

Mr Carlos 7

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 7 I Don't Want To Be Mrs. Huo

An obnoxious sneer crept up to Olga's profile as she laughed at Debbie. "What an ignorant girl! Tell you what! The entire Shining International Plaza is Mr. Huo's!"

Turning to glance towards Kasie, Debbie stared at her blankly while Kasie closed her eyes and lowered her head, heavily sighing.

'Debbie, I don't even know how I'm going to help you this time... You've clearly insulted Mr. Huo so many times...' Lifting her head up to look at Debbie, Kasie shook her head. 'I'm afraid I can't help you out this time... even if I decide to put my life on the line...'

Debbie glanced around the whole venue. Her eyes then took in the opulent view around her. Everything dazzled in riches; from antique paintings, precious artifacts, to state of the art furniture. 'Doesn't that mean I technically own this place as well?' A wide smirk took up Debbie's profile.

Then she roared with laughter.

All eyes were on Debbie as if she were a lunatic that had just escaped from a hospital. The crowd came to an agreement that there was definitely something wrong with her.

Only Emmett knew the reason why Debbie had started to act that way.

'So, you've finally realized that you're also a boss of this plaza?' The amount of wealth the Shining International Plaza would bring would have made some people go crazy with ecstasy. However, Debbie didn't let that thought get the best of her.

Upon seeing Debbie like that, Jared felt as if Debbie's body had been taken over by some evil spirit. Stepping in once again, he bent down, swept her body up from the floor and began to carry her upon his shoulder.

With her head upside down, Debbie began to observe that the floor had started to turn rickety and in a few minutes, her head started to spin. Only then did she fully grasp what was really happening. She immediately yelled in disapproval, "Hey! Jared! What the hell are you doing?!" Ignoring Debbie's statements, Jared continued to carry her. "Put me down! I can't let that pig speak ill of me like that!" she exclaimed. If Jared wasn't going to put her down, Debbie knew she could still win by having the last word. 'You got to do this, Debbie!' she said to herself in determination.

'You got to say everything to his hideous face! Frighten him by pushing through the divorce! Suggest it to him if he prefers to go to the Civil Affairs Department right now to get it done immediately! Say it!' Wearing a smile full of chutzpah, Debbie lifted her head up and pointed at Carlos, holding him in utter contempt. "Now, you listen here Car-- Mph?!"

Kasie placed her hand over Debbie's mouth to stop her words being further spilled, in case she added fuel to the fire. Flashing Carlos a smile, Kasie humbly apologized, "We are terribly, terribly sorry, Mr. Huo. Our friend here's a bit crazy today. We'll be taking our leave. Again, we're absolutely sorry for the ruckus our friend has made."

All the others did the same and apologized. So did Kristina and Dixon, which got Debbie fuming. "We're deeply sorry for such a scene, Mr. Huo. We'll be taking our leave."

received awkward glances as they made their way down to the underground parking lot. Reaching Jared's Mercedes car, Debbie was finally put down to her feet. Only then did Jared finally manage to breathe. "We... we ought to take Tomboy to a mental hospital..." Jared panted. Exhaustion was present on his body as he had to carry Debbie to prevent her from doing anything that could get them into further trouble. "We should... try to contact the president of that hospital..." Jared continued amidst catching his breath, "and say we have a special case that needs to be attended to immediately." With Jared's body finally giving up, he let himself fall onto the concrete floor and sit down to catch his breath. Silence dawned upon the group as all eyes pitied Jared as he did

pushed herself off of the car and held the exhausted Jared against his collar. Debbie

Kasie continued, "You do know who you were

her forehead in irritation. "I'm going home.

quite a long time and it frustrated Dixon to find out that Debbie remained unchanged, uninfluenced. Even after

embarrassment or remorse in her tone. "Hey Ja---" She shook her head. 'No, wait... Jared's car cost more than Kasie's... I should just borrow

of the car, Debbie called to Kasie, "Hey

to Debbie but, before handing the keys over, she had concern all over her face when she looked at Debbie. "Tomboy, are you

believe me," Debbie thought to

head, Debbie answered Kasie in reassurance, "I'm fine. The heat just got to my head. Also, don't worry. Mr. Huo won't make trouble for us." All Debbie wanted to do right

Carlos' number and started to compose a text message. "Carlos, I want a divorce! You

he goes after my friends? I mean, I already pushed his buttons... Yeah... I should change it.' Taking a deep breath, Debbie then started to compose another message. "Mr. Huo, please don't make trouble for my friends. I am sorry for

Also, I'm pissed at him, too.' Staring at her phone long and hard, conflicted about what message to send, Debbie eventually gave up

over the phone. As Emmett was Carlos' assistant, he must know something. Once Philip had mailed Emmett's digits over to Debbie, she proceeded to

home as his boss, Carlos, had instructed. He answered the call

This is

in the passenger's seat. He cleared his throat and greeted, "Hi,

Emmett's greeting immediately caught

Mrs. Huo anymore, so I'd like for you to

"Since the divorce isn't decided yet, according

can I ask you something? Mr. Huo's not irritated with my friends, is he? Did he order you