

## **Mr Carlos 29**

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

#### **Chapter 29 Burnt**

Debbie's heart was hammering while she anxiously stammered to explain herself, "That's not true. My apology is sincere. I'm really sorry for offending you..."

Ever since Carlos moved back into the villa, he was not the mean, old womanizer he used to be; he was a changed man. He acted like a responsible adult and paid full attention to Debbie's daily needs. Debbie reminded herself all the time to stop being so headstrong with him. Perhaps if she made more of an effort to get along with him, he would get off her back.

Carlos interrupted her impatiently. "Enough. Now go away. You are forbidden to go into the kitchen ever again." When he finished talking, he produced a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his mouth gracefully.

'But why?' Debbie wondered. By now, she already knew better than to anger him again. "Got it. I'm sorry for disturbing your work." Debbie expelled her curiosity and answered like a good girl.

After picking up the meal box, Debbie made her way to the door. Before stepping out of the office, she looked back and asked, "Um, Carlos Huo, could you sign the divorce papers?"

"So, that's what all this was about." Just as he had anticipated, she was up to something. 'I knew she wouldn't just turn into this friendly, polite girl for no reason, ' he sneered inwardly.

Now that Carlos had seen through her facade, Debbie decided to come out with the truth. "Yes, it is. I just want the divorce. Why else did you think I did all of this?" In truth, Debbie had been grateful to Carlos before they had a falling-out. After all, he had financially supported her for three years.

Unfortunately, their recent unpleasant encounters had left a terrible impression on her. All the gratitude she had for him had evaporated.

"I told you to ask my grandfather's permission, if you want a divorce. I'll sign the papers as long as he says it's okay."

Carlos' reply infuriated Debbie so much that she dashed towards his desk. But eventually, she clenched her fists to stop her temper from flaring. "How can a comatose patient give consent to anything?" she exclaimed.

"That's not my problem. Now get out!"

he warned with a stern look on his face. Rendered speechless, Debbie turned around and walked out of the room.

Carlos was filled with complex emotions even after she had closed the door behind her. Wisps of burning smell lingered the air and drifted into his nose.

Feeling restless, he got up and opened the windows to let the smell out. With a cigarette in one hand, he sent for Tristan. "I want a detailed report on Debbie Nian's background. Don't leave out anything," Carlos ordered.

Tristan

at him before he took out a marriage certificate from the drawer

sudden, the puzzled expression on his face turned into an open mouthed gasp. 'So, the girl Mr. Huo was staring at on TV the day of the marathon and the girl who has

overwhelmed by curiosity.

her in front of the office building. She sat in the backseat, unable to get a word out, looking dejected. Matan Wen, her driver, who was a veteran in his fifties, smiled at her through the rear-view mirror.

"Debbie, did Mr. Huo eat the dinner

the

tried to comfort her. "Perhaps he had already eaten dinner before you came," he

the meal box, pensively wondering what made him react like that. A few moments later, she

touched her tongue, she spat it out into

what the girl, who was the same age as

this?' Debbie couldn't believe

box and finally understood why Carlos had thought that she had gone to

trying to poison him. Debbie thought about how excited and nervous she had been because it was the first time she had cooked a meal for someone. She remembered the pain she had felt when drops of sizzling oil sprinkled onto

past 10 p.m.

from work, he rubbed his stressed temples to relax himself. At the entrance, he changed into

a quiet voice suddenly came

widened his eyes with fright. When he saw who it was, Carlos knitted his eyebrows as

aren't you asleep?" he scolded. Debbie sensed anger in his tone, but she didn't know why he was angry.

'What did

of the kitchen with a glass of hot milk in her hand. Debbie had anticipated that Carlos would be back soon, so she had

the glass of milk

you switch the lights on?" 'She came downstairs to heat up milk

the light off before you walked in," she answered defensively.

look at her, he thought, 'She isn't reckless enough to poison me.'" Then he

she suddenly

spat the milk out.