

Mr Carlos 91

Chapter 91 Be Careful

Before Megan could respond, Colleen said, "What aunt? We're not married yet."

Curtis walked over to stand at her side and smiled, "Do you think you can get rid of me? You're stuck with me, woman."

Colleen blushed and made a face at him. "I need to borrow Debbie for a minute. You guys go ahead." Then she took Debbie's hand and led her away to the door.

After they walked out of the ward, Colleen looked at Debbie and said worriedly, "About Carlos saving Megan, don't overthink."

"Okay," Debbie responded. but she found Colleen strange.

When they moved to the safe passage, Colleen stopped walking and reminded her, "Debbie, you don't have to get angry with Carlos because of Megan. That will save you unnecessary stress."

"Colleen, what are you trying to tell me? I don't understand."

Colleen laughed and said, "Right. I was so anxious I forgot that you had only seen Megan a few times."

Then she lowered her voice and said to Debbie, "I don't know what that girl is up to. You know what? Wesley's girlfriend, well, sort of girlfriend, got engaged to someone else, mostly because of her."

Debbie was shocked by the news. She knew Colleen was talking about Megan.

"Afterwards, Curtis and I argued a couple of times too. All because of her.

I don't mean to talk about her behind her back, but she's too manipulative. You never know what she is thinking. Anyway, be careful. Don't get into disagreements with Carlos over her. Otherwise, you will only give her what she wants. Okay?"

meant. "If she is so awful, why can't the four of them see it?" It struck her as odd that a whole four men still doted on Megan, even with full

In their eyes, Megan is an innocent, adorable girl. An angel.

she said was true, then Megan was really a horrible person. "I wonder what she is up to," Debbie said also keeps a technical distance from him. Sometimes it looks that she is into Carlos, but she never takes much initiative. But

Tired of trying to figure out what was

say a word to those four. Or else, they will think that we are scheming against their innocent, adorable little Megan," Colleen cautioned. Her last remark was full

can talk to you. Debbie, women know women the best. Between you, me, and Megan,

And adorable?' "Colleen, you can't be more wrong. Anybody can be innocent

met her, Colleen was such an elegant socialite diva; Debbie's memory flashed back to how the girl had dazzled at Megan's birthday party—a hot cougar on the

her next time?'

her head

Megan was lying in bed, surrounded by the four gorgeous

meet them. Carlos pulled Debbie away from Colleen to himself

put on a smile and answered, "We went

went to the bathroom together? Since when did you become

I really hit off. We may wear the same pair of pants some

around her, so she echoed, "Right. I'll try to lose weight from now

unhappy about what they had said. "My wife will never wear

pinched her. 'Lose weight? You should

Debbie, "In Carlos you have a model husband. Someone worth keeping

eyes at Carlos, whose hand was still sliding back

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Chapter 92 Carlos, I Like You

Debbie rolled her eyes upon hearing that voice. Gail was everywhere on campus, always following her like an annoying shadow. "What's it to you?"

Debbie retorted. She was wondering why Carlos hadn't told her he was coming here.

But then, a lightbulb came on in her head. She glanced at Gail, who was so excited to see Carlos that she was close to tears. 'No wonder Debbie keeps looking over there. It's Mr. Huo! I'm not dreaming! He's here! I'm seeing Mr. Huo again!' Gail thought, her eyes reddening.

The two men, Carlos and Curtis, were so handsome they made a magnificent sight when they stood together. More and more eyes were drawn to them.

Debbie patted Gail's shoulder. The girl was bathed in happiness now that she saw her dream man. "What?" she asked, so excited that the grin on her face didn't vanish even when she turned to face Debbie.

Standing next to Gail didn't make Debbie explode with rage this time, which was odd. She pointed at Carlos and said calmly, "Look. Carlos."

Gail rolled her eyes and snorted, "I'm not blind."

Ignoring her hostility, Debbie raised her voice and suggested, "Care to make a bet?"

"Why would I do that?" Gail intended to say "Have you lost your mind?" But she remembered she had a public image to maintain, and bit back that retort.

"Don't you always want me to make a fool of myself? I'm giving you a chance. Remember the last time you set me up and I ended up embarrassing myself at Carlos Huo's launch event? Now that he's here, are you really going to miss such an opportunity to humiliate me again?" Debbie coaxed her.

Gail moved closer to Debbie with an innocent, sweet smile on her face. But what she said was neither innocent nor sweet. "Of course not. I won't miss any opportunity to screw things up for you. It's so much fun," she whispered in Debbie's ear.

A few of her friends were with her. Debbie looked at them and said, "How about this? I'll go confess to Carlos again. If he doesn't turn me down then you'll have to apologize to me loudly ten times and sing "Bad Romance" in a public place.

idea hilarious. To help Debbie out, she held her arm and said anxiously, "Debbie, will be watching, after

tossed into the ocean to drown. She loved

didn't fall for Debbie's trick easily. She sensed that something was off. "But we aren't that close to Mr. Huo. How do we

saying. How does that sound?" Debbie had been seeking revenge

the other hand, urged her to agree. "Gail, that's Mr. Huo. If Debbie does this, she has a death wish. What could go wrong? Don't you want to see what he does? If he kills her, we get a show," a girl

'What a cold bitch! She even wants

Debbie fought over the collar pin.

"I hope he forgot what he said last time. He promised to bury me alive if I ever got

pitched perfectly so that Gail could hear

out of your mind, Tomboy? If he really said this, maybe he meant it. I don't want

broke in, "What

be surprised. "What? You agreed to it? I was just stringing you along. No way would

gloated. "You can't back out now, Debbie."

her and

deep breath and walked towards

Carlos, "Wesley has taken care of everything. Just take some time to recover and come back when you're ready. I always wondered why you agreed to

"I have to come. My wife is such a pain. But you—" Carlos had intended to ask, "You seem to care

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Chapter 93 I've Heard What You Said

Carlos had been a little unhappy about Debbie being late for class. But her confession of feelings filled his heart with joy.

However, when he looked at her, he noticed that she was staring at something. He turned back and noticed a group of students were watching them. Immediately, he realized that the confession was just part of some game his wife was playing.

But he didn't seem to mind. He pulled her back into his arms and said, "I've heard what you said. Now go to your class."

Seeing what was happening, Gail was so shocked she couldn't feel her legs anymore. She collapsed onto one of her friends and wondered, 'What on earth is Debbie's relationship with Carlos Huo?

Not only didn't he push her away, but he actually hugged her! There must be something going on between them.'

Having achieved her goal, Debbie wriggled out of Carlos' arms and apologized to Curtis, who was looking at them in disbelief. "I'm sorry that you had to hear my confession of feelings again, Mr. Lu. I'm going to my class now. Bye."

She had hardly turned around before Carlos took her by the wrist and said, "I'll pick you up after class this afternoon."

With her mind totally on Gail, she replied casually, "Um...

Okay."

Carlos watched as Debbie left. He was sure that his wife had just used him as a pawn.

But he still looked happy. Curtis laughed, "I should have listened to her and left."

Carlos responded flatly, "I'm going back to my company. My classes will be resumed next week as scheduled."

His wife was still a little imp. He had to put more effort into her.

Curtis patted his shoulder. "I'm looking forward to the day when you will address me differently."

eyebrows in confusion. "Perhaps, I should do

need for that. You will know it sooner or later. You just need to believe that I

into the vehicle

slowed to a stop when it reached Debbie. Then the black tinted window was rolled down and revealed Carlos'

what you could do to get me to forgive you for being

was around was stunned

he spoke to Debbie was

treat you to dinner?" Debbie quickly

bribery." He turned her down

window was wound

sped

the vehicle had left, Debbie's classmates surrounded her and bombarded her with questions about what her relationship with Carlos

Mr. Huo?"

you?" wondered another student.

she was texting Carlos, Debbie answered them casually, "Oh, about that. Well, once Gail apologizes to me and you guys sing 'Bad Romance', I'll

and the message read, "Mr. Handsome, I'm sprinting to the classroom

simply replied, "Do I need to show you the surveillance footage

face towards the phone, meant for Carlos. He indeed knew

a sad face and wrung out some

to do it as soon

do what Debbie had asked of her. So she took a deep breath and put her head

pleased as punch. Embarrassing the person that she hated really made

that would hear them. Gail wanted to chicken out. But the girls couldn't stand the suspense any longer.

They were eager to find out the juicy information about Carlos and Debbie. So they grabbed Gail and dragged her under the national flag and sang the

went viral on the school forum.

her relationship with

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Chapter 94 Let's Go Home

Now that Debbie had had her revenge on Gail, nothing else mattered. As for the man in the picture online, she declared, "That's not Carlos Huo. That's my boyfriend." She believed that making her relationship with Carlos public would only bring herself more trouble.

Hearing her words, her friends thought to themselves, 'Come on! That is Carlos Huo.'

The girl who had come to ask for Carlos' contact information left the classroom with doubts of her own.

Debbie took out her phone and complained to Carlos, "Mr. Huo, your fans are totally crazy. If they want your contact information, why didn't they just ask you in person while you had classes at school? Now

that they know I know you, they keep coming to me for all kinds of information. Not even half a day has passed and crazy fan number 33 found me in the classroom. This is madness!"

She didn't get any reply for a while. Half an hour later, her phone buzzed. "You should get used to it because I might make your identity as Mrs. Huo public anytime."

If he did that, more girls would try to find her. And this time, they would be pissed off that Mr Huo was off the market! She shivered at the thought of their reaction to the news. "Mr. Huo, please have some mercy on me. Let's keep this low-key. Just like how it was three years ago," she pleaded.

Carlos smiled at the other end of the phone. "Deb, it's too late for that now," he replied.

'The moment I lost my heart to you, I knew that you were the one. You are mine and you are not going anywhere. I want you by my side for the rest of our lives and I can't wait to tell the whole world that you are my wife, ' he thought to himself.

Debbie, on the other hand, was terrified by what would happen once everybody knew she was Carlos Huo's wife. She totally freaked out when another one of Carlos' fans ran excitedly towards her.

'Argghh! I can't stand this anymore. It's driving me crazy! Whoever wants to be Mrs. Huo, please be my guest. I'm more than willing to give the title away.'

But then she pictured another woman dining with Carlos, traveling along with him, having fun with him, sleeping in his arms... Just imagining those scenes was enough to upset her immensely!

That crushing feeling completely cleared her head. She knew what she wanted now. She shoved Carlos' enthusiastic fan aside and whispered to Jared, "I need money. Get me a job in some other bar. I need to sing."

Jared stared at her for a moment and then shook his head. "You know what? You're insane!

Your husband is generously rich. If this were some other woman, she would be busy enjoying her comfortable life. But you? You want to work part-time! What are you thinking?"

Debbie was frustrated. "There's something that I want to buy. It will be more meaningful if I buy it with my own money," she explained.

\$20, 000 left from the money she had made by drinking. It was enough to buy the thing that she wanted, but she could only afford the lesser version for that money, which wouldn't do. She only wanted

that truth. There was no hesitation in her. Since that was crystal clear in her heart now, she decided to show

stand the thought

find another job for you. But no drinking. Can you promise me that?" The risk was too high for Jared. Carlos would probably skin him alive if he found out that Debbie

my heart!" Debbie promised, patting her

she asked him about his day and showed concern about the recovery of his wound. She picked up his food for

sat down to eat, Carlos put some boneless fish on her plate and said, "There's no squirmed in her seat. That really

on her face. Then she said with a sigh, "No horror

Carlos agreed

Debbie. She was thrilled. But before she could swallow the next bite of her

Carlos would let her go with just making her watch the show. Her legs started trembling as memories of the previous incident emerged

and terrified by the show, she had hidden behind a column and played with her phone during the duration of the entire show. When she raised her head towards the end of the show, she saw Jared making out

that Carlos made sure that every one of his punishments was harsh and effective

wouldn't be spared. He was a cold man.

tender, flavorful fish tasted incredibly bland. "Is there any way

her a glance as he picked out the fish bones

dawned on her. She stood up from her chair abruptly and locked her arms around his neck. She then looked

her lips on his. Three times!

her get through, she thought. However, the man's face darkened and frowned. "Debbie Nian, did you wipe your

her lips and looked

too late for her. She could still make up for it. She quickly drew a tissue and was about to wipe her mouth when it hit her that it might be wiser to wipe the tyrant's mouth first.

mouth with a grin and

wrapped his neck from behind and asked, "Mr. Handsome, do I

much sincerity. Perfunctory kisses don't satisfy

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Chapter 95 What Are You Trying To Buy

"Wait. Just drop me here at the roadside," Debbie said. She didn't want to see Megan, nor did she intend to stop Carlos going.

Carlos looked at her and sensed the change of her mood, but he didn't know what she was unhappy about. "Honey, if those men take Megan, she will be in danger," he explained patiently.

But Debbie didn't respond.

When they arrived at the gate of Megan's housing community, the girl was cringing in a chair in the security guards' room, holding her legs.

"Megan!" Carlos called.

At his voice, Megan raised her head, ran towards him, and held him tightly. "Uncle Carlos, I'm so glad you're here. I was scared out of my wits."

"Don't be afraid. I'm here,"

Carlos comforted her gently. Seeing her husband holding another woman was bad enough, but his soft, warm consoling tone made Debbie feel even worse.

Some people used to say that her husband had a ruthless, cold soul.

But not to everybody, it seemed.

Gently he picked Megan up and carried her towards the car. "Open the door," he ordered the security guards.

"Yes, Mr. Huo," answered the guards in unison as one of them darted to open the back door quickly.

Then he turned to Debbie who had quietly stood by, watching. Thank God, he hadn't forgotten about her yet. "Deb, get in, please."

Debbie didn't want to get in the car.

Thankfully, as she was wondering what to do, her phone rang.

"Hi Tomboy, I'm calling just to ask where you bought the red wine last time," said Kasie.

drunk? Where're you? Okay, I'm coming to pick you up,"

away from her ear and checked

you are at home. Okay, stay put and wait for me. I'm

apologetically, "Sorry, Kasie is drunk at home. She is

Carlos didn't

feeling much better and I don't see the need to hold you around. I'll watch over

at the girl's nerve. 'This

she said and left in a

car and go back to the villa with you.' But till a cab stopped in front of her, he didn't call her or come to her to ask her to

a rest. I'll go—" He intended to

and said in a feeble voice, "Uncle Carlos,

need to

you have any of the drugs with you?" asked Carlos.

medicine, he turned to look for Debbie, but she

so upset he felt

in the cab and asked, "What did you call me

She asked instead,

"Not much. Where are you?

you where you bought the red wine last time. It really tasted great. Could we have some bottles delivered here?" Kasie asked without a pause. Only then did Debbie notice the

up. Then she called Jared. "Where're you?

job for you. Where else can I be?"

does not bark. He had taken a VIP card from Carlos, so he felt obliged to

"How is it going?"

has agreed to pay you \$1, 100 per hour. I was going to call you. When can you come for an two or three hundred a night.

her

The manager had heard from Jared that Debbie had a very powerful background, so he

beauty. The only shortcoming was her low-key dressing, which didn't go with the ambiance of

took to the stage, guitar in hand, one might have dismissed her for just another wannabe. But the moment she strummed the first chords on her guitar and belted out the first words of

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Chapter 96 How Could You

"I can't! I want to buy something with the money I earned on my own. There's no point in buying it with the money you or Carlos gave me," Debbie snapped back.

Sitting on the curb of the empty road, Jared raised his head to look at the dark sky and asked, "Where are you going anyway? It's late. And freezing. You're not going home?"

"No, I'm not. I... I'll spend the night in a hotel."

She really hated to watch Carlos and Megan show off their affection in front of her. She wasn't going to go home and be humiliated that way. And the dorm gates were probably closed by now. A hotel was her only option.

At midnight, Carlos got a text message that Debbie's credit card had been just used to secure a hotel room.

'I thought she was in Kasie's house!' he mused. Instantly, he called the hotel manager and asked whether Debbie was alone.

The manager answered honestly, "There are two of them."

After some pause, he added, "A girl and a boy."

Carlos was fuming with rage. So this was how she repaid him after everything he'd done for her!

He wasted no time rushing all the way there, pausing for nothing. Breathlessly, he tore into the hotel lobby. His livid face stopped the manager from saying anything. Holding breath, the scared man carefully led him straight to Debbie's room. He inserted the universal key card and opened the door.

As he peered inside, the manager was stunned at the sight.

It was the cheapest single-bed room in this four-star hotel. Debbie was sound asleep in the bed, while a big guy was curling up, snoring on the sofa. The sofa was so small that his legs hung over the sides.

Carlos kicked him in the leg. Jared woke up instantly. He was having a nice dream and this guy just ruined it. He threw back the quilt and jumped off the sofa, still fully clothed. Annoyed, he shouted, "Fuck! Who the hell— Car— Mr. Huo."

Upon hearing Jared's sharp, angry shouts, Debbie opened her eyes and blinked. She was still sleepy. 'Why is Carlos here?

I'm in the hotel, not the villa! I must be dreaming.'

off. Carlos wasn't interested in letting her do this. He walked up to the bedside and demanded in not dreaming. He IS

covered her head with the quilt and

was so hoarse Carlos frowned. Was she

Debbie and the quilt

to run off, but the manager blocked his way.

fear, Carlos scolded, "Jared Han, how could you?!" 'How could you sleep

believed that he needed to explain it. "It's freezing outside, so I stayed here. You

toward him, and Jared lost his nerve. He quickly cried, "I was wrong. I

him, but Debbie caught his arm and said, "I asked him to

It was below zero outside. She couldn't just ask him

They were in separate quilts with

tall that his feet almost touched her face. He was equally annoyed—he figured she was just being petty, and told her to just shut up

in the hotel. He knew Carlos would give him a hard time if he found out. But Debbie told him that

be there that long. He was just going to calm her down and leave after she fell asleep. He didn't
Carlos barged
warned Jared and left the hotel,
the room to make sure Carlos wouldn't be coming back. Then he asked the manager for a new quilt and
fell asleep
the villa, it was already 3 in the morning. She entered her bedroom without saying
her into her bedroom, but she pushed him out. "Megan's sleeping in my room,"
fuming with anger when she heard that. But she was too sleepy to argue with him right now. She just
climbed onto her bed
she woke up again, Carlos was not in her room. She cleared her throat and swallowed, finding that it
wasn't nearly as painful as
made her stop mid-stride and stiffen.
when she realized that Megan was still
but she didn't say anything about it. In fact, she greeted her cheerfully, "Aunt Debbie, here
Debbie answered
next to him away from the

Chapter 97 You Don't Need A Wife

"Debbie Nian!" Carlos called out her name with authority and it stopped Debbie from talking any
further.

She lowered her head and her lips thinned into a grim line.

Megan picked up a steamed stuffed bun and said, "Aunt Debbie, please try this. This is my favorite bun
stuffed with veggies. Uncle Carlos asked the chef to come here and cook them for me."

'Seriously? Are you not going to stop showing off his love for you? I'm sick of it!'

Trying her best to suppress her anger, Debbie replied coldly, "I'm good, thank you. I don't like buns. Why
don't you give it to your Uncle Carlos?"

Aside from the fact that she was pissed, it was the truth; she was not fond of buns. Though she didn't
really hate it, she would not buy a bun if it was her choice. Moreover, she had lost her appetite already.

Megan's hand came to a halt in midair as she pretended to be hurt by Debbie's words. "I... I'm sorry...I
didn't know that you..." Her voice trailed off dramatically.

Debbie rolled her eyes secretly and stayed silent. Carlos, however, picked up the plate in front of Debbie
and placed the bun on it. He then put the plate back and said in a curt voice, "Megan asked you to have
it out of kindness. Eat!"

Unable to hold back her anger anymore, Debbie banged her chopsticks on the table. "Carlos Huo, you will do anything to please Megan Lan, won't you? If this is how it's going to be, then you don't need me as your wife. Why don't you just marry—"

"Shut up!" Carlos thundered, his face dark and gloomy. Silence befell the dining hall.

Then he stood from his seat and demanded coldly, "Follow me!"

"NO!" Debbie cast a burning glance at the girl whose eyes were red now, and brazenly walked towards the gates of the villa.

came the man's cold voice

buy Carlos a gift, but now, she felt like he didn't deserve it. She turned around, looked him in the eye and said calmly, "After we've spent so much time together, I've realized that we

However, he had lost his temper a couple of times with Debbie. He had threatened her with her weaknesses and even left her alone in the cemetery at midnight. And just now, he had forced her to eat something that she didn't even like, all

than his own wife, Debbie decided to give up the position to her. Tears streamed down Debbie's cheeks, but she turned around so that he wouldn't

opened the gate and rushed out of

seat, his eyes closed. The veins on his forehead

was too scared to utter a single word. She had never seen Carlos lose his

Carlos calmed down and said to Megan in a flat voice, "Eat your breakfast. I'm

"Sure. But Aunt—"

"Don't mind her!"

shut her mouth immediately.

and Management

table

run into a sad and dejected Debbie at the school gate, so he had

her eyes settle

was puzzled by her look and asked, "Did I

her head and asked him, "Mr. Lu,

short pause, he asked her a question in reply, "Why would

the tea in her hands, she forced a bitter smile. "He is so

him a similar question in the past. Colleen had asked him, "Curtis, since you are so

are different. Trust me, Debbie. I've never seen a girl who has dared to act so boldly in front of Carlos except you. Do you think that he is incapable of harming you? Or that he is no match for you in

Chapter 98 Are You Trying To Apologize

"You know the story between me and Hayden!" Debbie said in an affirmative tone.

"Yes, I know. Last time, I was invited to a party, and he was there as well. He is now the head of the Gu family and has a partnership with ZL Group. Carlos also met him once," said Curtis. But he didn't mention that when Hayden had come to greet Carlos last time, the latter had ignored him completely.

"Uh, got it. Hey, Mr. Lu, can't you just answer my question? My curiosity is killing me! Why are you being so nice to me?" Debbie asked the question again.

Curtis shook his head with profound resignation. "Curiosity kills the cat. Fine, I'm telling you why, and please don't ask the same question again."

Debbie sat straight and stared at Curtis with a hopeful expression.

"I'm being nice to you because I want you to be happy every day."

Debbie sat still, waiting for his next words. But he shut his mouth, saying no more. Eyes wide, she asked in disbelief, "That's it?"

"Yes. What else do you want to hear?" asked Curtis, with one hand propped against his chin and eyes fixed into the distance. Obviously, there was something more.

'Why do I have a feeling he's being cryptic?' Debbie wondered.

What she wanted to know was why Curtis was so nice to her. Did he know her parents or something? But apparently he was not going to explain. Debbie gave him a fake smile and waved her hand. "Thank you for your advice, Mr. Lu. I'm leaving now," she said as she stood up to leave.

"All right. Get back to class. Also remember to go back home early in the evening."

Debbie rolled her eyes secretly. She was not planning to go back home this evening. Although she felt much better after speaking with Curtis, she hated to see Megan at the villa.

Meanwhile, at the ZL Group, the moment Carlos walked in, all employees could feel something was wrong. Gloom was written all over his face. Everyone got out of his way after greeting him, for fear that they might be the target of his tantrum.

Even in a meeting with the senior executives, Carlos still kept his long face. Hardly had the director of the Financial Department begun to report his work before Carlos lost his temper and scolded him with a vicious diatribe.

Other executives swallowed hard and tried to hold their breaths. As he ranted, everyone began to ponder what they would say to make sure their boss would not be triggered. But once Carlos had started, there was no stopping. Like a rabid dog he railed at everyone indiscriminately.

Emmett took a chance to sneak out of the meeting room and called Debbie. "Mrs. Huo, it's me, Emmett."

"I know it's you. I've saved your number." Debbie was leaning over the desk as she answered the phone.

"What happened to Mr. Huo today? Did someone offend him? Do you have any idea how to calm him down?" While he was on the phone, a girl stormed out of the meeting room with tears streaming down her cheeks. Obviously, she was also one of the targets of Carlos' tantrum.

wrong with him?" asked Debbie, equally

almost everyone in the company, including secretaries and the VP. I guess after the meeting, we assistants will be his next targets. Mrs. Huo, could you please do something

a bad mood. Is it

was not sure, so she answered Emmett, "It's of no use to call me. He won't listen to

listen to you, I'd be still stuck at the construction site, carrying bricks. Mrs. Huo, please do us the favor. You only need to

was amused at

"Mrs. Huo, could it be, his mood

"What?!" Debbie exclaimed.

she heard Carlos roaring at the other end of the line, "Emmett Zhong, get your

He rushed into the meeting room and

on and asked in a cold voice, "This is meeting hour. Whose call is that, still active

his phone behind

right. With a gloomy face, he snatched his phone away and his face changed

at Emmett, who was in cold sweat, and put the phone near his ear. "Yes?

to draw all the senior executives' attention. 'Who's on the phone? Mr. Huo's voice

shopping...and I saw a... I saw a... a book. I guess

to snatch Emmett's phone. What was she going to say?

you trying to

Debbie was about to hang up,

over the executives, whose

with Emmett's phone still in

an uproar. Everyone gathered around

miracle worker that made Mr. Huo change his

continued to scold us

and I have to keep it a secret. Please excuse me, I need

he realize he

saying that, he hung

'I'm still mad at him! Why would I call

call Carlos or not, she got

to think, Debbie dialed Carlos' number. When the phone was connected, she yelled,

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Chapter 99 Let Me Warm You Up

Debbie decided to take the bus back to the villa so she could change out of her blood-stained pants. She didn't dare take a taxi out of fear that blood might be left behind on the car seat.

Stepping onto the bus, she decided it would be best to stand in the back so that the other passengers wouldn't notice the blood on her light-colored pants. Luckily, everyone kept to themselves and no one seemed to notice anything was amiss. When the bus pulled up to her stop, Debbie quickly hopped off and walked for about fifteen minutes before finally reaching the gates of the villa zone.

Ignoring the aching of her stomach, she walked briskly towards the villa as to avoid crossing paths with the others who lived there.

Upon arriving at the villa, she opened the gate and heaved a heavy sigh of relief. It felt safer to finally be inside a familiar place. Quickly changing her shoes, Debbie quietly made her way into the living room, crossing her fingers that there was no one around. Luckily, the living room was empty. All she could hear was the sounds of Julie cooking in the adjacent kitchen.

Her luck was soon cut short, however, as Carlos walked down the stairs. The girl froze, hoping that he wouldn't look in her direction. But it was too late; he was staring at her intently.

Ignoring the man, she pushed past him, and tried to run up the stairs.

"Stop!" Carlos demanded. The anger in his voice caused Debbie to pause and look at the man.

Her stomach ached again, however, and it was a reminder that she needed to get upstairs. Turning her back on Carlos, she continued to make her way up the stairs.

Before she could get away, Carlos grabbed her arm. "What is wrong with you?" he asked. There was obvious worry and confusion in his steady voice.

Puzzled by this, Debbie turned to look at him.

He was staring at her blood-stained pants!

Her face suddenly went hot and red with shame. Needing to get out of here, Debbie tried to pull her arm out of his grip. "Let me go! It has nothing to do with you!"

The hand gripping her arm remained tight. "What happened?" Carlos asked again. "Did you get hurt?"

"I didn't..." Debbie hesitated, trying to find the right words to say to reassure him. But before she could finish her sentence, Carlos pulled her towards him. Yelling in protest, Debbie fell into his strong arms. "I'm taking you to the hospital now!" he announced firmly.

'What is wrong with her?' Carlos mused. 'She's bleeding, and instead of going to the hospital, she is running up the stairs to her room. What does she want to do?'

"No! Don't take me to the hospital! Let go of me! Listen—" Debbie was getting angry, as her pleas were continuously ignored.

Disregarding her resistance, Carlos scooped Debbie up in his arms and carried her towards the gates. While he was changing his shoes, she explained in a hurry, "I didn't get hurt, Carlos. My aunt Flo is visiting."

Flo? You have an aunt named Flo?" 'And what does her aunt Flo have

"No, I don't

"Your period?"

that Carlos still didn't

and take her outside, she couldn't bear

stopped walking, noticeably stiffening

put her down immediately. More precisely, she was dropped on the floor. Luckily, Debbie was quick enough to steady herself.

emotionless face, Carlos looked at both of his hands as if checking for blood. It was the first time he had been in such an awkward situation; he didn't know how to

no blood on your hands or on your clothes!" Debbie snapped, angered by his childish reaction. She had made an effort

the stairs to her bedroom. Carlos, however, continued to stand there,

and gotten

was reading a newspaper in the dining hall. Debbie was about to exit the villa when he called out, "Come

the kitchen and towards the girl with a smile. "Mrs. Huo, Mr. Huo said

Debbie was surprised. Not believing her ears, she turned to look at the man, who was intently reading the newspaper as if

walked toward the dining table and sat down. Seeing the hot soup in front of her, she gave Julie a sweet smile.

still warm. What do you want to eat for lunch? I'll cook it for

don't worry about it, Julie. I'll have lunch in the school canteen. You can go home when you finish your work." Debbie didn't plan to go back to the villa to have lunch, and she

right. Then have your breakfast," Julie said. After placing a bowl of porridge on the table, Julie went into hot, yummy breakfast made Debbie

empty dishes on the table, she picked up her backpack and walked towards the entrance of the

Not wanting to walk in this weather, she was about to take out her phone to call Matan, her driver assigned by Carlos, when

black Emperor car pulled up by the curb. Emmett got

car door open

from the car, ignoring the man.

forth between her and Carlos awkwardly. 'Were they fighting again?' he wondered. 'Mrs. Huo is so brave to turn Mr. Huo down like that. In all my years working for Mr.

grabbed her wrist, pulled her towards the car, and pushed her into the back seat, ignoring her

the back seat

gave Carlos a thumbs-up. 'Well

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 100 My Willful Wife

When Debbie heard what Carlos said, she sneered. "Haha! Don't tell me how to feel! Are you a control freak or something? Sorry, not today."

"And you're as impossible as ever!" Carlos commented. He didn't like to be disobeyed.

'Me? Impossible?' she mused. "If I'm impossible, then you're unfaithful!"

His eyes widened at her words. Rage flashed in his eyes. Finally, he said, "You've got a smooth tongue, and I want to give it a try." Before she could know it, he leaned toward her and pressed her red lips with his.

"Mmm..." Debbie tried to break free of his grip, but to no avail.

Realizing what was happening, Emmett coughed to conceal his awkwardness and then raised the partition of the car so that the couple could have a private space.

The passionate kiss lasted a long time, and Debbie seemed to be suffocating.

She didn't know how many minutes the kiss lasted, but it was not until she felt his erection that he finally let go. She sat straight, adjusted her messy clothes and pushed him away. "Get off me! God, you're heavy!"

Carlos, however, remained where he was. "Honey, I'll bang you the day you stop bleeding. You don't get it yet—I need you!" he said in her ear, voice husky from lust. More likely, he felt less like a man when a woman told him no.

Debbie's heart skipped a beat. She could tell from his expression that he was trying hard to fight against his desire. On the one hand, she thought she should just give in. After all, they might be the only couple in this world that hadn't had sex after being married for three years. On the other hand, this was her first time and she really felt nervous. "D-Don't be in such a hurry! I think we need to find a feng shui master to choose an auspicious day..." she stammered.

'I need to find a feng shui master before I have sex with my wife?' Carlos was amused by her reaction and decided to play along. "I think we also need a press conference to tell the world that Carlos Huo is about to sleep with his wife. Sounds good?"

"Uh...haha..." Debbie gave him an embarrassed smile and murmured, "That's not necessary."

He withdrew his hand from her sweater, sat up and kissed her lips softly. Her lips were a bit swollen from his long, passionate kiss. She was really turning him on! His voice softened when he said, "Honey, I was wrong. I shouldn't have pissed you off. Please don't be mad at me anymore. Okay?"

he had apologized, she heaved a sigh of relief and complained, "I must have been a playboy in my past life and you were a woman who loved me deeply and I broke

"I think you've got it backwards. That's why you're like

no idea why she was mad at him or how to cool her down. The only thing he could do was apologize. But was that enough? It is said that an apology without change is manipulation. Was that what it was? But Carlos

He figured if there was ever a couple that needed it, it was them. He was loyal to his boss, and more, didn't want to be exiled to that construction site again. But

smoking much less if he were frozen to the bone. Remaining in the driver's seat,

if he gets laid, he won't be so eager to torture me. If she can mellow him out, I'll take her

to kiss affectionately again. Little did they know what was

again, Debbie pushed him away—again. "Cut it out. I'm already late for class. If I stay here too long, I'll while exposing her lie. "Your class doesn't start

how was it possible for him to let her go so easily? Last night, when he slept in her bed alone, he felt very lonely. This was rather strange, because he had never felt that way before. He

the president. What if something urgent happens? What if your company goes under because you wasted too much time

need to make you happy before going to work. Otherwise,

burst into

would never have believed that an overly-serious man like Carlos would act like a spoiled child if she hadn't seen and heard it for herself.

on the earlobe and asked, "You're not angry

pouted her lips and in a soft voice said, "Well, you said you were sorry. I guess I can let it go." Now that Carlos had sent Megan home and sincerely apologized to her, Debbie decided to let him off the hook this time. 'Why keep it going?' she thought. 'It's just going to make both

felt happy and wished this moment could last

aren't feeling well, how about I call in sick for you and take you to my office?" Carlos offered. "I have a couch you could lie on." He had never paid attention to girls' periods before. It was Julie who had just told him that Debbie might feel uncomfortable on her period. Pain, particularly headaches and abdominal cramps, was one of the sad realities of menstruation. Julie once had a classmate who had the

her head and turned him down. "There's no need for that. We have a heater in the classroom." It would not be that painful if

hair and clothes, he reached out his hands to help her smooth her hair and adjust her clothing. Then

"Take the car on

she would