

## **Mr Carlos 27**

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

#### **Chapter 27 Headquarters Of ZL Group**

"Yeah, I'm here," Debbie replied on the phone. The worried lady was too distracted to pay attention to her conversation with Jared. All she wanted to know was whether she would be berated by Carlos for getting drunk. Would he punish her for it? The man, after all, had been poking his nose in everything these days.

Lifting the covers off her, Debbie jumped out of the bed, and said, "I'm sorry, Jar. I have to go. Talk to you later." Then she hung up the phone without waiting for Jared to reply, running to the bathroom with her head feeling as though it were being split in half.

'What should I do next? Revolt? Apologize?' Debbie pondered in the tub.

If she revolted, would she end up being buried alive? That did not sound tempting at all. So... what if she apologized instead? Would that authoritative aristocrat be merciful? Did he even know how to forgive people?

The lady continued to mull over the idea, and considered giving it a try. What was there to lose? Apologizing certainly felt like the easier choice. If it worked, she would no longer have to look over her shoulder anymore.

Having made up her mind, she finished her bath quickly and went downstairs.

Julie, who was considering going upstairs to wake her up, was glad to see her coming down. With a pleased look, the servant asked Debbie to take a seat while she brought out her lunch.

At the dining table, just as she was about to take a bite of her food, an idea suddenly came to her mind. 'How about I cook dinner for him tonight and take it to his office myself? Maybe he'll be so touched by the gesture that he won't have any choice but to forgive me!

Hmm...' Grinning, the girl gripped her spoon tightly, and thought to herself, 'That's brilliant, Deb!'

The idea just made more sense to her. Come to think of it, Debbie's current priority was not the divorce, but to avoid cutting her life short due to her aristocrat husband.

Now that it was clear to her, she contemplated how to appease her angry husband. It was time to put the plan into action. Or so she thought.

The more she thought about it, however, the more challenges crossed her mind. 'Umm...' Debbie thought, frowning a bit. 'The thing is...' Looking down on her lap in embarrassment, she closed her eyes and bit her lip. Cooking seemed like a great idea until she realized a small hiccup which could completely influence the results. How could she overlook the key to her plan? That, in order to feed Carlos food delicious enough to make him forget his name, the first thing she needed to know... was how to cook. Luckily, she just thought of the best teacher anyone could ask for.

For a moment, the inexperienced chef-for-a-day hesitated while standing in a corner. Watching Julie in her element in the kitchen, Debbie realized how fortunate she was to have someone help her accomplish her goal. At the same time, everything felt unfamiliar, and yet exciting, to her.

the kitchen. Sizzling oil flew in every direction. Up until that point, Julie never imagined that pans, plates, and ladles could be so noisy. It was as though a

noise in the kitchen

put the food into a meal box, Julie could not help but wipe beads

a triumphant look. 'That wasn't so hard now,

on her hips and took a deep breath. It was time for

Group's astonishing 88-floor main office building towered into the sky, linked with the neighboring 66-floor skyscraper by ten-odd aerial arch bridges.

all

of the landmarks of Y City. Even so, had it not been for Emmett sharing the company address with her, she would

in many industries such as

of such a colossal group, despite his age, Carlos was highly respected.

only imagine the pressure and responsibilities that came with his

entered the building while holding the meal box, she ran into some people who had finished their work

of jeans and white sneakers while her purple hair was in a bun. A single glance at her was all it took to

girl did not often frequent their building, and hence, she was hard to miss. As more and more people stepped out of their offices, some of them began to wonder

me, miss, how can I help you?" Rhonda Wang, who was a secretary, asked at the front desk when she noticed that Debbie was looking around like a lost

nonchalantly. As soon as that name came out of her

is this girl? What's the nature of her relationship with Boss? Nobody has dared to call him by his full name, ' Rhonda Wang wondered. Wherever Carlos was concerned, people addressed him as

of contempt in her smile. Before the young university student could reply, she spoke

man every day. But as their boss' status was beyond average people's dreams, not everyone was fortunate enough

his... family." Few people were aware that she was married to Carlos.

were written all over her face, and she did not even bother to conceal them. "Young girl, it's wrong to lie. Mr. Huo's family is in the U.S. taking care of the company over

Debbie, the older woman cast an impatient glance at her and waved her hand as though

you just call him if you don't believe?" The contempt on Rhonda Wang's face provoked Debbie, and she was not about