

Mr Carlos 81

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 81 Step Barefoot On A Porcupine

"I agree to your first two conditions. As for the third, keep it to yourself. Now it's my turn. This is my first condition," said Carlos as he kicked open the door of the lounge, entered the room with Debbie in his arms and locked the door behind them. He passed all the other furniture in the room adroitly. They zipped past tables, chairs, and a standing liquor cabinet before Carlos stopped at the bed. The richly-appointed bed was inspired by eighteenth-century designs, and featured round ball top bed posts. It was colored a beautiful black walnut, and ornate duvets covered the sheets.

"What condition is that?" Debbie asked. Looking at the king-sized bed adorned with grey sheets, Debbie had a bad feeling all of a sudden. She was not sure what was going on, but the bed put an image in her head, and she was going to try and forestall that as long as she could.

"I'll have to show you for how many minutes you should forbid me from being alone with Megan."

As he said this, he threw Debbie onto the bed.

In an instant, he was on top of her. Her heart rate skyrocketed. Before she could respond, the man moved her arms up, and held her hands above her head with his own hand.

She struggled, but was unable to move. "Wait, wait! I'm trying to discuss something with you. I'm not here for this!" she yelled, panicked.

"We can discuss it while we do this." He pulled the zipper of her jacket down, peeled it off and threw it onto the floor. It lay there, silent witness to the actions Carlos was taking.

'What's going on?' she mused, growing more panicky. And that was the thing. She was hoping he'd say something to ease her anxiety. Instead, his actions just scared her even more.

Suddenly, he stopped, leaned forward and looked into her eyes. He said in a serious voice, "Deb, I've already given you plenty of time. We've been married for three years, and I never laid a finger on you. I don't care about the past, but from now on, I want you to be my woman, physically and mentally. Understand?"

She didn't think Carlos had it in him. He never so many words at a time. This was the most he'd said to her in awhile. Debbie, however, was focused on the sentence—"I want you to be my woman, physically and mentally."

'He's going to have sex with me?! What should I do? Should I turn him down?'

With a red face, she stammered, "I-I understand."

To be honest, she had already mentally prepared for this when they were in J City. After all, Carlos was her husband, and it was normal for couples to have sex. They would have done it there if it weren't for their argument—they couldn't agree on what position to use. But now, she wasn't so sure. She wanted to talk to him, not do the horizontal mambo.

And so far, Carlos had been nice to her. The only thing he did that really ticked her off was maintain a relationship with Megan. And even that could be forgiven, as long as none of them crossed the line. Problem was, she wasn't sure that they hadn't crossed that fabled line. He'd generally treated her well—he made sure she was well-taken care of financially, and sent Phillip and Julie to ensure she was okay. 'All right. Fine. I can do this. He's my husband,' Debbie consoled herself internally.

But what Carlos said next sent chills down her spine.

"Don't be so nervous. This isn't your first time. I don't care whether you were top or bottom. But me, I have to be—" SMACK!

a slap echoed through the lounge. After that, time seemed to stop. There were no other sounds in the room. None at all. And she lay there, watching

to angry. He hadn't bargained for this. Not at all. She was his wife, damn it! She was his woman, and she had no right to turn him down. Not now. Not like this. Not after all he'd

first time," she finally got it. And that was not all. She now knew why he said "I don't care about the past." He didn't think

he knew she was his wife, he had always believed she was a slut who dated countless

stupid?!' She laughed, but tears streamed down her cheeks. These were not tears

jumped out of bed and shouted, "You asshole!" That word hung in the air between them longer than either of them would like to admit. Each person believed they had

and stormed out of his office,

and was about to leave when suddenly she saw Tristan standing there. He had his hand raised, poised to knock. Seeing Debbie in tears, he was

anyone. She bit her lips and ran towards the lift without saying a word. She couldn't. She just couldn't right now.

figure, Tristan wondered, 'Why the tears?

to the office, only to see his boss come out of the lounge with a stony face.

a cold glance at Tristan before he sat on the

Carlos had already seen him, Tristan couldn't just shut the door and leave. He swallowed hard and entered the office. He presented a file folder to

impatiently. "I asked you to investigate my wife. Do you

and was ready to accept punishment if necessary. Carlos hadn't asked him to investigate Debbie's relationships with other boys; he didn't dare

here and do what I told you to do," he demanded coldly.

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

her relationship with

Huo." Tristan raised his head and was on the point of leaving when he saw Carlos' face. A red mark? After a closer look, Tristan confirmed that Carlos did have a red mark on

Mrs. Huo slap

"Out!" Carlos thundered.

out of Carlos' office and went back to his seat. He took a moment to slow his breathing, and patted his chest to calm himself down.

first time Mr. Huo has been this angry. Last time he blew his top when we lost an order worth one hundred million,

Debbie. Even so, Tristan considered it a smart move

Debbie hailed a taxi and proceeded to the university. But she changed her mind halfway and told the driver, "On second

app and mentioned Kasie and Kristina in their group chat. "I'll be waiting at our old haunt. You again, Tomboy?"

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Chapter 82 Give Him A Slap In The Face

Debbie rolled her eyes at her phone screen where the nickname "C" flashed on it. She typed a message. "I'm a married woman. If you crack such jokes again, I'll definitely blacklist you!"

The guy, C, replied to her, "I want to be friends with you."

She felt bored after chatting with him, so she locked her phone and put it back into her pocket.

Debbie bent over the table and sipped her milk tea through a straw. A moment later, Kasie and Kristina walked into their old haunt, No. 99 Milk Tea. Debbie waved her hand to them lazily and called out, "Hey, I'm here."

Kasie sat down next to her and asked curiously, "I thought you weren't going to play truant again. Why did you bunk off school today?"

A few days ago, Debbie had told them that she wouldn't dare skip school again because Carlos would punish her if she did. They weren't expecting Debbie to go back on her word so soon.

Kristina was more considerate than Kasie. The moment she saw Debbie, she realized that something was wrong. "Debbie, were you crying?" she asked in a voice full of concern.

It was not until then that Kasie noticed that Debbie's eyes were red and swollen.

Debbie ordered two cups of milk tea for her friends before she cursed through gritted teeth, "Carlos Huo is such a jerk!"

Kasie immediately covered Debbie's mouth with her hand. "Shh! Look, I know that Carlos Huo is your husband, but keep those kinds of words to yourself. Do not curse him in public. If his fans hear you, you're definitely screwed!"

Debbie did not care for her warning. She shoved Kasie's hand away and snapped back, "I'm cursing my own husband. What does it have to do with them?"

Kristina approached her and whispered in her ear, "They don't know that Carlos Huo is your husband. A girl cursed him at an airport because she had failed to attract his attention. And that caught the attention of his fans. The girl ended up being beaten up and taken to the hospital."

gulped hard and exclaimed in a low voice, "That's crazy! If they found out that

better watch your language. " And she couldn't hold it anymore and burst into a fit of laughter.

tapped Kasie's arm, gesturing for her to not tease Debbie again. "Tomboy, tell us why you are in such

Debbie for years, and they had only seen her cry once after her father had passed away.

so many times because of him now. That bastard!" Although she hated to admit it, Debbie had

and Kasie shared a knowing

asked sighing, "Did you piss him

never make his girl cry." Debbie was puzzled by their lack of support. Kristina and Kasie despised men who made girls cry. But why weren't they taking her side this time?

and said in

not around, they wouldn't dare curse Carlos Huo in Y City. After

to console me. But instead, you have managed to make me more upset!" She waved her hand and dismissed them. "You guys should leave. I don't want to see you right now." She'd rather stay alone

with their milk tea at that moment. Kasie put her cup aside and held Debbie's hand in hers. "We were just joking with you. Don't be mad. Tell us,

said in an angry tone, "Do you still remember how Carlos and I had a fight in J City regarding who would be on top? I thought about it, and

her friends, it felt totally different when it came to her own life. She didn't know how to continue.

begin... he...uh...thought I was not...a virgin." She peeked at them through the gap between her fingers. They were looking at her eagerly. She continued, "He said that since it was not my first time, I shouldn't be too nervous. And he also

"He's such an ass! How could he think of me like that? He had even called me a slut once before

startled by the rattling of the table and

not many guests in the shop, but the employees were attracted by the loud sound. They

had done, Debbie gave them an apologetic smile and then lowered her head to take a sip of her drink.

chuckled. "So, you failed to get laid again?

she have sex with him after being insulted

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Chapter 83 The Slap

Debbie was speechless. She had originally hoped that Kasie and Kristina would console her and give her some advice. But all they did was support Carlos and even ask her to sleep with him. "I must have been blind when I made friends with you two! You betrayed me and changed sides?" Debbie rolled her eyes.

Kristina grabbed Debbie's hand and put it on her chest. "Tomboy, trust me. I was always your best friend... But that was before I knew that Carlos Huo is your husband. Now that I know the truth, I'm siding with him." Debbie retrieved her hand and hit her playfully. "Ouch! Hey, don't hit me. I'm just telling the truth."

The three of them made fun of each other and burst into laughter. Debbie felt more cheerful now after talking to them.

Kristina told some dirty joke again and Debbie instantly blushed scarlet and hit her arm. Kristina caught Debbie's hand and said, "Come on, Tomboy! Don't act like a kid! You are his wife, and it's perfectly normal for a couple to get laid." Debbie covered Kristina's mouth with her hands to stop her from saying anything more, and Kristina started tickling her in return.

Debbie laughed out loud, unable to tolerate the tickling torture. She waved her arms to stop Kristina. Kasie immediately held Debbie's arms and said, "Stop, you two! Tomboy, to be honest, you should feel lucky to have a husband like Carlos Huo. If he were not your husband, we wouldn't have gotten the VIP cards for the fifth floor of the Alioth Building. Why do you think he gave us the cards?" Kasie raised her brows at Debbie and continued after a pause, "It's as the saying goes, 'Love me, love my dog'. He wanted to treat your friends well because he cares about you! I wish you would look before you leap anymore. There must be some kind of misunderstanding between you and him. Why don't you two just sit down and talk?"

Kristina echoed, "Exactly. And that day, when we were having lunch on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building, he joined us. You two started showing off your affection for each other before us. We were so jealous of you! I still remember the way he looked at you. His eyes were full of affection. If it weren't for my dear Dixon, I would have already fallen for Mr. Huo."

Debbie rolled her eyes at her friends and snapped back, "I can't believe that you both are smitten by him. And here I thought that I could count on you to bring him down. Oh, my heart is broken." "Kasie and Kristina are so mean. Ever since they found out that Carlos is my husband, they seem to have forgotten what he had done to me in the past," Debbie mused.

Since that time when Carlos had gone to J City to rescue her, Debbie had been so touched and had forgotten the terrible things he had done to her in the past. But now, the memories came flooding back to her. 'He had his men throw me into the ocean. And he even threatened to bury me alive! The jerk!' she cursed inwardly.

"Deb, trust me. He is a good man, and you need to cherish him. I think you should be nicer to him. And tell me the truth—did you hit him this time? I really hope you didn't..." Before Kasie could finish her sentence, she was interrupted enthusiastically by Debbie.

She gave her a proud smile and said, "I did! I slapped him right across the face."

"What?!" both Kasie and Kristina blurted in unison, stunned by her confession. Kristina choked on the red beans in the milk tea and coughed violently. After she stopped coughing, she asked in disbelief, "Are you kidding me? Tomboy, did you really slap him?"

Debbie nodded nonchalantly and thought to herself, 'How dare he think so low of me! I let him off easy by only slapping him once!'

why are you always so impulsive? Who do you think Carlos Huo is? He's the richest man in Y City! No, the richest

hit him. It happened once when Jared took me to a wine party. I almost turned him into a eunuch by kicking him in the crotch." She could still remember how hard she had kicked him that day.

at Debbie, mouth

shoulder and said, "Tomboy, he hasn't killed you after what you have done.

her other shoulder and echoed, "Kasie's right. Go back home and apologize

couldn't believe her ears. She shook her head at her

to go home then. And she

she bid goodbye to her friends and left soon after. Kasie and Debbie stayed there until 9

closed at 10 p.m. At the entrance of the girls' dorm, many couples were hugging and kissing, unwilling to say their goodbyes for the night.

big big thing, if you leave me..." Debbie was about to enter the dorm when her phone started

from her pocket and was surprised to see the name on

her and asked with a frown,

instead of answering it. She held

Debbie dismissed it. Kasie was unable to bear it any longer and pleaded, "Tomboy, just answer it, okay? I'll lose my hearing

text message popped up on her phone. Upon seeing the text,

text said, "I'm waiting for you at the school gates. If you don't show up in five minutes, I'll

stuff to Kasie and said, "I have something urgent to deal

worried expression. She grabbed Debbie's wrist and asked, "Tomboy, who is

sure you want to

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Chapter 84 I'm Sorry

"Mrs. Huo? Haha! Women are lining up to be the next Mrs. Huo. How about we get a divorce and I give someone else the privilege?" Debbie taunted.

The car screeched to a halt with a piercing sound, which startled the girl in the backseat.

She swallowed and stroked her chest to calm herself down. 'I'm such a fool! Why did I have to piss off the guy behind the wheel? "Car crash victim" isn't a good look for you, Debbie, ' she told herself.

Carlos parked the car along the roadside. A few seconds later, he unfastened his seat belt, grabbed several bags in the passenger seat and left the car.

Then he pulled open the back door and got in.

Instantly, Debbie scooted over to the next seat to stay away from him. She was frightened. What was he going to do?

Without saying a word, he set the bags in her lap. She looked down and saw the shades of lipstick he had bought for her earlier. Even the carton of lipsticks whose packaging had been opened by Megan was in one of the bags.

'Did he buy me a new set? Or did he take the old set back from Megan as I said?' she mused.

As if Carlos could read her mind, he explained, "I got those lipsticks back from Megan except the carton she already opened. To replace it, I simply went to the mall and bought the same one again."

A myriad of thoughts flooded Debbie's mind.

Words left her as she stared at the bags.

She didn't know whether she should just give in and forgive him, or persist in ignoring his gestures. After all, she was still mad at him because he said she wasn't a virgin. How could he?

Carlos suddenly moved like a pouncing cat, and ended up hovering above her. His face was so close to hers that she could feel his warm breath against her cheek. Looking her in the eye, he said sincerely, "I'm really sorry. I had no call to say that." What he said was disrespectful. No wonder she was mad at him.

with the lipsticks early this evening, but Julie was the only one there to welcome him. Julie told him Debbie moved into her dorm. Somehow, he was

at the gates of her university. He called her more than ten times, but she rejected all of them. He had no other choice but to threaten

his car. 'Is it embarrassing to be with me? Why doesn't she want people to know that I'm her ride?' he wondered.

more satisfied when he saw her girlish

how she felt, but his sincere apology left her in a

too shocked to utter a single word. Carlos was amused by her reaction. It wasn't every day

the forehead and whispered in her ear, "I don't want to fight

a divorce count as fighting?' she thought

opened the back door. He

and careful that Debbie felt like she was a pregnant
the wrappings off a box of lipsticks and put the lipsticks on her dressing table. "Hey, old
undoing the wrappings. Sometimes it was a game, like how
was confused when she said that. 'Why is she mad at me
ran toward him and took the other lipsticks away from him. "Aren't these all
He pulled her into his arms, kissed her on the forehead and said, "Alright. Have
"

of her and walked towards the door.

"Don't think I'll forgive you just because you apologized and got me
words still stung.

softened. "I know," he said. He knew she was a stubborn girl and would not forgive him that easily. But
he believed that she would eventually forgive him if he treated her better. Maybe someday soon her
heart would yield to him and she would

and no one around to say it to. Unable to resist the siren call of

two piles—those she liked

decided to send those she didn't like to her friends. 'Kasie prefers bright colors while Kristina loves soft
ones. And auntie will love this pale mauve one! Perfect!' she

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Chapter 85 An Innocent Man

"Alright, alright. I'll take a bath. Now get out of here, will ya?" Debbie said. As the saying goes, "Those
who suit their actions to the times are wise." Debbie decided it wasn't a good idea to anger Carlos again.

He cast a cold glance at her before leaving the bathroom.

After locking the door, Debbie heaved a long sigh of relief. 'I thought he'd never leave, ' she thought. 'He
almost got me naked!' She pondered this as she stripped off her clothing and was about to settle into
the tub. It was quite warm, almost hot, so she put in one foot at a time, letting herself get used to the
temperature. But it was just right to wash away the aches and pains of the day. She finally got all in, and
settled into the tub. That was when she realized something was wrong. 'I'm the one who's mad at him.
Why should I listen to him?'

Getting out of the bathtub, she yawned. Then she took the body wash that Carlos gave her and foamed
up. Her hands left trails of foam as she ran them over her body. 'Wow, it smells like milk. I love it!'
Debbie could practically taste the shower gel.

Then she washed the foam away under the shower. Her skin was not as smooth as other young girls
because she had not paid special attention to it before. But after she applied the body lotion, she could
feel her skin was much smoother. She might have to make a habit of this. It felt great!

Looking at her naked body in the mirror, Debbie blushed and couldn't help touching her smooth leg.

'I need to pay more attention to my skin. Otherwise, I might age quickly.'

Shrugging on her night gown, she walked out of the bathroom with wet hair. She thought Carlos would be in the study working, but actually he was sitting on her bed, answering a phone call. What was he doing here? And why was he in here anyway?

The moment she appeared, he turned his head and fixed his eyes upon her.

Debbie sat at the dressing table, opened the tube of nighttime moisturizer and squeezed out some of the goo onto her hand. 'It wouldn't do to get all wrinkled,' she thought as she worked the lotion onto her cheeks, around her nose, her forehead, everywhere on her face. She glanced at some of the other products and decided the anti-aging SPF 20 serum would be best in the morning. Then she reached into a drawer and found her blow dryer. Then, gadget in hand, she walked into the bathroom once more.

While she was drying her hair in the bathroom, Carlos was on the phone with his assistant. "Tristan, I need three VIP cards for the spa on the fourth floor of Alkaid Building. Yeah, yeah. It's for my wife."

'Three? Oh, one for Mrs. Huo, and two for her friends.' Tristan got Carlos' point immediately and answered, "Yes, Mr. Huo."

"And build a lipstick research and development center in East District Manor, and prepare all the necessary materials. She's going to love designing her own lipstick.

Register a brand name 'Decar'. We might need it in the future.

Oh, I remember—she loves singing. So establish a music studio for her. Put a piano, a guitar, a digital audio workstation and other

Huo." Tristan was secretly shocked, though. 'Since when did Mr. Huo become a

nicer to Debbie. 'She likes martial arts, but I don't think she needs it anymore. After all, I'll protect her and find me something. It is a rough diamond of pale blue. I saw it at auction once.' The gem was pale blue and as clear

memory served him, pale blue was Debbie's favorite color.

Huo!" Tristan answered.

matter

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

and saw Carlos set his phone down on the nightstand. Standing beside the bed, she asked, "Not

answering her question, he reached out and

smelled like milk, turning

head and was about to kiss her on the lips, but she turned her head and the kiss landed on her cheek instead. He looked at her and

villa instead of the dorm like

normal for a couple to sleep

him, he picked her up and laid her on the bed. Debbie was about to struggle, but he turned off the sleep after you leave my

she felt all of his weight on top

he would continue, but he let go of her, turned around and lay beside her,

went down the stairs and sat at the dining room table, Carlos already finished his breakfast. He looked at Debbie and

was it again... It took a while before she finally remembered what her third condition was. It was hard to concentrate, with everything going on. "Um, I haven't seen Emmett recently. Do you know where he is?" Debbie went sober when she thought of Emmett, who must be crying and alone at

immediately realized what she was going to say. There was a reason for Emmett's exile, and his wife wasn't

up from his

ran toward Philip and grabbed Carlos' suit coat. She then ran toward Carlos and said with a flattering smile, "Let me help you put this on. Though we're a couple

she was interrupted by an angry Carlos.

helped him put his arm in a sleeve, and when she was about to help him with the other sleeve, she remembered she was still mad at him. She immediately let go of

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Chapter 86 Be Good To Yourself

"It's not what you think. There's nothing going on between Emmett and me. The day we met at Shining International Plaza, I only asked him not to tell you who I was. It's so unfair that he's being punished because of me. Can you forgive him and let him come back? Otherwise, this whole thing will weigh me down; I may not be able to lift the spoon at the dining table."

In her usual playful manner, Debbie forgot how important this was for Emmett and trailed off into a joke. Carlos pried her hand off and

left her with a terse message as he left for work—"Be attentive in your lessons."

Debbie felt frustrated. 'I begged so hard and he left me hanging? He didn't even say whether he had forgiven Emmett or not.'

After the yoga lesson, Debbie went back to school with the lipsticks. But Carlos' attitude bugged her no end.

In the dormitory, Debbie gave out the lipsticks to Kasie and Kristina.

Upon receiving those limited edition shades, Kasie held her tightly and gave her a peck on the cheek. "Tomboy, you are a goddess."

Kristina tried a magenta lip gloss. She looked great wearing that color. "Debbie, these lipsticks cost \$2,999 each and you gave me more than one. Why are you being silly? You told us you needed money. Why didn't you sell them online?"

Debbie propped her hand against her chin and answered, "I don't want to bother. Besides I don't like this color and you have been talking a lot about how you love it. So I thought it was perfect to give them to you guys."

Meanwhile, Kasie removed the fuchsia shade she had just put on and looked at Debbie mischievously. "Have you and your husband made up?" she asked.

Debbie hesitated, not sure how to put it. "Sort of."

She had every reason to be angry, but whenever she saw Carlos, she calmed down without knowing why.

"Making up is good, Debbie. You need to give your all to each other, and that can only happen when both of you are at peace. You have our blessing for that."

a big big girl, in a big big world..." Debbie's ringtone went off, interrupting them, right

Tristan," she

parking lot. Afraid that you won't take her call

items?" Debbie asked as

license plate 5566." It seemed Tristan was at the airport, as over the phone, Debbie could hear

my way. Thank

can also

of Tristan's words. At last, she took Kasie and Kristina with her to

of attention. Many students stopped to admire the sleek car. Some girls even fantasized about a Prince Charming behind the wheel. However, when they found out that the driver was a

woman in a black uniform lingering by the car. "Hi, are

Huo. I'm Ashley Ren, Mr. Huo's assistant. I came here to deliver some items

gossip, but she was amazed

here are three VIP cards for the biggest SPA on the

three girls were surprised to know what the secretary

three embossed boxes. She opened one of them, in which was enclosed a

a \$50,000 VIP card.

but I can't accept it. I'll stay by Debbie's side and

it was too embarrassing for her to

at Ashley Ren. "Please thank Mr. Huo for us. We feel honored to be Debbie's friends. But we can't accept these cards. Please take Kristina's card and mine back.

friends an approving look and observed, "Mr. Huo hopes that Mrs. Huo can have your company when other two girls heard this, for a moment, they couldn't frame a

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Chapter 87 Wounded

After Ashley had driven away, Debbie took out two embossed boxes and handed one each to her friends. "Here. I don't want to take the card either, but I guess we all have to. Besides, it's only a small sum for Mr. Huo anyway. He said if you don't accept the cards, then that means you don't see me as your friend. So, just take it, both of you."

"But Debbie. When we were on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building the other day, we had already accepted a one-million-dollar VIP card. We really feel embarrassed to take this one as well," Kristina said.

"I don't know. It beats me how that capitalist's mind works," Debbie responded, shaking her head. She could imagine how awkward they were feeling to be forced to accept VIP cards with huge sums of money in them, especially from another woman's husband. She would probably feel the same if she were put in the same situation.

"Never mind. Since Mr. Huo insists, let's just take it," she said to her friends.

That evening, Debbie decided to have a talk with Carlos. However, she was informed by Emmett, who had just returned, that Carlos had left on a business trip and wouldn't be back for at least a month.

With Carlos away, she was hoping to have some relief from her busy schedule. But it was not going to happen. Carlos had already organized a list of activities for her to do and bid someone to supervise her in his absence.

During the day, she had yoga and dance lessons. To make sure that she stayed busy, Carlos also arranged other various activities such as flower arrangement, tea parties, art exhibitions, bowling, women's baseball and so on. In the evening, she was expected to have either a milk bath or a rose petal bath.

Debbie was frustrated with this way of life. It was the lifestyle of an upper-class socialite diva and not hers. She wanted her own simple, easy life back. Just as she was about to go crazy, Carlos finally returned from the business trip.

He had been away for more than two months. At the start, they had texted each other on the phone. But when Debbie had complained to him about the lessons and activities that he had arranged for her, he had simply replied, "I did this for your own good." Debbie didn't contact him again after that.

Later, she found out that Carlos had put her name down for a dance program at her school's Solar New Year Gala. Debbie was so angry she gritted her teeth and felt like punching him in the face for it. But she didn't call or text him.

The day that Carlos returned happened to be when the Solar New Year Gala was held. Since the new year was on Sunday, the gala was held three days earlier.

Debbie anxiously waited on the stage dressed in a classical style azure dance costume.

When the curtains parted and the spotlight lit up the stage, the audience was stunned to see Debbie there.

jumped, moving her body smoothly

when Debbie had become

the dance finished, the audience gave her a standing

feel happy within herself. She smiled and bowed politely to the audience and then left the stage.

Changing back

ever speak to that dreadful man again. Even when he is not around, he still manages to torture me. He must be thrilled that the dance was such a success. It was all for him. I didn't want to do it, ' she

in. While she was feeling around in the dark for the light switch, someone held her from behind. She jumped back

and she knew instantly that it was him. Turning her, he silenced her scream

that something wasn't quite right. She could smell the unusually sweet metallic scent of blood.

the lights on. When she looked at Carlos, he was

was pale and sweating

number and tell him to come quickly," he said, trying to control his excitement at seeing

her bag onto the

quiet, especially from the press. Can you help me upstairs? The number that I

such a long time! Look at you! You've gotten yourself hurt like this. Somebody may think that I did this to you," she complained as she helped

to look at her. He touched her cheek gently. "I

had to endure for the past two months, while he was away on his business trip. Tears welled in her eyes.

"Carlos Huo, you're such a jerk! You kept controlling my schedule even when you were gone. All the things that you made me do are for

then don't do them

Debbie's eyes, his heart softened. He didn't want

that it was for my own good. Why are you letting me quit everything now?" Debbie had complained about it to him only once. When she got his response, she was so angry that she didn't contact infuriated her even more was the fact that he never called or

don't want to see you upset." Perhaps what she said was true. The classes and activities really didn't suit her. She was wild and free-spirited.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 88 Falling In Love

Carlos continued, "Megan was only twelve at the time and she watched her parents die. The horror was too much for even Wesley and me to bear, let alone for her, who was only a little girl. Stimulated by what had happened in front of her, her asthma had come back. She was taken to hospital soon enough to just save her life. It was a painful day for everyone. She could have died that day..."

Imagining the horrible scene, which was even difficult for a tough guy like Carlos to describe, Debbie immediately felt sympathetic towards Megan.

She now thought that Carlos had done the right thing by saving the girl this time, though he had gotten himself badly wounded.

Debbie banished all the negative feelings in her heart and said, "I'll go check if the doctor has come." Then she turned and walked towards the door.

Carlos didn't stop her. He slowly passed out as Debbie walked down the stairs.

A few minutes later, Debbie came back to the room with the doctor at her heels. As she saw the man lying there, motionless, his eyes closed, her body went stiff with uncontrollable fear. She ran over to the bed to check on him, and she saw that the bed was soaked with the blood from his wounds.

"Car...Carlos," she called. Tears welled up in her eyes the minute Carlos' name escaped her lips.

"Wake up! Please don't scare me like this."

She patted his face softly, trying to wake him up. "I'll be good. I'll attend all the classes you've arranged for me. I'll do everything you've asked me to do. Just wake up. Please!" she begged.

Carlos' eyes slowly fluttered open. Looking at the wailing girl by his bedside, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Really?"

Debbie stopped crying and nodded repeatedly. She sighed, relieved to hear his voice. "Yes, I promise. Just don't go passing out on me again, okay?"

The doctor got everything ready for his immediate treatment. "Mr. Huo, I'll stop the bleeding first," he said, swiftly getting to work on Carlos' wounds.

A trace of smile appeared on Carlos' pale face when he looked at Debbie's tear-stained face. "Be a good girl now and don't cry anymore. Wait for me outside, all right?"

To get out of the doctor's way so that he could efficiently do his job without any disturbances, she left the room quietly and waited outside.

Strong feelings surged inside her which she felt she had to share. Too anxious to wait to see her friends in person, Debbie decided to talk to them on the phone right away. She typed a confession into her message box. "I think I have fallen for Carlos Huo."

was the first to respond. "Isn't that quite normal? He's perfect! Even

wouldn't stop talking when it came to Carlos. However, Debbie didn't reply to her statement. There was too much going on in her mind at that moment. She had to spill it all out. She continued to type, "He has arranged a lot

phone screen. She had always hoped that sparks would fly between Debbie and her

huge appetite, but he never complains about me eating too much

her friends could tell that Carlos treated her

that he is cold and condescending, but when we

shock to Jared, who found it hard to connect the word 'gentle' to

Kasie and Kristina are my good friends, so when he buys VIP cards

each of them had more than ten VIP passes

mad when another woman sat in the passenger seat of his car. I got mad when he stayed in Megan's room for too long. I

me, ' Jared thought as he read her

he had rescued me. I didn't tell him this at the time, but I was really touched by his

always tend to be grateful to the person who saves them in an emergency.' In Debbie's case, that person

so much when I saw him wounded. All my

wounded?' everyone wondered when they saw

he has the most perfect body. After he found out that I'm his wife, he did everything in my interest. Why am I still hesitant to be intimate with him? Is there something wrong

herself anymore. She typed, "Your head is

by Kasie's words. She

rest of the group posted the Rolling On The Floor

text, "You're the one who is frigid in bed." Every time they got down to have sex,

his urge every time things went south or when Debbie wasn't in the mood. His self-control was beyond her imagination. In fact, she was so stunned sometimes that she suspected if he had some physical problem. But since

truly respected her and didn't

eyes again. She turned to look at the closed door beyond which Carlos was lying wounded; she thought of Megan.

why her husband was bleeding

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Chapter 89 Seduction

The fact that Debbie was Carlos' wife alone was enough to forbid Jared from wanting anything more than friendship from her. Even if he were the bravest man on earth, he wouldn't dare to cross the threshold with Carlos' wife.

Kristina sent a Heart-Eyes emoji, followed by her fantasy. "I want to sleep in Debbie's arms."

Dixon replied right away with a Worried Face emoji, "What about me? What'll happen to me then?"

The others hooted.

Later, two of the doctor's assistants came to the villa to bring some medicine to the doctor. They walked into the room Carlos was being operated in. After that, another wait of two hours was steadily breaking Debbie's resolve. No one had come out of the room yet and Debbie was so anxious to know what was going on inside that she was on the verge of barging in.

About a half more hour later, the door of the room finally opened and the two assistants walked out. "How is my husband? Is he going to be all right?" Debbie dashed towards them as soon as they stepped out of the room.

"Both of the bullets from inside him have been removed. The surgery is almost finished. Dr. Jiang is just performing the finishing work, making sure there are no chances of future trouble," they reassured her.

Debbie was a bit relieved now. "Can I go in there?" she asked.

"A few more minutes, please. Dr. Jiang will be coming out soon."

"Okay, then."

Fifteen minutes later, the doctor came out of the room. He removed his mask, looking exhausted. "The bullets have been removed and we've managed to stop the bleeding. But I think it would be best if you took Mr. Huo to hospital. After all, there is no proper medical apparatus in the villa," he stated.

"I see. Thank you, doctor," Debbie nodded.

Dr. Jiang didn't know exactly who this girl was, but since Carlos had kept her around especially when he was wounded, he assumed that she must be someone special to Carlos. Thinking of that, the doctor replied respectfully, "Don't mention it. Emmett and Tristan will be here in a minute. Please don't hesitate to call me if I'm needed."

"Okay, thanks. Please let me walk you out."

"I'll show myself out. You can go see Mr. Huo now."

"All right. Thanks, doctor."

to notice that Tristan himself was limping. It looked like his left leg was wounded as well. Debbie was concerned, but Tristan told her not to worry; the wound had

to rescue Megan. Both he and Carlos were wounded.

Her bedclothes were changed and for safety and hygienic purposes, the old blood-stained ones were next morning that

his eyes was Debbie sleeping beside him. She had barely

put his good arm around her shoulders and kissed her forehead.

was sitting on the bed perusing some files. She sat up still muddled in her sleep

something was wrong with it. Then she remembered Carlos coming back the day

the files aside and looked at her with tender eyes. She seemed

Megan," Debbie muttered in a slightly horrified tone. The fact was still too hard for her to

her cheek with one hand

she said resignedly. After getting out of bed, she prattled on. "I'm going downstairs for breakfast. Then we're going to the hospital. Dr. Jiang said your wound needed to

able to be on his feet already. And he looked like a million

to go to the hospital," he

head back and threatened, "Fine! Then you can ask Megan to come over

was left speechless. He recalled how tender and sweet she had been when she had danced on the stage the other day. Sadly, that side of her appeared only

her

the dining room, Julie was heating up the dishes for Debbie. She had already gotten a call from Carlos asking her to

"Hey, are you

doctor in. It would

was no medical equipment here and you would receive better treatment at the hospital.

and once again, Carlos was left nothing to retort.

plan on acting like this, then I'm leaving. I won't come

hardly taken one step before Carlos took her wrist and

assumed a serious look again. After prying Carlos' hand

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Chapter 90 In The Hospital

"Okay, fine," Carlos replied resignedly. "You know, I intended to have a passionate night with you yesterday, but this injury totally ruined my plans," he confessed. He had been patient with Debbie for a long time. If he waited any longer, he was afraid that something wrong could happen to his manhood.

Debbie gave him a glare and seized the opportunity to complain, "You should have known better than to get yourself injured. Maybe God doesn't want you to get your own way."

"If that had been the case, then my injuries wouldn't have landed on my arm. Deb, I can push myself up with one arm. How about we have a try?"

Debbie's heart was racing and she could hardly maintain her composure anymore. Carlos seemed odd to her today. He kept hitting on her and as if that wasn't enough to throw her off the mark, he was very handsy as well. Desperate for a way to contain her surging emotions, she stomped on his foot and snapped, albeit frivolously, "Keep your hands off me!"

Carlos was amused by the shy and annoyed expression on her face. He bowed his head and kissed her forehead softly before whispering, "Honey, I'll go to the hospital with you, but I think I deserve a reward for the trouble."

Hearing him call her honey again, Debbie couldn't help smiling and taunted quietly, "And what reward does this child want?"

"This, of course." He pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply on the lips. Nothing else could be heard anymore in the room except for the heavy breathing of the two.

Some time later, Debbie walked out of Carlos' room again with burning cheeks, looking definitely ruffled. She fetched a mask from her bedroom and asked Carlos to put it on.

Just as they were about to leave, Debbie reminded him to put on a pair of sunglasses too. After that, she took a glance at him and decided that everything was finally set now. They left the villa and headed for the hospital.

Emmett had already made an appointment for them with the doctor. In the consulting room, the doctor looked at Carlos' wound carefully and changed his dressing. It took about two hours to complete the process, after which, they left the doctor's consulting room. Debbie had been under the impression that they would be heading back to the villa immediately, but to her surprise, Carlos was holding her hand and leading her to the inpatient department.

"Where are we going?" she asked in confusion.

"The inpatient department. Megan was hospitalized and is being kept under observation."

Hearing Megan's name, Debbie didn't respond and just followed him silently.

Hardly had they reached the door of the ward before they heard the sound of Megan's laughter emanating cheerfully from inside, in stark contrast to the hospital's general ambiance. At that point, Debbie noticed an evident smile on her husband's face, and secretly, made a face in disapproval.

Wesley were already there. Megan was

she saw Carlos and Debbie. She ran towards Carlos, calling in a cheerful voice, "Ah,

released Debbie's hand and spread his arms to catch the girl. "Mmm, I'm fine. But you be careful. You shouldn't do anything strenuous

fine too. But Uncle Wesley won't allow me to leave the hospital,"

good." Carlos pulled her out of his arms and rebuked her, "Aunt Debbie is here

if she had just seen Debbie, Megan put on an embarrassed look and apologized, "Hi, Aunt Debbie. I'm sorry. I was too worried about Uncle Carlos. He

heart. "Don't. Uncle Carlos did the right thing in protecting you. After all, your parents

Uncle Carlos told

have secrets." Debbie took Carlos' hand with a smile, interlocked fingers with him, and looked up

her hand and met her eyes. Tenderness could be seen from a mile away in his

than happy to hear what she had just said.

did you guys come here to visit Megan or to torment us single people with your affections and flirting?" Damon retorted from the bed, fed up with the

looked like he had turned into a completely different person. Casting him

decade now. But you are not at all gentle to me. Worse

expression on his

me, how come you never visited me after I got injured?" Carlos retorted. All his friends

confessed, "Look. In my heart, Megan is much more important than you. It would be obvious to anyone that I would want to

was more important than Carlos, Megan laughed. She walked over to Damon, grabbed his sleeve, and appealed like a spoiled brat, "Uncle Damon,

his arm around Megan's shoulders and looked

been looking out the window the entire

can be discharged from hospital tomorrow." Wesley withdrew his gaze from outside and

pulled Debbie closer to him and sat down on the sofa with her.

door of the ward opened

Curtis greeted as soon as he