

Mr Carlos 28

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 28 The Apologetic Meal

After carefully considering her reaction earlier, Debbie realized that she did not mean to give the secretary a hard time. So when Carlos' employee apologized to her like her life might have depended on her forgiveness, she simply nodded and said, "It's okay. Which floor is his office on?" Then, she shrugged, and added, "I can go there myself." Her tone was much friendlier than earlier. It was enough to reassure Rhonda that the mysterious young lady had no intentions of having her fired from her job.

She shook her head and insisted, "No, Miss. I was instructed by Mr. Huo himself that I needed to accompany you upstairs." At ZL Group, the CEO's requests were orders that no employee dared to defy. In simple terms, whatever Carlos wanted, he would get it one way or another.

Sensing the nervous tone in Rhonda's voice, Debbie could tell that she was afraid of Carlos too. That was a piece of information which did not surprise her at all.

The man wore a stern expression most of the time. It would be more of a surprise if someone claimed the opposite and that Carlos could not hurt a fly.

In Debbie's opinion, most people feared Carlos like Jared and she did. Both of them, for the record, were usually hell-raisers. In front of Carlos, however, they would quickly become as timid as mice.

The secretary seemed determined to do her job, so Debbie nodded and followed her to the 66th floor.

As much as it was spacious, the whole floor was rather quiet. Perhaps it had something to do with the fact that it was time for many employees to clock out, but Debbie sure felt like the place was as silent as a graveyard at midnight. Next to the CEO's office was a small area consisting of several desks, and on the door was a clear sign which read, "Office of the CEO's Secretaries".

Unlike her presumptions earlier, five people were still working in the office, and through the glass, she could see a sixth seat which was vacant at the moment. It took Debbie a lot of effort not to exclaim her awe. Carlos, the CEO of ZL Group, had six secretaries! Then it occurred to her that, as the boss of such a huge company, Carlos probably had tons of work to handle every day. It was only appropriate that he needed so many secretaries.

A man wearing glasses got out of his chair, and walked to them when he saw Rhonda with a lady he had yet to meet. "Hi, Rhonda. This is...?" Although he could not put his finger on it, the man thought Debbie looked rather familiar.

For someone who appeared to be in his twenties, he looked like a model student at university. With a smile lingering on his face, it was difficult to see him as anything else but a nice person.

Shooting Debbie an awkward look, Rhonda turned to the man and replied courteously, "Tristan, this lady is here for Mr. Huo."

In spite of Rhonda's efforts to introduce the lady, Tristan was too distracted by Debbie's bewitching smile to pay attention. But soon enough, he was back to being professional. "Hello, miss. Nice to meet you. Please, follow me," he said, politely gesturing with his hand towards the CEO's office. Offering a

small smile, Debbie followed Tristan while Rhonda stayed behind. The young lady could tell that the older woman was relieved to pass her over to Tristan.

Upon reaching the door, the male secretary knocked on the door lightly. "Come in," came Carlos' deep, cold voice.

Instinctively, Debbie clutched the meal box close to her. Of all the times when she could lose her nerve, it just had to be at a point when she was halfway through the final step of her plan.

see her? There was a chance where Carlos would get so angry that he might grab the divorce papers and sign them at once. Then again, he could be in such a good

filled with so many questions

was at least 300 square meters, decorated from the furniture to its walls in shades

table. Against a wall was a wine cabinet and on the opposite side was a bookshelf with a water

golf court. Some famous paintings and calligraphy were hung on

on, he saw the girl at the door. A faint light

curiously. The young lady's attention was on everything else in

gaze from its decoration. After hearing Tristan close the door behind her, she took a few steps towards him.

Huo." Immediately, she remembered Rhonda's and everyone else's reactions earlier and corrected herself, "Oh, I'm sorry. I mean, Sir. I'm sorry to interrupt you. It's just that... er, I made this at home. I'd like it if you could have

impression that she was a very stubborn, feisty girl. She did not seem like the type to back down from a fight. Certainly not from him. So why was she apologizing to him all of a sudden? Was it all just some elaborate

girl even cook? All the questions that lingered in his mind as she stood before Carlos made him remember something from the past. The day they had registered for

her hands to work. If that had been the case these past few years, then why did she

Carlos did not say anything in response. His silence made the lady very nervous. 'What the hell does this

Does he not want me

she opened the thermal meal box anyway, and said, "As soon as you try everything, I will

a burnt smell filled the room -- and hence,

Did she

He has not even tasted it yet.

"It may look awful but it tastes good." 'She's right, ' Carlos thought. 'It does look awful.' "Julie had tasted it and she said the same. It's really good. You should have a try," Debbie persisted. For tonight's

took the chopsticks

the expectant look on her face made him

tofu. Well, this is um... Why is it black? Um, it's supposed to be red braised pork." She looked at ball in brown sauce. How come it's black too?" Her voice trailed off as she examined her cooking. The food did not seem to have looked that way earlier. Not to her