

## **Mr Carlos 8**

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

#### **Chapter 8 I'm Coming Back**

Switching off the earpiece, Emmett responded, his tone serious, "I'm sorry, Miss Mi. This is Mr. Huo's personal affair. It's not my place to talk about it. If you are interested about it, you may ask Mr. Huo yourself."

Ask Mr. Huo? One could only wish to have the nerve to ask about such things. "I see. Alright," Olga said in a deadpan tone. "I'll take note of that." Smiling bitterly, she turned to look at the car window, obviously fuming at Emmett's response and attitude. Even if she did possess the nerve to ask, it'd just be ridiculous to inquire about a man's wife. Not to mention, that wasn't just any man, it was Mr. Huo.

The very next day, Emmett arrived at Carlos' office with a few sheets of paper in hand that contained all the information he could gather regarding Debbie which was: an application form from her university and a simple profile.

The said profile only ranged with basic information such as age, university, and hobbies. Placing them on Carlos' desk, Emmett took a few steps back and waited for his boss' response.

Picking up the papers from the desk, Carlos skimmed them and what surprised Emmett was Carlos suddenly tossed them up in the air. He looked at Emmett in frustration, his voice booming throughout his office. "Is this all that you're capable of? Have I been too good to you recently?"

Such a sullen tone sent Emmett's heart pounding fiercely. Keeping himself calm and composed, Emmett bent down to pick up the papers and took the chance to take a deep breath. Once he did, he responded, "Mr. Huo, this girl is an enigma. This is all the information I could gather so far." A lie escaped Emmett's lips. In reality, he had shredded the rest of the papers and disposed of it.

"Get lost!" Carlos commanded. "Now!"

"Yes, Mr. Huo." Giving one last glance at the papers which Carlos had swept off his desk, Emmett fled his boss' office as quickly as possible.

When his office doors had reached a full close, Carlos' eyes fell to the image on the application form. In that image he saw, Debbie was free from any trace of makeup. Catching his attention

once more was Debbie's pair of round, glistening eyes. Strange to say, Carlos felt as if Debbie's eyes were speaking to him.

Then, that displeasing memory crossed his mind again. That memory of how Debbie had kissed him. Instantly, he felt offended all over again. Rubbing his brows, he picked up a file from his desk and slammed it against Debbie's application form.

The image of Debbie was instantly covered up and out of Carlos' view, in which he felt he had hit Debbie across the face. Now, he felt better.

While Carlos eased himself once again into his seat to relax, a certain piece of information struck him once again. Sitting up from his seat, he gravely pondered, 'Her last name... Nian... Only a few people in Y City have that last name. What's her relationship with the Nian family?'

of thought was none other than the phone ringing on his

the now red leaf path, Debbie was with low spirits, not in the mood to appreciate the beauty of the season while the two people by her side, Jared and Kasie, were happily frolicking against the fallen  
speak with him regarding their divorce. Not one word had come from him.

one

"Debbie, I'm coming back."

successfully graduated

it now, what part of it concerned her?

her to forget about him. That time, she had grown so vexed

returning. It irritated Debbie as she couldn't help but be fixated on the reason why he had even told her about his

eyes fell onto her curiously as she had

what did I ever do to you?" a small voice responded. "What made you say I'm annoying?" Then a yelp was heard. "Ah!" A girl collapsed on the

her tracks, Debbie decided to take a closer look at the girl and the moment she did, she rolled

Debbie cursed internally. 'The hell does

actually fallen, Debbie looked at her with utter contempt. In a long, white dress, hair tumbling down to her waist; a perfect image of what a pure, innocent,

Debbie's thing. Rather, she didn't even want to breathe the same air as her. 'The hell?' Debbie thought to herself. 'We didn't even bump into each other! Oh, is this bitch really planning to

reddened. The boys that formed a crowd around the scene and expected a catfight already

all cast angry looks towards Debbie, but kept themselves silent. No one in the whole Economics and Management

have the decency to apologize?" Gail Mu feigned tears. "You even told me to beat it! How can you be such a bully!" A boy who incidentally saw the sight

to the color of the leaves in

hospital and have your brain checked!" Attempting to walk away from the situation only to be blocked by Gail Mu once again clearly started to set Debbie

turning dark, she continued, "If I lose, I'll make sure to never cross

not what

you like. I don't own the school. Rather, I don't really give a damn. What are you

