

TMBA 161

CHAPTER 161 EVERY WOMAN LOVES CARLOS

"Can we go shopping this afternoon? I want to go back to sleep," Debbie asked Kasie.

"No, we can't. Even Jared, who is the laziest among us, has gotten up. Dixon 'Doctor' and Kristina are already on their way to the Shining International Plaza. You hurry up,"

Kasie urged. "Fine. I'm getting up. Wait for me. By the way, usually, you get up later than me. Why are you so early today?" Debbie mumbled as she sat up.

Kasie giggled shyly. "My boyfriend got a promotion at work. He is coming to Alorith tonight. I want to buy him a present to celebrate this milestone."

Speaking of Kasie's boyfriend, Debbie knew little about that guy. The other day Kasie had gotten into a fight with Portia because of him. Debbie had wanted to inquire more about the man, but then she had been too sloshed to even make sense of it.

"When did you get a boyfriend? Why did Portia accuse you of being the other woman? What's the matter?" Debbie put her phone on speaker and started brushing her teeth.

For a while, Kasie was silent before asking, "Can we not talk about it?"

"You know, we're BFFs and BFFs have no secrets. I told you guys about Carlos a long time ago, but none of you believed me. You even thought I was crazy. I had no choice but to stop mentioning it again. So you have to tell me everything too. We can't be friends while using double standards on each other," Debbie declared firmly.

Defeated, Kasie began explaining, "I fell in love with someone at the same time as Portia. It sucks. That day at the club a friend of mine was holding a birthday party. To my surprise, Portia went to the party too."

A friend of Kasie's at the party wanted to see her new boyfriend's picture and jokingly, everyone at their table echoed the idea. So Kasie agreed to show them her boyfriend's picture on her phone.

A proud woman like Portia didn't care who Kasie's boyfriend was, until a mutual friend of theirs exclaimed that Kasie's boyfriend and Portia's looked alike.

Portia's face fell. She snatched Kasie's phone and looked at the picture. Then she glared at Kasie and demanded when she had started to fool around with her boyfriend behind her back.

Born into a rich family too, Kasie rarely feared anyone. She always hated Portia for bullying Debbie. Thus, at that moment, Portia's hostile attitude worked like an ignition. Kasie instantly exploded with rage. Things escalated quickly. When it got ugly, Portia called some men in and Kasie countered by

turning to Jared.

Debbie knew the rest of the story.

In the bathroom, she applied some cleanser to her face and muttered, "Well, are the two of you still seeing the same boyfriend as we speak?"

"Of course not. I asked my boyfriend about it. He told me that he knew Portia, but that was all. There was nothing romantic going on between them. I wonder why you had protected that evil woman Portia for two years. She is always so mean to you." Kasie's anger increased as she spoke.

Debbie laughed. "To think about it, I feel stupid too. But luckily, I'm done with the Gomez family. Those two years is water under the bridge now." Back then, she had tried her best to protect Portia, yet Portia always looked down on her. But even so, Debbie had chosen to ignore all of it and flatter her instead just because she loved Hayden and Portia was his sister.

Memories of it drained Debbie. She didn't hate Portia for looking down on her, though. It was her fault—she shouldn't have sold herself short in front of that wicked woman.

"I heard that Portia's parents and Carlos' parents once had a meal together, at which Portia's parents tried to hook her up with Carlos. Although back then Carlos was 23, Portia was only a teenager. How gross that was! I wonder what her parents were thinking. At the time, Carlos had just joined the Hilton Group and wasn't as successful as he is now, but he knew Portia was not good enough for him. He gave her parents a tongue-lashing and left the table. How cool your husband was!"

Debbie wiped her face and wondered, "How come I never heard any of this?" That was five years ago when she and Hayden had just started dating. She had never heard about it from anyone before.

"It was so humiliating, of course the Gomez family buried it deep. But Debbie, imagine the Gomez family's faces when they find out that you married Carlos. I swear, it will be fun." Kasie couldn't stop laughing out loud on the phone. She was looking forward to the day when the Gomez family would make fools of themselves. It would be payback time for the unfair treatment they had given Debbie.

Debbie disagreed, however. "I don't think Portia will care who Carlos married. She doesn't like him after all."

"You can't be more wrong! Your husband is a magnet. Show me a woman who wouldn't want to be with him. It's not that Portia doesn't like Carlos but that she knows she isn't Carlos' type, so she finds it pointless to aim above her cut. Portia is always sticking her nose up in the air. Why is she always so arrogant? Even as Mrs. Hilton, you are not that arrogant. On the contrary, you have kept your marriage secret."

Hearing Kasie's angry remarks, Debbie explained resignedly, "The fact that we're married will come out sooner or later. In the beginning, I kept it secret because I didn't realize I liked Carlos and I wasn't sure

how long our marriage was going to last. Now I don't want it to be in the limelight. I'm not ready for drama. You can see for yourself how influential he can be. I bet some international movie star's sudden marriage wouldn't even be so sensational as his."

Kasie didn't understand what Debbie was thinking. But she was sure that if people knew she was Mrs. Hilton, no one anywhere would dare touch her. "Do you intend to keep it a secret for the rest of your life?"

"Nope, of course not. I'm also worried that many women will pursue Carlos since they think he is single. Carlos and I have agreed to announce our marriage as soon as I graduate from university." Too many women drooled over Carlos. On several occasions, while she was with Carlos, she had seen his many curious SMS notifications from Emmett, who as a PA manned two of Carlos' other phones. Constantly, Emmett kept blocking other women's phone calls and texting to put Carlos in the loop.

Kasie was relieved when she heard Debbie's response. "Are you done dressing yet? It feels like forever. I've gotten to the Shining International Plaza. Are you out of your house yet, my dear Mrs. Hilton?"

"Almost. Let me just put on some lipstick. Today, I want to step out looking fabulous." Everyone loves beauty. Debbie was no exception. Taking her sweet time, she put on some foundation primer, BB cushion, and lipstick, before finally she was good to go.

Right out the house, she went to the garage, where more than ten fancy cars were parked. Looking around a few times, she was dazzled.

Carlos had bought her a red Porsche Cayman, but she had never driven that car once.

One night, she had told a joke in bed, but Carlos had taken it seriously and gone ahead to buy another car.

Actually, she had read that joke online and casually shared it to Carlos. "Although I've made a lot of money, I'm also good at saving. Only that today, I was tempted to splash cash on a Maserati. Thank God I didn't buy it. Otherwise, I'd have parted with a cool eight million dollars."

CHAPTER 162 A FABULOUS JARED

Carlos' only comment was, "What a good wife!"

Two days later, an eight-million-dollar Maserati was delivered to the villa. Debbie realized that Carlos took everything seriously. After that, she made a mental note to think before opening her mouth.

Right now, she wandered around in the garage, searching for a cheap car, but it seemed that the Porsche Cayman was the cheapest one among them.

She got the keys to the car from a locker and sped away from the manor in the Porsche.

When she reached the Shining International Plaza, her friends were already waiting for her. She was the last one to arrive. Jared placed his phone close to her face and complained, "Look what time it is! I got out of bed so we could go shopping, and I end up waiting for half an hour. My ass is frozen!"

Dixon cast him a sidelong look and was ruthless in exposing his lie. "Actually, I and Kristina have been waiting that long. You just got here. You've been here maybe five minutes tops."

Embarrassed, Jared took his phone back and wrapped his arm around Dixon's neck. "I'm your friend. How could you do that to me? I'll kill you."

Debbie always had a good time when she was with her friends. "Hey, big guy, don't bully Doctor," she laughed.

"Right. You won't lay a hand on Tomboy, so you bully my boyfriend instead. Cut it out, Jared!" Kristina pulled Dixon out of Jared's grip and massaged his neck.

The rest of the group giggled.

It took a long time for Kasie to decide what to buy for her boyfriend. Then they walked into a clothing shop. While the girls were trying on some clothes, the boys played games on their phones as they waited. The nice thing was that the chairs had charger cords that were compatible with their phones. So they were able to maintain a charge while playing some of the more intensive games. The chairs were comfortable as well.

When the picture revealing Carlos' marriage was exposed to the public, Debbie accidentally set the fashion trend.

Once again, Carlos' influence shocked her. Since she was wearing a white sweater and casual shoes in the pic that was posted on his Weibo page, both the shoes and the sweater had become a trend.

Later, in the shop, while Debbie and Kristina were picking out clothes for Kasie, some women specifically told the shop assistants to fetch them some white clothes. She thought it was actually wild. Usually, people were seen mixing fashions both modern and ancient, but still this trend surprised her some.

It wasn't odd at all to ask for white clothes. What surprised Debbie was some of the conversations revolving around the clothing.

"I'm not sure if Carlos has a thing for white sweaters, but I'm sure he doesn't hate them. So if I wear something like that, maybe he'll think I'm hot," one of those women said with a dreamy smile.

"Mrs. Hilton and I have similar figures. If I wear my hair in a bun and put on a white sweater and a pair of casual shoes like she was wearing, people might think I'm her. Too bad the casual shoes in that pic were discontinued," another woman muttered.

"Really? Think you could even afford those shoes? Have you seen the price tag?" her companion sneered.

Debbie blinked her eyes in wonder because even she herself didn't know how much that pair of shoes cost. They were given to her. It was Carlos' money, and he seemed to think money was no object.

The belittled woman retorted, a trace of anger in her voice, "How much?"

"17, 999 dollars! How are you going to cough up that kind of cash?"

The taunted woman shut her mouth when she heard how much it was, yet Debbie's and her friends' mouths hung open in shock.

Kristina's heart was beating so fast she had to put one hand over her chest to steady it. "Wow! Mr. and Mrs. Hilton sure are rich!" she whispered in Debbie's ear.

Debbie had been shocked into a daze. It was Carlos who took care of everything: her clothes, her shoes, her diet and so on. The walk-in closet in the manor was huge, but even so, it was packed with the clothes and shoes Carlos bought for her. So she just picked out what she felt comfortable in, and wore that.

She knew Carlos wouldn't settle for anything but the best. Yet \$17, 999 for a pair of shoes?! That sounded a bit ridiculous, not to mention the fact that she had tons of shoes. She had bins stacked up against the walls. Each one contained a pair of shoes.

All of a sudden, Kasie hugged Debbie and pressed her cheek against Debbie's shoulder. The shop assistants stared at them, weirded out. Kasie then jumped excitedly and remarked, "Hey, call me if you don't want any of your clothes and shoes anymore. Even my most expensive shoes only cost \$4, 300. How I envy you!"

It all happened so fast Debbie was muddled. She nodded mechanically to Kasie. She had never imagined her closet alone would cost millions of dollars. 'What was Carlos thinking?' Debbie was no rare beauty, no fashion plate. She knew men found her attractive, but she didn't think she was worth all that fuss. There were plenty of knock-off brands that looked exactly the same as some of these designer ones. There was no reason to drop the kind of cash that Carlos had. She would have just worn what was in there, provided it wasn't moth-eaten or tasteless.

In addition, to make her happy, Carlos had also asked Tristan to find some rare and pricey stuff to put in her closet.

As she remembered this, she was thinking that was why her closet was so expensive. Carlos had never told her how much any of those things was worth. He might not answer even if she asked, and she felt it rude to ask. So she just wore these things, blissfully unaware that everyone seemed to have eyes on her. Now, walking into a store, she knew.

When they stepped out of the clothing shop, Debbie still felt the whole thing was surreal. Carlos had done too much for her. She didn't even know how to repay his love for her.

When they were wandering the streets, Jared spotted a barber shop and dragged Dixon inside without even asking him. When the girls saw Jared again, they almost choked. If they were carrying beverages, they would have done a spit take.

With so many colors adorning his head, Jared was definitely the most dramatic person in the mall. Everyone was looking at him. He liked being the center of attention, and today was no exception. In fact, that was why he dyed his hair that way.

Disdainfully, Dixon stepped away from him as soon as they walked out of the shop. However, as if oblivious to the stunned look in his friends' eyes, Jared stalked towards the girls, gloating, and made sheep's eyes at them while stroking his eye-catching, colorful hair.

"Hey, ladies, how do you like my new hairdo? Dank, huh? You want me, don't you? The struggle is real."

With his height, he stood out among people whenever he was in the streets. He dwarfed most of the population, and you could usually pick him out of a crowd. Jared was rightfully proud of this fact. Now, with eight lines in eight different colors crisscrossing on his head, he was like a bizarre, huge walking magnet, attracting attention everywhere he went. You could find every primary color in his hair: red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, purple, and white. Every color but one—black.

Debbie's mouth twitched. "I think you'll break the Internet with that!"

Kasie rolled her widened eyes. "Jared, I don't think you need a barber. You need a shrink."

Kristina pulled Dixon close to her and demanded, "Stay away from my boyfriend. You're a bad influence. If you stay outside long enough, a unicorn will come along looking for their rainbow."

Jared looked at them and countered, "You kids don't get it. This is art! Besides, it'll be New Year soon. I want to have a festive hairdo. And my old man will be happy to see it. When Pappy's happy, I get tons of cash for my allowance. Then the \$10, 000 I spent on it will be worth it."

Kristina's eyes almost popped out. "\$10, 000? For a haircut? That's nuts!" Jared pointed at Debbie.

"Ask her husband why everything in the Shining International Plaza is so damn expensive. A haircut alone costs hundreds. But apparently it's the going rate, since the cutting is done by A-list stylists." He grinned.

Debbie reminded him, "Slow down, pretty boy. You made yourself so colorful. Sure your dad won't mistake you for fireworks and set you off over New Year?"

The others roared in laughter. Jared was a little worried when he heard what Debbie had said.

"Debbie, can you come home with me later?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Why? Do you want me and your dad to set you off together?"

Jared scolded, "Knock it off! If you go home with me, my dad will go easy on me for your husband's sake."

CHAPTER 163 HIT ON MRS. HILTON

After Jasper noticed his son, Jared, behaved well whenever Carlos was around, he knew the right person to turn, in case the boy got up to mischief.

Debbie waved her hand after hearing Jared's explanation. "Save it. If Carlos saw you like this, he would shave you bald and kick your face in."

Then an idea occurred to Debbie. She secretly took a picture of Jared with her phone and sent it to Carlos. "Honey, I want to see you in this hairstyle." She put a Grimacing Face emoticon after that sentence.

Upon reading her message, Carlos called Emmett in. "Call Jasper. Tell him that his son is a bad influence to my wife and it's time for him to teach his son a lesson."

"Which son of his?" asked Emmett.

"Damon spends most of his time with his fiancée."

Emmett understood. 'It sounds Carlos is getting jealous again.' He prayed for Jared and then called Jasper.

Debbie came across someone she knew before she got Carlos' reply. It was Gus, who was hugging a man. At least Debbie thought so. 'The rumor that he is gay is true, ' thought Debbie.

She took a photo of Gus too. Unfortunately, Gus noticed it. He released the person in his arms and walked towards Debbie. "Give me your phone," he demanded.

Debbie shook her phone before his eyes and threatened, "You'd better lose that sour expression on your face next time when you see me. Or I'll send this picture of you and your boyfriend to Mr. Loftus."

Gus' face darkened. He turned his head towards the person he had just hugged. With short hair and wearing a black jacket, she indeed looked like a man.

Without a word, Gus called Curtis himself. "Curtis, Debbie calls me gay."

Debbie couldn't hear what Curtis said on the phone. After ending the call, Gus pointed at Debbie angrily but couldn't manage to utter a single word for a moment. When he finally spoke, it was a demand. "You bewitched Carlos and now you are bewitching my brother too!" he blurted.

'Bewitching?' Debbie laughed. "Should I take that as flattery? Carlos aside, can't you see how much your brother loves Colleen? You must be blind."

"Tell me, why does Curtis ask me to help you whenever I can?"

Debbie shrugged while stretching her hands. "Beats me." Personally, she had been confused about Curtis' obvious concern for her.

Although Gus disliked Debbie, there was nothing he could do about her. He turned around and then saw Jared's latest hairdo. "What the hell is that? It's louder than a rainbow over there! Why don't you just wear Hulun Buir Grassland on your head?" he sneered.

Jared wanted to return fire, but before he could say anything, his phone rang. Seeing that it was his old man, he answered the phone impatiently. "Dad, I'm busy. Call you back—"

"Get your ass back here!" Jasper roared. Even though no one knew what Jared heard over the phone, there was no mistaking the fact that his caller left him shaken.

His tone softened. "What's the matter?"

"Hitting on Carlos' wife, have you lost your mind?"

Completely clueless, Jared looked at Debbie and mumbled, "My old man thinks I've been hitting on you."

Since Debbie and Jared were like two people from two different worlds, everyone burst into laughter when they heard his words. Even Gus, leaning against a column, couldn't keep a straight face anymore.

Hearing what Jared had said, Jasper instantly stifled his anger and asked cautiously, "Are you with Mrs. Hilton now?"

"Yes, I've been with her for a long time."

Jasper misinterpreted his words. He pounded on the desk angrily and thundered, "How dare you seduce a married woman? Not to mention she's Mrs. Hilton! Do you really think Mrs. Hilton will love you more than her husband? Wake up! Come back immediately! Or I'll beat you to a pulp!"

"Dad, what happened? Why are you so angry at me all of a sudden? Why do you think I've been hitting on Mrs. Hilton?"

Jared was totally confused, but his dad wouldn't listen to him. "I already know you are at the Shining International Plaza. Stay there. I'll send somebody there to bring you back. Don't you dare move your ass!"

The old man was not interested in Jared's explanations, whatsoever.

So without another word he hung up, leaving Jared in suspense.

Jared clutched Debbie's arm and implored, "Tomboy, help! My dad hasn't been this mad in a long time. Even on phone, I could almost feel his blood boiling with every single syllable of his lecture."

"And you think I can help you? How?" Debbie asked, obvious doubt coloring her face.

"Call your husband, please! Ask him to tell my dad the truth between you and me. Someone has to let him know that I've never hit on you." It sounded as if Jared was on the verge of crying. 'If I ever find out who told my dad that, I'll roast him alive!' he promised himself.

The others laughed so hard they actually looked in pain. Some of them had to grip their stomach, while others had to bend over with the laughter. After watching the scene, Gus left for his girlfriend in an incredibly good mood.

Later, Debbie called Carlos, just as Carlos had anticipated. "You're calling at a perfect timing. There's a dinner tonight. I'd like you to go with me," Carlos said to her as soon as the phone was connected.

"Hmm? Okay. Well, I'd like to ask a favor," Debbie said.

"I remember there's a light gray overcoat in your closet. Try it on later," Carlos continued, as if he hadn't heard a single word she had just said.

Debbie thought about what she had in her closet. There were too much clothes. She didn't know exactly how much clothes she had. Then she realized that was not what she was calling for. "Mr. Handsome, I'm calling because of Jared."

Carlos put his feet on the desk. "Do you like that hairdo?"

"Hmm?" She was puzzled.

"The picture you sent me."

"Oh, I found it hilarious, and then I couldn't help imagining what you would look like in that hairdo." A laugh escaped Debbie's lips.

Jared turned to her sullenly. 'My life is in her hands now, and there she is, flirting with her husband. She was even having fun while I'm in deep shit, ' he thought bitterly.

"What's so funny about it?" Carlos wondered.

"It's hilarious. Didn't you get the picture from me? Didn't you think it was funny?"

"Debbie Nelson! What did you mean by sending me a picture of another man and asking me to copy him? Did you have a crush on Jared, but he turned you down? And now you are trying to make me look like him?" 'Make him look like Jared?

What did he mean?' she thought to herself.

Before she could speak, Carlos queried, "I'm only 1.88 m. Do I have to grow ten more cm to be Jared?"

"Carlos! What's wrong with you?" His weird tone started bugging her.

"You're always close to Jared. So today, you eventually started sending me his pictures. Debbie, are you telling me that you didn't do it intentionally?"

Carlos retorted. Now Debbie sensed jealousy.

"That wasn't my intention. I just thought the hairdo was funny and wanted you to have a laugh. That was all." Standing next to her, Jared listened on restlessly. She still hadn't gotten to the point of the call yet.

'Sending him a picture of another man to make him laugh?' Jared wondered what was running through Debbie's mind. "Okay, I can forget about the whole thing, but you and Jared won't shop together anymore."

Quietly, Carlos placed an internal call. It was for Emmett.

CHAPTER 164 IDENTITY OUTED

Debbie didn't notice Carlos calling Emmett on the phone. She was too focused on blaming Carlos for being bossy. "Jared and I are just friends. You know that. Why are you doing this?" She started to suspect that it was Carlos who called Jared's dad and made him angry at him. 'Why would he even do that? It's none of his business what Jared does, and he doesn't need to stir up drama like that. The man is just too controlling, and it's time he got knocked down a few pegs. Maybe if I bug him enough he'll back off. Yeah, that's what I'll do!'

Carlos wasn't amused. "So this is my fault?" His voice got colder.

Debbie shook her head and said in a hurry, "No, no. My bad. Please call Jared's dad and tell him Jared didn't hit on me. He's really mad. He figured out where Jared is through GPS and is going to take him home and kick his ass."

"Feeling bad for him?"

Just then, Emmett walked into Carlos' office. Carlos mouthed the words "Call Jasper." Emmett noticed that Carlos looked gentler than a moment ago. Immediately he knew who Carlos was talking to on the phone.

Carlos' stubbornness made Debbie feel frustrated. She lost her patience. "You going to call him or not?" she asked in a flat voice.

"Promise me. Promise that you won't get too close to Jared," said Carlos, playing with a lighter.

"Honestly, how many times do I have to tell you? Jared and I are just friends! We've known each other for years. Now you're asking me to stop talking to him all of a sudden? No can do!" Then she turned to Jared and said, "Sorry, buddy. I can't save you. It seems you'll have to go home and face your dad. Or you'll lose me forever."

"Noooooo!" Jared was desperate.

Kasie, Kristina, and Dixon burst into laughter.

"Emmett has already called Jasper," Carlos said and hung up.

'What?' Debbie looked at her phone, confused. 'He called already? So Jared won't get beaten by his dad?'

Why didn't he tell me earlier? So he was pulling my leg the whole time! Auuugh!' Debbie opened WeChat and sent Carlos a message. "Honey, love you." At the end of the message was a Kiss Mark emoji.

"Your husband won't help?" asked Jared. He had decided that if Carlos didn't help him, he would fix Debbie up with a ton of guys.

"I think... he will. Maybe. Just wait." Debbie wasn't sure.

The Shining International Plaza was only about ten-odd minutes from Jared's home, if you took a car.

Jared was still sweating bullets when he went up to the fifth floor of the Alioth Building. He could think of little else, and picked at his food. He was too worried that Jasper would swoop in with his men, carry him into the car, and then he'd really get it. But by the time he finished his meal, everyone knew that Jared was safe.

Jared almost cried with relief. He placed one arm on Debbie's shoulder and said, "You have no idea how much I want to kiss you and your husband right now."

"Probably not a good idea. Carlos doesn't swing that way, and he won't be happy if you kiss Deb," Kasie reminded him.

"Okay, suddenly I don't feel like kissing anyone," declared Jared.

Everyone looked at him and shook their heads.

The group separated later. When Debbie came back to the manor, she found the overcoat Carlos had told her about, and put it on. By the time she fixed her makeup, it was almost time to go. The dinner party would be starting soon.

The dinner was in a private booth on the fifth floor of Alioth Building. By the time Debbie and Carlos turned up, everybody else was already there waiting for them.

After some pleasantries, they were led to the seats of honor. Somebody had already pulled the chair out for Carlos. Yet Carlos didn't sit down immediately. He said to Debbie, "The heat's on. Take off your coat, or you'll start sweating."

Debbie blushed and did as he asked.

Everyone there was a successful businessman. One was more slippery than another. When they saw how considerate Carlos was to Debbie, they all started sucking up to her. Obviously, if Carlos was deferent to her, then she must be important indeed.

One man took her coat. A second pulled the chair out for her. A third poured her some wine while a fourth filled her water glass.

When everybody was finally seated, someone mustered up enough nerve to ask, "Carlos, I assume that this lady is Mrs. Hilton. Am I right?"

Carlos smiled. He looked at Debbie but remained silent.

Debbie was surprised at his reaction. 'What's that supposed to mean? Why doesn't he tell them who I am?'

Since Carlos didn't respond, everyone else kept their mouths shut. A few quiet, awkward seconds passed. Someone was about to break the uncomfortable silence when Carlos announced, "My wife always keeps a low profile. I promised her I'd keep our marriage secret. As to your question, I need my wife's permission before I answer it."

The others were familiar with Carlos' personality. They had never seen him talk that much before. When he turned to Debbie, every one of them understood that the woman sitting next to him was Mrs. Hilton.

They all looked at Debbie with a smile and racked their brains to compliment her. The room suddenly

was abuzz with their unctuous compliments. Some complimented her beauty, others focused on her hair, dress, or her bearing. A few talked about her manners, and some more nebulous things that they couldn't possibly know about the quiet woman sitting at the table with them. They were unconcerned, all fawning over her to get on Carlos' good side.

Bombarded with their expressions of praise, commendation, and admiration, Debbie didn't know how to respond. It was Carlos who came to her rescue. "My wife is shy. Let's eat," he said.

Debbie's face turned red.

Immediately, his proposal was echoed. The subject was changed. Someone asked the waiter to bring the meals.

During the feast, Debbie realized something. The fact that she was at a dinner with Carlos and the way Carlos had answered that man's question kind of made their relationship public.

But under the circumstances, there seemed to be nothing wrong with the way Carlos told the others who she was.

Debbie stopped thinking about the issue and ate while listening to them talk about work. She had nothing to add, so she remained quiet as they talked shop. Some things she understood, sometimes it was jargon or abbreviations she was unfamiliar with. But a wise person never learned with their mouth open.

Carlos barely said anything afterwards. However, even so, the other men kept asking his opinion on this or that.

"I need to use the little girls' room," Debbie whispered in Carlos' ear.

The bathroom in the booth was occupied, so Debbie had to go outside. "Do you want me to go with you?" asked Carlos.

"No, you stay. I'll be right back."

Debbie let out a long exhale when she stepped outside. The ambiance inside the booth was nice but boring.

She kept walking. A conversation came to her ears when she passed by the smoking zone. It was actually whispering between two men. She wasn't eavesdropping, but since they mentioned Carlos, she couldn't help noticing.

"We just found out yesterday that Carlos was married, and today we got to see her for ourselves," said one man.

"I want to know more about her. What's her background? I don't want to make any mistakes talking to her. But really... who wants to ask Carlos that?" observed his companion.

"What's he up to tonight, anyway?"

"Isn't it obvious? Pretty much everything he did after he got here, and the words he said, indicated the woman was Mrs. Hilton. What he didn't say was that she had to be respected, but that was the subtext. Disrespecting her is like disrespecting him. I think he wanted all of us to remember that." The men that had come to dinner tonight might be of different levels of importance, but they were all elites in commerce and enjoyed a high status in Alorith.

Debbie stood there and thought, 'It's just a dinner. How can it mean that much?'

But what the two men said also made sense. Carlos was always serious. Everything he said or did meant something.

Debbie went another way to go to the bathroom. She didn't want it to be awkward, bumping into those two.

On her way back to their booth, the door to another booth opened and the people inside walked out.

There were a lot of them. Debbie was going to change direction again. But she spotted someone familiar. And almost at the same time the person saw her too. "Debbie? Debbie Nelson?" called a surprised voice.

CHAPTER 165 BE MY GIRLFRIEND

It was Hayden's mom, Blanche.

Along with her were Hayden's father, Portia, a middle-aged couple, and a young man.

It looked like some kind of engagement meeting.

Since Blanche called her, Debbie knew she couldn't just run away. "Hi, nice to see you," she said, greeting Hayden's parents politely. She really wanted out of here. Seeing Hayden's family made her think of how he kept hitting on her. It was like he didn't want to believe she was really married, believed that he was entitled to her simply because he wanted her. Whenever he texted, her heart sank like a stone. Sometimes, while talking to him, she threw up in her mouth a bit.

"Why are you here?" asked Portia curtly, looking her up and down. She sounded surprised.

She didn't say it, but her tone told Debbie what she really thought was "Wow, woman, how can you even possibly afford this place?"

"Who is this?" asked the young man. Wearing a blue down jacket, he looked at Debbie the same way

Portia had—only difference was he seemed interested. The glint in his eyes disgusted Debbie.

But somehow, the man looked familiar. She just couldn't quite place his face. She racked her brains trying to figure out where she'd seen him, but she couldn't figure it out. 'School? No. Maybe at one of Carlos' meetings? No. Who is this guy?'

"She's nobody. Lewis Hilton, let's go," said Griffin Gomez, Hayden's father.

Considering the history between Debbie and the Gomez family, he knew nothing good would come out of this chance meeting. He wanted no trouble for anyone and hoped they could leave as soon as possible. However, Blanche wasn't done yet. "Are you here to see Hayden? No can do, sister. He's not here. He's on a date with my daughter-in-law-to-be." Her voice was full of contempt.

'Hayden has a fiancée? But why is he still texting me every day? What a jerk!' Debbie thought to herself. "It's not what you think. I didn't come here for your son. I'm just having dinner with some people," Debbie explained with a smile.

Hearing that Debbie wasn't there for Hayden, Blanche felt embarrassed. Clearly, she had fallen into a pit she dug for herself. To save face, she turned to the aloof woman standing next to her, and said with a fawning smile, "Mrs. Hilton, this is my son's ex-girlfriend. My son dumped her years ago, but she still pesters him. Sorry about that. I'm so embarrassed."

'Mrs. Hilton?' Debbie looked at the aloof woman again. She had the same cold presence as Carlos.

But there were some other people who had the surname "Hilton" in the city. Debbie thought maybe she wasn't related to Carlos at all.

However, although she was a total stranger to the woman, she could see disdain in Mrs. Hilton's eyes. Debbie turned to Blanche and retorted, "Mrs. Gomez, you're wrong. Your son is pestering me. I think I may need your help to get through to him. Since we're here right now, I'll just say this: please tell your son to back off. I'm married."

Blanche's face turned hideous with embarrassed rage. "What are you talking about? My son? Pestering you? Don't be ridiculous! You hooked up with someone's secretary and do some skin care, and then you think you're rich and powerful? Get over yourself! You said you're married, but I don't see a ring. Maybe your husband can't even afford one!"

Just like her son, Hayden, Blanche also thought Debbie married Emmett.

Debbie took a deep breath and decided to ignore her. She turned to Mrs. Hilton instead and wanted to give her a heads-up. "Lady, if I were you, I wouldn't let my son marry Portia. Look at who he'd have for a mother-in-law. Like mother like daughter, you know."

Mrs. Hilton looked like she wanted to say something, but she thought better of it and remained silent.

Her son had been staring at Debbie with interest the whole time. She felt so disappointed.

Debbie's words enraged Blanche completely. She viciously yanked Debbie away from Mrs. Hilton and warned, "Watch your mouth! Or I'll make sure you won't have one anymore! You slutty, nosy bitch!" After that, she turned to the middle-aged couple with an apologetic smile and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, Lewis, this woman is crazy. Just ignore her."

The couple didn't want to get involved in the drama. They turned to leave.

The young man, however, didn't move. He hadn't taken his eyes off Debbie from the moment he saw her. "I'm also worried that Portia would turn out like her mom. How about I call off the engagement and be your boyfriend?" he said to Debbie.

Portia looked at Debbie with burning eyes. Debbie took out her necklace from under her clothes and shook it before Lewis' eyes. "See? I'm married."

Not wanting to be noticed, she had been wearing her huge diamond wedding ring around her neck as a necklace.

Of course, Carlos found out she hadn't been wearing the ring and punished her for a long time in bed. So she worked up the pendant as a compromise.

Portia fixed her eyes on the ring immediately when she saw it, and knew it was precious. Certainly more than any of them could afford. Even an idiot could tell that ring was priceless.

Shocked at the size of Debbie's ring, Portia started to study her accessories.

She found out that the plain-looking ear studs Debbie wore were actually worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The shoes she was in cost nearly twenty thousand.

'So, is Debbie really married to a secretary?'

But Emmett was Carlos' secretary. It made sense to Portia that he could afford these things.

"I like stealing other men's wives. It's exciting. Be my girlfriend. I'll buy you two rings just like the one you have. What do you say?" Lewis said shamelessly.

Debbie couldn't believe her ears. She looked at the man who was smiling at her evilly. 'He's flirting with me right in front of Portia. So did I get it wrong? Maybe they're not here to talk about their engagement?'

Her thoughts were interrupted by her ringtone. She pulled out her phone, and saw it was Carlos. She

walked away from Lewis and took the call. "I'm heading back," she told Carlos.

When she was back inside the booth, Carlos took her hand under the table and asked, "You were gone for awhile. Where did you go?"

"I came across a friend. We talked," she answered casually.

"Okay. Are you full?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go then." Carlos held Debbie's hand and stood up.

Debbie was speechless. 'Leaving the table as soon as he is stuffed, Carlos is so arrogant.'

Seeing Carlos stand up, the others all followed. Someone took his and Debbie's coats for him. A couple of guests helped them get their coats on, and someone else opened the door for him.

Their enthusiasm made Debbie sick. But not Carlos. Her husband was expressionless, as if he were accustomed to it.

Once they were out of the building, they got into the car. "I'll drop you off at the manor, but I have to go back to the office. It's work." He shrugged, then continued, "Be home late tonight."

"Can't you do it tomorrow?" asked Debbie. It was already 9 p.m. He worked late every day. She was worried.

"I have work to do tomorrow too. If I don't finish up today, I'll just have more work to do tomorrow. I'll leave work as early as I can, okay?" he explained with a smile and then kissed her forehead.

She nodded. "Okay then. Don't be out too late."

The car came to an intersection after it left the underground parking lot. There was a traffic jam. The Emperor slowed down. Debbie looked out the window while Carlos was on the phone talking to Emmett.

Suddenly, she noticed some people pushing each other at the entrance of Alioth Building. There were men and women. The woman in a black overcoat looked familiar, though. After she pushed a man and turned around, Debbie saw her face.

CHAPTER 166 CARLOS' COUSIN

The woman in the black overcoat was none other than Kasie.

Lewis was there, grabbing Kasie's arm. Portia was standing nearby with a man and a woman.

Debbie's gut feeling told her that something bad happened to Kasie. She turned to Carlos and said anxiously, "I have to get out there. Go on ahead, Carlos. You need to get to work." She was about to open the car door, but he stopped her.

"What's going on? Why the rush?" Carlos asked in confusion.

"I think Kasie's in trouble. I need to check on her." Anxiety was written all over her face.

"Location," he said shortly.

"What location?"

"Kasie's location."

"Oh, she's at the entrance of Alioth Building."

"Call me if you need help," Carlos nodded.

"Sure. Come home early after work."

After Debbie got out of the car, the traffic light changed to green. Carlos started the Emperor's engine.

"Call Ralph Hobbs," demanded Carlos.

Ralph was one of Carlos' subordinates, the general manager in charge of Alioth Building.

"Yes, Carlos," answered Emmett.

At the entrance of Alioth Building

Kasie was nursing a red mark on her face. She had just been slapped across the face and was about to slap back when Lewis grabbed her wrist. "Enough! Are you done? We've been broken up for awhile," he thundered.

A devastated Kasie smacked a gift box against Lewis and yelled, "When did we break up? You cheater! I've spent all day picking out this gift to celebrate your promotion. And this is how you repay me?!"

Ignoring her questions, Lewis adjusted his clothes and complained, "Quit making a fool of yourself. Leave! Now!"

"Kasie!" a woman's voice chimed in.

They turned to look who it was. A woman in a grey overcoat was walking toward them at a hurried pace.

Her eyes swept over them as she asked, "What's going on?"

Kasie sobered up at the sight of her. "Tomboy, why are you here?"

Lewis' eyes lit up. "Hey, beautiful! We meet again."

Paying no attention to him, Debbie approached Kasie and grabbed her hands, only to see her swollen cheek. "Just passing by. What's wrong with your face? Who hit you?"

With arms akimbo, the woman standing next to Portia said coldly, "She's a ho, and she deserved it."

Debbie looked Portia in the eye and asked, emotionless, "Did you hit her?"

With a scornful smile, Portia replied, "She seduced my fiance. She's lucky I just slapped her. I should've stripped her clothes off and thrown her out on the street."

Debbie released Kasie and strode towards Portia. Smack! The slap was so loud that even passersby stopped to look on.

Everyone was stunned by Debbie's sudden move, especially Lewis. He fixed his eyes upon her—his gaze was full of desire instead of fury.

'Wow, I've never seen such a hot chick before. She must be wild in bed, ' he mused.

In stunned disbelief, Portia yelled at the top of her lungs, "Bitch! Who do you think you are? What are you two waiting for? Tie her up!"

The man and woman then came to their senses and tried to seize Debbie. However, Portia was too angry to remember that Debbie was a good fighter. Within seconds, it was all over. Debbie swept the woman off her feet with a simple movement of her leg. The woman hit the ground hard, and it knocked the wind out of her. The man advanced on our heroine. "You'll pay for that, bitch," he growled. She didn't pay—he did. When he grabbed for her, she kicked him right between the legs. His mouth formed an "O". Then Debbie pushed on his forehead, and he fell over. Both would-be assailants rolled back and forth on the ground, coughing and wailing in pain.

At this moment, a man in a suit and leather shoes trotted towards them, followed by a dozen bodyguards. The man was surprised to see Lewis here. "Lewis!" he greeted.

"Ralph! What are you doing here?" Lewis asked. Obviously, they knew each other.

"Emmett asked me to help Miss Debbie," Ralph replied honestly.

Lewis cast a meaningful glance at Debbie. 'So that's her name. She can fight! I like her even more.'

Debbie knew these guys must work for Carlos, so she told Ralph, "I'm Debbie Nelson. Since you're here to help me, then beat the shit out of this scumbag!" She pointed at Lewis.

Ralph was startled at the request and decided to probe further. "Miss Debbie, is there some misunderstanding between you two? This is the general manager of Hilton Group's New York branch."

The general manager of Hilton Group's New York branch? "And you are Carlos'...?" she asked Lewis.

Lewis' face changed dramatically at the mention of Carlos. Fear could be seen in his eyes. But soon it was replaced by hubris. "He's my cousin," he announced, proud as a peacock.

'Oh, I see. He's Carlos' cousin.

Then the middle-aged couple I met earlier must be Carlos' relatives.'

Despite Lewis' identity, Debbie didn't plan to let him go. She didn't care who he was. She had kicked Carlos before, and she wasn't about to surrender to a scumbag like Lewis.

She turned to Ralph and asked angrily, "You gonna help me or not?"

'Who is she? She's not afraid of Carlos' cousin at all, ' Ralph mused. With an embarrassed smile, he said, "Miss Debbie, I think there must be some misunderstanding. How about this—"

Debbie interrupted him, "How about what? If you're not going to help, then stay out of the way!"

Ralph was struck speechless. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have done as Debbie said. After all, Emmett had told him to help her. But this was Lewis Hilton.

No matter what, he couldn't afford to hit Lewis. Carlos would have his head cut off if he did that, he feared.

"Fine. I knew I couldn't count on anyone else," Debbie said, as she took off her overcoat and handed it to Kasie.

Her move snapped Kasie back to her senses. She grabbed Debbie's arm and tried to stop her. "Hey, Tomboy, forget it. Let's go." Kasie pondered letting Lewis go. This might develop into something that she couldn't handle. There were many bodyguards around, and Debbie might get hurt. A little douchebag like Lewis just wasn't worth it.

She hated Lewis, but she didn't want to cause trouble. After all, he was Carlos' cousin. If Debbie beat Lewis to a pulp like she wanted, Carlos might get angry, and it would end up in a big row.

Debbie tapped Kasie's forehead and snapped, "Are you kidding me? Since when did you become a doormat? When Hayden dumped me, you wanted to beat the shit out of him for me."

Hayden had broken up with Debbie years ago. Back then, Kasie and Jared had assembled a group of people to teach him a hard lesson.

But Debbie had stopped them.

Now, Kasie was deeply aware of Debbie's feelings back then. She released Debbie's hand and dropped into a fighting stance. "All right. He has this coming."

With a satisfied smile, Debbie took her coat back and threw it at Ralph. "Watch and learn, guys. This is how you deal with an asshole!"

With Debbie's coat in his hands, Ralph Hobbs was at a loss for words. 'I'm not your slave!' he cursed inwardly.

He was about to throw the coat back at Debbie when Kasie warned him, "You better take good care of the coat. It's a prototype for a clothing line produced by Hilton Group. You damage it, you pay for it."

The latest prototype of Hilton Group?

Not until then did Debbie realize why Carlos had her wear that coat to the dinner party. No wonder everyone there talked about clothes all the time. Debbie clenched her fists.

'Carlos! You used me as your model!'

Not knowing whether Kasie was lying, Ralph told one of the bodyguards, "Find out if the woman is telling the truth."

CHAPTER 167 YOU ARE A WIMP

Debbie raised her fist and threw it at Lewis' face. Although Lewis knew next to nothing about martial arts, he was a fan of boxing matches, and was fast enough to dodge her fist.

Seeing Debbie start a fight, Portia ordered Ralph in a harsh voice, "Why are you still standing there? The bitch dares to beat Lewis! If he gets hurt, do you think you could afford it?"

Ralph didn't dare to offend either side, so he told the bodyguards, "Stop them!"

Cornered by Debbie, Lewis warned, "Woman! One more step and I'll escalate this!"

"Escalate to whom? Is it Carlos you're banking on? Shouldn't you be ashamed of calling on another man to fight the stupid scuffles you started?" Debbie snapped.

Seeing Debbie not convinced, Lewis took his phone out from his pocket. Just then, she landed a punch in

his belly. He winced in pain.

Joining in, Kasie took the chance to slap him across the face. A humiliated Lewis shouted to the bodyguards, "Drag them away!"

Helpless, yet fumed with rage, Portia thought to herself, 'Who does she think she is?! She used to be the dog of me and my brother.' In her high heels, she rushed to Debbie and grabbed her arm. "Debbie, if you dare touch Lewis again, I swear it will be the end of you and my brother!"

"Huh?" Debbie's jaw dropped. "Are you kidding me? You think the Gomez family is something I give a damn about, don't you? To be honest, your family was even no match for Jared's family before. It is a stroke of luck that Hayden has managed to improve the lot of the Gomez family in the last few years. So stop showing off. You are just from a nouveau riche family."

The blunt truth in Debbie's words incensed Portia. With a sour face, she snarled, "Shut up, bitch!"

"Your mouth stinks!" Debbie shook off Portia's hand. "Portia, I'm not the old Debbie anymore. I don't give a hoot about you or your stupid brother. I'm going to teach this Jerk a lesson today. Oh, don't worry. Kasie won't see him anymore. He doesn't deserve—"

Before Debbie could finish, Portia gave her such a heavy slap

that she could feel color flaming up in her cheek.

Kasie, who was blocked by two bodyguards, heard the slap and turned to look what happened. When she saw Debbie's swollen cheek, she broke herself free, charged forward and yelled at Portia, "Portia, how dare you hit Debbie! You will pay for this!"

Not knowing Debbie's strong backer, Portia gave Kasie a mocking smile and taunted, "Really? I don't think I'll pay for it. Debbie is just a worthless bitch who used to suck up to me and my brother."

Two bodyguards helped Lewis to his feet. As he adjusted his clothes, he scowled at Ralph and demanded, "Tie them up."

Ralph held Debbie's coat with utmost care, aware that it was worth over \$300, 000—not something he would wish to compensate for, even if he could afford. All the same, there was no way he could disobey Lewis' orders. So he called on his men, "Hear Lewis? Do as he says."

Debbie got raving mad when she remembered the last time she was slapped—it was on account of the same Portia.

Before the bodyguards could subdue her and Kasie, Debbie grabbed Portia's wrist tight, giving her such a scare that she screamed like a banshee. Debbie dragged Portia to Lewis. "Mr. Jerk, how dare you cheat on my friend! Look how I'm going to teach this whore a lesson."

Ignoring Portia's screams of terror, Debbie slapped her so hard she saw stars.

Lewis, however, had no intention of stopping Debbie at all. His eyes lit up at the sight of this. It had been a long time since he was last turned on by a woman. He wished he could press Debbie against the wall and give her an S and M right now.

While Portia was still reeling from the shock, Debbie gave her two more slaps. Certain that the men around were not able to save her from Debbie, Portia tried to hit back. Flinging her expensive bag in the hope she'd hit Debbie, she yelled hysterically, "Screw you! I'll kill you!"

But Debbie was too quick and dodged with ease. Seeing that she was no match for Debbie, Portia took out her phone from her bag and dialed a number. "Bring guys who know martial arts to the entrance of Alioth Building. Quick!" she hollered.

Debbie looked on with a derisive smile and casually asked, "Are you done with your phone call? Have your people come?"

"Debbie Nelson, just wait and see!"

"Why should I wait? Am I a fool? Anyway, I hope you've learnt not to mess with everyone. But in case you still want us to dance, I'll be more than willing. Try me!" With that, Debbie waved at a young man who was watching the fun in front of a beauty salon. "Hi, handsome."

The man's face blushed scarlet. He was too shy to say a word.

Debbie came up to him and asked politely, "Are you an employee of this salon? Can I borrow something from you?"

"What do you want?" he asked in confusion.

After Debbie whispered in his ear, he got into the salon and before long, came out and handed her something.

Debbie returned to Portia, who was trying to call Hayden. Unfortunately, he was on the plane, and his phone had been switched off.

Portia was instantly alerted upon seeing the thing in Debbie's hand. "What are you going to do?" Her voice was trembling.

"Guess what I'm going to do." Debbie waved the scissors in her hand and gave her a wicked grin. "I'll shave you bald right here!"

Portia's face paled. She covered her head and hid behind Lewis. "Lewis, help me please."

Lewis himself was no match for Debbie. But he was a man, and he couldn't afford to see a woman being bullied in front of him. He tried to coax Debbie, "Beautiful girl, please. Let her go for my sake. Let's put this matter to rest now, okay? It's not safe to play with sharp objects like you're doing. What if someone gets hurt?"

Lewis was a playboy. Always too soft, too patient with beautiful women.

Debbie, however, didn't buy none of that crap. She pointed the scissors to his crotch and threatened, "On second thought, I better cut your dick off. You'll never hurt girls again, after this, I promise."

Lewis went numb at the sight of the menacing woman. Certain that if he tried to resist Debbie, things would turn nasty, he chose to cooperate. He drew Portia aside, grabbing both her hands so that she wouldn't move while Debbie clipped her hair. "Don't worry. Better the small humiliation of a bald shave than to think we can fight her when we both know what she's capable of."

Portia broke herself free and slapped Lewis across the face. "You are a good-for-nothing wimp! Why not call your cousin? He's Carlos! And you are the general manager of Hilton Group's New York branch yourself! Why are you so afraid of her? Debbie is just a weak woman. We have so many people here. Ask them to tie her up!"

CHAPTER 168 BEATINGS

Lewis had been beaten by Debbie and cussed out by Portia. He was a proud man, and couldn't stand it anymore. He pointed at Portia and cursed loudly, "Debbie's right. You're just like your mother—a total bitch! Get the hell out of my way!"

Everyone was so shocked they couldn't say a word.

Debbie was not interested in the drama. She approached Portia, grabbed her long hair and cut a large hunk of it off with the scissors.

Portia's hair fluttered to the ground along with her screams.

"Aaaaaargh! Lewis, you puss-pop! Call your cousin!" Portia yelled at him.

Lewis was fumed with rage when she called him that. He pointed at Debbie and demanded, "Have her arrested! Now! Otherwise, you're all fired!"

The bodyguards urged Ralph to action. "Boss, we need to do something. Lewis is Carlos' cousin. If we get hurt, it's won't be a big deal. But I'm sure Carlos will be pissed if Lewis gets hurt."

"He's right. You can just tell Emmett that Lewis forced us to arrest her."

'They make a lot of sense, ' Ralph thought. He didn't need much time, and something needed to be done

here, before Lewis got hurt even more. This had gone too far. He nodded and gestured to his men. "Do as Lewis says. Arrest Debbie."

The bodyguards swarmed around Debbie. Meanwhile, Ralph took out his phone and called Emmett.

Debbie was busy cutting Portia's hair. When the bodyguards approached, Kasie stood in front of Debbie, arms out, intended to shield her from harm. "What are you going to do? Just go away!" shouted Kasie.

Debbie waved the scissors in the air and declared nonchalantly, "Go ahead if you don't mind losing your dicks."

The bodyguards didn't believe Debbie could fight. Not this girl, not any woman, really. Two men dragged Kasie away, and the rest advanced on Debbie.

Debbie kicked a man in the gut, and he staggered backwards.

There were too many of them, so Debbie had to let go of Portia. The girl almost passed out.

No sooner had Ralph told Emmett what had happened than the secretary yelled at him over the phone. "Ralph! That is the dumbest thing I've heard all day. Don't blame me if you're fired or something. You've really stepped in it this time!"

"What? Why? Emmett, I only did as Lewis asked."

Wiping the cold sweat off his forehead, Emmett said, "Ask your men to stop and apologize to Mrs... er...Debbie. It's not too late. If she gets hurt because of you, you'll be so dead. Listen to me, man."

Ralph was not fully convinced yet. "Emmett, are you out of your mind? Debbie offended Lewis, not to mention the daughter of the Gomez family. Are you sure you want me to help her?"

"Of course, I'm a hundred percent sure. Carlos asked you to help her. She's Carlos' woman, and he cares more about her than Lewis. Capice?" Emmett said this through gritted teeth.

Of course, Emmett's words came as a great shock to Ralph. 'What?! Debbie is Carlos' woman? I know there's a rumor that he's married. But she could be anyone...'

Thinking about this, he yelled at his men, "Guys, retreat!"

The bodyguards were fighting with Debbie, who was a formidable opponent. They were too excited to pay attention to Ralph's order. Of course, not like she was giving them a chance to think. One was on the cement nursing a kneecap, likely broken. She had also swept another with her leg, knocking him to the ground. And she had just finished punching one in the throat, causing him to stumble backwards, trying to catch his breath. She didn't fool around when she fought. These men had underestimated her and were paying the price.

Ralph was so anxious he dashed towards them and even got between them and Debbie. "Are you deaf? I said, retreat!"

His sudden move stunned them. They didn't dare to hurt Ralph, so they stopped.

Ralph heaved a sigh of relief and wiped the sweat off his forehead. He turned around and put on an unctuous smile. "Miss Debbie, I'm really sorry about all this. Are you hurt? How about I take you to the hospital?"

Debbie was confused by his change in attitude. "What do you mean by that?"

With an awkward smile, Ralph said, "Sorry, Miss Debbie. I wasn't trying to hurt you." He then turned to his men. "Arrest Lewis. Do as Miss Debbie says. Get it?"

Everyone was dumbstruck.

At the Hilton Group

Emmett swallowed and told Carlos worriedly, "Carlos, something happened at the Alioth Building." He knew Carlos would be angry, but he didn't dare keep it from his boss. Otherwise, he would end up in hell.

Alioth Building? Carlos raised his head and fixed his sharp eyes on Emmett. "How is she?"

"Um...Debbie is all right. Lewis is also there, and he got in a fight with her. She beat the shit out of him and cut Portia's hair." 'Ralph, you better start praying,' Emmett thought to himself.

'Lewis?' Carlos furrowed his brows as he picked up his phone and called Debbie. The phone call connected soon.

"Hey, honey." Her voice was low. Carlos guessed that there might be others around her.

"Are you okay? Did you get hurt?" he asked worriedly.

"I'm great. Um...I beat up your cousin..." Her voice trailed off. She wondered whether Carlos would blame her or not.

Carlos heaved a sigh of relief and even praised her. "Nice. He deserved it."

'What?! Nice?' Debbie was confused. "Aren't you mad?"

"Yes, I'm mad, but not at you. Get Lewis on the phone."

"Er... O-Okay... Hey, Mr. Jerk, it's for you!" Carlos heard Debbie's voice coming from the other end.

'Mr. Jerk?' Carlos chuckled. 'Well, she's not wrong.'

Confused, Lewis took over the phone. "Me? Who is this?"

He saw the caller ID—Mr. Hilton—and wondered, 'Another Hilton. Do I know him?' He asked casually, "Hello, who is this?"

"Me." The simple word scared Lewis to death—he recognized Carlos' voice.

He eyed Debbie up and down, wondering who she was to Carlos. "Hey, Carlos, what's up?"

Lewis' words caught Portia's attention. 'Did Carlos call Debbie?'

She looked back and forth between Debbie and Lewis and thought to herself, 'Why did Carlos call Debbie? How are they related?'

After Carlos said something, Lewis nodded immediately. "Okay. I get it. I'll be there soon."

After hanging up, Lewis fixed his gaze on Debbie. After a long time, he decided to take her with him to meet Carlos. "Let's get going." He grabbed her wrist.

Debbie shook off his hand in disgust and snapped, "Where? Why should I go with you?"

"I'm heading to my cousin's office. This is your fault. And you need to tell him." Lewis didn't know why he had to take Debbie with him, but he had a gut feeling that he would be much safer if he took Debbie to meet his cousin.

Ralph, who had just sent two patrolmen away, approached them and offered, "Lewis, Miss Debbie, I'll get the car."

CHAPTER 169 SHE'S MY WIFE

Debbie bid Kasie goodbye and was about to get into the car when Portia grabbed her arm—hard. "No! We're not done!" Portia yelled. Her men would arrive in a few minutes. She had no intention of letting Debbie off the hook so easily.

Before Debbie could respond, Lewis pulled Portia away and snapped impatiently, "Get the hell out of here, Portia. I thought you were an ice queen, but you're really as clingy as an octopus."

He didn't love Portia; he just took it as a challenge to melt the ice queen's heart. But now she was getting on his nerves.

Portia trembled with anger at Lewis' remarks. With red eyes, she pointed at him and shouted, "Dammit

Lewis! You're cancelled! I'm telling my mom to call off our engagement."

Debbie had guessed right—Portia and Lewis were about to get engaged.

"Whatever." Lewis shrugged and got into the car. Seeing Debbie remain motionless, he urged, "Hurry! Get in the car! You don't want her bitch cooties, do you?"

Portia broke out into curses. "Lewis, you're an asshole! Everyone in your family is!"

Debbie, trying hard to suppress her giggles, got into the back seat. Lewis was not angered by Portia's words. "My family? Does that include Carlos?"

Portia stopped as soon as Lewis mentioned Carlos. She cast a murderous glance at Debbie and threatened through gritted teeth, "Debbie, just wait and see."

With a wide grin, Debbie clapped back. "Oh, don't forget to tell your brother—I kicked your ass and cut your hair."

"You!" Portia was too angry to utter a complete sentence.

The car soon drove off, leaving Portia behind. Her long fingernails dug into her palms, leaving deep marks.

At the Hilton Group

Lewis and Debbie made a beeline for the CEO's office. Most employees didn't know Debbie, but they knew Lewis.

The elevator came to a halt on the 66th floor. Staring at the closed door of Carlos' office, Lewis nudged Debbie forward and said, "Remember our arrangement. You go in first."

Debbie was dumbstruck. 'Seriously? You're really afraid of Carlos, aren't you? I can understand why Jared is scared of Carlos. But you're his cousin! Besides, he's not that scary!' she thought to herself.

There were only two people in the secretary's office—Emmett and Zelda. Zelda stood up from her seat and greeted Lewis, "Lewis, good evening."

She was quite surprised to see Debbie.

Lewis leered at her, and a wolf whistle escaped his lips. "Zelda, you're as hot as ever." This was a common thing—Lewis was a shameless flirt.

"Stop it," Zelda complained, her face reddening. She sat back in her seat.

Emmett came up to them and told Lewis respectfully, "Lewis, Carlos is waiting for you."

Then he approached Debbie and whispered in her ear, "Debbie, why are you here with him?" If Lewis weren't here, Emmett would have let Debbie know that Lewis was an asshole and advised her to keep him at arm's length.

Debbie said with a shrug, "He forced me to come here."

Lewis got close to the office door, and then realized that Debbie wasn't behind him. He cast a burning glance at her and said in a low voice, "What are you waiting for? Open the door!"

Emmett trotted towards the office and knocked on the door. With Carlos' permission, he pushed the door open and addressed his boss, "Carlos, Debbie and Lewis are here."

Lewis grabbed Debbie and pushed her into the office. Caught off guard, she staggered, almost falling onto the floor.

Carlos, sitting in his armchair, saw Debbie falter. He immediately stood up, strode towards her and pulled her into his arms. "It's very late. Why aren't you home? You okay?" That was when he saw her red and swollen cheek. "Who did this to you?"

he asked in a cold voice and furrowed his eyebrows.

"Don't worry. I'm okay. I . . . I came here. . . because I missed you. Can I get a ride home with you?" Debbie held back Carlos' waist and cast a challenging glance at Lewis, who couldn't believe his eyes and ears. Why was she so familiar with his cousin?

Carlos disentangled her from his arms and examined her cheek carefully. His face turned livid. "Who did this?" He shifted his gaze to Lewis, who also had a swollen face.

Assuming that Lewis hit Debbie, Carlos released her, and before Lewis could respond, kicked him in the gut, knocking him to the floor.

He then walked over to his prone body, and placed his foot on him. Then he asked in an icy tone, "You hit her, didn't you?"

Beside him was a table. Carlos picked up the teapot from the table and raised it overhead, as if he was going to smash it against Lewis' head.

Lewis' face paled. "Relax, man! I didn't hit her. It was Portia. She slapped her!"

It was the first time that Debbie had seen Carlos lose it like this, and she was a little scared as well. She then realized that Carlos had always been rather kind to her when she had offended him so many times.

Lewis' pleas snapped Debbie back to reality. She grabbed Carlos' arm and explained, "He didn't hit me. I kicked his ass."

Carlos then let go of Lewis, placed the teapot back on the table and warned him, "If she hits you again, don't fight back."

"What?! But why?" Lewis was in stunned disbelief.

Carlos straightened his suit and said indifferently, "She's my wife."

'She's Carlos' wife?! That means she's my cousin-in-law.' Lewis almost choked on his own tongue.

Ignoring Lewis, who was too shocked to stand up, Carlos buzzed Emmett. "Get in here. And bring some ice."

Then he led Debbie to the couch, sat down and stroked her cheek softly. "So it was Portia?"

His voice was soft, but Debbie could somehow feel danger.

It came back to her now, how people used to describe Carlos—cruel and cold-hearted. Debbie grabbed his hands and coaxed him, "Honey, cool down. I got even with her. I slapped her several times, and even cut her hair. So just let it go, okay?"

Carlos, however, was not easily convinced. "Leave her to me," he said.

A cold shiver ran down Debbie's spine, as his tone suggested that he would kill Portia. "Don't, Carlos. I don't care. It was nothing. Leave it to me, please."

At this moment, Emmett came in with an ice pack and handed it to Carlos.

Lewis was still lying on the floor, but Emmett didn't even blink. However, when he spotted Debbie's swollen cheek, he asked worriedly, "Debbie, what happened? Did someone hit you? Does it hurt?"

'Who had the nerve to hit Carlos' woman? Look at Debbie's fair skin. That must be stinging,' he thought.

CHAPTER 170 SHARE HAPPINESS AND SUFFERINGS

The concern that Emmett showed towards Debbie really touched her heart. "It's all right. I feel much better now, but it's nice of you to ask," she said with a friendly smile.

"Emmett!" Carlos' voice sounded as cold as ice.

Emmett shifted his gaze to his boss and answered, "Yes, Carlos!"

"Your heart must be broken now, huh?" Carlos asked, emotionless.

Emmett nodded honestly. He always had a tender heart for women. Besides, Debbie had always been nice to him.

Debbie somehow sensed something was not right with Carlos, and winked at Emmett.

However, Emmett didn't get her point. Instead, he asked innocently, "Debbie, what's wrong with your eyes? You got hurt? Shall we call a doctor over to check?"

Debbie was speechless. 'I did what I could, but he didn't get me. Can't he see that Carlos is in a terrible mood right now?' she wondered.

"Emmett, it seems that you care about my wife very much," Carlos said casually as he dabbed the ice pack onto Debbie's swollen cheek. He turned to Lewis, who had stood up from the floor, and ordered, "Lewis, don't just stand there while this dumbass pokes his nose into my business. Strike him in the face!"

Only then did Emmett realize he had almost stepped on a landmine. His face turned pale.

With a cold smile, Carlos continued, "In this way, you can share in her happiness and suffering."

Debbie was at a loss for words. 'Carlos is way too possessive, ' she thought.

"Please don't get me wrong, Carlos. Ah, I remember I have something urgent to attend to. I'll take my leave now," said Emmett and quickly turned to leave.

But just as he was about to step out of the door, Lewis blocked his way. "Emmett, you know, on this turf, I'll only play by my cousin's rules." Then without a second thought, he swung his clenched fist to strike.

Only by a whisker did Emmett dodge. With quick darting steps, he retreated from Lewis and cast an imploring glance at Debbie. "Mrs. Hilton, please help!"

The exchange at the door amused Debbie. Holding back her giggles, she clutched at Carlos' right arm with both hands and pleaded in a cute way, "Honey, Emmett was just showing his concern for his boss' wife. Don't get mad at him, okay? Besides, he's your right-hand man. How will it benefit you, if he gets hurt?"

"Do you think he's that indispensable?" asked Carlos with a dismissive snort. "We have an abundance of talented people. His absence would make no difference."

'How cruel he is!' thought Debbie.

All of a sudden, a light bulb went off in her mind. Feigning sadness, she looked at Emmett and said, "Emmett, you see, it's not that I didn't help you. My words cut no ice with your boss."

Instantly, Carlos knew what his wife was going to say. He watched with a raised eyebrow as she continued.

Not knowing Carlos had seen through her trick, Debbie cast a sad glance at her husband and continued, "Emmett, I suggest you go find Olga to put in a good word for you. I believe her words will work."

"Get out!" Carlos roared, at which Lewis and Emmett immediately left the office and closed the door behind them.

A proud smile flashed across Debbie's face, as her plan worked.

Carlos sighed with profound resignation. "I'll have my turn to even the score in bed this evening," he threatened.

"What?! Why are you so obsessed with sex? Must you always link everything to what you do in bed?" Debbie snapped at him.

He pulled her into his arms, kissed her on the lips and said, "Well, that's one of the keys to a successful marriage."

Debbie pushed his hands away and complained, "Stop it!"

"Okay, okay. Is your cheek still hurting?" he asked.

"Not at all. Just go on with your work. I'll be fine." She took the ice pack from him and dabbed it on her cheek.

It was a cold winter. Fortunately, the heating system in the building was working well.

"I've finished my work already. Let's go home now." He had planned to teach Lewis a lesson before going back home, but he hadn't expected Debbie to come here along with the jackass.

And when they had arrived, he had been distracted by her swollen cheek, which gave Lewis the perfect excuse to get away.

In the evening, Carlos and Debbie lazily lay in bed after taking a bath together. He told her their schedule in a couple of days. As the largest shareholder of Orchid Private Club, Debbie would attend an investors' dinner tomorrow. After that, together with Carlos, she would fly to New York to celebrate New Year with the Hilton family the day after tomorrow.

But Megan would go there too. In the past few years, she had celebrated New Year with either the Hilton family or Wesley's family. Both families doted on Megan for her bright and bubbly personality. Other than that, her parents had saved Carlos' and Wesley's lives.

Debbie's heart sank when she heard Megan would celebrate New Year with them.

Watching her carefully, Carlos noticed Debbie's change of mood. It didn't take rocket science to tell what was on her mind. In a soft voice, he coaxed her, "Actually, Megan is a good girl. I think there must be some misunderstanding between you and her. Maybe, you could use this opportunity to know her better."

He understood why Debbie disliked Megan. Megan was wholly dependent on Carlos and his friends. It was perfectly normal for Debbie, his wife, to feel uncomfortable when she saw another girl invading her space.

But Megan had just come of age. If anything, Carlos planned to send her abroad to study in a few years. Hopefully, that would put Debbie's worries to an end. If all went well, Megan might as well find a boyfriend there.

"Okay," Debbie answered in a low voice. She didn't want Carlos to think she was a mean woman.

Carlos kissed her again. "Don't worry. I won't let anyone cross you, okay?"

Relieved by his promise, Debbie cuddled his neck and said, "You cannot go back on your words. If someone crosses me, I'll go have fun without you."

"Without me? How would that be?"

"There are many things I can do. Maybe, I'd even go clubbing with a random handsome guy, just to blow away your money. That must be really interesting...Aargh! Carlos, don't bite my ear!"

"Really? You still have the energy to mess around with another guy? Am I such an incompetent husband?" Carlos pressed her against the bed, his eyes as dark as ink. A cold shiver ran down her spine as she looked him in the eye. He looked more menacing than wolf now.

"No, no, no! I was just kidding. Mr. President, don't take it seriously. Mmm..." She was unable to talk anymore as Carlos gagged her with his lips, his hand rubbing her chest.

In the Gomez family's house

When Portia got home, Griffin and Blanche were still waiting for her in the living room. They wanted to find out how she was getting along with Lewis.

They were freaked out when Portia appeared in front of them. Blanche held her daughter's hands and asked anxiously, "Portia, my dear, what's wrong with your hair? And your cheeks are swollen. What happened?"

Unable to handle the questions, Portia burst into a crying fit, wailing like a baby. When Portia finally spoke, Griffin, who was in poor health, almost had a seizure. "It was Debbie. Her friend has been hitting on Lewis, and when I confronted the girl, Debbie attacked me with a barrage of punches. To add to the humiliation, she pulled out a pair of scissors and cut my hair, while threatening dire consequences to anyone who'd attempt to help me. More so, people fear her on account of Emmett—her husband. Mom, it was so humiliating, I wished for the ground to open up and swallow me."

"Debbie?! " Both Griffin and Blanche were shocked to hear that name. How the hell would Debbie have the guts to bully their beloved daughter?