

## Mr Carlos 311

### Chapter 311 Died At The Scene

A few minutes later, some netizens had figured out the identity of the man in the bedroom pic. After that, a video of an interview with the man was shared on social media. At the start, he kept denying it, but finally broke down and admitted it. He said he worked in a club, and he had been in an intimate relationship with Mrs. Huo for two months.

And the last bit of evidence came from James himself. In an interview, he told the media, "Yeah, those pics were taken at the same time my son was fighting for his life." He changed his tone to sound sad. "And I saw Debbie sign the divorce papers with my own eyes... I tried to stop her, but she insisted on it. She said it was hard to tell whether Carlos would live, so she... Dammit! I feel sorry for my son. Why did he choose such a fickle bitch..."

Then the reporters also asked him if Debbie had really gotten an abortion. As a sly fox, James answered tactfully, "I don't know. I didn't see it myself. I hope she wouldn't be so cruel to the baby..."

Debbie closed the video and turned off the screen. She curled up in the back seat of Jared's car, her whole body trembling. 'James is trying hard to ruin me...'

Jared gripped his phone tightly and yelled angrily, "I'll have somebody kill that fucking old fart!"

No sooner had he said this than he started dialing a number to contact his men.

Debbie put a hand on his phone to stop him. With her lips quivering, she muttered weakly, "It's useless. We'll figure something out. Don't do something stupid..." 'Okay, calm down. Don't panic...' she comforted herself in her mind, trying to sort out the chaos of the past days.

She wasn't sure whether or not Carlos was alive. She had to look after herself and the baby.

These rumors went viral within two hours. Debbie had become the target of cyber-bullying. She got death and rape threats, and someone released the address of both the manor and the villa, to aid in tracking her down. Her reputation was being dragged through the mud.

Everyone now thought of her as a scheming little gold digger. Those who heard about it cursed her out with all the foul words they could think of.

Jared and Sebastian spent a fortune trying to have all those rumors and negative news posts on the Internet taken down, but to no avail. Every time they had managed to block one news story, another one would spring up and spread again. Obviously, someone was manipulating everything behind the scenes in an attempt to completely ruin Debbie's rep.

It was already seven o'clock in the evening when Curtis touched down in Y City. Things had already gone from bad to worse.

in Jared's car this whole time. They hadn't gone anywhere, not even driven around. And where could they go? After discovering Debbie's location, Curtis

his apartment and escorted Debbie inside, he asked her to eat

about the matter. But Debbie ate silently opposite him. Curtis and Colleen were also eating  
broke the silence and stated, "I went straight to the hospital after I got off the plane today. When I got  
there, I couldn't find Carlos  
could hear a pin drop. Everyone understood what he meant to  
But the security guards stopped me at the  
through. Finally, he had been able to get through James' phone. On the phone, James  
to see Carlos, but  
be some cops coming by. Don't be scared or worried. Just tell the police everything you  
"Mr. Lu, Carlos isn't  
twenty years. We'll get to the bottom of this. I can't get a hold of Wesley yet. But  
trusted Curtis, so his reassurances felt nice, like a light  
you, and people want to track you down. Stay at my place and  
"Okay..." Debbie nodded.  
apartment and tried to relax. However, after waiting uneasily for some time, she  
Debbie was on the verge of collapse. Unable to wait two more days, she  
In East District Manor  
Tears welled up in her eyes at the sight  
the time when Carlos took her here for the first time and told her that was their home  
get in without running them over. One of the bodyguards told him, "Sorry, Mr. Lu. Mr. James Huo  
her to sign the divorce agreement, so she thought going in alone was a terrible idea. She wouldn't be  
able to stop him from doing anything like that on her own. Shaking her head, she

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

#### **Chapter 312 Sasha Was Kidnapped**

In no time, Wesley's men overpowered the bodyguards and forced them to open the gate to the manor.  
The dozen or so military vehicles drove into the manor in an imposing manner, seemingly unstoppable.

As soon as they reached the main villa, Debbie quickly jumped out of the car and ran towards the villa,  
heart burning with anxiety. She didn't want to waste a single second.

When she saw the traditional black and white funerary couplet hanging on each side of the doorway,  
she almost fell to her knees as her legs became weak. The elaborate calligraphy seemed to writhe of its  
own accord, becoming menacing instead of beautiful, as it was intended to be. It was a reminder that  
Carlos may have indeed passed on. Luckily, Curtis had superior reflexes and caught her just in time.

Curtis, Wesley and Debbie rushed into the villa, practically bursting through the doorway. In the living room, Tabitha and Valerie were sobbing sadly, sitting in front of a black and white photo of Carlos, blown up, framed, and set on an easel. James was on the phone at the time. A bodyguard had already informed him that Wesley had forced his way in, along with a contingent of soldiers. But James was almost too preoccupied to care. The ZL Group was a mess these days, and hadn't fared well after the accident of Carlos.

"Uncle James," Wesley called out as he approached James.

James hastily ended the phone call and said in a choked and hoarse voice, "Wesley! You finally came. Carlos... he's..." He let out a long sigh, unable to finish his sentence.

Staring at Carlos' black and white portrait, Wesley ignored him, and simply asked, "Where is Carlos' body now?"

"It's in the mourning hall, not here..."

James sighed with each sentence he said. In the end, he choked on his tears, lost his voice and hung his head, tears streaming down his face.

Before Wesley could ask more questions, James suddenly pointed his finger at Debbie, as if he had just noticed she was there. He shouted angrily, "You! You have some serious stones, coming here like this!" It wasn't lost on Wesley that James had suddenly regained his voice, and became his usual rage-filled self. "What did Carlos ever do to you? He treated you like a queen, and you went and cheated on him while he was dying! What a stupid ho!"

Instead of responding to him, Debbie asked, "Where's Aunt Miranda?"

"What 'Aunt Miranda'? You chose to divorce Carlos. You're not part of the family now! She's not your aunt Miranda anymore! The only reason I asked you here is because I want you to kneel in front of Carlos' portrait and beg for his forgiveness!"

"I...chose? I chose life for the baby, not..."

She paused in mid-sentence. Her cellphone suddenly rang. She was going to reject the call at first, but when she saw "Aunt Lucinda" on the caller ID, she quickly tapped the answer key. "Debbie, where are you? Sasha's been kidnapped! The kidnappers said that you pissed someone off. What's going on?" Lucinda's anxious voice came from the other end of the phone.

came at

me, and said you have to go where they tell you. Do that and Sasha's safe. Tell anyone, and they kill Sasha... Tell you what, let's meet at

of Wesley and Curtis, let them know it was James who had forced her

fist and closed her eyes in anger. Taking a deep breath to try and calm her frazzled nerves,

and whispered to Curtis, "I have to get to my aunt's. If you could stay here

wrong?" Curtis asked

in his eyes. She turned to Curtis and said, "I don't know. So I guess you're in charge of figuring out what's up with Carlos' death. For now, anyway.

look into Carlos' death with Wesley. Pulled in two directions, he finally decided. He

She prayed Wesley and Curtis could uncover

When they saw Debbie come in, they quickly jogged over to her, as if clutching at the last straw of hope. Lucinda held Debbie's hands in hers and asked, "Tell me everything. Did you tick someone off?

time. Sasha's safety was paramount. So

off calling the cops, because they said they'd kill her if we did. But we can't let you go there in exchange

It was James. He stirred up all this trouble. He held Sasha hostage to stop Debbie from revealing the truth.

let's call the cops now!" Lucinda

have any proof. The police won't believe me.

kill her, he would have already done

we let the authorities handle this?" Sebastian said

has nothing to do with this. And now she's in danger because of me,

the end, Lucinda and Sebastian failed to talk Debbie out of it,

temple. The road leading to it was too narrow for a car to drive

had no choice but to get out of the car and make it on foot. Two

front of a broken statue of Bodhisattva. It seemed that no one had come to burn incense or clean the temple in a long time.

our baby, and make sure it's healthy. Bless Sasha and keep her safe. And please bless that Emmett can rest in peace in heaven...' She recited all this

had stood up and dusted herself off, her phone rang. It was Sebastian. "Debbie, the kidnappers called again. They said they saw you. They

Debbie inhaled sharply. "Okay."

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**Chapter 313 I Had An Affair**

Debbie felt her blood boiling. Overwhelmed by white hot rage, she suddenly raised her clenched fist and rushed the man who had already taken off his shirt. She leaped into the air and kicked at him, using her momentum to plow into the thug. Caught off guard, the man lost his balance momentarily.

Seeing her start the battle, two other kidnappers instantly darted towards her, intending to take her down.

The bare-chested man lifted himself up from the ground. Massaging his aching arm, he cursed ferociously, "You bitch! Kick me, will ya? You're dead meat. Get her, boys!" As he finished speaking, he picked Sasha up, slinging her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He moved off to the side. Sasha wanted to cry out but her mouth had been taped.

The kidnapers were hired by James. They all were trained in various martial arts styles. But Debbie's main problem was that she was pregnant. She couldn't strain herself, so she couldn't attack at full strength.

In spite of that, she still was able to handle three of them. One of them rushed towards her, and she simply sidestepped. His momentum carried him right by her, and she struck under his chin with her palm as he passed. His head snapped back and he fell to the ground. Another of the thugs thought he'd fare better, and she trapped his arm and shoved him deftly into another kidnapper, and they both fell into a heap.

Realizing Debbie was better than they thought, they quickly pulled out knives from inside their clothes and pointed them at Debbie. She saw all sorts of knives: butterfly knives, wicked looking tea knives, and even some models she was unfamiliar with, though they definitely looked western in origin.

The glint of the sharp blades made her heart skip a beat. Meanwhile, she began to feel a dull pain in her belly. Worried about the safety of the baby, she didn't move a muscle.

The kidnapers sprinted towards her, knives in hand. Cornered, Debbie clenched her jaw and shouted at the man who was about to rape Sasha, "Wait!"

Each man stopped in his tracks, surrounding Debbie without attacking her. The bare-chested man had already taken off his trousers, and was getting ready to cut Sasha's clothing off. In an unhappy voice, he roared, "What now? If you won't sign that paper, then don't bug me!"

"I... I'll sign it..." Covering her aching belly and looking at Sasha's desperate eyes, Debbie surrendered. What else could she do?

She picked up the piece of paper from the ground. Tears sprang to her eyes as she read it in her mind again and again, until she couldn't bear to even look at it anymore. Gripping the paper tightly, she was unable to lift a finger to sign it.

The kidnapers were impatient. They shouted at her rudely to sign the thing. Finally, with trembling hand, Debbie signed her name and left a fingerprint on it.

Satisfied, the man donned his clothes again and told Debbie in a sarcastic voice, "So, for signing that you get to come to the funeral. It's in the cemetery in the suburbs, day after tomorrow. After that, get lost! Never come back to Y City, or else." Debbie remained silent.

would be her enemy forever. Someday, she'd get her revenge. The lead kidnapper looked at Sasha. "Hey, too bad we didn't get to know each other. You

had already escaped. Before they ran away, they also tied Debbie up too, just in

deep sigh of relief when they saw the two girls safe and sound.

taken to the police station to give their accounts.

was wrong with Debbie.

didn't know anything about the paper that Debbie signed. She

Debbie still wasn't able to answer the officer's questions properly. In the end,

mental state worried Lucinda. She wanted to take Debbie to

You don't know friend from foe, and you're pregnant. Come with me, okay?" Lucinda argued as she held Debbie's hand, stopping her from getting

Debbie looked at her aunt and said, "I'll be careful, Aunt Lucinda. I have something to do

her, Lucinda conceded and let her get out

Debbie took out her phone and opened Facebook. She tapped Chat, and

reply. She texted again. "I need to see you." She

opened her contact list and found Curtis' number. She stood there for a while, going back and forth about calling

tender

flow. She raised her head to look at the sky, stopping the

He had been handling things in the manor ever since Debbie hurried away. He hadn't

right... I had an affair. I aborted the baby. My dad passed away a long time ago, and now Carlos is dead. My mom abandoned me as a child. There's no reason for me to stay here." She bit her lower lip, trying to

eyebrows deeply.

she was like that. Moreover, he knew

Debbie smiled silently. 'Mr. Lu trusts me...He's a great

believe you did any of that. I know you. Debbie, why are you lying to me? Tell me, and I'll fix it." Curtis became more anxious. He sensed that something was really wrong with Debbie. Was

for helping me. Carlos is really...dead... Everyone hates me. I can't stay here any longer. I need to move to another city,

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

#### **Chapter 314 He's Going To Pick Me Up**

Debbie grew anxious. She was eager to throw herself into Carlos' arms. But no matter how fast she ran, she couldn't get the slightest bit closer to him. "Mr. Handsome... Old Man... Please... Don't go!" she screamed.

Her hysterical shrieks jarred Sasha awake. Sasha, freaked out, quickly turned on the bedside lamp.

In the light of the lamp, gloom all but banished, she saw Debbie sitting on the bed with outstretched arms. She looked like she was reaching for something she couldn't hold.

Sasha hugged Debbie and asked with concern, "You okay, Debbie? Debbie..."

Debbie broke free from Sasha's embrace. "I saw Carlos. He's going to pick me up."

Sasha was taken aback, heart racing fast. She looked around her bedroom in fear but found nothing suspicious. No ghosts. "Don't scare me. Was it a dream?"

'Dream...' The happy smile froze on Debbie's face. 'Dream...It was just a dream. Carlos isn't here...'

Snapping back to cruel reality, Debbie buried her face in her hands and curled up in a fetal position, weeping. Engulfed by sorrow, she felt like she was falling into an abyss of despair.

'Honey, I miss you...I miss you so much...'

In just a few days, sweeping change had come to Y City, especially when it came to ZL Group. What happened to Carlos was still a mystery to everyone. No one knew the whole story. Shortly, James was elected by the board members to be their new CEO.

Miranda finally contacted Debbie, but she only replied via Facebook Messenger. "I'm in New York now. James is handling Carlos' affairs. He wouldn't let anyone else do it. The branch company in New York is having problems, so I came back to take care of it," she wrote.

"I told you not to be nice to the Huos, especially James and Lewis! They're all assholes! But you didn't listen. You even begged Carlos to go easy on them. Too late now. The car accident is still being looked into. I'll update you when I can," she added.

Debbie texted back while crying. "I'm sorry... It's my fault. I can't do anything." 'I lost Carlos, and I couldn't protect our marriage...' she thought remorsefully.

Carlos died saving

eyes were filled with tears—Debbie's sorrow was

the Mu

last a lifetime, Debbie became noticeably thinner—20 lbs thinner. Seeing Debbie so skinny worried Lucinda. She tried to convince the young woman to eat. "You're pregnant. Your baby needs you to eat.

Debbie's head was in the clouds. It took her more than a few seconds to register that Lucinda said anything. She grinned and said calmly, "Don't worry about that. I

the past couple days that she almost

"Oh come on! You've been with me the whole time! When would you

was in all the papers. Don't you read the news? It's true... Sorry

placed the chicken soup on the table and sat next to Debbie. "Hey, I think we need

her. "No. I'm fine. Is that Jared? Let him

last night, in fact. But Debbie left, giving these once strong and active tomboy now looked fragile as thin as she was, and said, "Hey sounded odd. Jared's face went pale all of a sudden. In a panic, he walked over to Debbie, grabbed hold of her arm and asked sighed and giggled. She slapped his hand away and asked, was back. Jared heaved a sigh of relief and sat down next to her. "I've been worried about you. Kasie Debbie was quiet. He tried to probe, "My brother said you... aborted the kid. He said that that kid wasn't Mr. Huo's. I didn't believe a word of it. I even had a fight with indignant words, Debbie chipped in, "Your brother was right. I did it. Sorry I lied." She smiled sweetly, as if she widened his eyes in shock. that Debbie was off her rocker to the house and turn him down. She cooperated with the doctor

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

#### **Chapter 315 Screamed For Help**

"Ever since I learnt of Mr. Huo's accident, I've met Curtis only once. He has been busy with the investigation together with Colonel Li. What about your brother? Have you heard any news from him?" Gregory asked, looking hopefully at Jared.

"My brother has been up and down with the investigation too. But Mr. Huo's old man appears determined to keep everyone at arm's length. Generally, the senior Huo has always been discreet with his family business, but after the accident, he's been almost paranoid about it. As such, my brother has not bothered much about the Huos. Instead, he's focused on helping out Emmett's parents. They are more accessible, together with their whole family.

Coping with the loss of their son has been hard on their end. Shortly after she received news of Emmett's death, the old lady was hospitalized and up to now, she still remains in critical condition. It's been a full plate for my brother," explained Jared at length. Then the two men dropped into silence.

After catching up on what happened to Debbie, Kristina choked with sobs. "I'm so sorry Tomboy. You'll be alright!" she consoled. "Mr. Huo would hope to see you better than this. He must want you to live on, especially now that you have a baby. Cheer up, please!"

However, Debbie didn't respond. Apparently, she was so locked up in her own world, withdrawn and cold. The usual spark of life in her beautiful big eyes was not there anymore.



Hoping to offer comfort, Gregory walked up to her and patted her gently on the shoulder. "Debbie, you have to take it easy. That's a part of life, but we are here by your side through this difficult time."

Then they took Debbie to her favorite shopping mall—the Shining International Plaza. Pretending a playful look, Jared pointed at the huge mall and lightheartedly nudged her. "Come on, Tomboy. Didn't you want me to buy you lipsticks before? Today, I'll buy them for you. Just pick up whatever you want, and I'll pay for them. I won't give a damn even if you want the whole mall! Lately, I've been in the chips, thanks to my dad's excitement about my girlfriend. The old man has never been this generous to anyone before, I swear!"

The first time when they ran into Carlos at the plaza, Debbie deliberately kept bugging Jared to buy her the lipsticks. Just on purpose, she wanted Carlos to misunderstand her. But in the end, when Jared agreed to pay, she stopped him, pretending to have changed her mind.

"Lipsticks..." Debbie now teased, blinking fast to feign surprise. Silently, as she reflected back on the encounter at the plaza, she cursed that day. Not sure why Jared had mentioned it, she took a deep breath and pursed her lips, a blank look on her face.

When Kristina noticed Jared's goof, she pulled at his collar and chided, "Good grief, did you have to say that?"

Embarrassed that he had mentioned something that reminded Debbie of Carlos, Jared genuinely apologized. Then he signaled to Gregory with his eyes, to carry on with the conversation.

Getting the hint, Gregory smiled at the dazed woman and politely offered, "Debbie, your clothes don't fit you now. Let's go and see if there are some new stuff that you'd like. After shopping, I will take you to a seafood restaurant. I know you are a foodie. Their dishes are something quite out of this world..." With a smile, he paused and took a glance at Jared who was nodding. "It's Jared's treat," he joked, trying to lighten the mood.

words. But when he took in his last sentence, he came back to his senses and protested, "Hey, hey! Mr. Song, are

ignored him and looked at the unmoved Debbie. "How is

kindness, Debbie simply nodded and then followed them into

problem picking one or two nice dresses. When they came to the last shop, she didn't want to go in anymore. But Kristina, looking

Debbie nodded and followed her

spacious shop to see the other clothes. Meanwhile,

this creamy-white coat looks great. You want to

She really wasn't in the mood to try

understood and put the coat

voice came. "Well,

woman passed the clothes in her hands to a saleswoman and walked towards Debbie and Kristina.

woman, slightly older, in a purple dress that must have cost a fortune, on top of

them a short glance

That incensed Blanche.

ran to the reports of Carlos' car accident. Since

yanked her hair, pulling her closer. "Mr. Huo just had a car accident, but you had an affair with another man and rushed into divorcing him. You even got pregnant with another man's baby and procured an abortion. What a bitch you are! Shame

pull. Completely overpowered, she had no choice

hastily stopped Blanche. "What are you

and Jared hadn't noticed what was happening inside. They

away. She wasn't scared of Debbie now, not to mention Kristina who was from a poor family. She continued to reprimand Debbie, "My daughter Portia is such an excellent girl, but because of you, she was forced to marry Lewis, that scumbag! Now that

Debbie yelled and cast Blanche a cold glare. The middle-aged woman looked weary and much older now.

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

#### **Chapter 316 Debbie Went Missing**

The saleswoman nodded her head repeatedly in fear. Debbie tidied her clothes and looked down at Blanche, who was now lying on the floor, gasping for air. "Carlos used to protect me. Although he's gone, I'm still here. Don't get in my way again," she warned coldly.

Blanche wanted to shout abuse at Debbie, but when she caught a glimpse of her weapon—the mobile rack—she swallowed her pride and simply said, "Get away from me, you psycho bitch. You'll pay for this!"

Debbie snorted in derision. After everything she'd been through, she wasn't afraid of anything now. Ignoring Blanche's weak warning, Debbie turned around and walked towards the door.

When Jared had almost passed Blanche, he looked down at her and smiled playfully. "How does it feel, slut? Want one more kick?" Without waiting for a reply, Jared kicked her stomach right off. The playful smile on his face faded and he warned her ferociously, "Carlos isn't here, but we are! I dare you to lay a finger on her again. If I come back, Hell's riding with me!"

Blanche held her aching stomach, groaning in pain, unable to utter a single word. Her face went pale. Pointing at Jared's receding figure with her trembling finger, she finally squeezed out a few words between gritted teeth. "You assholes... Just wait!"

Jared turned around, dug his finger in his ear and said casually, "I'll wait. Bring your son as backup. Bring it!"

Blanche was at a loss for words.

Hayden was still busy taking care of the chaos Carlos engineered. He wasn't even in the mood to hold an engagement party for his fiancée. Besides, he warned Blanche and Portia several times not to mess with Debbie.

Thus, Blanche knew quite well that Hayden wouldn't back her up on this.

On the day of Carlos' funeral, Debbie got up at the crack of dawn. She hadn't slept well. She put on the new dress that she had bought the previous night and applied a light dusting of make-up to her face. She put some conservative lipstick on, as well, just enough to bring out her natural color.

The dress was the same style and color as one of the dresses Carlos had bought her. He said she looked good in that dress.

Sebastian and Lucinda had gone to work that morning. Gail and Sasha needed to go back to school, so Debbie struck out for the cemetery on her own.

Above the graveyard, a mass of thick and dark clouds gathered; lightning lanced through the sky, and the rumble of thunder was deafening. It definitely looked like rain. With a heavy heart, Debbie felt nothing else but sorrow. She hadn't even brought an umbrella.

terrified she was last time when Carlos sent her to a cemetery as a punishment. Now without fear, she slowly walked in the direction she was told and looked for

as well as a few bodyguards, standing around the headstone. When they saw her approaching, Tabitha pulled a long face and yelled, "Happy now? My

dignify that with a response. Tabitha was no longer the amiable mother-in-law.

stared silently at Carlos' black and white

forced a smile. "Hey Mr. Handsome, I came to see you. Remember the Louis XIV roses you sent to me in England? I gave them to a

instructed a bodyguard to escort Tabitha back to the car. Then, he faced Debbie and said in a contemptuous voice, "You know why

silence filled

body cremated and buried him here. To avoid any more drama, I asked my men to tell you

real funeral was held yesterday...' Debbie

didn't show up yesterday to pay your respects, so Wesley and Damon were both disappointed in you. I told them that you said, you had nothing to say to Carlos and you didn't even need to say goodbye.

Thanks to me, they hate you. When your name's brought up, they get extremely pissed," James added,

evil remark, she suddenly asked sarcastically, "So tell me, James Huo, is Megan your

James was confused by her odd me! You two are so fake, it's not even funny. So get planning on venting his rage, but decided better of it. She'd be gone soon, out of Y City and balled her fists and turned to look at the malicious man, flames of rage burning in her eyes. "I swear on Carlos' grave that we will be enemies forever. One day, I'll send you to hell hum and said nonchalantly, "Go ahead. But ask yourself this: whose fault is it? If you hadn't married him, you wouldn't have to go through all this. You have One of these days, get some. Right in front of Carlos' grave!" With that, James turned alone in the you told me as time turned the page, our love wouldn't age at all; you swore by the moon and the build my dreams with your bare hands. But why did you break your word weeping grew into Come to me now. Tell me!" She cried in increasing sorrow and passion. Her sad wails echoed around

### **Chapter 317 Her Daughter**

Three years later

At the national stadium of Z Country

Over ten thousand fans were excitedly waiting for one of the artistes for the night curtain to raise. All seats were occupied.

At 8:00 p.m., the concert began. To the ecstatic screams of fans, a young woman in a long denim dress slowly took the stage. A soft and slow melody rang. She began to sing, "You promised, you'd love me till the end of the world.

But dear, you broke your word.

In my memory, I see your eyes, on that winter night.

In them, I feel your love for me, as deep as the sea..."

Her voice was full of emotions, easily striking a chord in everyone's heart.

Wherever she went, her performances would leave a lot of fans in tears, pouring their feelings out.

Most of her original compositions were deeply emotive songs.

Only when she covered some songs from other singers, would she throw in something different and lively.

"Oh! Debbie Nian! Debbie Nian! I love you..."

"You sing so well. My heart is melting. Debbie, I love you forever!"

The crazy fans began to shout out their love for the singer.

Among these ten thousand fans, more than half of them were already her loyal fans. Debbie made her debut as a singer slightly more than one year ago. But in such a short time, she had turned into quite a sensation, winning the hearts of many fervent fans.

Sitting in front of the black piano, Debbie adjusted her mic, slid her fingers on the keyboard, and continued singing, with perfectly controlled breathing.

"Time flies. Baby, have you seen me in your dreams?

Have you smiled without me?

You never knew, without you, my world is a barren field.

outside is my pool of tears.

In lovesickness, I'm drowning."

fans' faces in equal measure. Some cried for the love and admiration of

support, she raised her hands in appreciation and blew a kiss. She then resumed her seat, wiped a tear from the corner of her right eye and took the microphone. She said to the large crowd of fans in a chirpy voice, "Friends, I'm blown away by your love and support. Thank you all for the connection we share. Thanks for the passion you guys have lent to the night and atmosphere you've

song to you. It's a song by a good friend of mine. But I've tweaked it into a special cover, just for you. It's Irene Wen's short, sweet song—Milk and Pineapple. Let me hear some noise..." She called out cheerily, firing up the crowd to a frenzy.

finally took a break and caught a word with her, Ruby

and assured, "It's OK, Ruby. The concert won't take long, so

clothes from the assistant's hands and passed it to Debbie.

her fans to tears, in the second session, she too was moved along with

each time when she sang a

particular song played, she broke into tears even before she could sing the

an unknown past. They understood this song must have meant something immensely personal to Debbie, so they all went through the motions with her. Debbie collected herself, cleared her voice, and belted out the lyrics she had written a long time

dim light, exchanged

hair, pure, soft, and gentle.

hearts became

hand, kissing her hair, he vowed

Oh...

memories, you never

turned the page,

the moon and the stars in the sky, he'd be

swore like the shadow that was by her side.

He swore..."

while longer to take photos with the fans and sign autographs. After

for many times. When everything was finally over, Ruby passed her the phone and said anxiously, "Your daughter has a fever again. I wanted

grabbed her phone and made a call to Hertha Luo—the lady she had hired

"Hello."

fever, 39 degrees as we speak. We are at the hospital now, and the kid is crying to

her feet, she quickly trotted to the dressing room to get changed. "I'm going to the

waiting for you," Hertha Luo said

her car without stopping for a breath,

wing

little girl in pink nightdress in her arms and

little girl slightly opened her eyes. When she saw Debbie, she snuggled

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

**Chapter 318 Evelyn Nian**

Fortunately, Debbie was not alone in Z Country. She had a pretty good support system, and two people in particular were there to help her out.

With their help and her natural talent, she finally climbed her way to the top of Z Country's music scene.

Her meteoric rise was in part due to Ivan Wen, who owned a record company. It took some time, money, and serious energy to quash all the scandals that had followed Debbie from her home city here. But he and his sister persevered, and won out in the end.

From the start, Ivan Wen was not that willing to help Debbie out. They weren't friends, and he didn't see any reason to take a chance on this girl he'd only heard bad things about.

But Irene Wen, a lovely girl who also loved music very much just like Debbie, managed to convince her brother to help her.

Ivan Wen always spoiled his sister, so naturally he caved. But he noticed something. Even in rehearsals, Debbie had this angelic voice. He was moved by her siren song. He also knew he probably had a hit-maker on his hands. So he poured himself into his work, cranking out positive publicity to bury the negative PR. As time went by, he and Debbie became quite good friends.

When Debbie first saw Irene Wen, she hated her because she reminded her of Megan.

Irene Wen wasn't Megan, but there were quite a few things about her that brought Megan to mind, and Debbie wasn't about to get close to someone like that. She was young, like Megan, and had similar features. Not only that, she was bubbly and adorable. That alone gave Debbie pause—Megan was quite two-faced, and would stab you in the back while smiling sweetly the whole time.

However, the more time they spent together, the better Debbie got to know her. Irene Wen was indeed a pure, engaging girl, with no malice in her heart. It wasn't an act at all.

Megan gave off those same kinds of vibes as well, but if you weren't careful you'd fall for her act. The fact that she was lovely helped her deception. But she was anything but innocent; instead a brat, wheedling and whining to get what she wanted. And if that didn't work, she would hatch elaborate plots to get her way.

Once Debbie got past all that and saw into her heart, she warmed up to the girl. So Debbie, Irene Wen and Ivan Wen had become the closest of friends.

Debbie built a loyal fan base in time, and they knew she only operated in Z Country. She'd never go on any kind of international tour. Ivan Wen warned that it might affect her popularity, but she had sworn to leave Y City and never return. She had no intention of joining any kind of tour schedule that would make her come anywhere close.

Even so, many fans went on road trips and traveled quite a distance to hear her sing. She had a captivating stage presence, and no one who traveled to Z Country to see her in concert went home disappointed.

And Debbie's status as a star helped her earn even more money through commercial endorsements. Everything from sports drinks, to alcohol to restaurant chains wanted to pay her handsomely to appear in a commercial featuring their product. Ivan Wen had an aggressive promotional team, so he made it happen. Sometimes the schedules were grueling, but the girl had a great motivator—she wanted to give her daughter a good life.

There was also another important reason for her hard work. She didn't want to, but she ended up supporting her brother, as well.

When she balked at how much he needed, he yelled into his phone, "Come on! I

the edge of a table while doing housework. Decker, who was playing computer games at that moment, took her to the hospital. Then she

dollars to him via WeChat and sighed helplessly. Staring at her daughter's sleeping face,

It's all for Piggy, ' she thought to

Debbie was still asleep when a

bodyguards in black suits. He walked towards the bed quietly, while the sleeping mother and daughter in the bed, Ivan Wen bent over and stroked Piggy's forehead. Luckily, her eyes shut, though. It was a defense mechanism from her past life. Sometimes it was easier to feign sleep saw who it was and heaved a sigh of relief. She sat up. "Ivan! You're I'll be dawned on her face. "Oh, the awards ceremony, right?" she asked. She listened for his answer while she lifted Actress of the Year" would be announced at the award ceremony. Ivan Wen had been invited with the bodyguards to take care of you and Piggy. Just tell someone if you need good. I don't have any schedule these days. I wrestling with a hair tie when a eye on Piggy and went to the bathroom to wash Wen. When she saw her mom, Piggy smiled heart softened. She bent over and kissed Piggy on both cheeks. "Hi Piggy. Hungry? Let Piggy clapped her hands cheerfully.

Ivan Wen opened the containers for them. There was porridge, mashed potato and some Evelyn Nian. She was born at night, so Debbie named frustrating discovery. She found that her little didn't work. The little girl still hated meat, even minced meat. She could Piggy, Ivan Wen picked up a feeding bottle and adeptly mixed up some formula. He measured the powder and scooped it in, leveling off each scoop. Then he sealed the bottle with a ring and cap. Humming to himself, he tapped the bottle gently on the table

past couple years, he had tons of practice. Though he was single, he knew very well how to take care

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

#### **Chapter 319 Until We Meet Again**

"Remember, you have a photo shoot to go to. Yili is a pretty important account. Don't worry about your new album. Just take your time. Ivan wants some cheerful songs on there," Ruby said. Since her first album, every song Debbie wrote was a sad one. While the ballads showcased her voice, Ivan figured they could market some more upbeat songs and increase her fan base. They wanted a younger skew.

Debbie nodded, "Got it. I'll give it a try."



Ruby shrugged. She had heard the same answer many times, but every time Debbie did the same sad, slow songs.

"Going to tae kwon do today?" Ruby asked. Since Piggy was three months old, Debbie had been diligently practicing tae kwon do and dance—almost every day. She wouldn't miss a session unless she was super busy.

Debbie shot a glance at Piggy and shook her head. "Not today. If Piggy's feeling better tomorrow, I'll go then." She didn't want to leave Piggy's side when she was sick.

"Okay. Gotta run. Oh by the way, don't forget Mr. Yu's anniversary party tonight."

Debbie was scrolling through comments from her fans on Weibo. Without looking up, she replied absentmindedly, "Can we not? Or maybe you can go for me?" She really hated these parties.

Ruby knew Debbie well. She patted her shoulder and said, "Of course not. You have to be there. Mr. Yu spared no expense to make sure you'd attend." Ruby smiled sadly. "It's the price of fame. You're the hottest singer right now."

'Mr. Yu...' Debbie suddenly thought of something and asked, "Is Mr. Yu a powerful man here?"

"Yeah. You've spent a lot of time and energy to make acquaintances with the rich and powerful in the past two years. You don't want to miss out on rubbing shoulders with Mr. Yu, do you?" Ruby didn't know why Debbie was keen on getting to know those rich and powerful, even including people in the underworld.

"All right. Tell Mr. Yu I'll be there."

"Great."

Debbie took Piggy back home in the afternoon. After leaving her with a nanny, Debbie went to the hotel where the celebration was being held.

She arrived early and started talking with the guests.

At one point she overheard some girls talking. "I heard Mr. Yu invited a mysterious guest. Know who?"

The guest's family name is Huo. But I don't

there are

pulled a song from Irene's catalog and performed that instead. It had people nodding their heads to the beat, and if some of them paused long enough to listen to her pitch-perfect

of their record company. Debbie's songs were sad and slow, and Irene's

was done, the audience gave her a standing ovation that echoed throughout

stairs to leave the stage, many guests came up to her. She was used to the adulation, and she

who it was. Hearing the murmurs of people around her, Debbie realized that Milo Yu's mystery guest had arrived.

sudden urge

she ate didn't agree with her, and she had an upset stomach. She stayed there longer than ten

returned to the hall, the guest was the talk of the party. "He's so handsome! I didn't

girl

maybe. Who knows? Mr. Huo keeps his private

'So handsome?

Huo? My Mr. Huo is Mr. Handsome,

myriad of emotions flooded her heart and

through the crowd. There were more than a thousand people in the hall. As she wound her way around the people, she soon noticed several others being surrounded by the throng. 'That must be where the special guest is, ' she thought.

gut feeling kept telling her to get closer to them. She had to know. She continued to press through

isn't

been turned upside down. She was doing just fine without him. He was dead, and she was in

'Carlos Huo...

name

about him?' she thought.

was. But his wife cheated on him. They had a car accident, and he almost died protecting her. But she ran off with another guy. He was in a coma for a time, and then rehab

my God! How sad! What about his

out of the country for a while

her thoughts. 'But he was dead. I went

broke out of her reverie, her host Milo Yu walked Carlos out.

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

**Chapter 320 Running The Gauntlet**

When Debbie arrived at the offices of Sunjoy Group, she was blocked by the guards at the entrance. In an anxious voice, she asked, "Is Carlos Huo here?"

One of the guards said in a serious tone, "Lady, I can't tell you that. If you don't have an appointment, you need to leave."

Debbie bit her lower lip and began racking her brains to find a way inside. That was when she saw a familiar car. It was the car that Carlos had gotten into. She was sure of it!

Thrilled, she ran full tilt towards the parking lot and only stopped when, breathless, she reached the car. She knocked on the driver's side window. As the window rolled down with the customary faint electrical buzz, she saw a strange man sitting there. He gave her a confused look.

Taking a deep breath and trying to stop her heart from bursting through her chest, Debbie asked, "Hi. Is this Carlos Huo's car?"

Disdain was written all over his face as he answered her, "Buzz off. To get to Mr. Huo you'll have to go through me. And that ain't happening. But I like you. So I'll tell you straight. See those cars out there?" He pointed to the cars nearby. "Each of those cars is full of bodyguards. And them? They don't like anyone."

Although he didn't answer her question, the answer was quite obvious. Carlos was here. Debbie was so excited that her eyes went red. Ignoring his implied threat, she continued pestering him. "So he's not dead?"

Annoyed, the driver nudged her backward and snapped, "Are you nuts? Where did you hear that? God! So pretty and so dumb!"

"He... he was in a car accident a few years ago, right?" She was dying to learn more about Carlos, if this was indeed her husband. She wasn't even angry with the driver who pushed her. She held on to the car door to steady herself.

The driver opened the door, trying to make her lose her balance. "Will you just go away? Yeah, he was in an accident. He got better. I thought you liked Mr. Huo. Why are you bringing up all this bad stuff? Look, get lost, or I'll call the guards."

Debbie looked at the entrance of the building, but everyone was cooped up inside. She kept on asking the driver more questions. "Why is he here in Z Country? Is he still the CEO of ZL Group?"

"You a paparazzo?" The driver narrowed his eyes. "I'm warning you. Mr. Huo guards his privacy carefully. Your story won't go anywhere. And if you post something on the internet..."

that." "That's my Carlos! Before he met me, he always played it close to the vest,

him. Instantly, two tall, strong bodyguards in black suits got out of a car. "Go away. You really don't want to be carried out,"

years

pleaded with a hopeful expression, "I'll

not getting anything out of me." The driver opened the

that he'd drive off, she grabbed the door so that he couldn't close it. "You don't know me? Are you from Y City?" she asked. If he was from Y City, then he should've known who she was. After all, Carlos used

her and grunted

the window to stop him from rolling it up. "One more question. When does

pushed her away and closed the  
to carry her away from the parking lot. She

"Liar! Stop playing games and get out

felt a little embarrassed.

done. She put her chin down, against one of the bodyguard's arms. Then she held on to it with both  
hands, which giving him a vicious back kick to the groin. He groaned and went down. The other one tried  
to grab her from behind, but she sidestepped and gave him an elbow to the throat. He

got out of the cars and surrounded Debbie, who had just straightened

the party. But

choice, she kicked off her high heels and raised

her hands were busy now, she could only use her legs to fight the

with the bodyguards and held her own quite well, someone yelled, "Mr. Huo

She was in such a hurry that she

time to stop Debbie. They straightened their clothes and ran to the entrance as well. They had to stand  
in two rows at the entrance before Carlos got out.

gates opened, a group of