

TMBA 151

CHAPTER 151 I'M DEBBIE'S HUSBAND

At around 8 p.m., the elevator descended gracefully into the hotel lobby and a couple walked out, hand in hand. The woman had zipped her coat all the way to the top, put her hood up, and pulled the drawstrings tight. No one would be able to recognize who she was.

"Carlos, are you going out? Do you need a car?" the lobby manager asked with the utmost respect.

"No," Carlos answered shortly.

"Yes, Carlos. Do you need any other services?"

"No."

"Sure, Carlos. Goodbye." The manager always made a fuss whenever Carlos was around.

On their way out, Carlos and Debbie had to bear the greetings from several hotel staff passing by. When they finally left the hotel, she heaved a long sigh of relief.

Somehow, Carlos was not happy with her reaction. He cast a sideways glance at her and asked, "You feel ashamed of being with me, don't you?"

'Not again! I've told him a dozen times.' Debbie was exasperated at the stupid thought but decided not to act it out. She grabbed his arm and told him with a sweet smile, "Honey, could you please wait until I graduate first? I'm not mentally prepared to live under limelight just yet."

Then she added playfully, "You know who you are—the great Carlos. It's quite a big thing to be your wife and sometimes, stressful too."

Carlos' heart went soft at her words, but he managed to maintain a straight face. "Behave yourself. Don't hang onto my arm like that," he demanded frivolously.

"It's all your fault! My legs are killing me. I am not the one to blame," she snapped back playfully. If it weren't for her rumbling stomach, she would still be tormented by this old goat.

Carlos couldn't maintain his long face any longer, and his eyes reduced themselves to slits in his affection. "What do you want to eat?" he asked in a soft voice.

"I don't know. I've never been to this city before. Let's look around and find something good to eat." She suddenly remembered that one of her cousins was a freshman in some university in this city, but she didn't know the exact address.

She took out her phone from her pocket and asked Carlos casually, "Hey, do you know Yeim Film

Academy?"

"Yes," he responded cautiously.

"Do you know where it is?"

"About a couple of miles from here. Why?"

Debbie was elated at the news. She dialed a number and told Carlos, "I'd like you to meet someone, okay?"

"You know someone here?" he remarked in surprise.

"Uh-huh. A cousin of mine."

The call went through, and a girl's voice came from the other end. "Deb, you finally remember me, huh?"

Debbie was thrilled to hear Sasha's voice again. "Sasha, I'm in Yeim. Are you available right now? How about we have dinner together?"

Sasha, 19 years old, was Gail's sister and Debbie's cousin.

Debbie had a much better relationship with her than with Gail.

"Really?! I'm so glad. Send me your address and I'll come over to you right now." Sasha's screaming was so loud that even Carlos could hear her on the phone.

Disdain was written all over his face. He felt lucky that Debbie wasn't as noisy as that girl.

Poor Sasha! Little did she know that she had managed to land a disgraceful impression on Carlos even before they could meet.

Debbie and Sasha decided to meet at a Japanese restaurant located inside a shopping mall nearby.

Carlos had planned to take Debbie out to eat some local food, but she was afraid that Sasha might not be able to find the place. Eventually, she chose a famous chain restaurant so that Sasha could reach there effortlessly.

Debbie was waiting for Sasha at the gates of the mall. Soon, she saw the girl getting out of a taxi.

Thin and small, Sasha was complementing her figure with a white long down jacket today. She had fair skin, round eyes, a high nose and a small mouth—people often said that she looked like a doll. Her long hair was adorned with a brown hair band.

"Deb!" Sasha exclaimed upon seeing her cousin. Her voice was so piercing people from a dozen meters away could hear her. "Wow! What did you do? Drink some magic water? You look so much more beautiful than ever before. And look at your skin, even smoother than mine. I am jealous!"

Her exaggerated reaction made Debbie giggle. "Magic water? I only drink pure water. Why did you not go back home? I thought the winter vacations had already started."

"Exactly! I guess I'm in a fake college or something. Everyone in other colleges is enjoying their winter vacations, while we are still taking classes. Deb, I've missed you so much. Did you come here alone?"

The two girls hadn't seen each other for months, but they were still very close. Without answering Sasha's question, Debbie led her into a private booth of the restaurant.

Sasha noticed that the booth was occupied by a handsome man on a phone call. Upon noticing the girls, he ended the call.

Before Debbie could introduce Carlos, Sasha yelled at the top of her lungs, "Wow! He is so handsome! Deb, is he the man whose picture you posted in Moments?" Debbie had posted Carlos' figure wrapped by a towel in Moments on WeChat. Sasha had seen the post, and wanted to know who he was. But Debbie had kept it quiet. She didn't want anyone to find it out just yet.

Sasha had such a big mouth that Debbie's face instantly blushed. She stole a glance at Carlos, only to see him chuckle. Covering Sasha's mouth, she snapped, "No! I did no such thing. Just shut up. Let me introduce you to each other."

Nodding repeatedly, Sasha was dying to know who the man was. "Let me guess. Is he your boyfriend or something?"

Sasha's bluntness would have been quite funny to some boys, but it made Debbie feel shy. She was getting the feeling that maybe, it hadn't been a fine idea to invite Sasha to have dinner. At that moment, Carlos cut in, "Hi, I'm Carlos Hilton, Debbie's husband."

"Husband? Carlos Hilton? Aaaaaaaargh!" Her voice rose to a scream. So penetrating was her pitch that everyone in the restaurant heard her.

Not until a waitress entered the room to check on what was happening did Sasha realize that she was overreacting. She gave the waitress an embarrassed smile and mouthed an "I am sorry" at her.

After the waitress had left the room, Sasha held Debbie's hand and asked, "Deb, he's Carlos! I was just about to tell you he looked like Carlos, and he IS him!"

Debbie covered her ears and complained, "Would you please lower your voice? If you keep yelling like this, Carlos and I are going to leave."

Carlos, who preferred quietness to noise, was a little unhappy, but as a cultured man, he didn't show it. Afraid that Carlos would get angry, Sasha flashed a wry smile. Clearing her throat, she apologized to him in a lowered voice, "I'm sorry. Actually, I'm not that noisy by nature. I just got too excited."

On the inside, she still believed that any girl who had met Carlos in person and known he was her cousin's husband would act like this. After all, he was super handsome, super rich, and super mysterious. He was the dream lover of countless girls, and what wouldn't they give for one moment with him?

Carlos decided to let it slide with a kind smile. "Never mind. Have a seat, please."

Sasha sat opposite Carlos. Debbie wanted to sit next to her, but Carlos grabbed her hand and pulled her into a chair beside him.

Upon seeing the two of them acting coy, Sasha covered her mouth with both hands and giggled naughtily.

Debbie knew Sasha's favorite food and had already told Carlos about it. He had ordered the dishes while Debbie was waiting for Sasha. This way, they didn't have to wait long and the food was served soon.

Debbie put Sasha's favorite caviar roll onto her plate and asked casually, "Your sister is in the city as well. We just came from Southon Village together. Did she contact you?"

Despite the fact that Gail hated Debbie, she was fond of her sister, Sasha. After all, blood was thicker than water.

## CHAPTER 152 COLLEEN'S BROTHER

Sasha nodded, "Yes. Gail came to see me earlier, but she didn't tell me that you were here."

Debbie shrugged without saying anything. Sasha looked back and forth between the couple and asked curiously, "Deb, when did you get married? Why didn't you invite me? And Carlos, when are you leaving Yeim with Deb?"

Debbie turned to look at Carlos, who was boning a pork rib. "We've been married for several years now, and we'll be leaving tomorrow morning," he answered without raising his head. As soon as he was done boning the rib, he put the meat onto Debbie's plate.

Her eyes full of admiration, Sasha said, "Deb, you have such a caring husband. You should cherish him."

"I will," Debbie said with a sweet smile. She could feel his love towards her through his smallest of actions.

There were more than twenty dishes on the table. Carlos knew that she had a huge appetite and always remembered to feed her well.

On their way to the city, he had explained why he had served as Megan's boyfriend back then.

That day, he got off the plane and was about to go see Debbie when Megan called him out of nowhere. She wanted him to act as her boyfriend so that she could get rid of a boy who had been pestering her.

The place Megan mentioned was not too far away from the airport, so Carlos didn't turn her down. He had planned to go to Debbie after dismissing the boy. But much to his surprise, he and Megan ran into Debbie and Hayden at the restaurant.

In return for his explanation, Carlos had asked Debbie to explain why she had been with Hayden that day. She told him that she just wanted to tell Hayden that she had moved on and that there was no chance for them to get back together.

However, Carlos didn't buy it and bombarded her with questions. He didn't let her go until she had told him every word she and Hayden had spoken, every move they had made, and every dish they had eaten.

During the dinner, Debbie realized how busy Carlos was. Emmett, Tristan and some other people kept calling him, but he dismissed all of them and sent Skype messages instead.

Meanwhile, he also had to answer Sasha's curious questions. In order to not delay his work further, Debbie quickly gulped down her food and offered to go back to the hotel right after dinner. Two cars were already waiting for them as they exited the mall. Undoubtedly, Carlos had arranged them in advance. He asked one of his men to drive Sasha back.

Debbie wanted to go for a stroll, so Carlos decided to walk back to the hotel with her. Emmett had to drive the car at a snail's pace, following them closely behind.

When they arrived at the gates to the hotel, they saw Gregory walking out. Although Debbie was wearing a hood, and her face was covered with a scarf, Gregory recognized her immediately. He remembered her down jacket from that morning.

He had known for a while that Debbie was married to Carlos. But his heart still ached at the sight of their interlocked fingers.

He forced a smile and greeted them, "Hi, Carlos. Debbie."

Surprised, Debbie asked, "Seriously? You recognized me under all this mask?"

Her reaction amused Gregory.

Carlos checked the time in his watch. "It's late. Where are you going?"

"To grab some food. I didn't have dinner." Debbie looked back and forth between Carlos and Gregory, confused by their casual interaction.

Gregory had taken Debbie to Esastin Villa once and had met Carlos. Back then, he didn't know Carlos and thought that he was Debbie's brother.

Carlos had always kept a low profile. Although most people in the city knew his name, very few had actually seen his face. Colleen and Curtis had taken Gregory to meet Carlos a couple of times after Gregory had first met him.

"Why not ask for room service?" Carlos asked.

"I have been resting all this time. I feel kinda bored and thought I'd take a stroll." If he hadn't seen Debbie get into Carlos' car, he would have invited her to go along with him for a walk.

Debbie couldn't hold her curiosity in anymore. She asked, "You two know each other?"

"He's Colleen's brother," said Carlos curtly.

Debbie's jaw dropped. No wonder Gregory looked familiar. She realized that he resembled Colleen a lot.

Silent misery flashed across Gregory's eyes when he saw the affection between the couple. He took a deep breath before saying, "I'm leaving, Carlos. Bye, Debbie."

Debbie waved her hand. "Bye."

Carlos nodded in response. He looked at Gregory's retreating figure and turned to Debbie. "How long have you known him?" he asked, sensing that something was not right.

Debbie looked up at Carlos for a moment and then answered, "We were classmates in high school. We were not in the same class in the first and second years at college. But this year, we're in the same class again. But I didn't know that he is Colleen's brother. I just realized that they actually look very much alike."

"He went to Southon Village with you as well, right? Have you attended this kind of activity together before?"

Debbie wondered if Carlos was concerned about Colleen's brother. She answered honestly, "No. This was the first time. I didn't know he was coming until I saw his name on the list."

They walked into the elevator together. Before the doors were completely shut, Carlos pressed her against the wall and kissed her passionately on the lips.

Debbie froze. Her hands were caught tightly in his, so she couldn't move an inch.

'What is this all of a sudden? Is he horny? No! It doesn't seem like that. Ouch! He's biting me! Is he angry or something?' Debbie mused, stunned.

Once inside the hotel room, Carlos took off his black wool coat and threw it at her. Debbie, who was still in a trance, saw it flying towards her and caught it by instinct. She looked at the coat closely.

Everything related to Carlos was super expensive, even if it was a cigarette lighter. Debbie guessed that the coat too might be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

She hung it in the closet on a hanger with utmost care and dusted it lightly before closing the closet door.

When she returned to the living room, Carlos was sitting in front of the liquor cabinet with two glasses of wine on the table before him. Upon seeing Debbie, he curled his finger. "Come over here. I have something to talk to you about."

Talk? With a cunning smile, she approached him and asked, "What do you want to talk about? Any sweet words for me?"

Carlos raised his eyebrow at her provocative words. He handed her the glass which had a smaller quantity of wine and pulled her into his arms. "If you want me to whisper sweet nothings to you, then I'll do that as much as possible in bed from now on."

'I knew it! I shouldn't have said that to him. He links everything to sex!' "Never mind that. Let's drink." She lifted the glass and looked at the liquid inside it. "Hey! You are so petty. Why am I getting so little wine?"

Debbie protested, pointing at his glass.

"Not enough?" Carlos asked.

"Uh-huh." 'I can drink this in one gulp,' she thought. 'But I shouldn't be that rude in front of him.'

Carlos took a sip of his wine and gently pulled her into a deep kiss. Debbie felt warm liquid flowing into her mouth and she swallowed it subconsciously.

"Want more?" Carlos whispered in her ear, like a demon driving her to sin. "I have plenty to give."

## CHAPTER 153 THE PASSWORD

Debbie shook her head immediately. "Behave yourself, old man," she snapped. Who could guess that the aloof Carlos could act that way in front of his wife?

Carlos pulled Debbie into his arms and began to accuse her. "Maybe you should behave yourself." Seeing her puzzled expression, he continued, "How about the village head's son? Hayden? Gregory?"

"Huh?" Debbie raised her head, only to see the displeasure in his eyes.

Carlos lowered his head and whispered in her ear, "You're a siren, aren't you? Did you flirt with those guys? Remember, you're my wife. I'm the only one who can bang you."

Debbie was stunned. 'A siren? Flirt? And he's the only one who can...' "You married me just to...er...bang me?" she asked angrily.

"That's not the point!" he corrected her and kissed the corner of her mouth.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Back up," she said, blinking her eyes. She knew Hayden wanted her back. But the village head's son? And Gregory? What was he talking about?

Carlos pressed her against the liquor cabinet, raised one brow and said, "I'm a guy, see? I know how they think. Keep Gregory at arm's length. Getting the hots for my girl? Next time I see Colleen, I'll tell her to bitch at her brother for me."

'Gregory has a thing for me?' Debbie couldn't believe her ears. "You got it wrong. We're in the same class, that's all. I think you're way off base here!"

Debbie retorted. That would just be too much. Colleen and Gregory would think she and Carlos were both nuts. And that could ruin their friendship.

"And you're naive," Carlos sneered.

'Naive?' Debbie was enraged. She disentangled herself from his arms. "Well, now that we're getting things off our chests..." She took a step back and stared up at him defiantly, arms crossed.

"What do you mean?" Carlos was confused.

"Ha! You're mad at me?! I'm your wife. We sleep in the same bed every night. And you told me that you loved me, that I was your everything, and that we'd grow old together. But look what you did. You said Megan was your girlfriend while I was standing right there! What? Do you think I'm stupid?"

Sighing with profound resignation, Carlos said, "I already explained that."

"So? You should've told me that Megan asked you to act as her boyfriend! And coming back to the city like that? Why didn't you tell me? I'm your wife, aren't I? Where do I fit into this? Men are all two-timers! Two-timers!" As if afraid that Carlos might not hear her clearly, she stressed the word "two-timers" and yelled at the top of her lungs. There was only so much humiliation she could stand! Her breath was coming in short gasps now, and she stomped to accentuate certain words.



Her face was red. Before he could say anything, she added, "What did I do to make you think that was okay? Hell, while we're at it, let's talk about Olga. To make her happy, you threw me out of the Shining International Plaza, and later, into the ocean. The OCEAN! What the hell were you thinking? If I couldn't swim, I'd be dead now."

Debbie could not believe how cruel Carlos could be.

"I told you, you should have let me know who you were." Carlos defended himself.

"So, you're saying I deserved it?"

Carlos was speechless. For the first time in his life, he realized that women wouldn't listen to reason.

The only thing he could do was apologize to his wife sincerely. "Honey, I'm really sorry. I shouldn't have treated you like that. Please forgive me." He gave her a peck on her lips.

"Humph!" Debbie rolled her eyes.

"Better?"

"Sort of." Pride could be seen in her eyes.

Carlos took the glass from her hand and asked with a cunning smile, "By the way, where's your ring?" He raised his finger to show that he was wearing his ring.

He had never taken the ring off ever since she had put it on his finger.

And he felt a little uncomfortable when he didn't see her ring.

'Oh my God! He always has a way to get back at me,' she cursed inwardly. With an embarrassed smile, she stammered, "Er... I-I put it in the safe at home. I couldn't very well take it to the Southon Village, right? What if I lost it? What if it got scratched? I'd feel bad then."

Carlos nodded his head, but he wasn't buying it. "No big deal. If you lost it or it got scratched, I'd buy you a new one."

"I know you can afford it. But this is the first ring you gave me, and that can't be replaced. Get it? I'll put it on when we're back home. I won't take it off. I swear..."

Before she could finish her sentence, he stopped her by kissing her affectionately on the lips. After a long kiss, he said, "Okay. Forget about it. But you just called me a two-timer..." He put his hand on her waist, waiting for her answer.

Debbie felt danger approaching and cursed inwardly, 'Dammit! Can't you just let it go? You're such a petty man.'

She swallowed and with a fake smile said, "Two-timer? Who said that? Really?"

She wanted to deny it, but Carlos' next move suggested he was not satisfied with it. His hand slipped into her sweater. "Please don't. It's still aching there... Honey, I was just pissed. I didn't mean it that way. Please forgive me, okay?"

She stared at him, with a pair of innocent doe eyes.

His heart softened instantly, but he managed to keep a straight face and said in a cold voice, "I don't buy it."

"Honey, I love you. I really, really love you. But it's late. How about we get some sleep?"

It was indeed very late. Carlos gulped down the wine in his glass and kissed her fully, his lips gliding over hers. It felt like an eternity. Finally, he scooped her up and carried her into the bedroom.

Lying in bed, Debbie watched Carlos, who was taking off his clothes. All of a sudden, a light bulb went off in her mind. "Hey you," she called out.

He cast a warning glance at her. "Hey you? Really?"

"Humph! I won't call you 'honey' until you give me an explanation. Why not add me as your WeChat friend? You hiding something?"

Carlos grabbed his phone from the table and threw it onto the bed. "Check it yourself."

'What did he mean by that? Doesn't he use WeChat?

Still, if he gave me his phone, he doesn't have anything to hide.' She picked his iPhone XS Max up. It was the first time she had played on his phone. With a sweet smile, she told Carlos, "Password, honey."

"1104."

'What? It sounds like someone's birthday.'

Debbie entered the password and unlocked his phone. She heard Carlos say, "Help me change the password, and tell me the new one."

"Why?"

Carlos took off his pants and answered calmly, "Change it to your birthday."

Blushed, Debbie looked away and asked, "Whose birthday is this?" She couldn't help but steal a glance at him and met his teasing eyes. She immediately lowered her head to avoid eye contact.

'He's impossible, ' she cursed silently.

#### CHAPTER 154 CARLOS' SECRE

"Megan's," answered Carlos as he walked towards the bathroom. Debbie's face soured at the answer. She knew it instinctively, but it became more real when he finally confirmed it. As if realizing something wasn't right, he added, "I lent her my phone and she kept complaining that she couldn't remember my PIN. So she changed it to her birthday. I forgot to change it back."

'Is he trying to explain?' Debbie thought.

Carlos turned to look at her and offered, "I'll change all my passwords to your birthday, okay?" He wanted Debbie to blend into every aspect of his life. She was his wife, after all, and often at the forefront of his thoughts. He was a busy man, though, and could only juggle so many things at once. He had to make any number of decisions day in and day out to keep his business running. So sometimes, he'd make a snap decision without necessarily consulting his wife. The man wasn't accustomed to married life. It would take some time getting used to it.

She pouted her lips. "Okay. By the way, when is your birthday?" She gave him an embarrassed smile, as she knew it was not appropriate to not know her husband's birthday.

He cast a meaningful glance at her before saying, "September 25th, Lunar Calendar."

"What?! We have the same birth month! Mine's September 5th. Oh no! Why didn't you tell me about it earlier? I didn't get you anything for your birthday." Feeling guilty, Debbie jumped out of bed. Despite the fact that he was naked now, she wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

Stroking her hair, Carlos smiled, "No, you already got me a present."

Confused, she raised her head to look at him.

Although Carlos hated to mention what had happened on the cruiser, he had to explain. "When I asked my men to throw a girl into the ocean, it was my birthday. After boarding the cruiser, the girl gave me a kiss. That was the gift you gave me."

"What? No, no, no. That doesn't count..." She didn't know that day was his birthday, and he didn't know she was his wife back then either.

"It was the best gift I ever got," he said unreservedly. He did love her, but it was hard to find the time to remind her. She meant a lot to him, and he was trying to make sure that she was a part of his life. But why was it so hard sometimes? He scooped Debbie up into his arms, and carried her towards the

bathroom. "You can't even stay away from me for one second, huh? Why not take a bath together?"

"NO! Put me down, old man. I'm not a clean freak. I already had a bath today. Hahaha... That tickles! Don't bite my ear." Before they had gone out to grab some food, Debbie had already had a bath. She had even used the skin care products he had gotten her so she'd smell nice. He liked it when she did that. And she liked hearing him tell her.

Carlos put Debbie down, pressed her against the door frame and kissed her affectionately before letting her go.

Throwing herself onto the bed, she unlocked his phone, found the WeChat app and opened it.

"Aaaaaaargh!" When she saw his WeChat name and profile, she couldn't believe her eyes. The scream was unintentional, but entirely understandable, under the circumstances. Carlos could even hear her scream over the rush of water shower. "Carlos! I can't believe it! You calculating asshole! You added me as your WeChat friend awhile ago but never told me. Why didn't I know? Because you pretended you were someone else..."

She opened her Moments and checked all her updates. To her dismay, she found that she had called him "a wolf in sheep's clothing" after he had kissed her in his office at school. Not only that, she had posted a picture of him wrapped in a towel and had even said that she wanted to date him while she was taking his class...

Many girls at Economics and Management School had posted similar updates, so her friends didn't pay much attention to that update. But Gail had to be a troll.

'He's an ass! He even pretended to be somebody else and told me he wanted to go out with me!'

Truth was, the guy with the username "C" was Carlos himself.

After changing his password to her birthday, she threw his phone aside and picked hers up. She opened a group chat and sent a message. "Men are all two-timers."

"Ha! Who pissed you off?" read Jared's reply.

"You know who," Debbie replied.

"Really? What did he do this time?" Jared sent a Curious Face emoji.

Debbie wondered whether she should tell her friends about the conflicts between her and Megan. It was a sore spot with her, and she and Carlos constantly fought about her involvement in their lives. But was it really appropriate to share that? After a moment's consideration, she decided against it. "Forget it. I said he was a two-timer, and he got angry at me."

"And then what?" replied Kristina.

"He's such a petty man. He didn't let me off the hook at all. He just had to punish me," answered Debbie.

"Punish?" Jared sent a Dirty Smile emoji.

"Hey, don't take it the wrong way! I didn't mean it like that," Debbie snapped.

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks," Dixon cut in.

'Nice,' she thought. 'A Shakespeare reference.'

"Exactly, dude. Come on, Tomboy. Don't keep us in suspense. Tell us."

"Hold on. Need snacks. BRB," Kristina typed. And then she broke off chatting to get snacks. Debbie might not feel like sharing by the time she got back to her phone.

Kasie sent a voice message in which she laughed out loud for 15 seconds. They had kept the pressure on, and were finally going to get Debbie to crack.

Debbie mentioned Dixon and Jared and typed, "You two better delete your messages. You know how Carlos is."

"No fair! How about Kristina and Kasie too?" asked Jared.

With a Proud emoji—a grinning face with smiling eyes—Debbie replied, "Because I love Kasie and Kristina, but not you and Dixon. Capice?"

"Does your husband know you're bi?" asked Dixon, along with a Winking Face emoji.

Debbie turned to look at the locked bathroom and heard the sound of running water before replying, "Watch your language. My husband..."

Carlos was so possessive of Debbie that he couldn't bear the thought that other men might find her hot. She had begged and cajoled, and promised him things for a long time until he finally agreed to let her go this evening. And she knew how close he was to saying no.

Jared was sick of Debbie talking about Carlos. He thought she was showing off. He sent her a voice message saying, "Come on, Tomboy! Give me a break! Quit talking about how obsessive he is. Or I'll tell him you called him a scum."

At the same time, Carlos stepped out of the bathroom.

It was too late for Debbie to turn down the volume. Feigning calm, she mentioned Jared and said, "What?! Kristina called her dear boyfriend a scum? How could she say that? Dixon is so nice to her..."

Her friends were struck speechless when they heard the voice message.

Carlos walked over to Debbie and took away her phone.

'Holy crap! I'm done. What should I do?' Debbie mused. She then saw Kristina send a voice message as well. 'Please don't listen! Please don't listen!' she prayed in her mind. To her disappointment, Carlos clicked the message and it said, "Tomboy, don't drag us into this, okay? Dixon and I are having a great time. You better bribe Jared so that he won't snitch on you."

"Er... D-Dear..." Debbie stammered.

But Carlos wasn't buying it. He sighed, his face stoney. The silence was agony, made all the more painful by Carlos' raised eyebrow.

"No, no, no! Honey! Honey! Darling..." Debbie put on an unctuous smile.

Carlos locked her phone and sat on the bed, emotionless. He looked so cold it caused Debbie to involuntarily shudder. She threw herself into his arms and said playfully, "Honey, please don't be angry. I was mad and drunk because Megan said you were her boyfriend. I was trying to forget."

"Oh, is that all?" he asked.

Debbie nodded.

Sighing in defeat, he said, "Do you really think I'm such a petty man that I would get angry at you for such trifles?"

Debbie nodded, then shook her head immediately. Before they had known they were husband and wife, he had been so mean to her. But ever since they had been together, he was much better and more tolerant.

"You're the best husband in the world," she said. Now that he was not angry, she picked up her phone and lay down to play with it.

"Debbie Nelson," he called out.

"What?" Debbie felt strange when he called her by her full name. 'Did I say something wrong?'

CHAPTER 155 TALKING ABOUT THE BABY

"I'm not angry at you, but that doesn't mean I don't mind,"

said Carlos as he pulled Debbie into his arms. "So you need to make me happy."

"Okay. How about I sing a song for you?" She put her phone aside and cradled his neck.

"What? 'Pray for You' again?" Carlos asked through gritted teeth.

Debbie stuck out her tongue and made a face. "No, no, no! I don't want to be buried alive again. Grave mold is a bad look for me."

Her reaction amused Carlos, who pinched her nose and ordered playfully, "Then sing."

Debbie rested her head on his chest and listened to his strong heartbeat. "This is my favorite song. Hope you'll enjoy it."

"Uh-huh."

Carlos moved the slider on the dimmer, and instantly the room was cloaked in darkness. The neon lights of the city came in through the window, bathing everything in the room in a curious cast of blue. Tucked in his arms, Debbie looked him in the eye and started to sing. "I've seen the world, done it all, had my cake now. Diamonds, brilliant, and Bel-Air now. Hot summer nights, mid July, when you and I were forever wild. The crazy days, city lights, the way you'd play with me like a child. Will you still love me when I'm no longer young and beautiful..."

Carlos had long known that Debbie was a good singer. She seemed to have magic in her voice; his restless mind cooled down when she started singing. That was why he liked to hear her soaring vocals. She was able to hit some intense parts, and there were times when her voice went positively stratospheric. She was gifted, and he was a lucky man.

And singing had an effect on her as well. When she hit those emotional parts, her eyes would start tearing up. She was able to feel what she was doing, give it some punch from deep in her lungs and enthrall an audience. "Will you still love me when I'm no longer young and beautiful? Will you still love me when I got nothing but my aching soul? I know you will, I know you will, I know that you will. Will you still love me when I'm no longer beautiful? Dear Lord, when I get to heaven, please let me bring my man. When he comes, tell me that you'll let him in. Father tell me if you can. Oh that grace, oh that body, oh that face makes me wanna party. He's my sun, he makes me shine like diamonds..."

His eyes were as deep as the ocean; she couldn't help but lose herself in them.

She finished off with a beautiful line. "Will you still love me when I'm no longer young and beautiful?" As she crooned, her voice was low and angelic, as tender as a baby's skin, and as soft as new fallen snow. She relaxed finally, done with her rendition of Lana Del Rey's "Young and Beautiful". After a moment's pause, she added, "Will you?"

She was so nervous waiting for his answer.

Carlos lowered his head, kissed her on the forehead, and whispered in her ear, "Yes, I will."

The atmosphere between them was so tender and warm that they weren't willing to surrender to sleep. They were buzzing with all the pleasant emotions the song and Carlos' words had stirred in them. It was so wonderful that neither of them wanted it to end. Eventually, they agreed to close their eyes at the same time and fell asleep almost as soon as they did so.

The next morning, when Carlos dug Debbie out of the quilt, her schoolmates had already eaten their breakfast and left for Alorith.

Debbie's eyes were still closed. Carlos made her sit on his lap, helped her pull on her slippers, and carried her to the bathroom.

"Need me to brush your teeth for you?" His voice snapped Debbie back to her senses. She looked at her messy hair in the mirror, and then turned to Carlos, who was already in his suit. Like being hit with a slap, she was able to take full stock of the situation.

"No, I'm good. When did you get up? I had no clue. Has everyone gone?"

"Yeah. They're on their way to Alorith. I've been up for 3 hours already." He answered her questions patiently and helped her squeeze the toothpaste onto her brush.

She splashed some water on her face, and took over her toothbrush. "Don't worry. I'll be quick."

"No rush. I'll wait in the dining room."

Carlos left and checked the time before he started working—it was 10:05 a.m.

After brushing her teeth and washing her face, Debbie began her morning skin care routine. First, a skin toner to get rid of excess dirt, traces of oil and makeup, and correct and balance the pH of her skin. She also didn't want acne. Then, an antioxidant serum to neutralize sun damage. Finally, an eye cream and moisturizer. She followed this routine dutifully—Carlos wanted her to look radiant. At the last, she changed her clothes.

When she showed up in the dining room, it was already 10:45 a.m.

Although Carlos was patient, he was a little stunned and confused. 'She said she would be quick, but it still took 40 minutes.

If she hadn't rushed, how long would it have been?' He closed the lid on his laptop and walked up to his wife, who was shoveling food into her mouth, devouring her breakfast like a wolf devouring its kill.

"Take your time. Don't choke."



Debbie paused and asked, "You ate already?"

"Yeah. But I can join you if you want." He sat opposite her, picked up a boiled egg, and began to peel it. Watching him was fascinating, because he was so good at it. He rolled the egg on the table to form cracks all over the shell, and then he squeezed the ends. The result was that the shell slid off in a few seconds, and created a minimum of mess.

When Debbie finished her breakfast, she was quite full. She stood up from her seat, but Carlos picked up the last waffle and lifted it to her lips.

She rubbed her tummy and complained, "I thought you were eating too, but I pigged out on this." All he had done was put food onto her plate.

He had only taken a bite or two.

"Full?" he asked.

Debbie nodded immediately. As if she was afraid that he didn't trust her, she lifted her sweater and showed him her big belly. "People might think I'm pregnant," she mumbled, pouting her lips.

"Who cares what they think?" Carlos cleaned his hands with a wet napkin and stood next to her.

"No! I'm still a student. If you get me pregnant, I won't forgive you!" Debbie threatened Carlos with burning eyes.

Not until then did Debbie realize something very important. She raised her fists and beat his chest repeatedly. "You didn't use any condoms. Nor did I take any pills. What if I get pregnant? You promised me you'd use condoms. Liar! All men are sleazebags! Go buy me the morning-after pill!"

Carlos grabbed her wrists and asked with dark eyes, "You don't want to have my baby?"

Debbie was scared by his fierce look. 'We've talked about it before. Why is he asking me again?' she mused. After some consideration, she answered, "You got me wrong. If I were pregnant, I would give birth to it."

He was satisfied with her answer.

But she was not pleased, as Carlos didn't keep his promise. All of a sudden, a light bulb went off in her mind. "If we have a baby in the future, I'll teach our baby to call 'Daddy' first."

"Why?" Carlos asked in confusion.

"In that case, our baby would say 'Daddy' when wetting the bed or getting hungry. Hahaha! It would be you who gets up at midnight to change the diaper..."

Carlos' heart softened at the mention of their future child.

He decided to play along with his wife, who was putting on her down jacket. "Honey, don't worry. If you gave birth to a baby, I would hire ten nannies to take care of you and our baby. So you should teach the baby to say 'Nanny' instead."

"But I heard some nannies would hurt babies, like feeding them sleeping pills so that they won't cry all day," she retorted.

"No one would do that to MY baby!" Carlos spoke with curt finality.

Rolling her eyes, Debbie zipped up her jacket and snapped back, "What if they did it behind closed doors?"

"Well then, teach our baby to say 'Grandma' and 'Grandpa' first," Carlos said with a shrug.

"So, you're trying to tell me you won't take care of our baby, huh?"

A cold shiver suddenly ran down Carlos' spine. "That depends..." He could only give her a vague response so that she wouldn't be pissed off. But on the inside, he retorted, 'Of course I won't be taking care of my baby. I hate babies; they're a pain in the butt.'

Debbie remembered Carlos was fond of boys, so she asked, "If it's a boy, will you take care of him then?"

"No," he answered shortly.

Taking a deep breath, she continued to pry, "What if it's a girl?" Debbie was fuming inside. 'He doesn't seem to like children at all. Then why is he dying to have a baby? Does he just want to torture me by letting me give birth to a baby? Or does he want to have a baby with someone else?'

'A girl?' Carlos pondered. The man, who had always wanted a boy, hesitated right now. 'A girl...'

## CHAPTER 156 OUR NEW HOME

The couple were immersed in their own thoughts. Without giving Debbie a straight answer, Carlos held on to her, who had wrapped herself tight in the down jacket again, and led her outside the door. "I've arranged our trip to Maldives," he said. "We'll go there after spending the New Year in New York. Then, after the end of next semester, you'll be studying in the UK."

Digging her fingers into her ears, Debbie repeatedly nodded her head. "Okay." Since her handsome husband had always treated her well, of course she'd do what he wanted.

And it was not like she'd have to do without him. Carlos would also be there, waiting for her when the

school day was done. She would be okay with it as long as he was by her side. But her best friends would be sad. Next year, they wouldn't be able to see her. She was the one who stuck up for them when they were wronged, and lifted their moods when they were unhappy. Of course, she'd miss them too.

Seeing Debbie nodding meekly along without protest, Carlos was content. Ignoring everyone, he planted a kiss on her forehead. "Hey, I've got a surprise for you."

"What surprise?" Debbie asked expectantly.

Glowing with happiness, Carlos looked into her eyes and said, "You'll have to wait till we're back home. If I tell you, how could it be a surprise?"

Debbie's curiosity was triggered. She practically bounced in her seat in excitement. The girl racked her brains trying to figure out what it might be. She even asked Carlos for clues, but the stoic man would not give up his secrets. So she had to sit, and wait. Wait the entire four-hour trip back to Alorith.

All of a sudden, she shifted her gaze from her phone to the outside of the car window. Confused by the unfamiliar scenery outside, she turned to Carlos and asked, "Where are we going? Aren't we going back to the villa?"

"No..." He was busy looking over documents. He took advantage of the long ride, keeping his company running smoothly. It took dedication and drive to use your spare moments to work, but Carlos had those in spades. His phone suddenly rang, interrupting his reply.

As Carlos answered the call, Debbie kept quiet. She knew he didn't like to talk to her when he was on the phone. So she pulled out her own phone again, and scrolled through news sites.

Ten minutes later, the car started to slow down. Up in the driver's seat, Emmett reminded Debbie, "Debbie, take a look out the window. The scenery is just amazing." 'Carlos really knows how to enjoy life. This manor has everything,' Emmett marveled in his mind.

Heeding what he said, Debbie rolled down the car window and looked out. She saw the manor gate a short distance away. "So where are we now?" she asked curiously.

Carlos smiled, "Our new home."

Before he moved into the villa to live with Debbie, Carlos had stayed in this manor every time he came back to Alorith. The surroundings here were quite tranquil. It was a perfect place for them to live.

'Our... home?' Debbie repeated these words to herself.

She shifted her attention back to the magnificent European style gate. There were tall, grey pillars on either side, with crystal lamps on top. She looked up—each one had to be at least ten meters.

Between the two tallest pillars was a black gate of wrought iron, and six arch doors in different sizes were adorned on both sides of it. A security room in the same color stood beside the gate. It was a gorgeous gate, with straight lines and curves existing together in symmetry. Everything was decorated in a simple but stunning style without any fussy designs.

As they drove close to the gate, it opened automatically. A few well-trained security guards in uniforms stood at the gate and welcomed them.

Debbie was mesmerized by the scene in front of her, her mouth agape. The mere sight of this splendid gate was enough to stun her. And if she thought that was amazing, she hadn't seen anything yet. But the gate was simply beautiful, and the most astonishing thing she'd seen in a long time. Maybe ever. She could hardly imagine how luxurious it would be inside the manor.

She saw that the estate was surrounded by a variety of trees, of which some were still green and dense even in winter. Behind the trees, there was a row of grey iron fences. And numerous power grids and high-definition security cameras were hidden amidst the trees.

As the car slowly drove into the manor, Carlos opened the sunroof and told Debbie, "Stand up and have a look around."

Emmett slowed down again. Debbie leaned her upper body out of the sunroof and got a full view of the grounds. Inside the car, Carlos carefully wrapped his arms around her waist to ensure her safety.

She looked around, appreciating the beautiful scenery unfolding before her. Everywhere she looked, green leaves greeted her eyes. She felt like summer had returned. Flowers started to bloom, forcing their bright colors against the calming green. A warm feeling coursed throughout her whole body. She closed her eyes, breathing in the fresh and fragrant air. The grounds were huge, too. It was not like Carlos skimmed on anything. There was a beautiful garden filled with well-tended plants, bushes, and trees. A cobblestone path wound around the garden, and in the center there was a fountain. Debbie took in more sights, and spotted a lake to the side of the manor. As the car eased along the road, she took note of the huge lawn that seemed it would take a lifetime to mow encircling the manor. It had everything here.

Moments later, their car reached the main part of the manor, where a luxurious three-storey villa stood. The walls were painted white.

Around this villa, there stood a few two-floor buildings. All the buildings were pleasantly arranged around the main mansion. More than that, she had also seen a helicopter and a mysterious hot-spring introduced from the back hill. Perhaps, there were more astonishing things hidden inside this huge manor, waiting for Debbie to discover.

Finally, their car stopped on the open parking lot beside the three-storey villa. After getting out of the car, Carlos led Debbie to the right hand side.

Pointing at a smaller building which occupied a few hundred square meters, he said, "Can you see that? I had that building decorated for you."

In front of the building, there was a large swimming pool, with clear water gleaming under sunlight. Next to the swimming pool, there was a beautiful garden. Various tropical, subtropical, and temperate flowers of which Debbie didn't know the names were growing and blooming there. These different kinds of flowers could ensure the manor to be filled with fragrance through all four seasons.

A heated, bright greenhouse was built next to the garden, in order to help some kinds of plants withstand the cold.

"What? Do you mean we'll settle down here? Then is our room on the ground floor or upstairs?" Debbie asked innocently.

She was fond of this building decorated with a combination of Chinese and Western styles.

Carlos smiled tenderly. He held her hands in his and led her into the two-storey villa.

On the ground floor, Carlos pushed open one of the doors and let Debbie go in first.

"Wow!" she exclaimed the moment she entered.

It was a huge music studio! A lot of music books were neatly lined up the bookshelves on one of the acoustic walls. She could see the most advanced mixer and all the necessary voice recording equipment.

The room was filled with all kinds of Western and traditional Chinese instruments like guitars, pianos, zithers... Almost any musical instrument that you could name was here.

Covering her mouth in shock and excitement, Debbie turned around and looked at the expressionless man. "What's...this? Are you a musician too, or..."

Carlos raised his eyebrows. "Do you think I have an interest in music?"

Instantly, tears sprang to her eyes. In a sob, she asked, "How do you know I'm crazy about music?"

Seeing her reddened eyes, Carlos held her hand and dragged her out of the room, while warning, "I know you love music. But stop crying. I installed this studio for you to entertain yourself but not for you to cry. Understand?"

Debbie repeatedly nodded her head, but her effort to hold back the tears was in vain. They began streaming down her cheeks.

Carlos helplessly wiped off her tears before pushing another door. "Stop crying now, or... well, you'll find out!"

"Find out what?" Debbie asked while sobbing.

Carlos looked toward the music studio, drew closer to her and whispered playfully, "How about we have some sexy time in the music studio?"

These words worked. In an instant, Debbie turned her tears into laughter and rebuked, "You jerk!" She patted his body several times to vent her anger.

Then, she pulled a tissue and wiped off her tears. When she calmed down, Carlos led her into the second room.

This room was totally different from the music studio. A lot of colorful bottles and containers sat on the shelves.

At first, she didn't know what they were used for, but when she noticed a set of molds and equipment, she finally understood. "This is to make lipsticks?" she asked.

Carlos pinched her cheek. "Clever. Yes. This is a lipstick lab. I have hired some professional technicians to teach you how to make lipsticks."

Her emotions were stirred again. She could hardly find the words to express herself. "I... I don't need... so many lipstick..."

"I have registered a company for you—Decar Cosmetics. You can sell the lipsticks you don't need or the shades you don't like. I've arranged for some designers to work on the packaging. You can pick your favorite design later. As for the advertising and the marketing channel, Emmett can handle those."

#### CHAPTER 157 THE DOG NAMED HUM

Debbie squeezed Carlos' hands while listening attentively to each word he said.

"Decar..." she repeated the brand name.

Carlos kissed her on the lips and then gently stroked the tear stains on her face with his thumb. "Decar is the combination of Debbie and Carlos," he said tenderly.

'Decar...Debbie and Carlos... What a good name!'

Staring at him in a daze, Debbie cupped his face with her hands as if in a gentle gesture, only to pinch his cheeks so hard. Carlos was startled. "What's wrong?"

In a serious voice, she asked, "Did it hurt?"

He shook his head. "No."

"No? So I'm just daydreaming! Everything here is not real, right? What a good dream! I hope I'll never wake up," she said, pouting.

Carlos rolled his eyes at her.

As Debbie was still in a confused state, he led her to another room that was specially furnished for her—a gym.

There had been a gym in this villa previously but he had it renovated for her sake.

As Debbie was good at running, he had purchased a few new treadmills with different functions. He also had added other equipment, suitable for women.

The last room they visited was a spacious dancing and yoga studio. On one side of the room was a French window facing a lawn. The other three walls were covered with floor to ceiling mirrors, giving the room an illusion of even bigger space.

A few pieces of hammocks and swing straps for doing anti-gravity yoga dangled from the ceiling. Beautiful yoga mats and yoga balls completed the list of accessories. It was a fully furnished yoga studio that would rival any professional clubs around.

Just a feel of the studio would excite even those who didn't have interest in yoga.

Observing their reflections in the mirror, Carlos noticed the pleased look in Debbie's eyes. Affectionately, he pulled her into his arms and said, "Just hold on a little longer. After you finish your studies abroad and come back, we will settle down here. This will be our home forever. Okay?"

'Our home forever...' Debbie felt touched.

Through the French window, she gazed at the lawn outside and indulged in a bit of fantasy. She pictured herself walking hand in hand with Carlos on the lawn under the sunlight, probably with one or two kids and a cat or a dog playing around. A happy smile crept across her face as she thought about such a warm scene.

Then, they headed to the three-storey villa. When they arrived at the gate, Carlos grabbed her hand and pressed her finger on the fingerprint lock to collect and identify her data.

Now, she realized this three-storey villa was the place where they would live, while the two-storey building they had just visited would be for recreational purposes. Carlos had chosen that building and renovated it into a music studio, a lipstick lab, a gym and a yoga room, because there was a large swimming pool in front of it. Since Debbie was fanatical about swimming, that building would be the best choice.

After unlocking the gate, Debbie eagerly pushed it open. But barely had she set a foot in when out of the blue an "attacker" charged at them. "Be careful!" she shouted. On reflex, she lifted her right leg and was about to kick hard, only for Carlos to push her aside. He caught the "attacker" in his arms, leaving Debbie astounded.

When she realized clearly that the "attacker" was a dog, she rolled her eyes.

Wiggling its tail, the dog barked at Debbie, but it was not threatening.

Carlos pointed at the white hairy dog which was now sitting docilely beside him, and said mischievously, "This is a Canadian Eskimo Dog, also called a sled dog. It's fun and very good at taking instructions, so I thought you'd have a great companion, especially for your morning or night runs. Would you like to take it to the manor for a walk? Its speed will surprise you, I promise."

But Debbie was not impressed. She had never been fond of dogs or any pets for that matter. All her touching feelings vanished into thin air now. With her lips pursed, she said rather snappishly, "Well, maybe I'd like to, but not now, please! And no matter how fast it runs, I'll be faster! Anyway, are you sure that you haven't been fooled by anyone? The damn dog looks like a Samoyed rather than an Eskimo dog."

She said that with an obvious attitude.

When Carlos didn't answer, she added, "Didn't you see how it dashed toward us when we opened the door?"

Carlos chuckled under his breath. "Well, why not give this damn thing a name?"

"Give it a name? Haven't you already kept it for some time?" "It seems quite close to Carlos. I thought it was a pet that he had kept for long, ' she thought.

"No. It was brought here a few days before you went to the Southon Village. I've seen it only once."

"I see. Then why did you want to keep a dog all of a sudden?" Debbie squatted down and reached out her hand. She wanted to touch its head. It was actually cute, with white and silky fur.

However, as if knowing what Debbie was going to do, the dog suddenly stood up and walked away. It stared at her with wary eyes from a distance away.

Debbie pouted once more and snorted. "Humph! It's a silly dog, just as I thought at first!"

As she finished, the dog instantly barked at her again. 'This dog is not silly but quite clever! It knew I was rebuking it!' Debbie murmured in her mind.

Carlos was amused by the exchange between Debbie and the dog. It was so funny that he chuckled.



"Whenever I'm not here with you, you can play with it. To tame it, you need to give it strict training and get a leash on it."

Debbie frowned. "What? It's so troublesome. Not the kind of pet I can manage!"

Caressing her hair, Carlos assured her with a smile, "The dog needs regular exercise. Almost daily. Just take it along as you exercise too."

'To exercise for what?' Debbie turned around and stared at him. "I bet the last sentence is the whole point you're driving at, right?" Her face flushed red when she remembered him teasing that she couldn't keep pace with him in bed.

To confirm the suspicion, he was smiling when her curious eyes met his. "Yes. You're a smart girl!"

"Humph!" Debbie snorted. She was angry but couldn't find a way to retort. 'It's not that I am weak, but you bang like a stallion on steroids!' Debbie wanted to say, but she decided otherwise.

"Okay, babe, I think I've got a name for your dog. Just call it Hum," she said, trying to steer the conversation to something different.

Carlos rolled his eyes resignedly. "Well...okay, as you please."

From now on, Debbie had one more companion named Hum.

In the afternoon, Carlos left for his work while Debbie stayed in the manor and continued to look around their new home.

After he left, Debbie went to their bedroom. As she opened the door, she was surprised to see many packing bags that filled the table and the floor. Since the place was full and a little disorganized, she chose to first sort out what was in those bags. She found that most of them were cosmetics and skin care products!

She recognized some of the packing bags. They were the cosmetics that she bought in Shining International Plaza last time, in order to get the free trip to Maldives.

But for the other skin care products, she didn't know who had bought them and why there were so many. 'Are they all bought by Carlos?' Unable to hold back her curiosity, she called Carlos for an answer.

She was shocked to know that some of the skin care products were given to her by the parents of the naughty boy, who had been brought to the villa by Megan the other day.

"And some of those items were flown in last week from Paris, by Mom. She strictly instructed me not to tell you until you walked into your new house. They are her house-warming bash for you. There's a cabinet next to your dressing table where you can place your cosmetics. If the cabinet is not large

enough, just tell me and I'll change it to a larger one," Carlos told her on the other end.

'Oh, my goodness!

This... This is too extravagant for me!' Debbie exclaimed in her mind. The number of pleasant surprises Carlos had pulled on Debbie in one day were just far too many.

After ending the call, she looked at the cabinet. It was a customized wooden cabinet with gliding glass doors. On the upper part of the cabinet, the shelves were divided into small compartments which would be convenient to store different items.

Humming in joy, Debbie didn't unwrap any of these packages. She simply stuffed them into the cabinet.

But when her mind ran back to the biting levels of poverty she had recently seen first hand in Southon Village, she began to wish they could return all the items for a refund. Up to the last cent, she would spend the money on improving living conditions in the village.

Overwhelmed by compassion on the welcoming but poor villagers over there in Southon Village, she dejectedly slumped into bed, badly in need of a rest.

When she woke up, it was already dark outside. Carlos hadn't come back yet for he had a lot of work to finish before the New Year. She would have dinner on her own.

When she came downstairs, she found that the chef and his beautiful female assistant were busy at work in the kitchen. In a few minutes, mouth-watering dinner was served.

## CHAPTER 158 SO HO

Before grabbing her chopsticks, Debbie called Carlos. Just as she guessed, he was too busy to come back for dinner. Despite feeling a jolt of loneliness, she understood why. He had already abandoned his schedule to pick her up from the Southon Village. Earlier, he had received quite a few business calls, even in the car. All his time was devoted to either flirting with her or dealing with work.

After reminding Carlos of his meal, Debbie hung up and dug into her dinner.

She had to admit one thing—without Carlos at the table, she was free to do anything she wanted. She liked to play on her phone, but Carlos rarely let her do anything other than eat and talk to him. And he did precious little of the latter. Sometimes, there was little to talk about, especially with a man of few words. And she did love to mess around with her phone...

Debbie had just opened her Weibo app when her phone suddenly rang. It was Kasie calling.

After quickly swallowing down a mouthful of tasty soup, she answered in a happy tone, "Hi, Kasie!"

"Debbie! Did you see the top trending topic on Weibo?" Kasie was obviously excited, and her words

came out in a rapid-fire jumble.

"Not yet. I just sat down for dinner. I was about to get on Weibo when you called. Something happened?"

"Yeah. Your husband made the headlines again! Carlos seems to have become a newsmaker. I don't know what you did to him, but it's almost like he's craving the limelight now. He used to issue takedown notices for stories about him, but not anymore."

'Made the headlines?' Debbie tensed up. "What did he do this time? Anything happened to him?"

"Well, you'd better read the news yourself. You're involved. You'd probably know better than I would." Kasie had scarcely finished her sentence before she hung up the phone immediately. Debbie had no chance to say a word.

With a torrent of doubts flooding her mind, Debbie clicked the hot topics list on Weibo. The topic "Carlos is married" ranked first. The story had gone viral—a lot of people had seen this, and the number kept ticking upwards.

'Carlos is married? Has our marriage gone public?' Debbie thought.

Her heart jumped into her throat. Losing her appetite, she put down her chopsticks and glued her eyes to the headline for several minutes.

After a long pause, she took a deep breath and mustered the courage to click the title. There were a few photos posted at the end of the article. Instead of reading the article, she took a quick look at the photos first.

The first photo was a full body shot of Carlos attending an award ceremony this afternoon. He was holding a trophy with a thin smile on his charming face.

The second photo was a close-up picture of the hand holding the trophy. It was obviously meant to show the ring on his finger.

And the third one was an animated GIF. It showed what happened the moment he left the venue after the award ceremony. He was surrounded by a throng of reporters; his face had almost been buried amidst the microphones. Then, he was escorted to his car by many bodyguards without answering any questions.

The last photo was the same one that someone had posted on the Internet. That one was secretly taken by paparazzi when Carlos walked out of the hotel with Debbie in his arms.

Debbie scrolled down and saw a few click-bait headlines. "Better put a ring on it! Carlos is a married man!"

"Married? Billionaire Carlos sports a wedding ring at the First Philanthropist Awards ceremony."

The main thrust of the article was about how the photographers discovered this big secret.

They were observant enough to notice the ring on Carlos' finger and snapped pictures of it when he was on stage at the award ceremony. Even after the event, Carlos didn't answer any of the reporters' questions, but he didn't deny the allegations either. His silence seemed to be a tacit admission to the authenticity of his marriage.

After the photos were posted, a flood of Carlos' fans had written comments on both his personal Weibo account and the Hilton Group's official account. Some of his crazy fans were heartbroken, while some blessed his marriage with the mysterious woman. They also hoped that Carlos could personally respond to the news.

A few smart netizens had even collected some information about Debbie's two confessions of love to Carlos at the university. They figured that Debbie was probably Carlos' wife, and left comments to that effect. Tons of reporters wanted to interview the students of the Economics and Management School, but they couldn't, because the school was on winter vacation now.

But not long after Debbie found them, some of these comments began to disappear. It seemed like someone had them deleted.

Debbie entered Carlos' Weibo page and looked at the comments. There were hundreds of thousands of comments more than the last time. This was the second time people had gotten a look at his private life. It seemed that people were hungry for this. There were already more than five million comments under Carlos' two posts.

Shocked, Debbie couldn't believe that a ring on Carlos' finger could make the Internet explode. Once again, it proved that he did have a huge fan base. He might be more popular than a lot of A-list pop stars.

Debbie's heart was racing as she looked at the crazy amount of comments. Her train of thought was interrupted by Carlos' call. As soon as the call was connected, she asked bluntly, "Hi honey. How's it going?"

"You read the news?"

"Hmm..."

"What do you think?" Carlos asked. He wouldn't mind announcing their marriage to the whole world. He wanted everyone to know that Debbie was his beloved wife. He had expected the news to get out.

In fact, the gossip had already spread like wildfire, which was more serious than last time. Carlos felt so

helpless. The PR department of his company had gotten a flood of calls about the viral posts. They were understaffed for that sort of thing, so the phone lines were all lit up, and many callers were on hold. The best way to stop all the chaos was to post an announcement with his personal Weibo account.

Carlos didn't know the netizens would be following his life this closely.

"What? Why ask me?" Debbie was confused by his question. 'Shouldn't his PR department be doing damage control?' she wondered.

Carlos sighed inwardly, feeling annoyed that they hadn't announced their marriage. "Do you think we should post our marriage certificates or continue to keep it a secret?"

Debbie hesitated. Thinking about the waves of rumors spreading on Weibo, she knew Carlos couldn't keep silent anymore. He had to post something. "Then tell everyone you are married. But you're so popular, especially among the girls. I bet a lot of your fans will be heartbroken this time," she joked.

Carlos didn't give a damn what anyone else thought. They had nothing to do with him. "So should I just post our marriage certificates?" he asked again.

"No, no, no..." Debbie couldn't voice her disapproval strongly enough. She thought it was a bad idea. She was still in school, and she didn't want people trying to get close to her just to get close to Carlos. She didn't need the added stress and attention. School was hard enough, and with tons of eyes on her, she'd be extremely nervous. She'd be hounded by paparazzi, and never have any time of her own. And even when she did, inevitably, there would be a hidden reporter, with a hidden camera, ready to sell his pic to any tabloid that would pay him.

A few minutes later, as netizens were anxiously waiting for any new clues or gossip to spring up, they were excited to see a new post on Carlos' personal Weibo account.

It was a photo

of a couple kissing

inside a luxury car.

A man, dressed in a dark grey blazer, squeezed a woman in a white sweater into a corner of the back seat, and kissed her passionately. The man looked really manly the way he handled all this.

The female netizens felt a thrill in their hearts when they saw the photo. 'Oh, Carlos is so hot!

Oh, his legs are long and slim. That car looks luxurious. What a romantic scene! I wish I were her!' they all exclaimed in their minds.

But their curiosity was not satisfied, because the woman's face was covered by Carlos' back. They could

only see their fingers entwined tightly.

The truth was, Emmett had taken this romantic photo. The car was stopped at a red light at the time. He initially wanted to send this secret photo to Debbie to make fun of her, but moments ago, he accidentally overheard Carlos' phone call with Debbie.

Knowing Carlos wanted to let people know he was married, Emmett felt this photo would come in handy to solve this.

So he sent the photo to Carlos. Emmett suddenly felt regretful when Carlos shot him a cold glance as thanks.

He realized he had pried into his CEO's private affairs.

As a clever man, Emmett instantly excused himself by saying, "Carlos... I still have work to do. Excuse me." Then, he fled away as quickly as he could without waiting for Carlos' response.

Around seven p.m., Debbie had finally finished her dinner, but it hadn't helped her nervous mood any. Taking a deep breath, she opened the Weibo app again. She was shocked to see the hottest post in the news feed.

It was Carlos' post, and there were already more than five million "likes".

She looked at the new photo carefully. Yes, that was certainly Carlos, and the woman in the photo was her!

#### CHAPTER 159 OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMEN

As she stared at the photo posted on Carlos' Weibo page, Debbie began to recall what had happened yesterday. After lunch yesterday, they got back into Carlos' car. She had just taken off her jacket when he suddenly pinned her down in the back seat and began kissing her. In the driver's seat was Emmett, quietly sitting, as if he didn't know what was happening. It occurred to her that the partition of the car had been rolled down when they parked the car on highway service area. They'd forgotten to roll it up again, so Emmett had secretly taken a photo of them passionately kissing.

Coming back to her senses, she scrolled through the comments on the post. A few minutes after dinner, the comments were at a million and counting. Ranking top of the comments was a user by the account name "J-Loves-D". "Wow!! Carlos takes my breath away!" the comment read.

In second rank was Colleen's comment. "Carlos, you've crowded your wife to the corner. Give her some room to breathe, boy!" she wrote.

"This official announcement of love broke my heart!" another user wrote.

For the next half an hour, Debbie read the comments one by one, which kept increasing by the minute.

It wasn't until she heard the barking of the dog that she reluctantly moved her eyes away from the phone.

'Oh shit! I forgot to walk Hum, and...I even forgot to feed him!' she thought and kicked herself.

Squatting in front of the dog, she murmured, "Hum, I'm so sorry. I forgot about you." The dog made a sound between barking and yawning. It almost sounded like it wanted to speak its mind and reprimand Debbie for ignoring it. "Okay, Hum. You don't have to complain. I feel guilty about it already. And for that, I'll prepare a double serving of meat for you. Right away!"

At the door to the kitchen, she gestured to Hum. "Come over. Tell me how you'd want your meat cooked. Would you fancy spices?"

Hum didn't budge a little, but just stared at her discontentedly.

Unsure what to feed the dog, Debbie took out her phone to call Carlos for confirmation. But hardly had she unlocked the screen when the doorbell rang. The gate of the villa was kind of far away from the kitchen, so she quickly ran to the living room and checked on CCTV. From the screen, Debbie saw that there was a woman standing in front of the gate with an anxious look on her face. Immediately, she pressed the speaker button and communicated with the woman outside. "Hello, who are you?"

The woman instantly explained, "Mrs. Hilton, I'm sorry. I'm hired to come and take care of the dog. I should've come earlier, but I had something urgent at home to deal with, so I am late. I'm really sorry..."

'So Carlos has assigned someone to take care of the dog too...' Debbie thought.

She pressed another button beside the screen and the door of the villa opened automatically. The woman rushed to the porch and changed into a pair of clean shoes before entering the living room. Then she hurried up to Debbie and apologized again, "I'm really sorry. My child had some trouble this afternoon. I won't be late anymore. This job is really important to me. Mrs. Hilton, please don't get angry with me..."

Debbie was taken aback by her humble begging for mercy. Snapping back to the reality, she shook her head vigorously. "Never mind. It doesn't matter at all. Relax. Hum is hungry now. Please prepare the food for it."

The woman was moved by Debbie's warm gesture. With teary eyes, she thanked Debbie and ran to the storeroom to fetch kibble and chicken meat.

Curious, Debbie stood at one side and watched the woman get down to work. Putting the chicken meat into a pan, she added the kibble, a little salt, and covered the pan.

"Is that all?" Debbie asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Hilton. That's all there is to it. Actually the best for an Eskimo dog."

"Okay, I see."

After feeding Hum, Debbie took it for a walk in the garden. She had also missed out on her running, so she took this opportunity for that.

The street lights on both sides of the cobble-path were all on, brightening up the whole garden. The manor looked even more gorgeous under the colorful lights. However, being alone with only a dog by her side made Debbie feel a little bit scared. The rustling and whispering of trees added to her fear.

As she was lost in a trance, she didn't hold the dog leash tight in her hand, so Hum got a chance and ran away all of a sudden. In a split second, Hum completely disappeared from her sight!

Looking at her empty right hand which had been holding a dog leash a moment ago, she sighed helplessly. 'You cunning dog!'

"Hum, don't run away! Wait for me!" Debbie shouted as she picked up her pace and ran along the path. She was concerned that the naughty dog would damage the plants or even turn the whole garden upside down.

When Carlos came back to the manor, he didn't find Debbie in the house, so he anxiously called her at once, only to find that her phone was left on the table in the living room.

He then called the security guard on duty who told him Debbie had taken the dog for a walk in the garden.

When he found Debbie in the garden, he saw her glaring at Hum while gasping for air. She begged, "Hum, please, don't run again. Let me hold your leash, okay? Just for a while, please... Hey! Don't dodge me! Come on. What's so good for you if I'm exhausted to death? Huh?"

But Hum didn't listen to her. It kept dodging Debbie's touch, giving her no chance to get close.

Just as she was about to lose her patience, a cold and stern voice suddenly came. "Hum!"

The dog darted toward the direction of the voice. Debbie turned around to find a smiling Carlos only a few meters away. With a simple order, the dog lunged at Carlos, who immediately grabbed hold of its leash to keep it under control.

Watching on, Debbie got angry. She protested between gritted teeth, "Carlos, can you imagine how much time I've had to run after Hum? That's so unfair.



I bet it was a she. Opposite sexes attract each other, right? I'd be jealous and accuse her of competing with me over your love." Carlos arched an eyebrow.

Debbie paused. 'What did I say? Did I say...Carlos and a dog attract each other?' Realizing her impulsive words, she held back her laughter and took to her heels after saying, "Was I wrong?"

Carlos patted Hum on the head and ordered, "Catch her!"

To which Hum darted out like an arrow and ran after Debbie, while Carlos slowly tagged along. It didn't take him long to catch up with Debbie. The dog playfully snapped at her trouser. He pulled her into his arms and asked with affected seriousness, "You thought you'd outrun both of us? And who is competing with you over my love?"

Debbie giggled. "Oh...I didn't refer to...Hum. I meant it's Miss Olga or Miss Megan...and probably there's still a Miss Lucy or Miss Apple waiting for you somewhere... Aargh! Carlos! Let me down now! Okay, I'm wrong. Please...I...feel so uncomfortable...please..."

Carlos carried her over his shoulder as he walked back to the villa. All the way, Debbie flailed, trying to break free, but he just didn't let her down. Hum skittishly walked behind them, watching their endearing banter.

Their laughter broke the silence of night, their shadows swaying under the street lights. It was such a warm and romantic scene.

However... two days later, Carlos gave the dog to someone else. His purpose of keeping this dog was to help Debbie build up her physique so that she could keep pace with him in bed. But to his disappointment, it had the opposite effect, and on the very first day, she had come home haggard and fallen sound asleep as soon as she hit the hay.

Debbie felt sad that Carlos had sent Hum away. She scolded him. But he didn't care. They didn't need a dog.

But to comfort her, he promised that if she really liked keeping a dog, he would buy her a little pet dog after their upcoming New Year trip to New York.

On that promise, Debbie finally stopped complaining, much to Carlos' relief. It was hard for him to understand her emotions for a dog she had only kept for two days.

That night, before bedtime, as Debbie went to bathe, Carlos wanted to slip in and bathe together with her, but a phone call from New York stopped him at the doorstep.

With no other choice, he sighed and went to the study instead. He answered, "Dad..."

Before he could finish greeting, a thunderous rant came from the other end of the line. "Young man!

You do remember you have a dad, right? How dare you get married without my approval? Huh? You even keep it under wraps. Do you have any respect to your parents?"

Used to his father's ill temper, Carlos silently listened. "If the media doesn't expose your marriage, are you going to keep it from us for the rest of your life? Who allowed you to marry secretly, and at that, an unknown woman? Who gave you the courage to do so? How about Stephanie Elliot? How can I explain to the Elliot family? You've embarrassed me now!"

#### CHAPTER 160 MARRY HER YOURSELF

After James finally finished his rant, Carlos said calmly, "She's not just some random woman I plucked off the streets. I have the final say in my marriage, Dad. As for the Elliot family, go explain to them yourself. This has nothing to do with me!"

His words caused James' blood pressure to surge. Hearing the noise on the other end of the line, Carlos shut his eyes and inhaled deeply. He knew that his father was rummaging through the drawers, looking for his medicine. He patiently waited on the phone.

After downing the pills, James gradually got a hold of himself. When he was able to speak again, he yelled, "Divorce! You have to divorce her!"

In a colder voice, Carlos asked, "Anything else?"

"Last month, I talked marriage with Stephanie's grandfather. You and Stephanie grew up together. You're 28 years old, and she's 27. If you guys can tie the knot before you're both 30..." James just wouldn't stop. He kept urging Carlos to marry Stephanie as if Carlos weren't already married. But he was. To Debbie. It had already been arranged, and Carlos found himself continually surprised by, challenged by, and head over heels in love with Debbie. He didn't want anyone else.

"Seems like you're quite fond of her, Dad. How about you marry Stephanie yourself? That way Mom can relax too."

"You asshole! Goddamn ungrateful..." The call was cut all of a sudden. Carlos figured that James must have thrown his phone against the wall or something. That was just like him, and it wouldn't be the first time.

James had broken a number of phones over the years. If he'd kept those phones in decent shape, he could have opened his own phone store.

From experience, he knew what James would do next: find someone to vent his anger at. And the target was probably... Leaping into action, Carlos quickly dialed Tabitha's number. He waited a long time for her to pick up.

"Carlos, what's up? It's late. Haven't you gone to bed yet?" Tabitha asked, though she had guessed what had happened. She heard the man hollering a few rooms away, and heard the unmistakable sounds of a

phone shattering against the wall.

"Mom, I'll get my assistant to pick you up. Please pack a few things and move into my villa. I'm flying to New York soon, two days before the New Year. I can bring you back home then." Carlos had several houses in New York. If she stayed in one of his estates, James wouldn't be able to do a thing to her.

Wiping her teary eyes, Tabitha forced a smile and said, "I'm okay, Carlos. Don't worry about me. I'll just stay in my room. Just take care of Debbie, okay? You have your own life now."

Fretful, Carlos closed his eyes tightly. "Mom, you've suffered enough. Why don't you leave him? Why do you put up with him? Do you want your depression to get worse?"

As a matter of fact, a few years ago, Tabitha had been diagnosed with mild depression thanks to James' temper. Carlos had accidentally found out about her mental health challenges and sought out the best doctors. After some therapy combined with traditional Chinese medicine, she got better. However, as long as she was living with James, it would be impossible for her to recover completely. Her illness returned time and again.

Carlos had even given Tabitha his keys to the villa in New York, but she refused to move in. She had been determined to live together with James and make the best of it. The Hilton family had a distinguished status in Deplua and even in New York. The last thing she would do was dishonor the Hilton family name.

"No, Carlos. Your dad and I..."

"Pack your luggage now. I'm sending my assistant over to drive you to my villa." As he finished, he hung up at once, without giving Tabitha the chance to refuse. Then, he called his assistant at the New York branch of his company, requesting that he ferry Tabitha to his villa.

Carlos leaned back in his seat and lit a cigarette. Contemplating the view outside his window, he was deep in thought. Moments later, Debbie's face popped into his mind, and he came back to his senses. Thinking of her, he immediately grabbed his phone from the table and opened WeChat. He tapped Debbie's Moments.

Like Debbie usually did, she had updated her status again. She was quite an active WeChat user who enjoyed sharing her daily life and thoughts. There were new posts in her WeChat Moments almost every day.

A few moments ago, she posted another pic. You could see her cute manicured toes, and her hand held the glass of wine he had just poured for her. Above the photo, there was a line of text: "Cupid shoots me with his arrow! Love comes so fast like a tornado!"

'Love comes so fast...' Carlos smiled. 'Yeah, before I knew Debbie was actually my wife, I had a feeling that I'd fall in love with her if I didn't shoo her away as soon as possible.'

And I was right. I did fall in love with her, and I love her with all my heart. Luckily, she turned out to be my legal wife...'

His mood lit up as he scrolled down to see her other posts. Apparently, Debbie was still a little girl, even though she behaved like a tomboy. She expressed her feelings and shared everything in her life.

For awhile now, most of her posts had to do with him, like her post today, or the one a few days ago.

That was when they were having dinner with Debbie's cousin, Sasha. Then, after escorting Sasha back to school, they walked back to the hotel, hand in hand. Debbie had taken a photo of their clasped hands and posted it too. She had written a comment, "I hope I can keep holding your hand until the end of my life."

All of his unhappiness and gloom vanished into thin air now.

After putting out the cigarette in his curved glass ashtray, Carlos left the study. When he walked back to the bedroom, he saw that Debbie had already hidden herself under the quilt, chatting fervently with her friends on WeChat.

Carlos climbed onto bed, pulled her into his arms and kissed her damp-dry hair. "It smells good," he whispered in her ear.

"Of course. I used the best shampoo and body wash made by your Hilton Group. It should smell good." His hot breath fell on her neck, making her feel itchy, so she tried to move away.

"Hmm. I see. The design team will see a little extra in their paychecks. I make that happen tomorrow."

Debbie was shocked, speechless. Maybe he was too rich to use up his money, so he had to find some way to spend it!

"Your hair's still wet," he said.

"Yes, I know. I just didn't care." Her hair was long and thick. She didn't have the patience to dry it all.

Carlos raised his eyebrows. "Let me help you dry off." He wrapped his arms around her waist and flipped her over, making her look at him.

Debbie moved her body to the edge of the bed, letting her hair fall straight down like a waterfall. This way, her wet hair wouldn't get the bedding damp. She entwined her slender arms around his neck and asked with a sweet smile, "Are you really going to help me dry my hair?"

Carlos grinned playfully. "Yes, but I need to be paid."

Seeing the passionate look in his eyes, Debbie instantly understood what sort of payment he was asking for. She struggled to sit up. "No, no. I'll dry it myself."

"Think you can run away?" Carlos asked without stopping her. He slowly followed Debbie into the bathroom again.

In the bathroom, when Debbie found the hair-dryer, she saw Carlos come in too. She swung the hair-dryer in front of him and urged, "I'm going to dry my hair, seriously. Just go back to bed."

Instead of leaving, he grabbed the hair-dryer from her hand. Debbie assumed that he was really intending to help her dry her hair. She remembered he had done this for her before. Without thinking too much, she turned around, back against him, and reminded him, "The cord is short. Maybe move closer to the outlet."

Putting the hair-dryer aside, Carlos clung to her and whispered in a husky voice, "The cord might be short, but you know, a certain part of my body isn't..."

Debbie's face flushed bright red. She patted him on his hand, trying to drive him away. "Go away. Don't bother me."

However, it was too late. The man's lust was triggered. Unable to constrain himself anymore, he turned her around and pressed her against the sink. His hands ran up and down her body, driving waves of pleasure through her again and again, before they both surrendered to love's embrace.

The next morning, Carlos had gone to work while Debbie still slept soundly in the bed. Her phone jarred her awake. It was Kasie, asking her out on a shopping trip. As the New Year was just around the corner, Carlos had given the yoga teacher and dancing teacher a holiday at Debbie's request. She also wanted to enjoy a relaxing holiday without any lessons. She could just sleep, eat and play all day long!