

TMBA 111

CHAPTER 111 BAD IN BED

Entering the villa, Carlos noticed that the light in the kitchen was still on. He didn't pay much attention to it and, loosening his tie, walked towards the stairs.

"Old man!" A girl's voice rang out, coming from within the kitchen. So he changed his plans, and made for the kitchen.

Debbie came out before he could enter, a glass of warm milk in hand. She offered it, and he took it from her. "Drink it," she said.

As Carlos accepted the glass, Debbie smelt something on him. Was that...alcohol?

Instead of drinking the milk, he pulled her into his arms with his free hand and gave her a passionate kiss. "Why aren't you in bed? Naughty girl!" he blamed, half-jokingly.

Debbie frowned. She hadn't imagined it. And now the smell of booze was overpowering. She realized that Carlos must have had more than a little wine this evening.

"You went out drinking?" She raised her head to look at him.

"Yeah. We landed a major account, so we drank a little to celebrate." A little? That couldn't be a little! Debbie pouted her lips and thought, 'So you won't let me drink, and now you come home drunk. This is so bogus!'

After draining it in a single gulp, Carlos put the empty glass on the table beside him, scooped Debbie in his arms, and carried her up the stairs.

"Wait, wait! I haven't even turned off the lights yet." Debbie pointed to the kitchen.

Without stopping, Carlos said, "Julie will handle it."

He had scarcely finished his sentence when Debbie saw Julie come out of the gloom and enter the kitchen carrying the empty glass.

Entering the bedroom, Carlos laid her carefully on the bed and leaned down close to her. He kissed her ear, her cheek, her mouth, her neck, all the way down her body. She normally enjoyed this, but the stench was beginning to make her nauseous. "Honey, you smell so good," he murmured.

'I know I smell good. You gave me your company's latest bath and body line, ' she thought. Unable to bear the strong reek of alcohol anymore, Debbie cupped his face and feigned anger by saying, "Get away from me—your breath stinks! Go take a bath!"

"Yes, my lady!" It was exaggerated, or perhaps exacerbated by his drunken state. In any case, he snapped to, and did as she bade him. He gave her a passionate kiss before getting up from the bed.

He pulled her up and demanded, "Take off my tie!"

"Hmph! Don't you know how to untie your tie?" Debbie had never done it before and began to study his tie. Taking in the over and under nature of the knot, figuring out where she'd start.

"No, I don't." He lied.

Much to his surprise, Debbie was instantly mad at his answer. She grabbed him by his tie and asked through gritted teeth, "Tell me the truth. Did you have some woman doing it for you?"

Carlos' jaw dropped.

He had no other choice but to give in and tell her the truth. "Well, I can take off my own tie myself. Usually Julie or Zelda helps me tie it."

Julie? No problem. But Zelda? Carlos' assistant who was partial to Megan? Absolutely no! "Why did you ask Zelda to help you with your tie?" Debbie pouted her lips, irritated.

Amused by her reaction, Carlos pulled her into his arms and said, "Fine, you'll be the only one who can tie my tie from now on. Promise. Okay, Honey?"

"Okay. I'll hold you to that. No one is allowed to touch your tie except me!" she warned him.

"Trust me!" He kissed her forehead. A loud laugh escaped his chest. He was in a great mood. And why not? Debbie was very jealous and possessive and he thought that was highly amusing. She should be. After all, he was a prize that any woman would be lucky to have. The fact that Debbie recognized that just made his day.

'My wife is the cutest, prettiest and most interesting girl in the world!' he thought.

Debbie finally managed to remove his tie, and while she was unfastening his shirt, a light bulb went off in her head. "Hey, I've heard my friends talking...The way they talk about sex, it's the best thing in the world. But all I could feel was pain the last time we did it. Old man, you're bad in bed!" Stunned, Carlos was left speechless for a while. That was a devastating blow for any man, especially someone like Carlos. His face was as dark as ink. He gripped her hands and gritted his teeth. "Debbie!"

His cold voice brought Debbie back to her senses. "W-What? Er... Did I say something wrong? Wait, wait. Hey...Honey...let go of me... Don't... Mmm..."

Now in no mood to take a bath, he pressed his body against hers. One of his hands undid her clothing, and the other was busy kneading her breasts. He would show her what he was capable of.

After what seemed an eternity, Debbie stretched out, and watched the man enter the bathroom. 'Wow. Why did I tell him that?

My whole body's killing me now!' She was too tired to move and just wanted to sleep.

In about twenty minutes, Debbie was fast asleep and dreaming. In her dream, a drooling Husky was licking her lips. She slapped the Husky across its face and yelled, "Fuck off! You stupid dog!"

But it was no dog, but instead Carlos. He had been slapped across the face and had just been called a dog by his wife. This was the last thing he expected. He was hoping to hear how great he was in bed. His face soured instantly.

He grabbed her waving arms and kissed her ear before saying, "Honey, look at me."

Debbie opened her sleepy eyes and got her head on straight when she saw Carlos' face. "Hey baby, I was wrong. Please don't be mad. I'm wiped out and just want to sleep. Let's just crash, okay?"

"No!" Carlos turned her down without any hesitation. He grabbed her jaw, forced her to look him in the eye and asked, "Debbie, am I bad in bed?"

That night, he had sex with her again and again. He even asked her the same question so many times the whole evening that she could only answer him again and again, "No, you're not bad in bed. You're incredible!" She kept hoping he'd just be sated so she could get some shut-eye.

It wasn't the first time Debbie had woken up with a hoarse voice. But it was the first time that her voice had been hoarse and cracked because of what she and Carlos did between the sheets.

Carlos got up, and then took her in his arms once more, carrying her to the bathroom. Debbie wondered if he'd finally let her go this time. But no, the glass door began to blur at the same moment the water from the shower hit the floor. A blurry image of two silhouettes intertwined in throes of passion could be seen through the frosted door. Heavy gasps, passionate moans, and affectionate words filled the bathroom as their bodies merged into one. It was almost dawn when Carlos finally decided to call it a day. He picked up a sleeping Debbie from the bathtub and laid her carefully on the bed. Then he took out a hair dryer and dried her damp hair carefully before he at last fell asleep, Debbie in his arms.

Debbie was awakened from her slumber by her phone. She reached out her hand to grab it and opened one eye to check the caller ID—it was Jared. "Hi, Jared."

"Hi Tomboy! Not feeling well? Your voice... Were you singing in the club again?" On second thought, Jared knew he was wrong. If Debbie had actually gone to the club last night, she would have called him so they could go together.

Debbie blushed when she realized why her voice was so rough. She shook her head and cleared her

throat before saying, "No, I wasn't at the club. And I'm feeling okay. I just woke up. What's up?"

She rolled over and then... 'Ouch! That hurts! Damn it, Carlos!'

"You just woke up? Look what time it is. It's almost 12! You weren't in class this morning. What would your dear husband say?" Jared asked.

Speaking of Carlos, Jared couldn't help complaining inwardly. 'He's Debbie's husband, and he should keep an eye on her. But he's even had me followed since he found us in the same hotel room together! What a jerk!'

This was true. If Jared made the slightest mistake at school, Carlos had standing orders for Curtis to drag him to the CEO's office of Hilton Group so Carlos could get on his case.

Jared was too scared to skip classes anymore, and he'd even get there ahead of time. His parents even wanted to thank Carlos for having made him into a good student.

But he didn't expect Debbie to be bold enough to skip classes. He'd sent her messages on WeChat, but got no reply. So he called her on his lunch break, only to find that she was still sleeping...

Debbie was left speechless. She knew very well why she wasn't in class, but to admit it... Yes, she knew, but was it right for her to tell him that? She turned it over in her mind a few times, trying to figure it out. 'How do I tell him the real reason I wasn't in class? And do I really want to? This is all Carlos' fault, the jerk! He tortured me all night just because I said he was bad in bed.' And she cried inside. She was weary, sore, and suffering for a terrible choice of words.

CHAPTER 112 IT CAN NOURISH YOU

Despite the fact that she had practiced martial arts for many years, Debbie was still no match for Carlos in stamina. Last night, she had begged him to let her go many times, but instead of giving her a break, Carlos had worked on her harder and even taunted her.

"I'm getting up now. See you later in the classroom. Don't call Carlos!" Debbie sat up on the bed, and blushed, looking at the clothes scattered on the floor.

"All right. See you then. You better hurry up. Otherwise, your husband will punish both of us again," said Jared. He was so scared of Carlos that he'd tried everything possible to stay away from him.

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, Debbie went down the stairs to have lunch. Just then, Carlos called her. "Deb, what are you doing now?" he asked in a soft voice.

Hearing the voice, Debbie couldn't help but remember what had happened last night. "I'm going to have lunch," she said through gritted teeth.

Of course, Carlos noticed the anger in her tone, and chuckled, recalling images of an alluring Debbie in

bed.

"Deb, you're the sweetest girl on earth. The kind of girl I never thought I'd find all my life," he teased. "Carlos, you're a flirt!" Debbie said, blushing even more.

The smile on his face turning into a thoughtful look, Carlos said, "Honey, I want to go home now."

"What? Now?" she asked in confusion. "Does the lunch in your company not taste good?" she added.

"I want to taste your sweet wine now. In fact I'm in the mood right now as we speak," he said in a suggestive whisper.

Originally, Debbie wanted to go to the dining hall. But now that Carlos kept on teasing her, she was afraid that Julie would hear him and decided to go to the balcony. "Carlos, how shameless you are! One more word and you'll be hauled over the coals!"

"Boo...hoo...I'm so scared. I don't want to get your rough side of the tongue. But how can you be so cruel to your dear husband?"

With an affected dismissive gesture, Debbie waved her right hand in the air as if chopping an invisible Carlos. "Are you kidding me? If you come near, I'll beat you to a pulp," she joked. "Anyway, I know where to hit you if I have to inflict the worst pain. You are an old goat with lots of fans out there on social media. How would it pan out if I leaked some juicy stuff to your fans?"

Not until she had gotten laid did she realize that she didn't know him at all. She had underestimated him all along.

"Ouch!" Accidentally, she bent and twisted trying to stretch her back, only to trigger sharp pain that reminded her of the crazy night they had together. She immediately cursed him again, "You're a bad egg! My whole body is aching. You jerk!"

A smile of accomplishment flashed across his face. "Honey, I was wrong. I'll be more gentle the next time we bang. And by the way, the sooner we can, the sooner your body will get used to it," he added with a giggle.

"Hey! It can't be soon. Sorry, but I need a break! I'll stay in the dorm this evening." The color drained from Debbie's face.

Carlos chuckled and coaxed, "Honey, I'm just kidding. Don't worry. Just go have lunch now. See you on campus this afternoon."

"Okay..."

Debbie went to the dining room and sat at the table. Since Julie was still cooking, Debbie opened the

WeChat app and read her friends' messages. Her jaw dropped. How the hell had she hit a total 99 comments in Moments? 'Oh my God! What did I post last night?'

By the time she clicked open the Moments after her brief surprised reaction, the comments had hit 123.

'Ah, I remember. Last night, I posted a picture of the skin care products on my dressing table.'

Among the comments, she had drawn both admirers and trolls in equal numbers. "Tomboy, it's my dream to have a dressing table like yours," read Kristina's comment.

Kasie commented, "Oh, I'm really so envious of you, Tomboy! You broke my heart and you need to be responsible for it."

"How I wish I could be a girl. Then I could marry a rich husband," teased Jared.

Without saying a word, Dixon, in his typical crisp manner, simply gave the post a like.

There was undisguised admiration in some other friends' comments, while a part of the comments was not so friendly. Gail commented, "Where did you download this picture? Give me the website, please."

Even Portia, who hadn't contacted her for years, commented, "Debbie, how have you been? I know you want to live an affluent life, but girl, this is a little too extravagant. No?"

Debbie knew that Portia always looked down upon her. Since they had added each other on WeChat, Portia had never given her a like, while she always gave Hayden the likes.

What she commented was implying that Debbie must have found herself a sugar daddy. Debbie fumed with rage.

She took a deep breath to calm herself down and replied to her comment. "Thank you for your concern, Portia, but you've gotten it wrong. I'm living a happy life now."

Another person commented, "Come on! What's the point in showing off these skin care products? They are worth about \$200, 000 only. They are not anything near the top brands at all!"

Debbie could still remember her. A former classmate from high school. Debbie replied, "You're right. They are worth \$200, 000 only. There's no point in showing them off." If she really wanted to show off her wealth, she could have posted her BMW, which Carlos had bought at a cool four million dollars.

In the picture she had posted, she hadn't exposed the brands at all. She had turned the bottles to their backs so the brands would not show in the picture.

She had been so happy to have them that she just wanted to share the cheer with her friends.

But now... her happy mood was ruined. 'Never mind, Debbie. Don't pay attention to those people,' she consoled herself.

Then she saw the comment from the man with the name "C", which said, "You want to go to the Maldives?"

She replied without hesitation, "Yes, of course." And she added a Proud emoji.

After Julie served lunch, Debbie put her phone aside and concentrated on her meal. But somewhere midway, a light bulb went off in her head. She picked the phone up again and sent Carlos a text message. "Old man, give me your WeChat account."

Putting down the chopsticks, she opened the Weibo app and followed Carlos.

Carlos must have been very busy—he had only posted two updates on Weibo. Done two a year apart, both posts were ads for the Hilton Group.

Despite this fact, he still had tens of millions of followers. 'This is so unfair!' Debbie thought. She had posted more than a thousand updates, but she only had about a thousand followers. She envied him.

She then searched for Curtis' Weibo account and followed him as well. He had millions of followers.

Then Colleen. Much to Debbie's surprise, Colleen was the chief editor of a fashion magazine. No wonder she always stepped out in those stunning outfits!

Just as Debbie sent a private message to Colleen, Julie passed her a bowl of soup. "Debbie, eat the soup first. It has taken me hours just to prepare it for you."

"Thank you, Julie. Wow, it smells so yummy. What a terrific cook you are!" Debbie flashed a sweet smile.

Honestly, she liked Julie very much. Since she had moved into the villa three years ago, Julie had always been there to take care of her. And they got along so well, much like sisters, despite the fact that Julie was only a maid.

"Really? I'm humbled to hear that. Anyway, eat while it's still warm." Julie was amused by Debbie's reaction.

Picking up the bowl, Debbie took a sip and frowned. 'It tastes a little weird. Sort of a herb, I guess. What did she add to it?' The way Julie looked at her with a satisfied smile only confirmed the suspicion. "Julie, what's in the soup?" she asked curiously.

"How do you like it? It's a secret recipe from one of my friends and it's very nutritious," Julie said, the smile on her face growing even bigger. "But that's just a tip of the iceberg. The recipe is an aphrodisiac, which will also increase your chances of conceiving a boy," added Julie, now, smiling like a complete

idiot.

"What?!" Debbie choked on her soup and coughed violently.

CHAPTER 113 I'M LIVING A HAPPY LIFE NOW

Seeing Debbie choke on the soup, Julie immediately picked up a tissue and cleaned the spilled soup on the table. "Why are you in such a hurry? Take your time," she said.

"Don't you guys try this on me again," Debbie cautioned, with a hand on her heart. Still a student, she had no plans to have a baby yet.

All of a sudden, she remembered something was not right—Carlos hadn't used a condom and she had forgotten to take her morning after pill.

Quickly, she gulped the soup and sent Carlos a text message. "Holy crap, old man! I didn't take my morning after pill. I don't know how I forgot that! Is it too late to take the pill now?"

Just before lunch, she had sent him a message asking about his WeChat account and he hadn't replied to it yet. But this time, his reply came immediately. "What pill?"

What was the name of the pill? She opened browser and Googled "emergency contraception". Scrolling down a few hits, she got it. Mifepristone! Quick as a wink, she copied the link, took a screenshot and sent him both.

Then her phone rang. "Debbie, there are two things here. First, it's already too late for the morning after pill. Second, I want a baby. I mean, you and I should be getting desperate to have a baby by now," he said in a firm voice that made his intentions crystal clear.

"What?! But why?" Debbie asked in disbelief. Was he already desperate for a baby?

"Honey, listen to me." With the phone in right hand, he rubbed his arching brow with the left and started to explain. "Deb, we're a married couple. If you got pregnant, it wouldn't be something to tense about. Gladly, I'd personally want us to keep the baby. Understand?"

"But...but..." she stammered. She didn't know how to make Carlos change his mind. After a long pause, she found a lame excuse. "You want a boy. What if I gave birth to a girl? Will you ignore her then?"

Carlos was slapped hard in the face by his own words. In a flat tone, he said, "I can't afford to be choosy over some things. Whether it's a girl or a boy, I'd welcome the baby with open arms. As long as you're the mother."

"But I'm still a student!"

"College students can have babies."

"But... you want me to study abroad next year!" Debbie felt somewhat thrown off balance.

"If you got pregnant, I would go abroad with you."

"But... but..." She had run out of excuses.

"No buts. What you need to do now is not take after morning pill, but hopefully look forward to having you up the spout. In any case, I'll be there for you. In short, worry not!" he declared with finality.

"But..." Debbie came up with one more excuse. "But I'm only 21. I don't really think I'm mentally prepared... to be a mother..." The word "mother" was forced through with a muffled voice.

The misfortune of growing up without a mother had been hard enough for Debbie. Wouldn't she have a difficult time trying to love her own child, something she'd never personally experienced?

From her choked voice, Carlos could tell that something was not right. After some pause, he said, "If you really don't want a baby, I'll have to use protection from now on. But as for the pill, it's a no. I won't allow you!

For your own health, I'll strongly advise you to stay away from that stuff. It's not good for you."

The show of genuine concern in that line touched Debbie at heart. For a moment, she heaved a sigh, rubbed her tingling eyes and murmured, "Give me some time, okay? I'll consider your words. Maybe, a little more time will help me decide."

It was not because she disliked children, but that apparently, she wasn't mentally prepared yet. What would she do with a baby, at her age?

"Honey, just relax, okay? We only had sex for two nights, and you were in your safe days. Don't let it worry you so much. All the same, if you got pregnant, I'd personally take care of everything. Whichever way, you need to take it easy, okay?" he coaxed her.

"Er...okay..." At long last, his words began to take effect. In fact she was getting teary-eyed, just listening to him.

'Thank you, dad, for giving me the best husband in the world!

Dad, you know, I'm living a happy life now, ' she thought to herself.

In Carlos' class that afternoon, Debbie fixed her gaze upon the man standing on the podium, with one hand propped against her chin. The affection in her eyes made Jared's flesh creep. "I didn't expect a tomboy like you to fall in love with a man. Stop staring at your husband like that. I'm afraid that he would make out with you right here right now..."

Smack! Debbie slapped Jared on the shoulder.

'What a jerk! How could he say that in class?' Debbie thought.

She then realized that she was overreacting and immediately lowered her eyes to look at the book, as if nothing had happened. But it was too late. While she had been staring at Carlos, many in the class had noticed him watching her as well.

Clearing his voice, Carlos turned to Jared and said, "The chap at the back of the second line to my left. Please stand up and answer the question."

Everyone turned to look at Jared. He cursed inwardly, 'Damn it! So Carlos is avenging his wife?'

While he rose slowly from his seat, he heard Carlos add, "Please tell us what you've learned so far."

'What's he up to?!' wondered an incredulous Jared.

Watching him struggle for an answer, Debbie giggled with mischief.

Jared turned to Dixon for help, but the latter looked away as if he didn't get his point. Jared pretended to clear his voice, but the exaggerated manner had the class in stitches. Eventually, he excused himself, "I'm sorry, Mr. Carlos. I think my memory..."

Determined, Carlos cast him a cold glance and ordered, "Stand there. The girl sitting next to him, please stand up and answer my question."

The girl sitting next to him? Sitting on Jared's right side was a boy, and the girl sitting next to him... Debbie?!

'Holy crap!' Debbie cursed quietly as she stood up. All through, her mind had wandered off to fantasies of her nights together with Carlos.

"What is AIP short for?"

Carlos' question surprised everyone in the class. 'Seriously? Such a simple question?'

Any jerk taking Financial at the university could answer that straight if woken out of sleep.

For a moment, Debbie had to suppress her laughter. Why was he using kid gloves on her? Anyway, she answered proudly, "AIP is short for automatic investment plan."

"Good!" Carlos praised her with a smile. The shallowness of the whole question made Jared curse. 'Come on, dude! Give us a break! Stop displaying how much you're crazy about Debbie when we are

here!

But if he thought the question was infuriating, Carlos' next words were even worse.

"Since the girl has bailed you out, will you please dance for her after the class? You can only stop dancing when she laughs," Carlos told Jared. Debbie couldn't stifle her laughter.

'At this rate, are we getting anywhere with our classwork?' she wondered.

The ridiculousness of the whole thing elicited quite some giggles and ripples.

Jared's face was as dark as ink. 'Carlos, you jerk!'

As if it weren't enough, Carlos continued, "Well, if you can't dance for her, then you should see me in my office after the class."

Jared had no other choice. "Mr. Carlos, I choose to... dance for Debbie," Jared said through gritted teeth, which sent the class into a hysterical bout of laughter.

When class ended, Carlos picked up his stuff, and pointing at the blackboard said, "Jared, you are a tall guy. You clean the blackboard."

Jared's jaw dropped.

'Again? Seriously? Did I owe him a million dollars or something?' he cursed in his mind.

Debbie propped her hand against her chin and looked at Jared who was cleaning the blackboard with a long face.

Kasie and Kristina approached Debbie and winked at her. "Tomboy, your husband is so caring."

Debbie flashed a sweet smile and said, "To be honest, I can't believe it myself. I really don't like him to dote on me like that, even using kid gloves on a hardened soul like me."

CHAPTER 114 DEBBIE'S BROTHER

Dixon tried to analyze Carlos' motives behind this. "I believe Carlos was trying to avenge you. He must have seen you hit Jared and guessed that Jared had pissed you off. He asked the both of you to answer two different questions. The first question was extremely hard while the second one was rather simple. That way, he could find a reason to make Jared dance for you when he failed to answer where you succeeded. He just wanted to make you happy. Wow, what a caring husband Carlos is!"

Debbie, Kasie and Kristina nodded at Dixon's analysis. Till now, his was the only one that made any sense.

Jared blew off the chalk on his hand and cast a burning glance at Debbie. "Did I kill your husband's grandpa? Why did he treat me like this?" he snapped furiously. "He not only asked Mr. Loftus to keep an eye on me, but also asked me to dance for you and clean the blackboard! From now on, I am going to keep you at arm's length. I can't afford to bear his jealousy."

Debbie rolled her eyes and snapped back, "Come on, dude. You are not my lover. Why would he be jealous of you? Just dance for me, now!"

Jared banged the table, fuming with rage at the thought of dancing for Debbie. He shouted at the classroom door as if Carlos were still standing there. "Carlos! I am going to remember this thing for the rest of my life. You know what they say? Revenge is a dish best served cold! You just wait and watch!"

Debbie wasn't too pleased to hear him shout a threat to her husband. "Jared, I've recorded what you just said. I think I'll send it to Carlos right now," she threatened.

The anger on Jared's face immediately disappeared. With a pitiful look, he pleaded, "Please don't do that, Tomboy! I'll dance for you right here, right now."

"Do it!"

A few students, who wanted to see Jared dance, stayed in the classroom, pretending to be studying. Jared, however, shooed all of them out.

He even wanted to drive Kasie, Kristina and Dixon out. However, Kasie held onto Debbie's left arm, and Kristina held onto her right. Dixon, who also wanted to watch Jared dance, cradled his girlfriend's neck. The three of them were determined to not leave the classroom.

Despite his unwillingness, Jared had no other choice but to start dancing.

To be honest, his street dance wasn't that bad and managed to impress everyone, except Debbie, who remained emotionless and even yawned.

Seeing an exhausted Jared, Kasie had an idea. "Jared, why don't you do Yangko dance*? I think that's going to be a lot funnier," she proposed with a giggle and even played a video of Yangko dance on her phone to demonstrate it.

(*TN: The Yangko dance is a traditional Chinese folk dance. Yangko dancers are usually women wearing bright and colorful costumes.)

Jared stopped dancing and covered his face with both hands, giving up all hope of ever escaping this humiliation. "Tomboy, if you refuse to laugh this time, we aren't going to be friends anymore!" he threatened Debbie.

Jared moved exactly like the women in the video were moving, and it was really funny to see a big boy

like him do the Yangko dance.

The other three burst into laughter this time, but Debbie still remained poker-faced—she was trying her best to suppress her laughter.

Just as the music was about to come to an end, Debbie finally couldn't hold it back anymore and cracked up laughing. "Hahaha! Jared, you dance like Logger Vick*! Hahaha..."

(*TN: Logger Vick is a character in animation "Boonie Bears".)

Just like Logger Vick, Jared was tall and thin. And he was wiggling his ass like crazy.

Jared heaved a sigh of relief when Debbie finally laughed. He turned off the music and sat beside her. "Debbie, would you mind if you had to divorce Carlos and marry another man?" he asked.

"Yes, I would!" Debbie blurted out without any hesitation. She was beginning to fall for Carlos completely now, and had forgotten that she had wanted to divorce him in the beginning.

Within a minute, Debbie received a text message from Carlos. "Tell Jared, I've recorded him dancing in the classroom. If he doesn't want this video to be released, then he'd better watch his mouth."

Confused, Debbie raised her head and swept her eyes around the classroom. Only then did she see the camera not far away from them. The camera was able to record both pictures and sound. So...had Carlos really recorded Jared dancing Yangko dance?

Jared looked back and forth between Debbie and the camera. Suddenly, he started having a bad feeling about it.

He pounced towards Debbie and snatching her phone, saw Carlos' message on it. Defeated, he slumped down on the chair and murmured, "Carlos is such a considerate teacher..." But in his mind, he was cursing non-stop, "Fuck you, Carlos!"

All that was left for him to do was leave the classroom, which he did, and Debbie replied to Carlos' message, "Did you really record him?"

"Of course not. I'm too busy to disturb myself with that nonsense," Carlos replied.

"Then how did you hear what he said to me?"

"I totally don't know what he said, but I know him well. He is not a guy who would be convinced easily."

Debbie admired Carlos very much. She typed on her phone, "Well done, old man!"

"Call me Honey!"

Debbie rolled her eyes, speechless.

After all the classes had ended, Debbie left the campus to go back home but was stopped by Gail at the school gates.

She ignored Gail and walked past her. Gail, however, grabbed her by her wrist and yelled, "Debbie!"

"Get out of my way!" Debbie shook off her hand impatiently.

"How dare you relate yourself to Carlos!" Gail came to the point. She had sworn to herself that she was going to find out this girl's secret today. Rumors had it that when Carlos had walked out of the Caspian Hotel, he had been carrying Debbie in his arms.

"Who do you think you are? This has nothing to do with you!" Debbie snapped.

Gail bit her lower lip and replied, "My mom told my dad that you had gotten married. Who's your husband?"

She had overheard her mother talk to her father and was really surprised that Debbie had gotten married at such a young age.

Remembering the strange interaction between Debbie and Carlos, Gail had a bad feeling that Debbie might have been married to Carlos.

"My husband is none of your business, Gail. Don't bother me with these stupid questions again. If you really have so much time, you should spend more of it with your parents," Debbie replied.

Gail's little sister, Sasha Murphy, was studying in another city. Although Gail here only, she barely went back home. Her parents really missed her sometimes.

"Is your husband Hayden?" Gail asked, ignoring what Debbie had said.

Upon hearing the name, Debbie turned to look Gail in the eye and asked, "How did you know him?"

When she had been with Hayden, she had kept it a secret from Gail, for fear that Gail might destroy their relationship.

"So I'm right, huh? He is your husband!" With a proud smile, Gail continued, "No wonder you can afford skin care products worth two hundred thousand dollars. He's from an affluent family. Congratulations! You found a rich husband. Then what about you and Carlos? What's your relationship?"

Gail was dying to know that. She didn't think Carlos could be Debbie's husband, because he had once asked his men to throw Debbie into the ocean.

Debbie was really annoyed and raised her voice saying, "Gail, one more word and I am going to beat the shit out of you!"

Scared, Gail took several steps back. Plucking up some courage, she asked, "Are you afraid of people finding out that you've cheated on your husband? I guess Carlos doesn't know you're a married woman, huh? What a bitch! You appear like an innocent girl, but actually you are a slut."

Despite the fury inside her, Debbie wouldn't lay a finger on Gail, as Gail was her aunt's daughter. She took a deep breath and walked past Gail. Gail, however, followed after her and coaxed, "If you tell me your relationship with Carlos, I'll tell you where your brother is."

Gail's words successfully stopped Debbie.

Few people in Alorith knew Debbie had a brother, who had been taken abroad since he had been a kid. Debbie only knew she had a brother, but didn't know where he was and why he had been taken away.

Before his death, Artie had told Debbie, "Now that you're Carlos' wife, I can rest assured. The only person I'm concerned about is your brother. Debbie, if there's a chance, please ask Carlos to help you find your brother. I am really worried about him..."

CHAPTER 115 WHO IS MY MOTHER

Debbie fixed her gaze on Gail, with a cold fury in her eyes. "How the hell do you know I have a brother? And how come you know where he is?"

With an increasing amount of her time being spent with Carlos, she was beginning to resemble him in quite a few aspects. Right now, her eyes were as intimidating as Carlos' when he got angry. Gail was scared by her strong aura and took a few steps back. She had once eavesdropped on her parents' conversation, but didn't know much details. She had mentioned it only to get Debbie to talk. "I know everything," Gail bluffed. "I know about your mother. Her family took your brother abroad when he was a baby. You weren't even born yet."

Mother... It was a taboo word to Debbie.

She grabbed Gail by her collars and shouted in a harsh voice, "Tell me more!"

"Let me go! What do you think you're doing, Debbie? I thought you had become a good girl now. But evidently, I heard wrong. You haven't changed a bit. You're the same bully as before!" Gail broke off Debbie's grip and adjusted her messy shirt in annoyance.

The last few days, Gail's classmates had been all telling her that Debbie had changed—she was now a good student and did not bully people anymore. Gail knew better than anyone else whether Debbie had changed or not. After all, she and Debbie had known each other for around twenty years. Gail had to

admit that Debbie had indeed changed—she had become a better girl, and this fact angered Gail even more than her relationship with Carlos.

"Tell me!" Debbie repeated through gritted teeth.

Out of fear, Gail had to give in to her. Despite her unwillingness, she started her story. "Fine... Your maternal grandfather was completely against your mother being with your father, and when they wouldn't listen, took your brother away from them. The next year, your mother gave birth to you. When you were two months old, your grandfather also took your mother away. That's all I know. I swear!" Gail had only heard this much before she had been discovered by a servant in her family. She had pretended that she had just come back home. As a result, Lucinda and Sebastian had no idea that their daughter had heard them talking about Debbie's family.

Debbie remained speechless for a long time, pondering on what Gail had told her.

'Why did grandpa forbid mom from being with dad? Why did he take mom and brother away from me and dad?

So mom didn't abandon us...'

When she came back to her senses and wanted to ask Gail some more questions, Gail spoke first. "Tell me the relationship between you and Carlos. Or I am just going to shut up and nothing in the world's gonna make me talk."

"We are..." Debbie's voice trailed off. 'No! I can't tell her about our relationship. If she knew about it, then the whole world would know.' So she lied. "What you saw is real. I like him."

Gail covered her mouth in shock. "You're a married woman. How can you still like Carlos? Debbie, you are cheating on your husband!" she accused.

Debbie cast a burning glance at her and snapped back, "Don't talk nonsense! I like him, but we didn't do anything unethical."

"Bullshit! I don't believe a word of what you're saying!"

"Whatever. I don't care. It's my turn now. Who's my mom?"

"I don't know..."

Debbie bombarded Gail with more questions, but all she received in response was Gail shaking her head with a confused look. Debbie could tell that Gail was being honest in her denial, so she let her go this time.

Matan was waiting for her with the BMW car. Debbie got in the back seat and lost herself in her

reflections.

'Should I tell Carlos everything and ask for his help?

But I'm not mentally prepared yet. Carlos, of course, is a powerful man and I believe he'll be able to find out everything—who is my mom, why did she leave me and dad...

I'm so scared to find out the truth. What if I'm unable to accept it?'

When she arrived at the villa, she didn't enter the house. Instead, she stood in the snow outside, her brain stuffed with her mother and brother.

Her father hadn't told her anything about her mother even before his death. Obviously, he didn't want Debbie to look for her.

All he had told her was her brother's name. But that wasn't going to be of much help in finding him, as there could be a million people with that name. What was more, it was highly likely that her grandfather had already changed her brother's name. Maybe her brother didn't even know his family name was Nelson.

Not until the headlight of an automobile lit up the place she was standing in did she come to herself. She raised her head and saw Carlos' Emperor car approaching.

The car pulled over and Carlos got out. He was wearing a black knee-length cashmere coat and a pair of black leather shoes. She could hear the snow creak beneath his shoes, but somehow, didn't feel cold.

His handsome face and perfect body shape drew all of Debbie's attention as he approached her. 'Wow, he is a sight to behold!' she praised him in her mind.

Standing before Debbie, he grabbed her hands, pulled her into his arms and chided her, "It's freezing outside. Why didn't you go into the house?"

He frowned as he felt that her hands were as cold as ice. He unbuttoned his coat, laid her hands on his warm waist, and wrapped her with his coat.

The couple stood in the snow. They were so close that Debbie could even hear his strong heartbeat. "Carlos," she murmured.

"Uh-huh?"

"Have I ever told you one thing?"

"What thing?" he whispered back.

"I really really really like you..." 'I've had a thing for you ever since the kiss in that bar. The more time we've spent together, the more I have fallen in love with you. I want to be with you forever...' she said in her mind.

Surprise and excitement hit Carlos as he heard this sudden confession. He lowered his head and rubbed her cheek with his nose. "Mmm..." he murmured in return. 'I love you too, Debbie.'

A love song suddenly came to Debbie's mind, so she started singing in a low voice, "I swear by the moon and the stars in the sky, and I swear like the shadow that's by your side. I see the questions in your eyes; I know what's weighing on your mind. You can be sure I know my part, 'cause I'll stand beside you through the years. You'll only cry those happy tears. And though I make mistakes, I'll never break your heart. And I swear by the moon and the stars in the sky, I'll be there. I swear like a shadow that's by your side, I'll be there, for better or worse till death do us part. I'll love you with every beat of my heart, and I swear..."

The sudden commencement of a song after her confession touched Carlos, as he began singing in the chorus, "I'll give you every thing I can. I'll build your dreams with these two hands. We'll hang some memories on the walls. And when just the two of us are there, you won't have to ask if I still care, 'cause as the time turns the page, my love won't age at all. And I swear by the moon and the stars in the sky, I'll be there. I swear like the shadow that's by your side. I'll be there, for better or worse, till death do us part. I'll love you with every beat of my heart..."

This was the first time Debbie had heard Carlos sing. His voice was so alluring she couldn't help but sink deeper into him.

She withdrew her hand from his coat and pictured his face with it. His face had well-defined angles—his forehead, cheeks and jawline. Although he didn't say it out loud, she knew he was confessing his love with the song. Joy gleamed in her eyes.

"Carlos!"

"What?"

"Promise me, you will never ever leave me." Debbie used to be a tough tomboy. But now, she just wanted to be a soft girl, standing in the arms of her dear husband.

"I promise you."

After saying that, Carlos lowered his head and kissed her right on her lips. Every time they had kissed, it had been more passionate than before, as if they were the only two people left in the world. He scooped Debbie into his arms, and carried her into the house.

As a germophobe, Carlos had a habit of taking a shower first whenever he got back home. But right now, the most important thing to him was to have sex with Debbie.

It was not until after wild sex that Carlos finally went into the bathroom with Debbie in his arms.

Debbie really had no idea why Carlos had been turned on. After she had heard him promise her that he would never leave her, she hadn't had a chance to say a word and had been scooped inside. 'He's such a jerk! Why did he have to ruin the moment and become the old goat again?'

The next morning, when Debbie was still sound asleep, her lips were pressed against by Carlos' and he whispered in her ear, "Honey, it's time to go to the airport."

CHAPTER 116 WE'RE MARRIED

Debbie turned in bed and rested her head on Carlos' arm, her cheek against his chest.

With the woman he loved sleeping in his arms, Carlos felt deep contentment at heart. What else could he wish for? Looking at her affectionately, he reminded her gently, "Honey, we have to get going. We can continue to sleep after we come back from the airport."

"Mmm..." she muttered, and buried her cheek deeper in his chest. "One more minute," she said.

"Honey, your mother-in-law's plane is about to land."

'Mother-in-law!' Now she totally woke up. Looking him straight in the eye, she couldn't help but smile at his handsome face. "It's great," she said.

"What's great?" asked Carlos.

Debbie locked her arms around his neck so that half of her body was on his. "This. Us. When I wake up and find you, my handsome, well-heeled husband by my side, it's the best feeling there could ever be. You complete my dreams."

"You'll get used to it, because you'll wake up in my arms every day."

"I want to, but it's impossible, since you're so busy. You have business trips from time to time. How am I going to wake up in your arms when you're not even at my side?" Once again, she snuggled closer and pressed her cheek against his chest.

The force of his heartbeat's throbbing made her feel so close to him. For the first time, since her father's death, she felt safe around a man.

Caressing her gently, he kissed her eyebrows. "If you like, I can take you with me wherever I go. You can go with me on my next business trip."

When his hand slid across her skin, she savored the slight ticklish feeling. "It would be quite an honor to go with you. I'd gladly follow you around like a shadow," she giggled.

"I'd like it even better if you and I became a part of each other," Carlos said.

Huh? The expression on his face looked familiar. "Get up. Time to pick up Mom," Debbie said abruptly, trying to divert his attention. But her bait didn't work. Instead, he grabbed her. "It's ticklish," she screamed between bouts of laughter.

Outside, the sun shone with an enchanting sparkle, especially after the previous day's dull, cloudy weather. From the willows around the stream, birds chirped pleasantly, jumping here and there among the boughs. It was a good day. Hypnotized by the beautiful music of nature all around him, Carlos savored how Debbie's mellow laughter blended into the symphony.

At the entrance to the arrival terminal of the airport, two Bentleys came to a halt. In the driver's seat of the one in front was Emmett. He got out first, trotted to the left back door and opened it respectfully. A pair of feet in brand-new black leather shoes stretched out and stepped on the ground. Then emerged Carlos, in a long brown overcoat and sporting trendy flat top sunglasses.

He turned around and stretched out his right hand, saying, "Be careful."

In a long, light tan overcoat, also wearing sunglasses, Debbie took his hand and smiled, "You're being overcautious. I'm wearing sneakers, so I won't fall."

Carlos returned her a tender smile. Straight out of the car, they sauntered into the waiting room arm in arm.

As they waited, Debbie was on the lookout, keenly observing every woman of about fifty and above. Fidgeting, she wondered if Carlos' mother looked her age, or if she was one of those few who retained youthful looks even in old age. Luckily, before long, a middle-aged woman in a limited edition Giorgio Armani white mink walked out of the VIP passage, accompanied by two bodyguards.

"There's Mom," said Carlos. Debbie had butterflies in her stomach.

As Carlos walked over for a hug, Debbie watched from aside. The woman too was wearing trendy sunglasses and carried herself with grace that spoke for her blue blood.

'Is that his mom? She looks amazing.' From the way she talked to Carlos, Debbie could see a gentle, caring mom that many could only dream of.

After greetings, they hugged again before Carlos turned around as if to introduce Debbie.

But Tabitha had noticed the girl behind him, so she took off her sunglasses and beamed, "Son, is this Debbie? Come on. Introduce us."

Clasping Debbie's right hand, Carlos pulled her beside him and proudly announced, "Mom, this is Debbie

Nelson. We're married." Then he turned to Debbie and said, "Debbie, this is Mom."

The word "married" froze the smile on Tabitha's face. 'Married? This is huge. How come I wasn't told?'

Without noticing the change of the woman's facial expression, Debbie greeted, "Mom, I'm Debbie. Glad to meet you!"

Tabitha had seen the world. She put on a smile and embraced Debbie. "I'm glad too. Debbie, you're beautiful. My son has good eyes."

To which Debbie blushed, her nervousness obviously showing on the face. Carlos took her into his arms and suggested, "Mom, this is not a place to talk. Let's get in the car and go home."

Tabitha knew how influential her son was in the city. Although they had made their appearances at the airport for only a few minutes, by now, a lot of people in the hall were already gazing at them. Tabitha nodded in agreement to his suggestion, so they turned and walked towards the exit.

Debbie opened the passenger door and intended to get in so that Carlos and his mom could sit together and talk in the back.

But Tabitha stopped her. "Debbie, let's sit together in the back and let Carlos sit in front," she said warmly.

Feeling flattered, Debbie reflexively looked at Carlos, who

nodded resignedly. After helping the two ladies into the back seats, he took his place in the passenger seat.

The car drove away slowly. On the way, Tabitha held Debbie's hand in hers all the time, asking about this and that, to which Debbie replied politely.

"Has Carlos ever pushed you around ever since you two got married? If he has, tell me. I'll kick his ass," Tabitha said.

Debbie shook her head. Reacting to the question, Carlos cut in, "Mom, maybe you won't believe it, but I'm the one that gets pushed around here."

Tabitha knew he was kidding. 'Carlos gets pushed around? Is that even possible?'

But innocently Debbie protested, "No. I never..." She explained incoherently. She was clumsy at socializing. Carlos telling his mom on her threw her off guard.

"Well done, Debbie!" Tabitha remarked, to her surprise. "Somebody has to let him know that women can't be bullied. He used to belittle women all the time. That is about to change. Don't be easy on him if

he does that again."

"Huh?" 'Is she kidding me?' Debbie wondered. 'But she doesn't seem to be joking. Usually moms are protective of their children. Why is she not?'

'Is Carlos adopted?'

Tabitha and Debbie had a good time chatting. The amiable chitchat left Debbie relieved.

When they arrived at the villa, Tabitha looked at the new structure and asked, "Carlos, don't you live in the manor?"

"No, but with time. I'm planning to move into there," said Carlos, pulling Debbie into his arms. Once the lab and music studio were built and the other rooms were decorated, he and Debbie would move in.

'Manor? What manor? Is it some place Carlos used to live in?' Debbie was curious, but she was cautious not to ask him about it. At least for now, in Tabitha's presence, that wouldn't be wise. So she put those questions behind her.

When they were about to walk in the house, a red Mercedes pulled to a halt near them. Glimpsing the license plate, Carlos stopped.

The driver's door opened and a girl in pink rolled out and threw herself at Carlos' mom. "Tabitha! I missed you so much," Megan said.

CHAPTER 117 THEY HAVE A SPECIAL CONNECTION

Megan looked youthful in her pink, cashmere overcoat and white casual shoes.

Tabitha was delighted to see her. "Oh, Megan! You've grown! Let me see you," she said as she gave her a warm welcome hug.

Tabitha was grateful because of what Megan's parents had done for Carlos. She loved her as if she were her own daughter.

"Tabitha, I'm already 18, remember? I'm an adult now and won't grow much taller," Megan said coyly.

Amused, Tabitha grinned from ear to ear. She took Megan's hand in hers and patted it lovingly. Their closeness saddened Debbie, who watched silently in Carlos' arms. "Oh, Debbie, do you and Megan know each other?" Tabitha asked her.

Holding back the bitterness in her heart, Debbie forced a smile and answered, "Yes, we've met before."

'They look like a family, ' Debbie thought.

Suddenly, Megan let go of Tabitha and ran towards Carlos happily. She took his left arm casually as if she had done it a million times before, and said with a smile, "Uncle Carlos, Aunt Debbie, I'm sorry for not greeting you right away. I was too excited to see Tabitha!"

Carlos politely pulled his arm free from her grip and stroked her hair dotingly. "Every time you see Tabitha, you ignore the rest of us," he said.

Megan made a face playfully and walked back to Tabitha. "Of course. Tabitha loves me the most in the whole world," she declared proudly.

Carlos held Debbie tighter and didn't respond.

Debbie stood there numbly, hands in her pockets. Feeling Carlos' tightened embrace, she squeezed the fabric hard, a choreographed smile stuck on her face.

It was never in her personality to be as amicable as Megan. Socials and flattery were not her strong suits. She wondered if Tabitha was disappointed in her already.

"Let's go inside," Tabitha said, turning.

But before she could take a second step, Megan grabbed her arm and exclaimed, "Ah! Tabitha, I'm sorry I forgot about my friend's son. He's in my car. His mom had a last-minute meeting. She asked me to babysit him, but I really wanted to see you so I brought him here instead. I hope you don't mind."

With that, she stuck out her tongue awkwardly.

Hearing that there was a kid in the car, Tabitha said to the bodyguards hurriedly, "Let the kid out of the car. Be quick."

Once the door of Megan's car was opened, a boy in a blue down jacket jumped out. He wore a black knitted hat and carried a toy gun. At the sight of the group of adults, he held the toy gun up and yelled, "Hands up! Or I'll blow your heads off!"

Carlos frowned at the boy's rude words. Inexperienced in dealing with kids, Debbie wondered if she should cooperate.

Only Megan put her hands up and said, "King Jake, please spare me. How about I take you inside to have some delicious snacks?"

Hearing that there were snacks, the boy put down his toy gun and dashed towards the house as he shouted, "Go! Charge! Everybody, charge towards the food!"

Quickly, he was in the villa and out of everyone's sight.

Megan acted as if there was nothing wrong with the boy's behavior. Or maybe she was used to it.

Without a word, she held Tabitha's arm and helped the smiling lady into the villa.

Debbie, on the other hand, thought, 'If my and Carlos' son was that naughty, I might strike him every day.'

At this point, her husband whispered in her ear, "I think we should have a girl."

Debbie blushed. She replied as she followed him inside, "Didn't you say you wanted a boy?"

"I'm afraid that I would end up hitting him every day," he said.

Debbie burst into laughter. No doubt that they had a special connection.

Her smile made Carlos' day. "I'll start working hard from tonight," he said.

"For what?" Debbie asked as she changed into her slippers and put his in front of him.

Carlos put them on and answered, "To make you pregnant with my baby girl."

Embarrassed by his flirtation, Debbie pinched him on the arm and scolded, "Shameless."

Carlos laughed.

Standing in the living room, Tabitha saw the two whispering to and smiling at each other. She was quite surprised. Carlos hadn't laughed like that since he was a teenager.

Clearly, he didn't just like Debbie. He loved her. Something occurred to Tabitha. She waved at Debbie and said, "Debbie, come over here."

Debbie walked up to her obediently and said with difficulty, "Yes, Mom."

Not that she was reluctant to call Tabitha "Mom". It was just that she had never called anyone 'Mom' before. The word was alien to her and she needed time to adjust.

Tabitha lifted her hand and was about to say something but was suddenly interrupted by Megan's scream. "Jake, come down! You are not allowed to go upstairs!"

The boy, Jake, who was running up the stairs, turned his head back to Megan and made a face. "Try and stop me," he said. As soon as he finished the sentence, he started rushing upwards again.

Megan looked at her three companions awkwardly. At last, her eyes stopped at Carlos. "Uncle Carlos,

can you go upstairs with me and help me keep an eye on him? Your bedrooms are there, after all. It feels inappropriate for me to go there on my own."

Carlos didn't reply, but he didn't say no either. As he was about to go upstairs, a hand grabbed his arm and stopped him. Debbie met his eyes and said, "Leave it to me. You keep mom company."

Let her husband go upstairs with Megan? Huh! She wouldn't allow Megan to be alone with Carlos!

Unaware of Debbie's concerns, however, Tabitha smiled and gently interrupted, "Debbie, let Carlos go.

I'd like to talk to you." Carlos sensed the discomfort in his wife. He patted her hand to comfort her and then started walking over to Megan. Suddenly, he noticed the housemaid pouring tea for them. He quickly turned to her and ordered, "Go upstairs and watch the boy."

"Yes, Carlos,"

she replied immediately as she went upstairs. Carlos returned to Debbie. Relieved, Debbie sat next to her mother-in-law.

"Debbie, I came in a rush, so I didn't have the time to get you a gift. These are heirlooms of the Hilton family. I'd like to give them to you. Keep them safe, will you?" Tabitha said as she took off the pair of jade bracelets that she was wearing. She pulled Debbie close and put them in her hand.

Actually, Tabitha had prepared a gift, but that was before she knew that Debbie was her daughter-in-law. Now that she was aware, she didn't think that the gift she initially bought was a decent gift for her daughter-in-law, so she decided not to mention it at all and give her the jade bracelets instead.

Debbie was stunned. She knew how meaningful those bracelets were. Overwhelmed by the warmth and nervousness she felt, she didn't know what to do. She looked at her husband.

Carlos smiled, "Since Mom is giving them to you, take them."

Debbie took the jade bracelets, her eyes red. "Thank you, Mom. I'll treasure them and keep them safe," she promised.

CHAPTER 118 APOLOGIZE

With Debbie's assurance, Tabitha nodded in approval.

She liked her daughter-in-law. She was simple, honest but also quite perky when she was with Carlos.

Megan sat next to Carlos with her hands propped against her jaw, wearing her typical sweet smile.

"Tabitha is so nice to Aunt Debbie. I'm envious," she said.

Tabitha smiled, "Megan, one day when you get married, your mother-in-law will be nice to you too."

"I'm too young to think about getting married, Tabitha," Megan replied. At that point, a housemaid handed her a cup of tea; she took it and lowered her head to take a sip.

Tabitha smiled and continued to talk with Debbie. "Which year are you in at university? Busy at school?" she asked.

"I'm in my Junior year. We're not so busy," she replied.

"What's your major?" Tabitha asked.

Just then, the housemaid with Jake upstairs ran down, flustered. "Carlos and Debbie, something's up," she reported nervously.

"What's wrong?" asked Megan.

The housemaid ignored her and looked at Debbie, saying, "The boy... Debbie, I didn't mean it. I was cleaning. I didn't notice... I tried to stop him, but he wouldn't listen..."

The housemaid was so scared she was on the verge of crying.

Debbie had an ominous feeling. She stood up and went upstairs.

The others followed at her heels.

There were a few rooms upstairs, but only the door to Debbie's room was open. She walked in, only to find that her tidy room was now a total disaster.

Jake was nowhere to be seen and water could be heard running in the bathroom.

Debbie walled around to examine the room. When she passed by the dressing table, she saw that the lines of cosmetics had been messed up and some products were missing.

Then she pushed open the door of the bathroom, to find that the boy was playing with the missing cosmetics with the faucet on. Standing in front of the mirror, he dabbed cream all over his face until it was completely covered. He put some on his body too, but more of the product was in the sink, being slowly washed into the drain.

Debbie felt her blood rise to her face. Without thinking, she rushed up to the boy and shouted, "What are you doing?!" She turned the faucet off and attempted to snatch the remaining cream away from the boy.

However, it was already too late. On the vanity cupboard lay face cream jars, hydration essence bottles,

hydrating toner bottles...all empty.

Debbie's face darkened. The boy got scared at the sight and threw the cream jar at Debbie. "Bad woman! Bad woman!" he yelled.

"Shut up!" Debbie shouted.

The cream jar was smashed against her thigh. It didn't hurt much but the rest of the cream spilled all over her clothes, making her blood boil even more.

The chaos stumped the others in the bathroom. Carlos pulled Debbie into his arms and asked, "What's the matter?"

Debbie's heart ached when she saw the empty cosmetic bottles and jars. At that moment, she was too sad to say a word. The boy ran towards Megan and started wailing. Debbie threw him a glance and gritted her teeth, trying not to explode with rage.

Those cosmetics cost an arm and a leg. Now, they were ruined by a naughty boy before she could use them even once.

Megan held the crying boy in her arms and kept comforting him. "Aunt Debbie, those were just a few bottles of cosmetics. Did you have to be so harsh on a little boy?" she said in a low voice.

'Just a few bottles of cosmetics? They cost tens of thousands of dollars! Also, it was Carlos' money. It was hard-earned money. Why should it be wasted like this?' Debbie thought.

Her eyes reddened. After a deep breath, she said to Megan in a hard voice, "Call his mom."

"What for?" Megan asked.

"Tell her what he did and ask her how she educates her son! Shouldn't she take responsibility? I won't ask them to compensate me for the ruined cosmetics, but shouldn't they apologize?!" Debbie said, unintentionally raising her voice at the last sentence. She completely lost hold of her emotions.

Megan was stunned. "Aunt Debbie, don't you think you are making too much of a deal over a bunch of cosmetics?" she said.

Debbie insisted, "Yes, they were just cosmetics, but your uncle Carlos bought them for me. I didn't even have the heart to use them. Now, look at this mess! They're all ruined. Do you think a little boy is capable of taking the responsibility? Would it be too much to ask his parents to apologize?"

Megan awkwardly looked at Carlos, who remained silent. As if oblivious of her stare, he stood next to Debbie, with no intention of uttering a word.

Standing there, Tabitha watched everything quietly.

Without backup, Megan said weakly, "Aunt Debbie, please don't be mad. It was me who brought Jake here. How about I compensate you for the ruined cosmetics? I can have a new set delivered here very soon. Boys tend to be naughty. Please don't take a little boy's naughtiness to heart."

'I'm the one taking the little boy's naughtiness to heart? Megan, that's quite a tongue you have!' Debbie sneered inwardly. "Don't bother! I only need an apology. Just call his parents," she demanded. Then, she turned to Tabitha, full of guilt. "Sorry, Mom, I will clean up the mess right away."

Tabitha smiled, "Debbie, come out of the bathroom. Leave the cleaning to the housemaids."

Debbie turned her back to the others to wipe her eyes. Carlos pulled her by the arm and said, "Walk with me."

Knowing she wouldn't be able to say no, Debbie followed him out of the bathroom with her head down.

Carlos took her into the walk-in closet and closed the door. Gently, he wiped the tears from her face and soothed her, "Those were just cosmetics. They were not worth your tears."

The more she thought about it, the more she got upset. "I always liked that brand but I couldn't afford it. I might never be able to wear that kind of makeup if it were not for the bank card you gave me. Now that I finally had them, they were ruined. Tens of thousands of dollars were spent for nothing," she sobbed.

"It's no big deal. Sugar, don't cry. If you like that brand so much, I'll ask them to deliver a few more sets here," he said.

Debbie wiped her eyes and glared at him. "Tens of thousands of dollars is no big deal? You worked hard for that money! Why should it be wasted? You might have stayed up late to earn it or drank with your clients just to make them happy. It's not easy to make money. Besides, that boy was way too rude. Somebody needs to knock some sense into his head," she told him.

It would have been easier for her to let go if the boy hadn't done it on purpose. But he not only refused to apologize but also threw a jar at her.

The old her would have spanked him by now.

Carlos realized that Debbie wasn't mad just because of the cosmetics. She was mad partly because of the boy's bad attitude and partly because she felt as if his hard work had been wasted. "Okay, there, there. You know I don't care about that sum of money, so don't get so upset. Go get changed. I'll ask Megan to call the boy's parents, all right?" he comforted her.

After wiping away her tears, he kissed her eyes gently.

'Deb, my girl. Do you know how much it pains me when you cry?' he thought.

CHAPTER 119 CALL HIS MOM

Carlos shook his head and assured her, "No, she won't. Don't worry. Go get changed, all right?"

Debbie collected herself and changed into a clean pair of pants after Carlos had left the walk-in closet.

In her bedroom, the dressing table had been cleaned up. When Carlos saw it again, he recalled how tidy it had looked even with so many items on it before the boy messed it up.

Just that morning, when Debbie was applying the products to her face after freshening up, she had joked, "Now I see the benefits of marrying Carlos. As Mrs. Hilton, I can buy whatever I want. I craved these things for years! Now, I have so many of them. Carlos, it seems that I'll have to be a good wife so you won't dump me one day. If you do, no one will be left to buy me expensive beauty products anymore."

After applying them to her skin, she checked them carefully and rearranged them on her table.

"They are not even premium brands. Why do you value them so much?" Carlos asked as he watched her go through her routine.

He thought about how easy it was to please her.

Holding a newly opened face cream, Debbie answered joyfully, "They're not the most expensive, but it was you who bought them for me. To me, that makes them the best."

Carlos couldn't help smiling as he played the scenario back in his mind.

He took out his phone and called Emmett. "Buy a few more sets of those beauty products Debbie bought at Shining International Plaza and have them delivered to the villa," he ordered.

"Yes, Carlos," he replied dutifully.

"Also, ask our best business partner in the beauty category to develop an exclusive line of cosmetics for her as soon as possible,"

he added.

The moment Carlos hung up, Debbie walked out of the closet.

He stretched out his hand towards her, and she put her hand in his. The two held each other's hands tightly.

As they walked downstairs, Debbie couldn't help but ask, "Did I overreact? He is only a five-year-old boy anyway."

Carlos looked at her and answered, "I know you. I was surprised that you didn't spank him and only demanded an apology."

Debbie was disappointed to hear that. She stopped him from moving forward and asked, "Am I that hot-tempered in your eyes?"

Sensing the hint of anger in her tone, Carlos knew that he had better come up with something nice to say. "Bad or good, I love your temper," he told her with a smile.

She brightened up at his words. "Hmph, this sounds much better. Never mind. Since he is just a boy, I'll let it go," she declared.

Carlos looked at her dotingly and said, "You're such a pushover."

"Mom saw everything. What if she thinks I am too petty and doesn't like me anymore? That is a loss I can't afford," she explained. Between tens of thousands of dollars and a mother-in-law who liked her, of course, she would go for the latter.

"Relax. She won't think that of you," Carlos assured her.

When they arrived downstairs, Tabitha was chatting with Megan. The culprit Jake was watching TV while holding a bag of snacks, as if nothing had happened.

"Ah, Debbie, there you are. Come and sit next to me," Tabitha said, patting the seat next to her.

The look on her face was as amiable as it had been before the mess, which relieved Debbie a little.

Everything seemed calm. Debbie decided that it was best to let the whole thing go and move on. Carlos, however, thought the contrary. He sat down and immediately asked Megan, "How long is it going to take?"

"What?" Megan was confused.

Carlos threw a sideways glance at the boy who was watching a cartoon, and remained silent.

Megan realized what he meant. She was embarrassed. "Uncle Carlos, I haven't made the call yet. This is all because of some beauty products. Can we just—"

She tried to explain and make the whole thing go away. Also, she was not used to seeing Carlos all cold and firm.

All her friends knew how much the four richest young men in Alorith indulged her.

However, Carlos' face darkened before she could finish her sentence. "Make the call now!" he demanded impatiently.

His unexpected anger made Megan's face turn hot. He had never been mad at her before. Mortified, she bowed her head and took out her phone from her bag.

While she was looking for the boy's mom's number from her contacts, Debbie turned to Carlos in confusion and asked, "Didn't we agree to let it go? "

Carlos looked at her and replied, "You said you would let it go. I didn't."

He wouldn't let anybody offend his dear wife, not even a boy, especially one who lacked discipline.

Debbie was rendered speechless.

Tabitha, who hadn't commented anything on the matter, finally decided to speak. "Debbie, I think Carlos is right. The boy needs discipline. Otherwise, he would keep putting others in jeopardy in the future."

Hearing Tabitha's remark, Megan turned red.

She was so ashamed that she fled to the balcony holding her phone. As soon as the phone was connected, she said hastily, "Jake is in trouble. Come to Esastin Villa quickly."

The person on the other end of the line said something. Megan responded after some hesitation, "You have to come. Your son angered Carlos. I shouldn't have brought him here."

Jake's mom was in a meeting when she received Megan's call. Hearing about what her son did, she immediately excused herself, hopped in her car, and drove towards Carlos' villa.

Meanwhile, Jake was about to finish eating the pack of snacks he was holding. One housemaid reminded him when she noticed, "It's bad for your health to eat so many snacks." She had hardly finished her words before the boy started crying out loud. The adults tried to calm him down, but to no avail. The boy's cries resounded throughout the living room. Debbie felt as if her ears were bleeding.

Since Jake's mom hadn't arrived yet, Megan couldn't take him away. As she did not have much experience in taking care of kids, all her attempts to comfort him and quiet him down failed. She could only stand there and watch the housemaids at their likewise futile attempts.

The boy was so noisy that even Tabitha, who was the most patient, started to look sullen.

Carlos' face twisted with rage. Debbie lowered her head and propped her right hand against her

forehead in frustration. Seeing how distressed his wife was getting with the relentless crying, Carlos stood up, grabbed the boy by his clothes and carried him towards the door.

Tabitha and Megan ran after him, frightened. "Carlos!" Tabitha called.

"Uncle Carlos!" Megan followed.

Noticing what was going on, Debbie stood up too. By now, Carlos had already opened the gates of the villa. He put Jake on the snow-coated ground. The boy was still crying, but it didn't affect Carlos at all. The man turned around and closed the gates behind him.

Megan wanted to open the gates, but Carlos stopped her. "Don't you dare!" he said as he glared at her.

His face was almost purple with anger. Too afraid, Megan turned to Tabitha. "Tabitha..." she pleaded.

Tabitha wasn't sure if her son would listen to her, so she looked at Debbie.

Meeting Tabitha's eyes, Debbie fell into a daze.

'Is Tabitha telling me to calm Carlos down?' she wondered. As if aware of what she was thinking, Tabitha nodded. Receiving the hint, Debbie took a deep breath and grabbed Carlos' hand. "He's naughty, but it's not our place to discipline him. Isn't his mom on the way? Why don't we leave it to her? Besides, if she sees her son thrown out of the villa and crying in the snow alone, she will feel uncomfortable," she told her husband.

Carlos was nonchalant. "I don't give a damn how she will feel. If she sucks at parenting, then she doesn't have the right to blame others for doing the job for her!" Uncomfortable? Mess with his wife again and he would hang her son flogged on a tree.

See how she would feel then!

CHAPTER 120 PETTY MAN SLASH PROTECTIVE HUSBAND

For a few minutes, Jake had been crying outside. But it was hard for Debbie to leave the kid in the austere weather anymore. Ignoring Carlos' caveat, she opened the gate to the villa and walked over to the little boy, whose nose was red from the biting cold.

Heaving a sigh, she squatted to whisper in the boy's ear, "Jake, I'll take you inside, but you have to promise me to stop crying, okay?"

To Debbie's surprise, the imp pushed her hard without a word. Caught off guard, she slumped on the cold, snowy ground.

"You ungrateful, spoiled brat!" Debbie roared, boiling with rage as

Carlos stepped forward to help her to her feet. The grim look on his face as he helped her up was enough to stop the boy crying.

When everyone thought that was it, Carlos released Debbie, clutched the boy and spanked him so hard that

his palm hurt.

The kid burst out crying again. This time he was so loud you'd fear he was going to have a seizure.

Scared out of wits, Megan dashed over and intervened by pulling Carlos aside. Standing between him and the kid, she implored, "Uncle Carlos, Jake's mom is stuck in a traffic jam, but she should be here in about an hour. Can I get him out of here, please?"

"No, you can't!" Carlos growled coldly. "If you are worried about him, you can stay here and wait with him!"

Never had Carlos been so angry at Megan. Today, he had easily snapped at her time and again that she wondered what was wrong with him. Looking back, she recalled how just the other day he had also embarrassed her by standing her up at the party. She had been taunted by so many people. At the mere thought of it, anger consumed her eyes. But there was not much she could do, considering he held power over her. In disappointment, her mouth opened and closed involuntarily, as if she was going to say something but words failed her.

By now, the boy had cried so much that he was panting for breath. With a ferocious eye, Carlos looked at him and demanded, "Shut the hell up and apologize to my wife!"

A terrified Jake scampered for cover behind Megan, at his cold, menacing roar.

Irritated by the little brat's impenitence once again, Carlos pulled him out and roared, "I'll say this one more time. Apologize to my wife!"

Resignedly, the kid turned to Debbie and stammered between sobs, "I'm s-sorry. Boo...hoo... Mommy. I want mommy!"

After he had apologized, Carlos tucked him into Megan's arms and warned, "I don't ever want to see him again!"

Frightened, Megan held Jake tight and nodded with a pale face.

If she had known the boy would anger Carlos, she would never have brought him along.

Tabitha, who had been silently watching, walked over to check Debbie. "Debbie, let me have a look. Are you hurt?" she asked with genuine concern.

"Thank you, Mom. The ground is covered in snow, so I'm fine. Don't worry," answered Debbie shaking her head.

Learning that she was fine, Tabitha was relieved.

When they were about to head back into the villa, a BMW pulled in beside Megan's Mercedes. A short, plump woman in a green down jacket threw herself out of the car hurriedly.

She was wearing lots of jewelry, which she seemed to proudly flaunt. Obviously one hell of a flashy woman who just couldn't resist the urge to show off wherever she turned up.

Instead of checking on her son, she trotted over to Carlos and said, "Hi, Carlos. I'm Jake's mom."

Seeing his mom there, Jake thought he had backup, so he cried, "Mommy, mommy, help me! This man is bad. He hit me! And they too. They all bullied me! Boo...hoo..."

'My son got hit?' Her heart ached at the word, but she couldn't bring herself to confront Carlos. All she did was hug Jake tightly and console him.

"Carlos, I'm sorry I'm late. Awful traffic," she said to Carlos apologetically.

Carlos looked at her indifferently and demanded with a stern face, "Apologize to my wife!"

'Huh? When did Carlos get married?' Jake's mom wondered. She looked at the woman next to Carlos and thought, 'Is this Mrs. Hilton? Why did Megan never mention her?'

Carlos didn't even care enough to explain the situation to her. Megan came to her and said, "Jake messed up his wife's cosmetics, which were worth tens of thousands of dollars."

Megan left out the rest of the story. Jake's mom was stunned to hear that the whole thing was just about some cosmetics. She was angry but she restrained herself. "Mrs. Hilton, my son is crying his heart out just because of some cosmetics?"

Debbie threw a stare at Megan who had left out the most important part of the truth, and was about to say something, when the housemaid that had been with the boy all the time responded, "Lady, Carlos doesn't care about the money of course. Your son was rude to Mrs. Hilton. He not only messed up Mrs. Hilton's cosmetics but also hit her with a jar of face cream. And when Mrs. Hilton tried to calm him down while he was throwing his tantrum, he pushed her down to the ground. Don't you think what your son did is wrong?"

The way the maid referred to Mrs. Hilton again and again made Megan frown in disgust.

Meanwhile, the respectful manner of the housemaid towards Debbie and the grave look on Carlos' face

awoke Jake's mom to the seriousness of the situation. After all, Carlos was a man with vast influence across the city. That was not the kind of person she could afford to offend, for her own business and political interests in the city.

Gripping Jake's hand, she walked over to Carlos. "Carlos, I'm so, so sorry. I've failed as a mother," she apologized, with her head bowed. Likewise she turned to Debbie. "Mrs. Hilton, I'm sorry. I'll teach him a lesson when we get home. Again, sorry for everything."

Standing there, Carlos didn't respond. His mind was hard to read. Debbie had to stand with him.

To make up for the mess, Jake's mom called someone on the phone and had a few sets of the most expensive cosmetics at Shining International Plaza delivered to the villa. After hanging up the phone, she asked the bossy-looking man cautiously, "Carlos, is it okay now?"

Carlos responded with a frown, "Is this how you're teaching your son?"

At first, Jake's mom was confused, but soon she realized what he meant. She pulled her son out of her arms and said to him, "Jake, what you did is wrong. Now, apologize to Carlos and his wife. Come on."

"No, I won't!" the boy shouted as he pried his mom's hand away and ran towards the car. "I want to go home. I want Daddy! I hate all of you! You are all bad! You should be eaten by a monster!" he continued shouting.

His mom stood there, watching him climb into the car, terribly embarrassed.

"He... I... Carlos..."

Without a word, Carlos looked at her coldly before turning around to go back to the villa with Debbie.

In the villa, Tabitha was giving instructions to Julie on what she wanted on menu for dinner. When she saw them coming in, she dismissed Julie and stood up. "How did it go?" she asked.

Since Debbie looked at Carlos, indicating that he answered, Carlos said casually, "Whoever touches my wife will face my wrath, and Jake is not an exception. It does not matter whether he is only a child or not."

Moved by his words, Debbie took his hand and said quietly, "It's over now. Jake's mom apologized, so don't be mad anymore, okay?"

"No!" he protested.

Debbie lowered her head and smiled at his stubbornness. When she looked up again, her eyes were full of affection. "Jake is only five years old, dear. You have to get over it, or you may begin to sound petty. Do you think that is good for a man of your reputation?" she asked tenderly.

