

**Mr Carlos 71**

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

**Chapter 71 Male Chauvinist**

At this moment, Debbie felt that Carlos was much more reliable and trustworthy than other men around her, such as Jared and Hayden. Hayden had admitted quite bluntly that he still loved her. Despite that, he wasn't there when she needed his help.

However, when she kissed Carlos on the cheek, he gently pushed her away, walked to the night stand and dialed the receptionist's number. "This is Room 1206. We need a med kit. Thank you."

Before he got a definite positive response, he hung up the phone hastily.

Debbie was startled. 'Really? That's how he usually asks people to do him a favor? I don't think he's going to get that med kit anytime soon, ' she thought to herself.

However, within three minutes, the doorbell rang. Debbie ran to open the door, and saw an employee of the hotel standing outside with a med kit in her hands.

"Thank you so much," she thanked her politely and took over the kit.

"You're welcome, miss."

After closing the door behind her, Debbie walked up to Carlos and gave him the kit. He opened it, took out some Q-tips and a bottle of antiseptic solution before leading Debbie to a chair. "Sit. I'll clean your wound," he offered gently.

"Really? Have you been trained in treating wounds?" she asked in utter disbelief.

He rolled his eyes and answered coldly, "I've served in the special force before. Cleaning wounds is a piece of cake to me. It's one of the most necessary skills we must learn."

"You've really served in the army before!" she exclaimed. Last time, she could tell from his standing position that he must have been trained for combat before. But she didn't expect him to have served in the special force. Her thoughts ran wild.

"Then why did you quit the army and become a CEO? Did you not like serving in the army?" she asked in confusion.

She really wished to see him in the military uniform. He'd be so handsome in it.

"It's a long story. I'll narrate it to you some other time." He unscrewed the lid, dipped a Q-tip into the solution and began to clean her wound gently.

A sharp intake of breath was heard. It was a kind of cheap solution, and gave her wound a stinging sensation. She surely seemed to be in excruciating pain. Every time he cleaned the wound with the Q-tip, she winced in pain. But still, she was much stronger than other girls in resisting pain. Other girls would have already cried in pain if they were in Debbie's shoes.

of breath. He was used to this kind of solution, but he forgot that Debbie was a girl and the pain might seem unbearable to her. His face softened as he said, "Sorry, I forgot to remind you that the solution might sting. I'll be quick. Just hold on." Then he continued

can handle it." If Kasie and Kristina were here, they would lecture Debbie about the way she

girls would certainly pretend that it was very painful and even shed tears to draw

acted bravely. She pretended as if it didn't hurt at all, and stubbornly refused to let him know the intensity of pain she

eyes upon the man who was focused on cleaning her wound. After a while, she couldn't resist her

a band-aid and was about to apply it over

she refused. 'It would look rather

insist on it. You can remove it tomorrow

you avoid

husband. It

effectively rendered speechless. 'Can't he be a bit amiable to me?' she wondered. She lowered her head

did, he remained indifferent to it. He ordered, "Go to the bathroom and take a shower. It's late, and we need to get some sleep. We'll be flying

spend a few more days here," she

robbed mercilessly. He knew it would be futile to argue with her on this matter, so he pulled her into his

struggled to set herself free and swiftly dashed towards the bathroom. "I'm going to

in the bathroom, Debbie finally reappeared and saw Carlos working

at this moment. She walked to the night stand, picked up the phone and

nothing louder than a

got over now." Hayden's voice came from the other

at the lake not far away, she sighed inwardly and

you coming back to Y City? I'll

I'm married. I don't want my husband to misunderstand our relationship. We better stay away

Hayden giggled and said, "Deb, I know you are lying to me. You are only 21. How can you get married this early? I know

voice and wondered whether he had heard their entire conversation. She had promised Carlos before that she would not send messages to Hayden again.

that man? Why are you with him at this late hour?" Hayden's voice

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### Chapter 72 Do You Dare Mention Carlos Huo

Carlos took a sip of his coffee and cast a cold glance at the girl in front of him. He regretted not sleeping with her last night. A wide smirk flickered at the corners of his mouth as he watched her anger grow.

"You're disappointed because I didn't make love to you, huh?"

The cocky manner of his question made Debbie choke on her drink. After some pause, she snapped, cheeks flushing red, "Save me that balderdash! I've never seen an insensitive jackass like you."

With a sincere heart, Carlos put his cup back on the table, leaned toward Debbie and said in a low, sensual voice, "I'm sorry I didn't satisfy you last night. It won't happen again. I'll let you be the captain of your boat tonight. You can shag all you want."

'I blew it! She only wanted to be on top, which is not a big deal. I should've agreed, ' he thought to himself.

He sat upright and added, "Well, I'll let you explore when we roll in the hay tonight. Fill that house with screams of pleasure till morning."

Debbie's face flushed even more at his needless lewd details. 'The shameless bastard doesn't even mind that his assistant is still here, ' she cursed to herself. With her head down, she retorted in a low voice, "Stop dreaming! I'm not sleeping with you. I'll spend the night in the dorm."

Carlos, however, tapped on the table with his fingers and stated, "Since we're a couple, it's time for you to move into my bedroom now. You need to get used to your identity as my wife."

"Forget about it! I'm moving back to my dorm on the campus. Already, Kasie and my roommates are missing me, while I'm here wasting time with you."

Putting on a serious face, Carlos nodded and said, "Got it. Thank you for reminding me."

Just when Debbie heaved a sigh of relief and thought he had agreed with her, he continued, "Thank you for reminding me that we're still sleeping in separate bedrooms. I know I shouldn't have neglected you for all the three years we have been married. From now on, all that will change. Whatever you prefer, I'll comply, for the sake of love." So far, he had already given her plenty of time, and he believed it was time for him to take her for a wife.

The more time they spent with each other, the more he understood her. If he kept waiting until she was ready to give him children, he might watch with envy while Damon and Wesley send their own to school.

Sometimes, he was a real pain in the butt. Tired of his bullheaded persistence, Debbie leaned over the table and reprimanded, "Stop giving me that bull-crap! Let's talk about something else."

should

birthday party?" she asked

up the iPad on the table, powered it on and placed it in front of Debbie.

a short bio of the birthday girl, Megan Lan,

There was

mean Carlos doesn't take the girl or

and arrived at the villa, Debbie received Kasie's call. They chatted on the phone cheerfully, Debbie opening up on how Carlos had come to rescue

In order to thank

would make love last night. After great foreplay with lots of kissing and touching, I was

seen such an unreasonable, arrogant man." "What happened?" Kasie asked with

free of blame, but I think, Carlos needs to work on his ego. At this rate, he might end up thinking a wife is supposed to be a mindless bootlicker."

Kasie in worry. After a long pause, she finally calmed herself down and said, "Deb, we are girls. And tenderness is our strongest weapon. Power has gotten into your husband's head, and he thinks he's in control of your love as well. You need to

complained, "Fine! I'll give it a try, if you say so.

you were the cause of the argument or not, you need to take the first step. Waiting for Carlos to apologize first is almost impossible, at least, judging from what I know about him. Once you've made peace, it would be good to start off on a high. That's the

me?" It

Kasie coaxed. "Are you

you didn't

the titillating way you put it that makes me doubt you. Jeez, you make me flinch,

love life I'm trying to save," Kasie replied.

shrink and a good friend, who won't sit on the fence and watch you and Carlos destroy your marriage,"

on that friendship, Kasie urged, "You know countless women in this world want to marry Carlos. Right now, you have the best chance to win his heart. Otherwise, you'll lose him. Anyway, you are a smart girl. I believe you'll hack what it takes to make him your man. Remember that time when you argued with Gail over that collar pin? You acted like a spoiled girl before

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**Chapter 73 You Are Not Going To Marry Gail Mu**

Debbie felt frustrated at Kasie's message. 'I don't have a problem, and I don't think Carlos is the problem!' she retorted in her mind. Quickly, she typed in the group's chat, "He and I are not that close yet, and I still need time!"

To which Kristina chimed in, "Debbie, I'm really curious. Who is on top? You or he?"

A clueless Debbie couldn't find a good response, so she pretended to ignore Kristina, but deep inside, a lot of questions were running through her mind. Not to make her clumsiness obvious, she clicked on the emoji for anger and sent it. After a moment's thought, she added, "Kasie, withdraw your previous messages. Don't forget we have two boys in the group."

Promptly, Kasie sent an emoji showing a speechless expression, and withdrew her previous messages.

Following suit, Debbie and Kristina also quickly withdrew their comments. By the time Dixon and Jared saw the group's chat, they only saw a thread of several withdrawn messages.

But Debbie's problems were far from over, as her Weibo account had been flooded with comments and messages.

The moment she opened her Weibo app, her phone buzzed non-stop with incoming messages like a switchboard.

When she checked at the end of notification tones, there was a total of more than 99 unread messages.

'What did I post on Weibo to attract all the incoming chats?' she wondered to herself.

Coming to her senses, she remembered her hurried post, which she had forgotten about when the group chats exploded.

The bad part was that a good number of people on the thread had copied Kristina's comments—"Do you dare mention Carlos Huo?"

As if this was not enough, some people even mentioned Carlos in the comments.

Another popular person on the thread was Jared, whose comment had racked up hundreds of likes—"Time waits for no men; just do it!"

A stranger commented, "In the sky the clouds float; it is Carlos' dick that I want."

This comment had the most likes on the thread.

in her husband. Triggered by the comment, she deleted it without hesitation.

with Carlos' admirers on Weibo, she got a text message from Carlos saying, "I need to work overtime tonight. So there will

begin arguing with Carlos. Playing along, she simply typed "Yes, Mr. Handsome!" and sent the message.

satisfaction, though he wondered why she hadn't put up

Moments and bumped into

comment left by a stranger with

and there was only one post

this

identity, she closed the WeChat app and began to chat with the girls

how the girls reacted. And sure enough, they would attack her immediately, often with epithets and zeal. 'The guy has quite some fanatical followers!' she thought to herself, and dropped her phone on the bed. The next morning, she woke up before daybreak got out of bed and walked was still fast asleep. Too sleepy to think, she also slid between her. Without opening her eyes, she turned to face him, made herself comfortable in were wide open. He looked at her, rubbed his arching brows time, Debbie was dreaming. Having a nightmare, to be lips. Then, he kissed her neck, her chest... Then Gail popped in she sat up only to realize, strangely, that she was naked and her pajamas were on the floor. But without stopping to think, she put on her pajamas and ran down the stairs. you don't care if I divorce you. You've already thought of marrying Gail Mu instead, but trust me, that bitch will screw like an eternity, Carlos looked away from the hickeys on her neck and asked in confusion, "Who is Gail Mu? Why would I divorce you? And why am the word "bitch" coming out from Carlos' was just a dream. In her dream, Gail married Carlos. At their wedding, embarrassment and murmured, "Nothing. Continue with your breakfast. I need to go back to stopped her by saying, "Freshen up and have breakfast. The stylists will she asked in disbelief. The party would start in the evening, so she thought the stylists would come here in the afternoon. "Uh-huh." He lowered his head and continued to eat his breakfast.

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#### **Chapter 74 Wear Dresses More Often**

Carlos selected a pair of high heels and some accessories for Debbie. Now, all that was left to do was put on the makeup. He looked at Debbie's bare face and turned to one of the stylists. "Light makeup."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

When the stylist was about to rouge her lips, Debbie stopped her, excused herself and ran up the stairs. After a while, she came back carrying a delicate box. She opened the box carefully, treating it as if it had her most precious belongings. "May I use my own lipstick?" she asked with a hopeful smile.

Inside the box were dozens of lipsticks of different brands and colors.

The stylist was a bit surprised by her request, but then nodded. "Sure. Why not?"

Debbie beamed and selected a pink one from the box.

Carlos walked up to her and picked up the box casually. He stared curiously at the lipsticks, and asked, "I thought you disliked wearing makeup. Why do you have so many lipsticks?"

Debbie answered indifferently, "It's true that I don't like wearing too much makeup. But that doesn't mean I can't have a few lipsticks."

As he put the box back on the dressing table, Carlos immediately remembered what had happened in the Shining International Plaza last time. Olga had snatched a lipstick set from Debbie and instead of siding with his wife, he had bought the set for Olga and even threatened to throw Debbie out of the mall.

'Oh my God! What have I done? Debbie must have felt so wronged back then.' Carlos realized the mistake he had made and wanted to make amends for the past.

Debbie was discussing the texture of the lipstick with the stylist. Little did she know what Carlos was thinking about.

Once she was done, she jumped off her chair and ran towards him. She gave him a sweet smile and asked, "Do I look good now?"

He was lost in his past memories and was somewhat absent-minded. Staring at her with blank eyes, he nodded without saying a word.

by her beauty, but he remained unaffected. She put the lipstick into her purse because she might have to fix her makeup later. The box was taken back safely to her

they reached their destination, Debbie finally understood why she

sea, they had to take a helicopter. When they reached the island, it was already dark. 'I really don't understand these rich guys. Why do they feel the necessity to hold a party on such a remote island?'

arrived, she soon

at the island and the ocean surrounding it.

European style villas and the classic decoration aside, the colorful flowers, the clean beaches

trees and flowers. The temperature here

the butler standing next to them. Debbie stretched her arms

warm breath on her ear as he whispered, "You should wear

complained, "I asked you whether I looked good in the

butler. He looked handsome in his white shirt. Walking closer to her, he swiftly pulled her into his arms and kissed her on her lips, without minding the people around them. "You are the most

compliment, but also because the butler was still standing behind them. She gripped

continued to tease her, "Are you saying

tiptoe and kissed him on his cheek once. "Will you let

quick peck on his cheek. He thought it was adorable and was reluctant to let her go now. He held her tighter

later, wait for me in my bed." Debbie didn't know whether to cry

voice brought her back to her

a couple was approaching them, arm

Carlos and Debbie in confusion. "Why are you two here together?"

how are you doing?" she greeted them. As she said her

the last time I saw you and Carlos, you were not on good terms with each other. Since when did you two become so close? Is there

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#### **Chapter 75 This Is My Wife**

Arm in arm, Carlos and Debbie sauntered forward to stand in front of Curtis and Colleen. Grinning like a possum eating persimmon, Carlos enthused to Colleen, "When Curtis proposed to you before us, you two showed off your affection for each other as well. We were so jealous of you back then."

At the mention of the loving memories, Colleen smiled so broadly that her round eyes were reduced to slits. Curtis smiled as well. Then they looked each other in the eye, eyes full of affection.

The couple seemed devoted to each other, something that Debbie greatly admired.

The envy on her face didn't escape Carlos' notice. He held her hand tighter. 'Debbie Nian, from this day onwards, I, Carlos Huo, will not have you admiring anyone else...' Carlos swore to himself.

Before any of them could speak, a young man's voice came from behind their backs. "Hey! Mr. Huo and Mr. Lu. I've heard a lot about you two!"

Turning around, Debbie saw two men, one in a black suit and the other in white walking toward them.

It was Jared's brother, the guy in white who had called. Debbie knew who he was, but they were not acquaintances.

The man in black looked familiar to Debbie. She remembered she had seen him once on TV, and he was a colonel or something. 'In real life, he looks much more handsome than on TV!' Debbie thought, letting her eyes settle upon the man's face.

She was really surprised to see them here. Who was this Megan Lan? Why did the four richest young men in Y City all appear at her birthday party?

When he noticed his wife was drooling over another man, Carlos' face soured. At once he pulled her into his arms and announced in a cold voice, "This is my wife, Debbie Nian."

The announcement caught Wesley off guard. Among the four of them, he was the youngest, and this being a big bash, he had probably come prepared to mingle. The first in the group of four to have a girlfriend was Curtis. His girlfriend, Colleen, was 28 years old, two years older than Wesley.

But Debbie, if his memory wasn't lying, was only a college student and was only 21 years old!

Still single at 26, Wesley felt dejected to know that someone five years younger was in a stable relationship. Reluctantly, he stepped forward to stand before Debbie and made a military salute. "Nice to meet you, Debbie. I'm Wesley Li."

was in a suit, it didn't look weird when he made the salute. In fact, he looked

startled Debbie, but she immediately regained her composure and returned a not-so-standard salute. "Nice to meet you, Officer Li. I'm Debbie Nian. I've practiced martial arts for years. I'd like to challenge you when you're free some

dramatically at

girl of Debbie's age standing before him and cheerily saying, "Nice to meet you, Officer Li.

resembled the girl when she smiled.

shortly after Wesley had

arm went numb for maintaining the salute posture for two minutes. However, Wesley remained staring at her, without a

really weird, but Debbie didn't

to stop Wesley from looking at her. His

that?' she wondered, but she noticed Wesley came back to

reached his arm to hold Wesley's shoulder and offered, "Let's

uncomfortable, Wesley threw Damon's hand

man when there're so many

sternly reprimanded Damon. Debbie couldn't help laughing out loud at Wesley's words.

it so funny?" asked Carlos, rolling his

guess he went mad because he's stayed in the army

were actually brothers who resembled each other very much in character. Meeting Damon, Debbie felt close to him as if she were seeing Jared instead.

playboy in your eyes? Fine! A playboy is

girl in light green ball gown and

long black hair

saw how she looked. She had beautiful blue eyes

'Wow, she's a

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## Chapter 76 Watch Out For Megan

"Hi, Aunt Debbie. What the heck? When did you and Uncle Carlos tie the knot?" Megan asked with an innocent look on her face. She let go of Carlos, came over to Debbie, and held her arm like an old friend, though this was the first time they had met.

Debbie gave an awkward smile. "We got married three years ago, but he was always busy, so we weren't able to go out on a date until recently."

"Oh, I see," Megan responded. Then she turned to Carlos and complained, "Uncle Carlos, this is all your fault. You guys have been married for three years. So how come we haven't seen her til now?" Carlos held Debbie's hand with a smile.

"You are right. Mea culpa. I'll make up for it," he promised while looking Debbie in the eye.

Debbie blushed. She noticed Carlos was flirting with her again and every time he did that, her heart started pounding.

When the group walked in, a throng of young people already packed the venue where the party was being held. Everyone was having fun.

When people saw them, the women went crazy. "It's him! It's Carlos Huo! And his friends too! My God! I can't believe I'm seeing Carlos Huo!" one of them exclaimed.

"Wow! They're so hot! I like all four. What should I do?" a second woman said.

"Megan was right. She really is tight with Mr. Huo. But who's the woman next to him?" another wondered.

"I dunno! Never seen her before, but she's gorgeous," their friend said.

Their discussion went on like that, making this or that comment, usually about their looks.

Later, the group split up. Damon was pulled away from his friends by two beautiful women. Curtis and Colleen went somewhere alone. Wesley left his friends with Megan while she held his arm. Only Debbie and Carlos stayed put.

A waiter came to them offering all kinds of alcohol. Carlos took a glass of wine from the tray. When Debbie thought it was for her, Carlos told the waiter, "A glass of lemonade, please."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

After the waiter had left, Carlos sipped the wine and asked Debbie, "There's food over there. Hungry?"

Debbie looked at him and asked,

"What's for you," answered Carlos.

Debbie was struck speechless. She looked around and everyone else had a glass of something alcoholic: Wine, liquor, champagne,

Carlos said. Simple, direct, and to the point. He didn't like it when she drank

Carlos to let

was served. She took the drink resignedly and followed Carlos to the refreshment tables. As usual cake was her favorite. She picked up a Hokkaido chiffon cupcake. After taking a

Carlos answered while leaning against

how much the four richest and most powerful young men spoiled Megan, Debbie couldn't help asking, "Who

"Megan Lan."

that.

you," Damon cut in, holding one tall, slim woman in each arm.

some fun," Carlos said to her

take Carlos' arm and walk into a room with him while they were talking and laughing. Debbie stared at the

hesitated about whether to knock on the door or not. To her surprise, Colleen was already

music echoed around the island. And the thumping could be heard everywhere. Tons of young people undulated on the dance floor, hypnotized by the pulsing beats and

where Carlos

woman into a hot, seductive dancing queen. She shimmied and stepped in time to the music. She wasn't the shy young woman anymore—she was a hottie on the

started to move her body. But Debbie wasn't really in a

was millions of miles away. She was thinking about Carlos and Megan. 'What are they doing in that room? Am

Debbie and whispered to her, "I thought the same thing.

could say anything back, Colleen was all smiles as she walked over to Curtis who was waving

the dance floor, Debbie watched Colleen

'What did she mean?'

on the dance floor. When Colleen approached him, he remarked, "I guess you didn't behave while I was away. Did you have

"Debbie and I had just started dancing before you brought me here and

want to go back? You can dance more," Curtis said with a smile. He knew Colleen better than anyone else. On the outside, she was quiet and tender; on

an eye on my boyfriend in case some teenage girl steals him away from me." Colleen meant Megan,

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**Chapter 77 The Fight**

"Debbie, if you become a superstar, I'll go to your concert," said one of the people on the boat.

"Why did you waste your talents going to Economics and Management School? You should have chosen a music school. You could be a pop star," another observed.

But Debbie framed their comments as complimentary to Carlos.

She thought they were trying to suck up to Carlos, rather than actually praising her performance. They'd been seen at the party together, after all.

After an hour, the boat came back and docked, but the party didn't end until after midnight. That was when Debbie finally caught sight of her husband.

But he was not alone. Megan, who was at his side with a smile, was seeing the guests off with him. He handsome and she pretty, they looked like a couple.

The sight of them being together upset Debbie. But she managed to check her emotions. She walked over to them and took Carlos' arm. "I'm tired. I want to go home," she said.

Carlos checked the time—it was already past midnight.

But before he could say yes, Megan cut in with a smile, "Uncle Carlos, I didn't come here in my car. I was going to crash here tonight, but everyone's taking off and I'm scared staying here alone. Can you give me a lift?"

Carlos wouldn't say no to such a small request.

Debbie's heart sank when she heard Carlos say yes. She smiled wryly before sitting on the sofa and playing with her phone while waiting for them to say their farewells to the attendees.

Finally, it was 1 a.m., and all the guests were gone. They boarded a boat and started their journey back.

When Debbie finally saw Carlos' Emperor parked close by, she was relieved, and started walking towards the car. She took it for granted she should sit in the passenger seat.

Before she could reach the car, however, Megan skipped to the car happily and opened the passenger side door. "Aunt Debbie, come on. It's late," she shouted to Debbie.

Debbie was surprised by what she was doing. 'Of course I know it's late. But what does she think she is doing?

If she rides shotgun, where am I supposed to sit? I'm Carlos' wife. Shouldn't I sit next to my husband?'

Debbie was pondering this, Carlos put his hand above Megan's head protectively when she got in the back door for Debbie. Standing next to the door, he stretched out his right hand towards the door in a gesture of

totally enraged. Her sleepiness had been banished. Why was Megan more important

"No. I don't want to get in your

found Carlos' car was the only one available at that late

door on the other  
notice his wife's bad mood. He walked around  
her eyes and answered in a cold tone, "Nothing.  
home after we drop  
and sat in the  
the car and sighed. He didn't understand her at all.  
other cars knifed through the gloom. The girl in the passenger seat  
seem all that perturbed by the situation. But he never embarrassed Megan by allowing awkward silence.  
He made conversation quite pleasant for the girl. And the way she was carrying on, you could tell she  
enjoyed every minute.  
approached a large, fancy housing community. 'This must be where the girl lives, ' Debbie thought.  
There were tens of floors in each building. The skyscrapers made Debbie wonder whether Megan's  
apartment was  
Megan was ready to get out. "Wait up. It's dark, and  
bitch! Is she your wife or am I? Why do you care so much about her? Her building is right  
patrolling the area, you jackass!" she  
you, Uncle Carlos,"  
back seat, back straight, eyes closed. Assuming that she was  
for twenty minutes, but there was no trace of her man.  
she started laughing. 'That bastard is  
past, she would have exploded with  
of Carlos, she held her  
car was impossible. She got out angrily and walked towards the entrance of the community.  
It was Carlos. Debbie gave a sneer and picked it up. "Mr.  
"Where are you?"  
should have stayed until after you two had sex? Or gone upstairs and watched?"  
end of the phone was silent. "Megan is a kid Wesley and I are fostering

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## **Chapter 78 The Gift**

Silently, Carlos tucked Debbie into the car. Then he buckled her up and closed the door before striding to the driver's seat.

But Debbie wasn't staying in the car obediently. She wanted to get out. Yet she had hardly unfastened the seat belt before Carlos got in and locked the doors.

Neither of them said a word until five minutes later. "If you are angry because of Megan, don't be." Carlos finally broke the silence.

Howsoever, Debbie didn't answer. Ignoring him, she closed her eyes and moved herself into a more comfortable position. She needed rest.

Stealing a glance at her, Carlos frowned. 'This woman is such a headache. What am I supposed to do with her?' he wondered.

As soon as the car pulled into the garage at the villa, Debbie jumped out, hurried into her room, and quickly locked the door from inside.

Eager to talk to her, Carlos followed her upstairs and pushed the door to her room, only to realize she had locked it from inside. For several minutes he stood there, knocking, but there was no response. Once more he forcefully tried to turn the knob. A futile attempt. Frustrated, he checked the time on his watch. It was past 3 a.m. already. 'I might as well let her rest now. Hopefully, she will be in the mood to talk when she wakes up tomorrow, ' he thought with resignation.

Back to his bedroom, though, Carlos couldn't sleep on the matter. So he called Damon and told him what had happened after the party, hoping that he could help him figure out what had triggered Debbie's anger. But Carlos left out some details, which he thought didn't matter. For example, he didn't mention that he and Megan stayed in the same room for a long time; that Megan took the passenger seat; and that he helped her with some math problems after he had escorted her to her apartment.

Therefore, Damon was also puzzled after hearing what Carlos had said. "Did someone offend her on the island?"

Carlos shook his head. "Obviously, it has something to do with Megan. I just don't know what it is."

He still remembered what Debbie had shouted when he came out of Megan's apartment.

"Oh, then she must have misunderstood your relationship with Megan. She is jealous. I think you two will be fine after you explain everything to her."

"I did. I told her that Megan was a kid Wesley and I are fostering together."

"And then?"

Carlos took off his shirt and threw it into a basket.

straight into her room and locked herself inside." It amused Damon how a girl like Debbie would be a threat to any man. How she would give a player like him and Carlos, the CEO sleepless nights was something beyond

couldn't figure out what Debbie

wild guesses. "Maybe she is just being unreasonable. Or she is very

didn't know how to respond

yet most effective solution is to do it, until she learns to forgive you." Damon was in a girl," Carlos

took Damon a long while to realize what he meant by that. And when he did, he jumped up from the bed and asked in disbelief, "C'mon, Carlos. You want to tell me you and Debbie have suddenly felt

Are you impotent? Between you and Debbie, could there be up!" Carlos cursed. "I never force any woman. I want her to want to you freaking calling me in the middle of the night?

does Adriana know about of the phone went silent, as if all of a sudden Damon's mind went blank. "Get was up to, Carlos looked out the window calmly, a closing over the phone.

at the party, but when she saw you go into a a fluster, grabbed his red suit jacket, and said, "Bro, either you spoil your woman without a limit or you subjugate her in that, he hung

it was already noon. Sitting in bed, she looked around her room, her head Carlos and Megan came flooding back.

came downstairs to have lunch. When the doorbell rang, it was Julie who answered. Tristan walked in and

"Afternoon

Huo bought these and asked

a designer lipstick brand she always wished for, but couldn't afford. At the price of a six thousand dollars per piece, it

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

**Chapter 79 Jealousy Reared Its Head**

When Tristan got Emmett's call, he had just returned to the office. Emmett's question caused him to think about the lipsticks Carlos had bought Debbie. In his opinion, a gift meant their relationship was okay. So he replied, "They're fine."

"OK. Thanks," Emmett said. After ending the call with Tristan, he called Debbie.

Debbie didn't realize she hadn't talked to Emmett in a long time until she got his call.

"Hi, Emmett," she said. She was about to go to Carlos' company to return the lipsticks when her phone rang.

"Boo...hoo... How... how are you, Mrs. Huo?"

Emmett cried over the phone, which made Debbie shiver. She thought something awful must have happened. "What's the matter?" she asked.

The next moment, Emmett asked cautiously, "Mrs. Huo, is Mr. Huo with you?"

"No. Why?" she wondered.

Hearing that Carlos wasn't around, Emmett stopped crying and his voice went back to normal. "Mrs. Huo, I was sent away to carry bricks on a construction site because of you. I've been in this dull, terrible place for a month. You can't imagine what I've been through. When you pour yourself a drink and look out the window of your comfortable villa, do you ever think of me? Does it hurt when you do?"

Debbie was surprised to hear that. 'Emmett? Carrying bricks? Because of me?

Why didn't Carlos tell me? I asked him about Emmett, but...'

"Sorry, I didn't know," she apologized.

"Now you know. I want my old job back. You're Mr. Huo's wife. Can you help me out? If you bring me back, I'll do anything for you. Anything," Emmett pleaded.

"Do anything for me? What about my husband?"

"Well, do anything for

but she couldn't promise that Carlos would forgive him. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he said that was fine. After ending the phone call, Debbie looked at the cartons of lipsticks, wondering what to do next. She had been thinking of returning the gift to Carlos. She intended to do so resolutely, so she would know that she couldn't be bought like that. She wasn't happy. But Emmett's phone call made her hesitate. She had to give

ZL Group later, Carlos had just come back to his office after a meeting with a

Rhonda received her at

trotted over to her as soon as she saw her. "Nice to see you, Miss Nian. You're here to see Mr. Huo, right?" Without giving Debbie a chance to say anything, she added with a

Debbie uncomfortable. She gave her a smile and said, "Okay,

entered the elevator. When they left the elevator on the 66th floor, Zelda, another of Carlos'

of reasons, this was the first time Zelda had seen her. She also didn't look happy to see her. She was definitely different from Rhonda. Colder, more distant. Debbie wasn't sure she liked her that much. It turned out Debbie's first impression was

we should take her to his

hadn't paid much attention to Debbie until now. Hearing what Rhonda had said, she sized

Debbie smiled, "Thank you!"

on the other hand, only gave her a sidelong glance before making

her lips at Zelda's back disapprovingly. 'What a rude bitch!' So far, she had met three of Carlos' secretaries, the other two being Rhonda and Tristan. Of all of

to the door of Carlos' office, Zelda knocked

the door open quietly and said

one step forward and saw what was

of sitting at his desk, Carlos was reading a file while relaxing on the sofa. Megan was at his desk. She was down her pen and came to the door when she spotted

my relationship with Carlos?' Debbie didn't like to think badly of Megan, but from what she had learned about

from his work. He dropped the

intimately held Debbie's arm and said, "Uncle Carlos, Debbie and I are almost the same age. Calling her Aunt makes

as she tried. Yes, Megan hadn't done anything to harm her directly. But there was this hostility in Debbie's heart growing minute by minute when she saw that younger

a wry smile and nodded at her.

anything else. He stood up from the sofa

pile of hardback textbooks. All signs that the girl was in school. The sight of it caused a strong sense of revulsion in Debbie's heart. She decided not to go inside. She turned to Megan and handed her the bags she had been holding all the while. "No. I just came here to give these back. Bye," she said to Carlos. It

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

#### **Chapter 80 Three Terms**

To ease the tension, Debbie took a deep breath and said, "You might be more open-minded since you grew up in Norway." Then with a delicate smile, she added, "But I'm conservative, and you can't behave like this again, Megan. Or else I may misunderstand you."

In response, Megan nodded and excused herself, saying, it would be better if she left, so that Carlos and Debbie could have some personal time alone.

"That's a good idea, considering your uncle Carlos is a married man. It's inappropriate for you two to be alone," Debbie cut in ahead of Carlos.

Then she winked at him and added, "Honey, I'll go back to school later. The driver can pick up Megan when he drives me to school."

However, Carlos didn't answer her back. Looking at Megan who was putting away her homework, he said, "Megan, I'll ask the driver to drop you home now."

"Who am I supposed to respond to between the two of you?" asked Megan, unimpressed by conflicting instructions.

Carlos shot Debbie a warning look and walked to the door, where he instructed, "Zelda, tell the driver to drop Megan home."

"Yes, Mr. Huo." On the spot, Zelda called the driver.

After Megan had left the office, Debbie turned around and was ready to leave too, when Carlos grabbed her hand. "Come in," he said.

"No. I'm not staying," she replied stubbornly, which came as a shock to the secretaries who had been observing what was going on in the CEO's office. 'Lord, did she just say no to Mr. Huo?' Anticipating their boss would explode with rage, they all pretended to bury their heads in work.

Everyone was afraid that they would be the victim of their boss' impending fury.

"I said, come in," Carlos continued in a colder tone, still holding Debbie's hand. The expression on his face indicated that his demand was non-negotiable.

However, Debbie shook his hand off and shouted, "I already said, no!"

She cast the man a glare and turned around. But the next thing she knew, her feet were off the floor, Carlos holding her by the waist and carrying her into his office.

"Carlos Huo, put me down! You sleazebag! I'll kill you! I'll..." The woman's voice trailed off when the door was shut.

and confused looks and lowered their

Carlos put Debbie down on the sofa.

and confined to the sofa, Carlos' body closely against hers. Humiliated and angry, she wanted to curse, but as soon as she opened her mouth,

scent on his body was so enchanting for a moment, Debbie

holding her. "Debbie Nian, you have been unreasonable. Don't push my buttons!" he said, breathing

in the eye and asked sarcastically, "Your

deepened. His hands gripping her wrists tightened. "I don't like repeating my words. For the last time, Megan is a girl Wesley

hit the ceiling. She tried to kick the man off her,

her throat

air, feeling as if her lungs had been sucked empty.

she didn't think it necessary for them to talk about what had been going on between them recently. "I

didn't move. "Are you done  
just a nominal couple after all. She shouldn't  
much into it," Debbie  
her to go.  
rolled her eyes. 'What  
did you give  
them?" she retorted  
and it pissed me off that you didn't appreciate my  
sneered, "Huh! Was it a must that I accept them? Get over  
loved the brand and colors, not to mention  
then she recalled Megan kissing Carlos and how calm Carlos had been. The kiss must have happened a  
lot of times and he must  
"You have no right to throw away gifts that have cost me an  
finally got a chance to negotiate with Carlos, who was trying to read what was