

Mr Carlos 61

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 61 Make Outs and VIP Cards

Debbie's eyes scanned across the dishes near her. Then she smirked a bit as she laid her eyes on the raw trout. She hummed lightly and picked up a pair of chopsticks. She took some trout, dipped it in mustard, and then aimed it towards his lips.

"Here, open up," she said in a singsong voice.

Her friends looked at her as if she were crazy. It was shocking enough that she was feeding Carlos, but that much mustard? "Is that even edible?" whispered Kasie. She was cringing along with Jared and Dixon while Kristina tried to keep to her composure.

"Will he eat it though?" Kristina asked.

Carlos studied the mustard-wrapped trout before opening his mouth to eat it. Before Debbie could pull out her hand, she felt a hand grabbing her by the head. Her hand dropped the chopsticks as she felt Carlos' mouth pressed down on hers.

'W-What the hell!?' she exclaimed in her mind.

"OH MY GOD!" Kasie shouted. "I gotta take a pic and put it on WeChat!"

Jared, Kristina, and Dixon cheered and whistled at the scene upon them. She felt his tongue probing the food towards her mouth. The excessive mustard was already making her face red. It even made her nose sore and her eyes started to water. She had this strong urge to punch him but not right now.

She wanted to spit it out! But this man kept pressing on, making sure he didn't let her go.

'This isn't a kiss! Damn it!' she screamed in her thoughts. 'I really want to crush his balls right now!'

Her tears started to fall. Her hands trembled as she gripped his jacket. 'Looks like I didn't see that coming.'

Hmph. Two can play this game!' Her grip loosened and she snaked her arms around his neck. A moment later, they were already making out passionately in front of their guests. She was gliding her fingers into his hair as his hand slipped from her head to waist.

The other four stared at the scene awkwardly.

Jared sighed, scratching his nape. When did Debbie get this soft?

going to fucking eat or are they going to eat

hands together like a fangirl. "Oh my! Our Debbie is

"I know right? Our Debbie has grown! She's now kissing a hot rich guy! Shouldn't we excuse ourselves? I mean,

looked at each other, shrugged, and then started to eat. After a while, Carlos

she immediately sat down. She picked up a cup of tea herself another cup which brought her happened. He fixed his collar and tie and started eating. As if to comfort Debbie, he put some of the Australian spoke, his tone remaining indifferent. guys were going to fuck or something which is something else, he would have flipped friend, Debbie, and her husband, saw Debbie get soft. Usually she was rash and casual in manner. 'What the hell? Hmph, Debbie even isn't herself anymore around Carlos Huo.' He drank some water to calm himself down. 'How much his hands and spoke to Tristan without looking at him. took out a few cards from his breast pocket and presented Carlos only said, Building one by one to Debbie's friends. in delight when he took the gilt card. He cheered and gave it a kiss. Then a thought rang in Jared's head. 'With this card, I can come to this place whenever I want. But why do I have to assumed an air of composure and turned to Debbie. "Tomboy, take good care of Mr. Huo. I'll see you Jared and stood up from the table too. Jared stood aside and waited for them to leave together. Next, Tristan went to Kasie. She grabbed the card and her purse and whispered to Debbie, "Girl, Mr. Huo is at her coldly as her Despite her reluctance, she still took the card and grabbed Dixon's hand before she said to Debbie, "Deb, now ' Debbie thought, as don't ditch me, Dixon," Debbie thought hopefully, chewing her lip. She knew how honest and upright Dixon was. He was that, ' thought Dixon. His hesitance caused Debbie as a little token from Mr. Huo. You have been always a good friend to Mrs. Huo and it means a lot to both Mr. Huo and Mrs. Huo! Besides, I've heard that your brother is having some problems with transferring school. It's said that the new

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Chapter 62 You Are Worth Ten Billion

To prove Carlos meant it, Tristan took out his phone and sent him Carlos' phone number. "Jared, this is Mr. Huo's number."

Everyone was surprised.

Debbie wondered why Carlos was so possessive. Obviously, he was trying to keep her from Jared. Worried about where this was leading, she raised her head and declared, "Jared and I are just good friends. How can you undermine our friendship like this? It's uncalled for."

Unexpectedly, Jared cut in before Carlos could respond. "Mr. Huo, I'm so glad to hear what you just said. Before, Debbie, the naive girl, did so much for Hayden. But the moron didn't appreciate it at all. Now, finally, there is a man who cares about her. I'll do anything you say. If Tomboy needs help or anything, I'll be the first to call you."

Among Debbie's friends, Jared had known her for the longest time. He knew everything that happened between her and her ex-boyfriend Hayden. As far as he knew, Hayden was to blame for Debbie's tomboy tendencies.

But right now, Debbie was surprised by something Jared had said. Since when did she become naive in Jared's eyes?

Carlos was quite pleased with what Jared had said. Yet the name Hayden made his eyes dim. "Tristan, send them home."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

When the couple were left alone in the private booth, Carlos turned to Debbie.

Finding her in a daze, he pulled her into his arms and sat her on his lap. Unaccustomed to such intimacy, Debbie struggled to stand up.

But Carlos wrapped his arms around her tighter and whispered in her ear, "Hayden, huh?" That was the first time he had heard that name, but quickly he connected the dots and remembered the man who had called her Deb in the messages and said he missed her.

It must be the same guy.

"What?" Debbie didn't understand what he had meant by that, but Carlos didn't explain.

he kissed her.

The kiss was impudent and overbearing, and his hands were not gentle either. In his grip,

Fearing that she might fall, Debbie locked her arms around Carlos' neck while his

in a coarse voice, "I take back what I

underneath his weight,

She was a woman, a seductive woman. Every time he kissed her, she blushed. Right now, looking her in the eye,

the other day that if you slept with me, I would

another deal." Debbie hadn't expected a man of words like Carlos to take back his own her hair. With every touch, his breathing got heavier and heavier. "God, you're such a 'A femme fatale? Me?'

gave her, she never heard anyone call her a temptress or femme fatale before. For her rather boyish personality and less feminine

if you sleep with me, I'll give

stormy days of their relationship, she'd have

beginning to have a change of mind.

she

shaking her head, Carlos thought she didn't

a hundred million. Tightening her grip on him, she assumed an air of dejection and said, "I remember the other day you said I wasn't worth much. What should I expect to get from a man who thinks I'm not worth

lips and said, "Forget about

eyes burned with anger. But he looked at her affectionately while stroking her hair. Of course, he was pulling her leg, but she didn't seem to get his drift. "Well, maybe you don't get the gist of of it. You're worth

Is he willing to give me that much, just to sleep with me? This guy

I'll give you whatever sum you name." For her love,

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Chapter 63 Take Off Your Shoes

Watching her leave, Carlos wondered, 'I said I was sorry and I would like to make amends for my past mistakes. Why is she still mad?'

Dissatisfied with how things went, Carlos quickened his pace and caught up with Debbie in the hallway. He startled her when he held her by the hand all of a sudden. Forcefully, she tried to wrench her hand free, but he tightly held on, until they were in the elevator. "You haven't done your part yet. Now, I'll hang around to give you company while you do it," he declared.

"Part? What part?" She was confused.

But Carlos didn't answer, as he quietly led her to the ground floor of Dubhe Building. When they came to a shop for men's fancy underwear, Debbie understood what he had meant by her part. She had passed by that shop without going in that morning. Now with Carlos at her side, she didn't have a choice but to enter.

Some shop assistants trotted over to them when they noticed Carlos. "Good afternoon, Mr. Huo," they greeted in unison.

"Welcome, Mr. Huo," added one of them, a lady, apparently in charge of her colleagues.

Carlos nodded at them before he took Debbie further inside. "Go find me something you like. I'll wait here," he urged. Then he turned around, found the nearest empty chair and sat down to wait for Debbie. Almost immediately, a shop assistant beaming a smile served him a cup of tea. Between sips, he kept himself busy, reading a catalog of products.

Lost in a sea of expensive men's underwear, Debbie smiled awkwardly at the shop assistants who were guiding her around. To put herself at ease, she wandered around briefly, pretending to be at home.

A pair of red briefs caught her eyes. The embarrassment on her face was gone. She snickered and went to Carlos. "Will you wear anything I buy?" she inquired.

Carlos raised his head from the catalog. Although Debbie tried to look calm, her eyes betrayed her. To the mischievous look in her eyes, he sighed. "Yes, I will," he agreed.

His affirmative reply almost made her jump with cheer. It took a bit of effort to restrain her emotions as she turned. But before she could take two steps, Carlos added, "Anything but briefs. Also, I hate red."

Bummer. His response was like a wet blanket. It was the red briefs that she was considering buying him. With her plan ruined, Debbie pouted sullenly. "OK, I got it," she said.

Then she went back and wandered from section to section until she saw a pair of black boxers. Briefly, she picked it up and looked at Carlos who was quietly seated on the sofa. 'Not good enough for him.' She pursed her lips and put it down.

Next, she picked up a gray pair, looked at the man, and shook her head again. 'Not good enough either.'

On careful observation of how Carlos and Debbie communicated, the shop assistants all wondered who the girl was. One of them was so curious she couldn't help asking Debbie, "What's your relationship with Mr. Huo?"

smile and lowering her voice almost to a whisper, said, "Why

down, that scored the clincher for Debbie. The shop assistant was reduced to silence. 'If I could ask Mr. Huo, I wouldn't have bothered you,

Standing at the cashier's desk, she winced at the price. Coming into the shop, she had

assistants had recommended those boxers, claiming that the designer had several international accolades to his name. Even so, Debbie wouldn't have spent so much on

settling the bill, she came to Carlos with the bag. Without a word, he put down the catalog and stood up, looking pleased. He took the bag from Debbie with one hand and held her hand with the other. Together, they walked off to their car, arm

Carlos, Debbie asked, "Why did you ask me to buy these

villa or send my secretaries. Now, since I have a wife, naturally

banter, Debbie didn't say a word in return. Anyway, how was she supposed to respond to that?

they noticed a commotion in front of a shop. Intuitively, they both

arguing with a cleaning lady, who have been going on for a while, but what irritated Debbie was that no one up with you later if you don't mind." She let go of his hand, and headed towards the ruckus. became clearer. "I'm very sorry. I didn't do it intentionally." The cleaning lady here?" Debbie asked, standing in front of the young couple with her hands in the pockets of her coat. man looked at her curtly and demanded, Just tell me what this is about," she replied nonchalantly. lady sobbed, "Miss, I accidentally dirtied his shoes with a wet mop while I you did. My shoes are all wet. What if they start peeling? Can you even afford the compensation?" the young steps backward with fear and apologized again. "I'm sorry, son. I didn't see you. I'll...I'll wipe them you deaf? You the young man. "She already apologized, but you still think it's not Since my shoes are ruined, I have to get new ones. She should pay for them of course." "How much the air as if it were such to see her scared face. Indeed, the cleaning lady amused by the stupid look on the young man's

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Chapter 64 I'm Married

A long time ago, Debbie was out shopping with Hayden when she saw something similar happening at another mall. Someone asked a beggar to pay over 100 dollars for a damaged battery charger. Debbie acted quickly, and paid the fine for him. As a reward, she got a tongue-lashing from Hayden, who blamed her for her stupidity and snooping. She wondered whether Carlos thought the same of her.

Unsure what he would say, she kept her head down, and wouldn't look him in the eye. But she was dying to know what he was thinking. "Um, I spent \$830 today. And for some poor woman who needed it more than me."

Carlos stopped in his tracks, looked at her, and replied, "Debbie, listen up. You can do what you want and buy what you want. What's mine is yours. We're married. No need to be so skittish." If Carlos had seen what was going on inside, he would have dealt with things in his own way.

But Debbie would still be the good guy. He wouldn't have let the couple leave hating her.

Debbie's heart felt warm when she heard what Carlos said. Whether it was because of the part of "You can do what you want," or "We're married. No need to be so skittish around me," she wasn't sure.

When she was with Hayden, she had always been careful around him and his family. Debbie raised her head to look at him. As usual, his face was calm and expressionless, like still water.

'How could such a cool and distant-looking man be so gentle?'

Debbie stood on tiptoe to kiss him on the cheek. "Thank you," she said happily.

Her tender kiss made Carlos' heart sing with joy. With a smile, he took her hand and made his way to the parking lot.

"I haven't seen Emmett lately. How is he?" Debbie suddenly asked after they had gotten in the car.

Carlos looked at her and answered, "He's working in another city."

Debbie didn't sense anything strange, so she simply nodded.

The next morning, she received a phone call from Jared. "Hey tomboy! Remember that job offer my friend hooked you up with? I told him don't bother."

"What? Why?"

don't need a

I do. Call your friend and tell him you were

even need a job?" Married to Carlos, Debbie had everything—not to mention more money than she could ever spend.

bad about spending Carlos' money.

she had a job,

job is it? I want it

like coffee. Still want it? Hold that thought. I need to call your hubby and make

think it's a good idea to

Jared

job. But her second day

him that Debbie had hit a customer. But Debbie was indignant. She thought the man deserved

supermarket. However, within three days, Debbie was fired from that job as

having a nervous breakdown. Then one day, Kristina said to Debbie, "Deb, why don't you sing with me in the bar? You have a wonderful singing voice. I know the barflies will

agreed. While the girls cheered excitedly, Jared was worried to death. As much as he wanted Debbie to have a job, he thought it was a lousy idea to let her work in a bar, considering that she already hit someone in both the supermarket and the cafe. It was not hard to predict what was going to happen to have Debbie working in a place as chaotic as a bar.

a break this time. He was a little more easy-going, when he realized that one of his friends was a regular; he could go with him and

Carlos' lessons every evening, so she couldn't sing in the bar every night.

came up with a solution. He told the manager that Debbie didn't have to work in the bar every day; she could come there when she could and be paid by

busy, sometimes he would have to cancel the lesson, like tonight. Earlier, he texted Debbie, saying he couldn't make it tonight. Debbie was glad that she

keep an eye on her. Some men confessed their

night, Debbie won everyone's heart with "Love Paradise." For half an hour the DJ used the widescreen in the bar to display the declaration

excitedly. "I'm married. I have a

Chapter 65 Busted

After Debbie had downed three glasses of liquor, she'd earned more than 10,000 dollars.

Jared finally revealed himself. He was tipsy, and staggered out of the bathroom, slumping back into his seat. Since there was a throng surrounding Debbie at that moment, Jared couldn't see her, so he turned his attention to the girl he had met earlier.

By the time Kristina found him, Debbie had already drunk seven glasses of liquor. She let him know, and the news sobered him.

Jared rushed to Debbie, snatched the glass from her hand, and snarled, "What the hell do you think you're doing? How much have you had?" Noticing the thick wad of notes, Jared shivered. 'If Mr. Huo finds out about this, I'm screwed.'

Debbie waved her hand and said, "Eh, relax. Look at the money I've made. Thousands of dollars a glass. And I'm not drunk yet."

She really could hold her liquor. After seven glasses, her face was red but she was only a bit tipsy.

She was in a good mood now. She figured she could drink more and make more money. The man in the bar poured another glass of liquor for her. Once again, she emptied the glass and took the wad of notes thrown on the table.

Her husband Carlos was rich and generous, but she considered it wise to have some private savings, just in case she and Carlos got divorced one day. She didn't want to end up homeless and penniless after the divorce. And she figured she'd found her calling.

Seeing that Debbie wouldn't listen to him, Jared cleared his throat and shouted at the man, "Go away! Do you have any clue who she is? You have some serious stones to get her drunk like this. You're playing with fire!"

Jared wasn't a regular. As a matter of fact, it was no short drive for him to get here. The only reason he was here was Debbie. So the man didn't know either of them. Jared's words didn't faze the man. He just shrugged and assumed an innocent tone. "You saw it. I didn't force her. She wanted to drink."

It frustrated Jared that what the man had said was true. He wanted to punch the man in the face, but he lacked a reason. Then he whispered in Debbie's ear, "Think about your husband. You forget what he did to us the last time we got drunk? And that was just beer. But you've put a lot of glasses away. What do you think he's going to do when he finds out?"

didn't you tell me about

that moment, two men walked over and grabbed Jared's arms. "Are you blind? Bernard's having fun. Boss is rich enough to buy this whole damn bar, let alone a few drinks. Now,

that, one of the two men gave Jared a rough shove. Provoked, he grabbed an empty bottle from the table and smashed it against the table. "I don't care who the hell Bernard is. Go ahead, make her drink again! I'll

do, she put the money in her purse and was ready to leave the bar. However, Bernard grabbed her arm. "Since you took so

time. I'm too drunk to sing," Debbie

you're drunk, then sing

and flowed down his face. Some

covered with blood. His eyes went bloodshot with rage. He kicked away the chair in front of
with a

sounded familiar, but she didn't remember

She took my money and she belongs to me tonight." Assuming that Jared was scared by

angry. On the contrary, he calmed down rather quickly. He patted Bernard on the shoulder, pointed his thumb at Debbie, and said to him, "Oscar was beaten to a pulp and sentenced to life in

thrown out half dead. People said it was

the tens of thousands he had spent on the drinks tonight, he felt humiliated and furious if it was all for nothing. "You can go. I want my money," he said

the man to be

I drank so much liquor. At your request! I earned every penny. If you couldn't afford to lose it, why did
like that?" Bernard knew that Damon was

Then he turned to Debbie. "Ignore

wasn't Damon's woman, Bernard was relieved. Also since she was just a nobody, he was more reluctant to let her leave with his

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Chapter 66 Appease Your Husband

The manager of the bar freaked out. He signaled the bodyguards and said to Jared apologetically, "I'm sorry, Mr. Han, but I wouldn't dare to offend the person seated upstairs even if I had ten lives to gamble with. I'm afraid you will have to let Miss Nian go."

Receiving the signal, the bodyguards walked towards Jared and tried to force Debbie away from him. Jared wasn't as good at martial arts as Debbie was. Moreover, Debbie was drunk. Desperate to find a way to protect Debbie, he shouted as the bodyguards approached, "I'm going to find out who the hell this man is!" With that, he held Debbie's hand and began climbing the stairs.

The others made way for them. When he got to the private booth upstairs, Jared kicked the door open and yelled, "Who the hell is stopping my fri... M... Mr... Huo?"

One single sight of Carlos' face, Jared almost fell to his knees out of fright. He spun around to look at the drunk person behind him, darted outside the room, and slammed the door shut hastily.

"Tomboy, run! Run for your life! It is Carlos Huo inside!" he whispered in a trembling voice as his fingers shivered to find balance. By this point, Debbie was too drunk to stand straight, but Jared's last remark alerted her.

She stared at Jared with gaping eyes and nodded. Then, hand in hand, they dashed downstairs like a crazy couple running to save their lives.

Carlos had recognized who were outside when the door of the room had been kicked open. Also he noticed that Debbie wasn't fully standing erect indicating that she was drunk. He opened the door and stepped outside the booth.

"Stop them!" he ordered in the hallway.

Unaware of the cause, the manager quickly followed Carlos' orders and told the bodyguards to stop the two people running away.

"Move! Move!" Having grabbed her by the wrist, Jared led the way for Debbie.

However, the bar was so crowded Debbie couldn't run fast although her physique enabled her to. As soon as they reached downstairs, they were barred by the bodyguards.

But she hadn't forgotten to resist. She knocked down the first bodyguard that tried to lay his hand on her.

And then the second, and then the third... When she was going to handle the seventh, the bar suddenly became eerily quiet. Debbie had an ominous feeling when a chill crept up her spine. Jared, who was standing opposite Debbie, saw the man behind her. His face twisted with fear. 'Should I flee for my life? Debbie is his wife. Maybe he wouldn't harm her even if I left her alone here.'

After knocking the last bodyguard to the ground, Debbie pretended not to sense the person standing behind her and strode towards the entrance of the bar.

voice. Upon hearing Carlos' voice, Debbie felt her limbs

they all wanted to keep a safe distance from

do?" Debbie whispered to Jared who was standing

go appease your husband? You're his
pinched his arm hard. Jared let out a painful scream and jumped in agony
man is your husband. He will let you pass after you play cute and sweet. Trust me, men are the
sweet? Me? Kill me, kill me right now, ' Debbie cursed internally. She felt that this would be the most
difficult thing she ever had to
they were whispering, Carlos came down the stairs. "Hurry. Your husband is arriving. Our lives depend
on
she raised her head and turned around abruptly. She threw herself at Carlos, buried her face in his chest
and said, "Mr. Handsome, I feel so dizzy. Who
this playing cute or dumb?' Jared
thick stench of alcohol from Debbie made him wince in disgust. He shot a grim glance at Jared, who
almost lowered his
looked up and was going to tell him about Bernard, but when he looked around, he noticed that Bernard
was long gone. 'Shit!' Jared
on
said, "Yes, yes, I... alas, my head, my head is spinning so fast. Mr. Handsome, can you take me
face was as gloomy as ever. When he carried the woman
Huo carrying her?"
Carlos kicked him in the sheen and said, "How dare you to
pain and blurted, "I couldn't stop her—" And then came another kick, this one more excruciating than
the previous one. "Ouch! I'll stop! I'll stop talking!
up so quickly as if there were an OFF button on his mouth which had just been pressed. 'Damn it, ' Jared
cursed in his heart. He had never been in such a humiliating situation. The entire set of onlookers
of the bar, Debbie slightly raised her head from Carlos' shoulder and mouthed,
not to drink. Ow, my
my hand, I'll make you grovel
the boy's face disappeared instantly and he ran away
by the car outside the bar all the while. When he saw him coming out of the bar with

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Chapter 67 At The Cinema

"Boo...hoo... Carlos Huo, Mr. Huo, Mr. Handsome, I'm sorry. I made a mistake." Debbie held on to a
holding bar near the elevator and cried, refusing to take another step forward.

Carlos ignored her pleas and dragged her into the cinema nonchalantly.

The moment they were inside, the cinema was bustling with moviegoers, but the manager received Carlos as soon as he appeared at the entrance and ushered them towards the biggest theater.

When the manager left, Debbie held Carlos by the waist and pleaded again, "Mr. Handsome, I realized that I was wrong and I won't do it again. Please, can we go now? It's creepy to watch horror movies at night. It may kill me. Let's go home. Please, please."

Carlos was unmoved and still acted indifferent. After dragging her to the center of the theater, he made her sit next to him.

The movie started soon. A scene of a dark graveyard first came into view. It made Debbie's blood run cold. "Carlos Huo, I have apologized. Why are you still doing this? I won't drink again, okay? Can you just forgive me, please?"

Debbie shifted her eyes away from the screen to Carlos. But the sound effects of the movie made her heartbeat quicken. She covered her ears tightly with her hands. For a while, it helped, but soon her hands and wrists went sore. Phobia and horror were driving her crazy. She had begged and pleaded, but the man seemed heartless to ignore her. "Carlos Huo, you are a freak! I'm fed up with you! I will divorce you! I will! Let's go get a divorce now!" She lost her temper.

"Sit well," the man said after giving her a cold glance.

Debbie stood up defiantly from her seat and tried to shut out the horrible sounds. "If you want to stay, fine! Stay! I'm leaving!" She threw the 8D glasses far enough out of sheer anger.

'I hate him! I hate his evil guts! I'll divorce him, no matter what!' Debbie thought as she stormed towards the exit of the theater.

To her dismay, the door was locked from outside. She slammed the door anxiously for a long while, but no one came to her rescue.

Frustrated, she stomped angrily on the floor, covered her ears, closed her eyes, and shouted at the top of her lungs, "Carlos Huo, you asshole! Let me out! Let me out now!"

She yelled and cursed. However, all her efforts were futile as if none of her words came across. Carlos remained nonchalant, sitting there, eyes on the screen.

Finally, Debbie had enough and started crying. "I want to get out... I don't want to be here... Hoo...hoo... I said I am sorry. Why are you so mean?" He had taken her to a cemetery one evening and scared the life out of her. Now he was forcing her to watch a horror movie in the middle of the night. She hated him with all her soul.

Before she knew it, Carlos was already standing in front of her. "Will you ever drink again?" he asked the sobbing girl who sat on the floor.

As long as she could get out of the cinema, for now, she would just say whatever he wanted to hear.

"No, I won't. I promise, not ever," she replied, while what she actually thought was, 'Carlos Huo is a son of a bitch.'

yourself into trouble

never again." 'If I get a chance, I'll have Carlos Huo's guts for
study overseas next

time, no

"Go or not?"

"Okay, I'll go."

and Debbie walked out of the

at the villa, Debbie, without turning back, ran to

cried. When she got tired from crying, she took out her phone and clicked on the Moments on

she called Jared and whined about Carlos Huo over the phone for an hour. Jared was so tired of hearing
it he almost fell asleep.

trouble, but

"Where to?"

you going

go with you." He and Debbie had traveled together many times. He

then. If you don't see me at school tomorrow, it means I have gone to H Country. Don't mention a
nervous. "You are going on a trip and you're

anymore. I am going to get a divorce when I come back. I can't stand

didn't come to Debbie until the wee hours of the night.

drowsy and was about to fall asleep, a knock on the door alerted her. Cold sweats dripped

voice was trembling.

the door." It was Carlos. Debbie bit her lips

Carlos

"No!"

outside the window,

red eyes, Carlos realized that she had been crying. He felt bad about it but said nothing. He

you doing?"

he simply replied.

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Chapter 68 A Broken Heart

"Who is the 'old man' you referred to?" Hayden asked as he was surprised by Debbie's response when she answered his call.

"Never mind, I was referring to no one in particular," Debbie replied casually. "What made you call?"

"I've been in Y City for a couple of days now. I have no plans tonight, so I'm thinking maybe we can have dinner together."

"Oh, sorry. I'm out of town. I'm on a trip."

Hayden hadn't expected her response. For a moment, he was in a daze but soon realized that Debbie was such a travel gal. He remembered how much she enjoyed going to places. She had visited different tourist destinations, more than he ever had. He envied her determination and her free spirit.

"Oh! I see. It's okay. Anyways, my schedule will be cleared out early next month. How about I take you to England for a vacation then?"

"No, thanks." Debbie turned him down immediately. "I've been busy lately. I have all these different classes every day. I had to make time for this trip."

Debbie was telling the truth. When her trip was over, she would once again be occupied with dance, yoga, English, and other classes.

"Debbie, don't lie to me. I know you. You always hate studying. You're just trying to blow me off by making up those classes."

"No, I'm not. That's the old me. People change. Now I have yoga, dance, English, Advanced Mathematics, and so on, but I don't learn martial arts anymore."

For a moment, there was only silence at the other end of the line. "You used to say you will never quit martial arts. My mom and I once asked you to quit, but you refused. Why now?"

Hayden knew how much she used to hate those classes she just mentioned.

Debbie smiled and said, "Because I don't have to protect you anymore." One of the reasons why she had worked hard on martial arts was to protect Hayden and his sister, Portia Gu, who was frail like a willow leaf.

some unknown reasons they broke up. During those two years, being his girlfriend, Debbie was the one who had protected

she got ridiculed by Hayden himself. "You are not womanly

I didn't treat you well before. I didn't treasure what we had. I've regretted it.

after Debbie had left him, but none of them truly loved him

to cook, to make sure he

liked quiet girls, she had always reminded

a lot, or sometimes into some other kinds of trouble. All those times, Debbie tried her best to protect

for him, just because drinking was bad for his health and she wanted him to stay healthy. Thus, at first she could

done so many

fool. Now he was

who gave and gave in their relationship, but in the end, all she got

past, but she was over him now. She had

desserts in the glass cupboards drew her attention. There was cake, icy pudding, and multi-layer steamed bread. Durian flavor was her favorite. She remembered how Hayden hated it. Every time Debbie ate a durian snack in

of nowhere, Debbie suddenly recalled that night when she was with Carlos. She could tell that Carlos hated durian's smell too. But he had eaten the snack with her

other day when they were eating on the fifth floor of

it was because he was several years older than Debbie, Carlos was thoughtful in many things. He would ask

sneaked into Carlos' room for the first time, he had caught her immediately. After that, she had tried to sneak into his room again, but he never busted her. To think about it, Debbie thought maybe it was not that he didn't know that she

thunder and lightning. She had come to Portia

that night, suddenly thunder roared and lightning flashed. She was too scared to sleep. But she couldn't go to Hayden's room. That would be inappropriate. So she knocked on the door of Portia Gu's room and told her that

"Don't interrupt my sleep again!" she had warned her. She remembered how scared she was that night. She had to bear with the thunder and lightning and sleep

all this, all of sudden, Debbie missed Carlos, that overbearing,

screen. There was one missed call from Carlos. She made up her mind

passed. Carlos

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 69 Coming For Her

Hearing the commotion, the four men who were at the table stopped playing mahjong and stood up from their seats. With quick strides, they surrounded Debbie. The four of them looked sternly at her like dogs fighting over some bones.

Debbie was left with no choice. She had to fight her way out.

She knocked the storekeeper to the ground and sent him howling. She cracked her neck and was prepared to strike her next target. By now, the other four men could see that she was not an easy one to

handle. One of them whipped out his phone and called someone. "There's a chick who knows Kung Fu. Send Herb and Ron over."

Hearing that more foes were coming, Debbie planned to run away.

She let go of the man she was grabbing, took an opportunity, and ran to the back of the store. She looked desperately for a backdoor. But there was no backdoor!

It was a bedroom that she recklessly ran into. When she realized where she was, she wanted to run out, but the door of the room was locked then by those men.

"Stay there. You can come out when you have decided to pay the money," a man said outside.

Debbie took her phone out of her pocket and wanted to call the police. Then another man's voice called out, "Call the police if you want. Nobody dares to mess with us, not even the police. I'm letting you keep your phone because I'm not worried about you calling the police."

She didn't buy it and called the police anyway. The police told her that they were on their way and would be there soon, but no one came even an hour later. "So these jerks were not joking when they said that the police didn't mess with them," Debbie muttered to herself in a hushed voice.

A minute or two passed and the men outside eventually lost their patience. They opened the door and two odd-looking, bulky men who were more than two meters tall walked in and stood in front of her. One of them was chewing a betel nut. "Beetch, geewe me your purth!" the Betel Nut yelled.

But his pronunciation was so bad that Debbie couldn't make out what he had just said. 'Huh? What kind of language is that? What is he barking?' It took her a long moment to figure out that he was asking for her purse. Fumbling around her backpack, she took out her purse and handed it to the Betel Nut. "Here you go. See? I'm very poor. It was not that I didn't want that lucky peace buckle. The truth is that I couldn't afford it. I only have 300 bucks. Go on, you can open my purse and see it for yourself."

The Betel Nut sneered, "Whoo are you keeding? Open your moobile payment app and geewe me your fone!"

'Although he talks as if he had two tongues fighting, he isn't stupid after all, ' Debbie thought to herself.

her phone tightly. It was her only hope. She

and tried desperately to intimidate her captors. "I have a very powerful background. The people I

the Betel Nut didn't seem frightened at all. "Call whoever you want. I weell wait and see whoo weell come. If one perthon comes, we meke \$28, 000.

was hard for her to watch the man

the room. She was looking for an escape route. She had no intention of calling anyone, but her finger accidentally touched Hayden's number. When she

he said was really disappointing. "Deb, an important conference is about to commence. Do you have something urgent to say? If you

to see how he would react when he knew what was happening to her. "Yes, I do. Hayden,

conference has begun. I have to go. I'll have my secretary call you back later, okay?" Actually, Hayden indeed had a meeting, but it hadn't begun yet when Debbie called. He had lied because he was angry at Debbie hanging up on him earlier.

call

she had called at this really late hour, something awful might have happened to her.

phone and said, "I don't believe that you don't have money on your phone or in your card. Come. I'll swipe your card

purse the card Carlos had

phone rang again. The caller

were renewed. After being disappointed in Hayden,

to take

men refused. "Hell with the call! Hurry and input the code now!" the other man demanded.

man holding her phone ended the call with one slight push.

only one way to find out whether it will work or not. I guess I'll

him in the back of his knee. The man

Betel Nut stretched himself a little and then swung his fist

leg. It

Busy with handling the Betel Nut, Debbie failed to see the other man's

her legs and gave the two

the support of a table, she jumped up and swung her

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 70 Smash The Damn Store

The way Debbie was being treated made Carlos' blood boil. He walked over grimly like a soul slayer and, before the two robust men could realize it, he sent one of them sprawling onto the floor

and kicked the other one to the side of the shabby bed.

Carlos helped Debbie sit up and held her in his arms. Her hair was all messed up. He gently brushed the disheveled hair out of her eyes and asked in a whisper, "Are you okay?" There were some scratches on her face. Worried that it might hurt, he didn't touch her face and just blew some dust off it.

With teardrops flowing down her cheeks, Debbie nodded to convey to him that she was okay.

Carlos kept her at a safe distance from the two fallen men, and then he walked back to them. He hauled one man up, twisted one of his arms behind his back, and then with one snap, dislocated the man's arm. The man yelled miserably in pain.

While Debbie was exercising her wrists, the other man's arm got broken by virtue of Carlos' actions.

She was impressed when she saw Carlos take down the two sturdy men so quickly with his own bare hands. Seeing his rage, Debbie started to worry whether Carlos would kill them. Those men cried and yelled as if they were pigs being taken to an abattoir. After a long while that seemed like a century to the men, Carlos finally decided to rest his arms and attend Debbie.

He relaxed his wrists, helped Debbie up, and carried her out of the room. When they came outside, the storekeeper was waiting for Carlos, on his knees. Obviously, he had realized that he had made a huge mistake by messing with the wrong person.

"What happened?" Carlos asked Debbie coldly. Debbie was surprised at the question. Since Carlos had beaten the two men up without saying anything, she had assumed that he would never bother to ask the cause of the matter. 'Did he lose his rationality because of me?'

That thought crossed her mind, but only for a second. She pointed at the lucky peace buckle on the showcase and said, "They forced me to buy that lucky peace buckle and wouldn't let me leave unless I gave them the money."

Carlos glanced at the lucky peace buckle and didn't utter a word.

Debbie continued, "They asked for \$28, 000, but it wasn't worth that much. Of course I wouldn't buy it. Then they locked me up in that room. They also snatched away my purse and wanted to swipe my bank card. I'm sorry, your card."

With only one glance, Carlos knew that the lucky peace buckle was fake. It wasn't even worth \$100, let alone \$28, 000. And the worst part was that they had tried to coerce his wife into buying it.

Carlos let go of Debbie's hand, walked over to the showcase, and kicked it so hard that the entire showcase crumbled into pieces.

The fake emerald items displayed inside the showcase got dismantled in a second.

Debbie was startled because she had never seen him burning with rage ever before. She had seen so many sides of him tonight.

"Smash the damn door!"

said to Tristan

Tristan motioned to the men behind him and a dozen men came forward and started smashing everything in their sight.

begged in tears, but who cared? Who would question Carlos' command?

noise inside, they didn't know exactly what happened. Hence, there weren't

of there. He and Debbie walked in a lane hand in hand, both keeping their mouths shut as

was thinking that since Carlos had found her, he must also know where she stayed. For

she called.

did he look back. He didn't

"Carlos Huo."

Silence.

"Mr. Huo."

no response. The

wanting to be ignored any longer, Debbie trotted ahead of him and blocked

cold glance at her, but remained

saving me tonight," she said politely.

took off his suit jacket, and draped it over her dirty white casual jacket.

picked her up, carried her in his arms

had a man treated her this way. He treated her as if

"Old man—"

lose all the courage she had to continue with what she was trying to say. He sounded

as I thought. At least she got herself a room facing

down, locked the door, and next...

his hand and

he answered

she fell into a deep pit of confusion. When she realized what he literally

cursed in her heart. "No, don't. Old man, I apologize. I'm sorry.