so tightly seemed a different person entirely. Debbie wanted to cry, but didn't have time as he wasn't done

it come to this?' she

door of the bedroom was thrown open violently, banging the wall on the opposite side. Debbie was tossed onto the bed. Luckily, the

guy? You already

abroad to study after my junior

said, Carlos stepped forward and stood right in front of her. Awkwardly, if she looked straight on, her eyes fell right on his crotch. That was uncomfortable, to say the

head away immediately.

embarrassment, Carlos turned

eyes wandered to avoid looking straight ahead.

He suddenly spoke. "Okay."

a moment before turned swiftly to sadness. This was crazy! Though it was her idea, she hadn't

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

**Chapter 242 Bad News**

Tabitha screamed and ran towards Carlos. She tried to hold him back. "Carlos! Carlos, what's this about? Listen to me, son. Calm down."

Carlos gave his mother a cold look and asked, "How could you do this to my wife?" He gritted his teeth in anger and added, "Debbie has always respected you. Is this what she deserved from my parents?"

James still didn't think he did anything wrong. "I never accepted her as my daughter-in-law. I won't allow her to give birth to your child."

"So you told the servants to put crushed birth control pills in her food?" asked Carlos, grinding his teeth to suppress his growing anger. His eyes blazed and seemed to stare deep into James' black rotting soul.

James attempted to wrench free, but compared to his son, he was too weak. Pretending to be composed, he said, "They were just birth control pills, not poison! Did you have to fly all the way from Y City for this?"

'Just birth control pills?' Within Carlos' heart, his father's image sank to a new low. "Yes, they were poison. You've been feeding her cumulative poison!"

Saying that, he swung a second fist towards James' face.

Only Tabitha and James were home at that moment. There was no time for Tabitha to rush downstairs to ask the servants for help. She had to stand in front of James to stop Carlos from hitting him again.

"This family was never happy while she was here. And she even tried to kill Megan in Y City. Why are you still protecting her? Can't you see how vicious she is? Divorce her already."

Carlos closed his eyes to hide the misery he felt from those words. He let go of James and straightened his own clothes.

Regaining his composure, he told his parents, "From today, I will not enter this house anymore, unless Grandpa wakes up or you accept Debbie as a member of this family."

Tabitha panicked. There was no sign of Douglas waking up yet. Did this mean that Carlos would never come back if his grandpa didn't wake up? No! Tabitha couldn't accept it. "Carlos, listen to me..."

Carlos glanced coldly at the weeping woman and said, "There's nothing more to say here. If my wife has a baby some day, our child will have nothing to do with any of you."

desperately, "Carlos, are you willing to turn your family and friends against you for that

even when they found out that she had pushed Megan into the river." Debbie had had to bear all the mistreatment and insults from Valerie

protecting her?" Tabitha yelled at her son's cold back, heartbroken.

about her out of gratitude towards her parents. Debbie fell into the river because of what Megan told her on the phone. She only pushed Megan into the

time, Father. If you dare hurt my wife

response, he left

was a loud bang from the room. As soon as he walked

keeping him! If I had known that

his words clearly, nor did he want to. Fists  
had been away from the manor. Debbie sat in the music studio and read the lyrics  
each other's arms, we  
and  
this moment last  
kissed my hair and told me that you love me.

"

was all she had  
I also write down what Carlos said to me?' she wondered. Her phone rang, breaking her thoughts.  
It was Kasie.

bad news! Guess what I  
confused. "What is

I saw your husband, Mr. Lu, Damon, and Wesley walk into a booth. They were not alone. Each of them  
had a woman

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

#### **Chapter 243 Which Of You Has The Surname Huo**

Eyes fixed on Colleen, and one hand propped against her chin, the girl sitting next to Wesley explained in  
a low voice, "You misunderstood my relationship with Wesley. I'm not his girlfriend."

Demanding an explanation from Wesley, Colleen was irritated by his silence and the way he avoided her  
unblinking eyes. At long last, obviously running out of patience, she asked, "How can that be possible?  
You know, you're the first girl Wesley has ever brought to—"

"Colleen." Finally Wesley interrupted her. "Weren't you asking about Debbie?" he snapped, eager to  
change the subject.

"OK. Alright! Mr. Huo, you haven't answered my question yet." At Wesley's hint, Colleen pretended to  
realize she was off the topic. Promptly, she tuned her gaze to Carlos, the look in her eyes unrelenting,  
waiting for him to answer her earlier question.

"She's at home, expecting all the papers to be ready, so that she can go abroad," said Carlos,  
determined to keep everything as laconic as possible.

As he spoke, Curtis could see the gloom on his face. Of course, he knew Carlos and Debbie were still not  
reconciled yet. So in an attempt to broach the subject with caution, he said, "I've heard that ZL Group's  
business has been booming lately. The employees have been working extra hours. I hope you haven't  
been sleeping in your office." He added that last bit with slight emphasis. The gist of his question was to  
find out why Carlos had not been sleeping at home. Then he added his piece of advice. "You don't have

to burst a nerve working overtime, man. If it's for money, do you think it's wise of you to drive yourself so hard at work that you don't even have time to return home?"

Hearing his question, the others exchanged a look.

Damon drew a tile and chipped in sullenly, "It's not like Carlos Huo is short of money. No! That's ridiculous. I suspect, the person driving him hard is his wife. You know how demanding some ladies can be." The tongue-in-cheek way he phrased his words left everyone in stitches. But Damon ignored the giggles and carried on. "Only she can throw him into a vortex of emotions."

Although Damon was known for his wise cracks, Curtis took him seriously on what he had just said. He discarded two dots and with a curious gaze at Carlos, inquired, "What did Debbie do to get on your nerves this time?"

Carlos took a puff on his cigarette and blew the smoke forcefully, betraying his inner tension. Amid the fumes, he opened his mouth as if to say something, but no words escaped his mouth.

Noticing that mood around the place, Megan, somewhat embarrassed, excused herself. "Uncle Carlos, maybe I should go home. You have fun with your friends," she said in a shaky voice.

In her pockets where nobody could see, her hands had been balled into fists. 'These people...Huh! Now they are all on Debbie's side. It looks like that woman is taking my place in their hearts. No! I won't have any of that bullcrap!'

But while she cursed inside and was about to leave, Carlos ordered her to sit down. Without saying it, he thought to himself, 'I have ignored Debbie for seven days, and now she knows that I brought Megan with me to this place. I don't believe she will take it well and won't do anything about it.

care, I'd silently standby and watch her level this booth to the ground, if she broke in here, right

"Hell no!" he murmured, fearing Debbie had indeed come to fulfill his silent wishes. But when the door finally burst

Colleen wondered loudly.

second at the commotion. Then ignoring the intruders, they calmly went on with their activity.

and shouted, "Police! Stop what you are doing right now! Someone

four mahjong players

was wearing casual clothes. Then

of you has

Carlos' friends shifted their eyes to look at

Please come with us. And the lady beside you." The young policeman turned to Megan and asked, "Miss, what do you do?"

Everyone could tell that the policeman

Ha ha." Damon burst into

Clearly, the police were there for Carlos.

was only one person daring to do that. Among the eight of the party, everyone knew

young policeman reprimanded with a red face, pointing his gun at Damon, who seemed to be having a good time. Obviously, the moment wasn't quite enjoyable for Damon. He didn't like it when his authority was

policeman. "You said the

young policeman looked very serious. "Carlos Huo's wife, Debbie Nian. Now, stop stalling.

sleeve and cautioned, "Boss,

to was Carlos Huo, he was only a tad

and asked casually, "Which police branch are

his badge and replied, "The city

You can consider transferring him to the army so that you can groom him."

sorry to disturb you at this late hour,

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**Chapter 244 Don't Struggle**

'Deal with Debbie?' Damon rolled his eyes at Carlos and snapped, "Come on, Carlos. Just admit it. You're a slave to your wife. You do whatever she wants. I guess Debbie will get you to stand barefoot on a porcupine. I'd like to come with you. See how you're going to deal with her."

Carlos was about to snap back at him when his phone started to ring. The small rectangular phone buzzed insistently on the desk. Damon looked at the caller ID—it was Emmett. Before Carlos could pick it up, Damon answered and put it on speakerphone. Emmett's anxious voice came from the other end of the line. "Bad news, Mr. Huo! Mrs. Huo went to a nightclub! She is going to buy a rent boy!"

Silence reigned in the private booth.

Everyone turned to look at Carlos. Gloom clouded his expression, but soon disappeared. He picked up his phone and asked calmly, "Which nightclub?"

"The one opposite Orchid Private Club," Emmett answered honestly.

"Okay, got it." Carlos disconnected the call and put his phone back in his pocket. He looked at the group. "You guys have fun."

Then he strode towards the door in a hurry.

Everyone looked at one another in stunned disbelief.

Curtis stood up from the couch and said, "I'd better go along, keep him out of trouble." He was afraid that Carlos might lose his head and hurt Debbie. He knew Carlos quite well, and knew that when it came to Debbie, he did lose his head quite often. Carlos was insanely jealous, and wouldn't abide a man so

much as casting a lustful glance in her direction. Having a pretty wife was both a blessing and a curse for him.

Colleen, of course, stuck by her boyfriend. This was fun to Damon. He was a pleasure-seeker and decided to come with them.

Wesley was not interested in this kind of thing, and all he wanted to do was just go back home. But when he turned to Blair and saw her excited expression, he sighed inwardly and followed after his buddies. He guessed she wanted to see blood. In the end, all of them walked towards the nightclub across the street.

Of course, Debbie had a plan. She called Kasie after phoning the police with a tip-off, and they decided to meet at The No. 1 Nightclub.

Carlos once promised her that he would always have her back. But he broke that promise and hurt her, so she decided to get back at him.

dress that Carlos loved so much, and put on thick make-up. Every man's eyes were glued to her as she entered the largest private booth, Debbie threw a bank card on the table and told the manager

you were just kidding, Tomboy. Sure you want to do this? Your hubby's across the

sure," Debbie nodded. She turned to the manager and said, "I just saw some guys with blond

her, she would leave him and play with

cards had been made. That meant she was super important, and needed to be treated with the utmost respect. Whatever she asked for, he had to provide it. Not only that, but that card provided a near-limitless line of credit. She could rack up the biggest bill ever seen in that nightclub and she'd still be good for

with the

back to the booth, followed by several tall, handsome men with blond

to make Carlos jealous. It had seemed like a good idea. But now that they were right

most. Like what you see? I'm sure any of them will...er...measure up,"

"Kasie, which

answered, "It was your

together. Go ahead. Knock yourself out." Then she nudged Kasie and pointed

friend and

of handsome men, she gestured for three of them

the three men sat beside her. They had plastic grins, as they were paid to smile. They also had thirsty eyes, which disconcerted her somewhat. She

perfume they were wearing and tried to move away from David so that she could take a deeper breath. But she forgot that there were two more men sitting

Her fingers wouldn't even fit around their biceps.

should be

Debbie said to Kasie, "I've

about to

people stormed in.

in the booth, these people had

### **Chapter 245 This Is Unfair**

Carlos cast a sidelong glance at the woman holding his arm, and then let go of David.

He shook off Debbie's hands, pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "Uncle Noel, it's me, Carlos. You may have to inspect The No. 1 Nightclub. I suspect they are engaging in organized prostitution."

The manager was shocked to hear his words. 'Dammit! We're so screwed!' he thought. Putting on a pitiful look, he pleaded, "Mr. Huo, David was wrong. Please don't be mad at him."

Carlos gave him a cold glare and said, "Get out."

The manager didn't dare disobey his orders. He shut his mouth and quickly left the private booth with David.

Only Debbie, Kasie, Carlos and his friends were left behind in the booth.

Curtis was aware that Carlos was about to teach Debbie a good lesson. To protect her, he pulled Debbie to his side and stood between her and Carlos.

"Carlos, why not let Debbie stay with Colleen for a couple of days? Her visa has been issued already, right? How about we drive her to the airport then?" Curtis offered.

Debbie was amused by the current scenario in the booth. She was now standing behind Curtis. Everyone else, except Carlos, stood behind her. Damon's date was long gone. There were nine people in the booth. And Carlos was confronting eight of them. But strength wasn't always the solution for victory.

Carlos straightened his suit and looked at Debbie, who was standing behind Curtis. "Come here!"

Debbie was not afraid of him—she was boiling over with rage. She wanted to ask him whether he had been with Megan the past week. "What do you want with me now? You can do whatever you want, but you deprive me of my lawful rights. Don't you think it's unfair?"

retorted, "It is not your lawful right to hang

husband is cheating on me, while I am left to

did I cheat on you? I



has brought his fiancée along. Wesley is with his girlfriend. Damon has come alone. You are the only one who is

them were at a loss for words. Even Damon, who was hostile to Debbie most of the time, had nothing to say to her now. He wasn't stupid enough to correct Debbie at the moment to tell her that he had also brought a woman with him. What if she snitched on him to his wife? So, he chose to ignore

really liked Blair. He felt a tingle when

Colleen always had

lecture her. "It's Megan! Not my mistress. Stop making trouble

be ignorant of the fact that Debbie was referring to Megan as Carlos' mistress, and chipped in calmly, "Debbie, there's obviously been a misunderstanding. Carlos didn't bring any

and said in a cold tone, "Colonel Li, you are the one who has misunderstood. I AM talking about Megan. I've underestimated this girl. I didn't expect that she would be able to

were dumbstruck. They admired Debbie's guts—she not only dared to argue with Carlos

were finally being exposed. Blair looked at Debbie with admiration. 'Debbie is my idol from now on!' she swore

why she was staring so intently at Debbie. 'I really know next to nothing about

she quickly managed to squeeze out a few drops of tears and explained weakly, "Aunt Debbie, that's not true. I didn't know that Uncle Carlos hadn't been back home

telling the truth. Carlos hadn't seen Megan in the past week at all. It was Damon who had decided to take her to their

then, he met one of his old classmates and had asked Carlos,

this opportunity to make

he would be at the receiving end of this jealousy pang.

Her sharp black eyeliner made her look like a strong woman. "Did you sleep in the company last week? What if he had slept with other

on with your reprimanding. I better shut up now." He was immediately freaked out by Debbie's

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**Chapter 246 Debbie Gives In**

The livid look on Carlos' face scared Colleen stiff. If anything, she knew Carlos well enough not to cross his line.

She immediately clutched at Curtis' arm and huddled for cover behind him.

With profound resignation, Curtis patted Carlos' shoulder and tried to appease him. "Man, we both know Debbie well. She deliberately chose this club, just to piss you off. Come on! She's just acting like any other woman in a situation like this. As a man, you should try and understand."

Although Debbie was embarrassed at how her scheme plan had been so easily exposed, she still stubbornly refused to admit her fault. Instead, she tried to downplay her mistake with a joke. "Mr. Lu, you took it wrong. I came here because I knew there would be handsome rent boys around. Lately, Carlos has been drab, boring. I wanted to try someone new... Aaargh! Carlos Huo, what are you doing? Let me go!"

In the twinkling of an eye, Carlos pounced on Debbie, forcefully pulling her over from behind Colleen's back, his face dark and threatening. The look on his face alone scared the bejesus out of Debbie. 'Dammit! Why did I have to piss him off?' "Help! Help! Mr. Lu, Damon, Wesley...please somebody, help me out..."

"Shut the hell up!" Carlos wondered what had come over Debbie.

Leaning against the wall, Damon shook his hand and said casually, "For all the trouble you have caused everyone, we'll leave Carlos to deal with you whichever way he sees best. So you two had better sort out your differences without involving any of us." 'Why would anyone want to have a girlfriend as bold and reckless as Debbie?' he wondered.

Looking deeply thoughtful, Wesley spoke his thoughts out. "I can only imagine what it would be like if she had fooled any of us into her mischief."

Adjusting his glasses, Curtis chimed in with a smile, "The disagreements you two are having only prove how deeply you love each other. Colleen and I can only sincerely wish you well after this is over."

Now Debbie realized she was alone in dealing with her own mess, and no one was willing to intervene on her behalf. In desperation, she turned to Emmett. Perhaps he would be her last hope. "Emmett, please, help! If you can, please..." She paused, not knowing what to say next.

But Emmett too was careful to not meddle in the private issues of his boss. Pretending not to care about Debbie's request, he turned to Kasie instead and held her close in his arms. "Mrs. Huo, Mr. Lu is right. You and Mr. Huo are just getting to know each other. It's part and parcel of love. The only challenge is that it takes time and lots of patience in how you deal with each other."

By now, Carlos had already dragged Debbie to the door. Not willing to give up, she clung on to the door-frame and yelled, "Why do you leave me in the lurch? You should at least allow me the little courtesy to invite the girls to the manor. Colleen, Kasie, Wesley's girlfriend...why don't you guys come have a drink at my place?"

Surprised at the way Debbie had addressed her, Blair smiled sweetly and declined the invitation politely. "Thank you, Debbie. But today is not the right time. We'll visit you next time."

and said, "Tomboy, it's very

my back in times like this. Why don't you put in a good word for me when Carlos is about to bite

down. Don't worry. Mr. Huo won't beat you. Oh, by the way, you may want to stay at home tomorrow

immediately diffused the tension in  
eyes, and turned to Colleen, who burst out laughing the moment  
I guess Kasie's right. Just be girly and see how Carlos will  
Hell no! I don't think I can, Colleen..." Debbie was still  
know how to do it. Good luck," said  
really can't..." protested Debbie, obviously still mad at  
Colleen kept urging. Of course Colleen knew how a little charm and flattery could  
patience. He scooped her up into his arms and carried her to the parking lot. No matter how much she  
kicked and flailed, he wasn't going to let her break  
struggle. Finally, Carlos put  
seat, locked the car doors  
me off!" Debbie shouted, leaning against  
Carlos didn't respond.  
me alone. I don't want to go back  
the Bluetooth and dialed Emmett's number. "Book a hotel room for me, and buy me a few items for the  
night. Get a pen and write down the  
of what Carlos asked Emmett to buy, she sprung to her feet. Forgetting she was in a small space, she  
bumped her head into  
said  
was totally freaked out. What the heck was Carlos up to, ordering for sex toys? "Listen! If that's your  
idea of fun, you'd better not involve me," she sneered. "And I mean it. Call Emmett  
Carlos  
her phone, dialed Emmett's number and told him in a hurry, "Emmett, I think your boss has had one too  
many. He's completely sloshed. Don't listen to him. You may go back home  
Debbie's anxious voice, he put in, "But Mr. Huo told me to... I don't think it would be wise of me to take  
instructions contrary to what my boss has told me. Besides, what is the harm

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

#### **Chapter 247 Don't Provoke Me Again**

'She thinks I won't kiss her if she refuses to wipe the lipstick off? Humph! How naive!' Carlos thought. He  
lowered his head slowly and kissed her on the lips.

An hour later, with the lipstick mark still on the corner of his mouth, Carlos scooped Debbie up in his  
arms and went to the room which Emmett had booked for them earlier. She was exhausted.

There were different kinds of sex toys on the nightstand. Carlos put Debbie onto the bed, and began to study the toys.

Debbie turned over and got in between the sheets. She covered herself with the quilt, not wanting to look at the man.

But when she heard one of the toys buzzing, she couldn't keep her cool anymore. She held out her head from under the quilt and pleaded, "Carlos, I already apologized to you. Please don't torture me anymore, okay?" 'He already forced me to apologize to him back in the car, but he wants to torture me even more. What an asshole!' she cursed inwardly.

Carlos cast a cold glance at her and continued to read the manual of the toy in his hand.

Debbie was angry again.

She turned her back to him and swore to herself that she would never beg him for mercy again. When Carlos finally began to use the toys on her, she clenched her teeth, not letting out a sound.

However, after a while, she couldn't bear it any longer. She cried out and begged, "Aaargh! I'm sorry, Carlos. Please! Please forgive me. Carlos...don't..."

Carlos didn't stop, so she continued to beg, "Honey...I'm really, really sorry. Please let me go..."

Carlos was really mad at Debbie this time. He had no plans of going soft on her just because of her pleas. He thrust his finger inside her, and she cried out. He did it again and again and enjoyed her cries of pleas and pleasure. He palmed her clitoris, and she yelled out once more. He pushed inside her harder and harder. "Don't provoke me ever again, okay?"

"Okay... I won't." Deep inside, she cursed, 'Pervert! Sex freak!'

When she woke up again, she felt like she had slept for an eternity. The strong rays of the sun hit her eyes. It seemed like it was already afternoon.

She turned over to reach for her phone on the nightstand. It was ten past three.

"That's all right." Carlos' voice suddenly broke the silence and startled Debbie.

his suit. He was on the phone, but his eyes were fixed

days and one night because of him, and didn't even know when and how she

awake, Carlos walked towards the bed and looked at her sleepy

"Okay. She'll be there in three days. No need to arrange a dorm for her.

procedures for me. He wants me to leave as soon as possible, doesn't he? He hates me so much. I said I wanted to go abroad ahead of time, and he agreed without hesitation. Doesn't he know that when women say

thought, her

hanging up, Carlos dialed another number and

on the side of the bed and threw back the covers. Looking her in the eye,

She turned him down without a second's hesitation.

face darkened. "Why

into staying instead of agreeing with it. And you tortured me mercilessly at the hotel!' she thought angrily. "I'm not feeling well." She made

take you to the hospital." He sort of regretted having all that

off his arm and turned her back

her ear, "Honey, do not provoke me

'Never mind. I don't want to argue with him any longer.' She took a deep breath and said, "Rest assured, Mr. President. I'm leaving this country soon. I

alone," he coaxed her. He had already laid out his plans for dealing with some of the major issues at hand. He would then leave the rest of his work to his trusted subordinates before going abroad to keep

won't have to continue these stupid arguments with each other

my own. Just keep your niece company. She's a delicate girl and needs you the most. I'm different. I've been practicing martial arts for

himself down. Ignoring her taunts, he said, "I've found out who and where

shifted her attention to a

for a long time. "Do you know who my

knew her brother's information, he should've found out

you want

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

**Chapter 248 Let My Wife Know**

Debbie's sudden refusal made Gregory's heart ache, but he was reluctant to give up. "Debbie, this expo is being held by the ZL Group, and many international celebrities will be attending. Invitations are hard to come by. Emmett, Kasie, and Jared will be there as well. You'll be going abroad soon, right? Why not take this opportunity to have some fun?" After a pause, he added while feigning indifference, "If you really don't want to go, it's fine. I'll go with Colleen and her boyfriend. I hope they don't give me the cold shoulder for ruining their date."

Debbie was confused. "I thought you didn't like these kinds of activities. Why are you mad keen to go this time?"

"Oh, here's the thing. I collect watches. And this is a world-wide expo. There will be many limited-edition watches. I really need to see them in person."

Debbie began to wonder, 'It's held by ZL Group. Carlos just asked me to go to an expo with him. Is it the same?' "Will Carlos be there?" she asked.

After some hesitation, Gregory murmured, "He will be there, but..." He didn't know if he should tell her the truth. He didn't want to drive a wedge between the couple.

Debbie's heart skipped a beat when he said "but," and she asked, "But what?"

"Nothing. Didn't he tell you about the expo?" he asked curiously. The whole world would have its attention turned to the expo, and Carlos should be taking his wife to it. Yet...

"He told me, but I refused to go with him," she said honestly. Now, for some reason, she regretted having turned Carlos down.

Since Debbie had already declined Carlos' offer, Gregory didn't think she would accept his invitation.

"Well, since you want to stay home, I better leave you be. Bye, Debbie."

"Wait!" Debbie stopped him. "Gregory, did Carlos do something to you after he had seen us together at that restaurant?" On one hand, she was afraid that her petty husband would've done something to hurt Gregory. On the other hand, she sort of knew that he wouldn't because Gregory was Colleen's brother.

"No, he didn't. Carlos is always nice to me," he replied. The truth was, when the new semester began, most of the teachers began to pay more attention to him.

They left him with more homework, and made him the class monitor and commissary in charge of literature and art. He was much busier than before.

They had said that they were doing this for his own good, but he didn't like it at all.

relief. "By the way, you said 'but.' But what? What did you want to tell

"I heard from someone

'What?! Portia Gu?

and asked, "Why Portia Gu?" She hated that woman.

her out from the entertainment circle before. And now he is attending the expo with

related to Carlos in any way. But he had taken her out as his date a couple of

it because Portia is pretty?

Debbie is more

didn't he tell me about this? Why did he do it? Was it

of a sudden. She wanted to

the latter had decided to attend it with Portia. So she had to go to the expo with Gregory.

pick out her dress.

to mute mode while she was asleep. She was only able to answer Gregory's call because she happened to be playing on her phone at the time. Carlos

At ZL Group

the French window, his phone in his hand. Zelda stood before his desk, holding

hard and broke the silence. "Mr. Huo, Miss Gu has been waiting for you for

wasn't answering his call, Carlos had

leave

ears, so she had to confirm. "Let Mrs. Huo know that you are attending the expo with Miss Gu, sir?"

boss's abnormal behaviors when it came to his

phone on the desk and walked towards the lounge.

possessive wife, and I have to play along, ' he thought. He didn't realize that he was the same as well.

#### **Chapter 249 He Can Date Anyone He Likes**

Some people were giving interviews, while some were still checking in. Everyone wore a broad smile.

Debbie was excited; you could hear it in her voice. "Holy cow! Would you check out all the star power? Look! Isn't that Lady Jasmine from 'The Story of Yanxi Palace?' Wait..." She pointed at another handsome guest dressed from head to toe in elegant formal attire. "He...he...That's the guy from 'The Wandering Earth'!" She couldn't remember who he was, but he certainly looked like a leading man.

Gregory was amused. "Come on, Debbie. You're the most important guest today—wife of the CEO of ZL Group. It's my honor to be here with you," he joked.

Debbie gave him an embarrassed smile. The main reason she came here was to keep an eye on Carlos and his date. "Let's go find Jared and Kasie," she suggested.

She had called them before she came here. She found Jared soon enough. The girl on his arm was none other than her cousin. "Sasha!" she exclaimed.

Sasha was thrilled to see Debbie. She jumped to her and took her arm. "Deb, I knew you'd be here. I'm here with Jared."

'Sasha and Jared?' Debbie was confused. She turned to Jared, who seemed a little impatient, and asked, "I had no clue you knew each other. When did this happen?"

Jared rolled his eyes and answered, "It's all thanks to you."

"Me? Why?" Debbie was more confused.

Sasha beamed, "He was on a phone call back then, and I heard him say 'Debbie.' So I went to him and asked about it. Then we realized that we both knew you. He's a great guy." Saying that, she squeezed his hand.

"Wow, such a coincidence!" Debbie was amazed.

Jared cast a casual glance at Gregory and asked, "Why are you guys here together?"

Gregory reached out his hand and greeted him politely, "Hi, Jared."

shook his hand,

"I thought you'd be

host on the stage announced, "And now to give the opening speech, here's Mr. Carlos Huo!

turned to look at Carlos, applauding enthusiastically.

in a tailored black suit and dark brown leather shoes. His pace was steady, his bearing confident and unhurried. He was the picture of poise, handsome and cold all at

Portia stood

her affectionate eyes upon Carlos. The guests began to talk about her, gossiping about whether she and Carlos were an item. Some even ventured a guess she might be Mrs. Huo.

was starting to regret her decision. She didn't want the attention, but he had no small amount of female admirers. He spent his time with too many of

the stage, lights bearing down on him casting long shadows, Carlos began his speech. Every eye in

their eyes met, Carlos gave her a smile, and Debbie's heart skipped a beat. Blushing, she grumbled, "Why the smile? Don't look at me! You have

took his arm. She felt like a queen, others looking

Why are you just standing here? Go

he likes. It's not my business!" But deep down inside, she regretted having turned Carlos down. She loved the man, and it did hurt to see him with another woman. First it was Megan, now

Why let Portia get away with this? You've changed. Where's the Debbie

hard. "Some friend you are! I'll find Emmett a new girlfriend." After

Wesley. She also noted that he was not

Why isn't she here

Gus with a petite girl with

'So Gus isn't gay...'

"Really? Great!

her eyes and snapped, "Hot for younger guys, huh? How

rather be with

**Chapter 250 Is Mrs. Huo That Tough**



Hayden stood still with a calm face and swirled the red wine gently in his glass.

As Debbie was hesitating to leave, a man swiftly walked on to the stage, a microphone in his hand. He started, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry to take up more of your shopping time..."

Carlos' voice boomed through the microphone. Again, it proved how influential he was in the city. As soon as he had started speaking, the noisy crowd turned pin-drop silent, with their eyes glued to him.

With his eyes fixed on a certain individual, Carlos flashed a smile and continued, "I would like to take this opportunity to pick a unique wristwatch for my wife, as an apology to her..."

This time, the hall erupted in an uproar. Finally, it was time to meet the mysterious Mrs. Huo! The crowd cheered and exclaimed as they scanned the hall to look for a lady who would most likely be Mrs. Huo.

Debbie's heart skipped a beat. She clutched her wine glass tightly, holding her breath.

'What in the world... is he trying to do?' she wondered, nervously.

She shifted her gaze towards the stage, only to find that he had been looking at her all this time. Their eyes met. The affection in his eyes was so evident; Debbie was completely mesmerized.

But she was nervous and worried. 'Why did he mention me all of a sudden? Is he planning to really apologize to me in front of so many people? He is a CEO! Doesn't he care about his self-esteem? Isn't this going to be a disgrace for him?' she wondered with a frown.

"Tomboy, Tomboy! Mr. Huo is going to profess his love for you in public!" Kasie exclaimed excitedly as she shook Debbie's shoulders. However, Debbie didn't take in any of her words; she wondered what Carlos was up to.

Ignoring the commotion among the guests, Carlos spoke again. "But... my wife has..." he paused and smirked before continuing, "a very short temper. I'm afraid she won't forgive me even if I give her all the priceless valuables here."

The guests grew restless. More and more spectators began to whisper to each other. Inevitably, Debbie heard the people next to her talking. "Oh, my God! Who on earth is his wife? She's so daring that she would show her anger towards Mr. Huo," a guest wondered loudly.

"Is Mrs. Huo that tough?"

wondering the same. If I were his wife, I would try my best to make him happy around the

continued

the whole time, some people began to crane their necks and look in the direction

gift today, which I hope, will please her. And it would be great if

laughter and screams at his romantic words. "Aargh! Mr. Huo, I am sure

Who on earth is this Mrs. Huo? She's so lucky to be

where are you? Come on!

dying to see her

jump to her throat as she

white gloves, Emmett climbed on to the stage with a brocade box and passed

screen on the stage began to display the high-resolution pictures

101 outstanding designers of the ZL Group.

total of 520\* dazzling VVS diamonds, and it

A capsule containing a Martian meteorite fragment sat upon the brass dial. The date was shown in a window at the three o'clock sub-dial and

and cheers, Carlos descended the stage with the watch in

for him to pass through uninterrupted. As they

Carlos walk up to Debbie, the woman they despised

blue evening dress with a fluffy bottom. It was embroidered with baby blue floral patterns. A layer of thin blue chiffon was draped from her shoulders to her ankles. From a distance, she looked like a fairy in a blue

under the light. It was tied back in a simple style. She had put on some light

with her big eyes popped

she was charming enough to attract people's attention. Carlos found it hard to take his eyes off

stunned and muttered in a shaky voice, "Why? Why her? How? Wasn't she

her mother had been so excited when Carlos' assistant had contacted Portia, inviting her to attend the event with him. They had even celebrated, hoping that she would be Mrs. Huo in