

TMBA 201

CHAPTER 201 SCANDAL

Portia's explanations made Blanche feel better about her plan. She was still wary, but Portia seemed logical about this. "But it's not easy to get close to Carlos," she said to her daughter.

"I know. From now on I'll work harder to stand out. You and Dad can try your best to get me the invitations of the parties, dinners, and commercial activities Carlos will attend," said Portia.

She had been trying to be a better woman all the time. It used to be just for show, but now it was for Carlos.

She understood that only an exceptional woman deserved to stand by him.

In New York

The next morning, some professionals came to the Hilton's house to investigate the case involving the missing items. Debbie just wanted to get out of there, so she left the house with Carlos without asking the men anything.

She felt much better after wandering around and having some fun.

When the sun started to set, it was time to go back. She wanted to find Carlos to go home together with him, but then she learned that he wasn't in the office, so she had to head home alone.

Since it was late, she ate dinner outside. When she went back inside, not a single soul was around.

The chandelier in the living room had been switched off. Only some dim wall fittings in the hallway were on. The place was almost eerie now. Debbie paused. She could almost hear ghosts, but she wasn't sure what it was. The shadows on the walls did little to dispel the unsettling feeling. She peered into the gloom, trying to see into adjoining areas, but had little luck. She changed into slippers at the vestibule. Just as she walked into the living room, some noises startled her. This wasn't her imagination this time. Debbie looked towards the sound.

A shadow was descending the staircase, trying to be stealthy. Debbie swiftly hid herself behind the shoe cabinet and watched. It was a man, she was sure of it. And the man seemed to be...

At the corner of the stairs, he knocked over a potted plant but was quick enough to catch it.

He looked around carefully. Seeing that no one was around, he moved on.

Debbie followed him cautiously. To her surprise, the man walked towards the storage room she had cleaned.

He walked into the room and locked it from inside after looking left and right shiftily.

Pressed against the wall, Debbie walked quietly to the door of the storage room and listened carefully as she held her breath.

Someone was talking. Too bad she couldn't hear clearly. But one thing was clear—there was a woman inside!

Debbie had a nasty feeling something bad was going to happen. Sure enough, obscene moans hit her ears shortly afterwards.

'Crap! Why do I have to be the one to find out about this?' Debbie thought in frustration.

The two inside were getting noisier. Debbie covered her ears and started to walk back to the living room.

She felt bad about the storage room. It had taken her a couple of hours to clean it, and now it was used to sneak some nookie.

As soon as she reached the living room, Lewis spotted her.

His sudden appearance scared the life out of her. He trotted over to Debbie excitedly and said loudly, "Deb, Deb, you're home. I came downstairs to grab a can of pop—" He was so loud

Debbie had to cover his mouth with her hand and drag him aside.

"Shh! Keep your voice down! The others are sleeping. Do you want to wake everybody up?"

Lewis' eyes narrowed into thin lines as he stroked Debbie's hand with a grin. Debbie let him go immediately and smacked his head. "Touch me again and I'll gut you like a fish!" she warned.

Lewis asked with a goofy smile, "Deb, did you come home alone? Where's Carlos? He isn't home yet?"

Reluctant to talk to him, Debbie wiped her hand on his clothes and went upstairs.

Lewis watched her and swallowed hard.

"Lewis, why are you even here?" a man's voice asked casually. It seemed he was coming from where the storage room was.

Lewis turned to him and looked behind him. "I came down to get a pop. But Uncle James, why did you come that way?"

James smiled. "Oh, I came down to get a glass of water, but then I had to answer the call of nature, so I

went to the bathroom first."

The bathroom and the storage room on the first floor were the same way, so Lewis didn't think anything of it and went to the kitchen.

James looked upstairs while pouring himself some water. He asked, "Who were you talking to?"

"Oh, it was... it was Debbie." Lewis intended to say Deb but changed it, considering it sounded a little too intimate.

James' face fell when he heard that. "Oh? What did she come down for?" he asked, pretending to look at Lewis casually. Lewis wasn't buying it. The old man couldn't conceal his contempt for his daughter-in-law. He was tense, too.

"I don't know. When I saw her, she was coming that way." Lewis pointed to the bathroom after he closed the refrigerator door. Thinking that James had just come from the bathroom, he added, "Since you were in the bathroom, maybe she had been to the storage room."

Except for the bathroom and storage room, all the rooms on the first floor were guest rooms.

James lost his cool when the storage room was mentioned. "Did she say why she went there?"

Lewis was confused. He shook his head and wondered, "No, she didn't. Uncle James, what's wrong? You look nervous."

Realizing he was overreacting, James forced a smile. "Nothing. Just curious. You know some things have gone missing in this house recently. We all should be more careful."

James thought about it for a while, and an idea popped in his head. "Carlos won't be back for awhile. Why don't you go to her room and ask her why she went there? And tell her not to wander around. It looks suspicious as all hell."

All Lewis heard were "Carlos won't be back for awhile," and "go to Debbie's room." He swallowed and nodded immediately, "Sure, Uncle James. I'll tell her."

A trace of contempt appeared in James' eyes as he found out how horny Lewis looked when it came to Debbie. He concealed his emotions and suggested, "Let's go upstairs."

"Yes, Uncle James." Lewis took a huge gulp of soda and followed him.

As soon as they left the living room, a figure snuck out of the storage room, left by the back door, and walked towards the servants' quarters.

Once she was back in her bedroom, Debbie wondered if she should tell Carlos about the disgraceful

affair she had discovered.

Should she pretend nothing happened or tell Carlos the truth?

If she kept her mouth shut, she would feel bad about keeping something this big from him.

But if she said anything, surely the matter would turn the house upside down like a torpedo.

She had started thinking about the question the minute she walked in. She thought about it during her shower. She thought about it when she was brushing her teeth. After being mentally tortured by the question for more than half an hour, she felt like she was having a meltdown. "Oh, whatever." She finally gave up and pushed the thought aside. Lying in bed, she started reading updates on Weibo. That was much more fun.

She typed the name Carlos Hilton in the search bar, and saw all the news about him.

Most posts were focused on his marriage.

The night deepened. It was past 11 p.m., and yet Carlos was still not back. "Carlos, honey, when are you coming home?" she couldn't help asking him in a text.

But there was no reply. She waited around for about five minutes. Then she texted him again. "Don't work too late. I'm waiting for you to tuck me in, honey."

CHAPTER 202 CARLOS' RAGE

It was midnight, but Debbie still hadn't heard from Carlos. Before long, she drifted off.

In the dead of the night, someone opened the door to her bedroom silently.

That someone walked in stealthily and glanced around the room. The fragrance in the air filled his nose. He sniffed greedily.

In her sleep, Debbie felt that mysterious figure slip into her bed. Assuming that it was her husband, she didn't open her eyes and held him tightly. "Honey, finally, you're back," she muttered.

Without a word, the man tried to kiss her lips, but Debbie happened to slide down a little, so he kissed her hair instead.

She opened her eyes a little and found the room was completely dark. Unable to see anything, she closed her eyes again and snuggled into the man's arms. "Mr. Handsome, did you just take a shower? You smell good. Is that new cologne?" The scent was a bit strong.

The man didn't answer. He turned over and threw himself on top of her.

Sensing what he was about to do, Debbie woke up. "No, Mr. Handsome, I'm good. I'm still sore from last time."

'Wait. Something's wrong, ' Debbie realized.

'This doesn't feel right. The weight and scent are both wrong!'

Debbie's eyes snapped open. She reached for the lamp on the nightstand, fumbling with the switch. Her eyes widened in shock when she saw the man's face.

Angry, she pushed him off of her forcefully, and the man was dumped unceremoniously onto the lushly carpeted floor. "Ow! Dammit! What's wrong?" he howled.

Debbie straightened her pajamas quickly. Usually, she slept naked. But tonight, she had been so sleepy that she had dozed off in pajamas. Lucky for her, otherwise he would have felt something he had no right to. This man was no Carlos. Indeed, he could never match up to that powerful, handsome presence. Instead, this guy would forever be in Carlos' shadow, no matter where Carlos was at the time.

She jumped off the bed and grabbed Lewis' ear furiously. "How dare you sneak into my room!"

"Ouch! Easy, easy! Carlos is always busy. I was worried about you. I thought you might be lonely, so I came in to give you some lov— Ah—"

Before Lewis could finish his words, Debbie released his ear and gave him a hard scissor kick in the chest.

'This guy just walked into my room, devil-may-care, even though most of the others are here. They all think I'm a pushover, don't they?' Debbie thought to herself.

Little did she know that someone had snapped a picture of her and Lewis earlier and sent it to Carlos.

When Carlos got the picture, he was on his way home. His face darkened instantly. "Drive as fast as you can,"

he ordered the driver sternly. "Yes, Carlos." At that moment, they were already near the manor. A couple of minutes later, they arrived at the house.

Before the driver could reach the door and open it for him, Carlos already got out of the car and strode into the house quickly and purposefully. He was fully enraged.

The second floor was supposed to be quiet with everyone deep in sleep. However, right now, each room was bright with the lights on. His family were crowded in the hallway at the door of a room, everyone in nightwear. Everyone heard the commotion.

"What's going on?" Carlos demanded. Spotting him, they all made way for him.

With everyone out of his way, now Carlos could see clearly. Lewis was lying on the floor, cupping his face. Beside him was Debbie with a coat draped around her shoulders. Her eyes reddened as soon as she saw Carlos.

The elders of the Hilton family had scolded her harshly without listening to her explanation. Carlos was the only one that could provide her with comfort right now.

But she didn't move. She was waiting for him to go near her.

Carlos was stone-faced. Lewis was too afraid to lift his head. James, on the other hand, thundered, "What shameful behavior! She's a disgrace to this family! Carlos, look what your wife did! Trying to bed your cousin while you weren't home! We wouldn't have known, but they were too loud. This is the woman you've been protecting! How can we ever show our faces anywhere if word gets out?"

Lewis got to his feet and looked fearfully at Carlos. "C-Carlos, Debbie...she told me that... you weren't home tonight and... asked me to... to c-come to her room. S-so I did..."

With a hideous face, Valerie berated, "You married well this time! God, what a whore! Even though your father and I don't approve of your marriage, you still take her side!"

No one else said anything. Some were too scared to speak, others were too angry, like Miranda.

She looked at Lewis with a livid expression on her face, as if she wanted to beat him to death right now. If looks could kill, Lewis would have been a smoldering corpse.

Carlos walked towards Lewis, stood in front of him, and then without a word, sent him flying to the wall with a heavy kick. The beaten man screamed painfully.

The others gaped at the sight. Worried about Lewis, Valerie panicked. "What are you doing? Why hit Lewis? It's your wife who did this!"

Not responding, Carlos grabbed Lewis by the collar and gave him two heavy blows to the face. The disgusting man's squeals pierced the air. And blood covered his whole front side, red, wet, sticky; all gushing from his broken nose and ruined lips.

Both Frasier and James walked over to Carlos to calm him down. "Carlos, chill."

Carlos brushed them aside, took off his coat, and threw it to Debbie, who had been stunned into a trance by his sudden outburst. She caught his coat reflexively.

Lewis fell onto the floor, but Carlos lifted him up and punched him again. Now Carlos' fists were covered with the pathetic loser's blood. Some of it flecked onto Carlos' clothing as well. He appeared to pay no

mind to that fact.

Everyone panicked.

Since he couldn't stop Carlos, James suddenly stalked towards Debbie and slapped her hard across the face.

Focused on Carlos, Debbie didn't see the slap coming.

Her cheek was burning. Her ear rang.

Everyone froze at the sound of the heavy smack.

Even Valerie hadn't expected James to hit a woman.

Realizing that it was Debbie who had been hit, Carlos balled his hands into fists. The red slap mark he saw felt like it was on his own face. His eyes flamed as if they would catch on fire any minute.

James had never seen his son this angry. He was afraid and regretted slapping Debbie immediately, but he summoned up his courage and managed to argue, "Your slutty wife cheated on you with your cousin! She's no daughter-in-law of mine! She's a femme fatale and should be kicked out of this house!"

As soon as the middle-aged man finished his sentence, Carlos dashed towards him, raised his fist and smashed it against his face while the others screamed in shock.

"Carlos! He's your father!" In tears, Tabitha blocked the second blow by standing in front of James.

Carlos looked at James as if there were decades of hatred between them. He pulled Tabitha away and swung his fist again.

Dizzy, James slumped onto the floor and had difficulty getting up. Wade and his other two sons tried to stop Carlos but failed. Because Carlos was far different than the man he had been seconds earlier. How do you stop a force of nature?

TAKE MY BREATH AWAY

CHAPTER 203 MEGAN'S DECLARATION OF LOVE

Seeing so many people had failed to stop Carlos, Megan thought she'd give it a shot. She approached him and tried to talk him out of it, but she only got one single tug at his sleeve before she herself was pushed away. The push was so fierce she stumbled backwards to the wall. Holding her injured arm, she stood there and didn't dare to take another step towards the enraged man.

By now, the house was a total mess. Everything was in disarray. The potted plant was tipped over, and dirt spilled onto the carpet. The little decorative table was knocked over, and the knickknacks it once

held were all over the floor. Pools of blood stained the carpet darkly in places where Carlos' victims had bled. Even the wall hangings were knocked crooked. This was the worst anyone had ever seen the place, but anyone who might want to try and clean up the place was held in check by Carlos' white-hot rage.

Tabitha walked to Debbie and pulled her arm. The young woman was still at a loss. Caught off guard, she staggered and managed to steady herself by pressing her hand against the wall. "This is all your fault! Everything was okay before you married him. But look what's happening now! Because of you, Carlos is beating his own father! What kind of monster have you turned him into?!"

That brought Debbie to her senses. She handed Carlos' coat to Connie, trotted over to him, and grabbed his raised hand, now balled into a fist, covered with blood both fresh and congealing. "Carlos, Carlos, please stop. He's your father..." she sobbed.

The madman regained his sanity when he heard her cries.

"Carlos, listen to me. There's nothing wrong with elders scolding their kids. Please don't hit him again, okay?"

Valerie was so angry she could barely stand, even though Frasier and Gloria were supporting her on either side. She pounded on the floor with her cane and shouted, "Sinful! This is utterly sinful! Carlos, he's your father! How could you do this?"

Carlos glanced at the others nonchalantly and ignored all of them. He pulled Debbie closer to him and asked, "Does it still hurt?" That was the second sentence he had said the whole evening.

Shaking her head, Debbie answered, "No. Let's go to our room."

"Your room?" Valerie walked over and glared at Debbie. "Debbie, you saw it yourself. Not that we don't welcome you, but you ruined the peace in this family."

"It seemed true. Debbie forced her tears back and apologized, "I'm sorry—"

As soon as the words came out, Carlos squeezed her hand.

Valerie gazed at her grimly. "I don't need your apology. I'm sure you've shaved years off my life. Divorce Carlos if you're not trying to make me die soon."

'Divorce!' Debbie's heart twisted into a knot.

"Here's what you do. Call the lawyer. Now. Ask him to write up the divorce papers. As long as you sign the papers without making a fuss, we may consider paying you alimony."

Debbie was lost for words. Carlos pulled her behind him protectively and confronted the old lady. "Since when does any of you get to make decisions about my marriage, Grandma?"

Valerie met his eyes. "Carlos, you used to be loyal to the family, but now you disrespect me again and again, all because of this woman. You hit Lewis! You hit your father! I won't allow this woman to confuse you anymore."

Carlos sneered, "You're the confused one. Who has been stirring shit up ever since Debbie got here? You know Lewis as well I do. Do you really think this is Debbie's fault? Dad shouldn't have hit Debbie. He should be thankful he IS my dad. Otherwise, I would have cut his arm off. You protect your son, and I'm just trying to protect my wife. What's wrong with that?"

"Carlos, you—" Valerie was too furious to go on.

Carlos glanced at the others and declared, "Debbie and I will never get divorced, never. All of you, just forget about it, because you'll only be disappointed. We're only living here because we want to keep my mom company. But now it seems it's not necessary. My mom's willing to take insults lying down, but there is no way that I'll let my wife become somebody's doormat. Debbie and I are moving out."

With that, he took Debbie's hand and started walking towards the stairs.

"Carlos! Carlos Hilton!" Watching her grandson's cold figure, Valerie wanted to ask him to stay. However, Carlos only quickened his pace. He didn't want to be there a minute longer than he had to be. If this was the way they were going to treat his wife, he didn't want any part of it.

When they came to the landing, he suddenly stopped and said to the others, "And my wife isn't a thief, either. My men figured out it wasn't her. Grandma, keep an eye on your dog."

Valerie kept a medium-sized dog. She would let him play and run around in the manor at regular times.

'Is the dog responsible?' they all wondered.

A car was parked at the entrance to the house. Before getting in, Debbie suddenly stopped. Carlos looked back at her.

"Maybe I should move out. You can stay here..."

Carlos affectionately pulled the coat draped on her shoulders closer to her. "You think I'll agree to that?"

"I—"

"Uncle Carlos!" a ringing voice interrupted Debbie.

They both turned their head. In the dim light, they could see Megan running towards them like a butterfly. She threw herself into Carlos' arms and started crying. "Uncle Carlos, please don't go. I don't want you to go. Boo-hoo...hoo..."

Carlos disentangled himself and comforted her. "We're leaving for Alorith in three days. Take care of my grandma for me."

"Uncle Carlos, I want to stay with you. Don't leave me alone. Can I go with you? Uncle Carlos, Aunt Debbie, please."

Megan's crying was too real. Tears streamed down her face, her voice was hoarse from grief. For a moment, even Debbie almost believed her. She was worried that Carlos would go soft and agree to take the vicious girl with them. Then she would have to not only cry but also bleed inside!

Carlos took Debbie to the car and said, "Wait for me inside. It's cold out here."

It was indeed cold outside. Debbie got in the car and sat by the window.

Nonetheless, as soon as Carlos closed the door, Megan embraced him again and sobbed, "Uncle Carlos, I know you think I'll get in the way if I stay with you and Aunt Debbie. Besides, Aunt Debbie doesn't like me. But you know what? I don't like her either, because she stole you. Uncle Carlos, I've liked you since the day you took me in." Her declaration of love caught Carlos off guard. His brows knitted.

"I was going to tell you on my 18th birthday, but that day, you told me you were married. Uncle Carlos, can you imagine how heartbroken I was? I like you so much, but you married someone else..."

Words failed Carlos.

He was always resolute and cold when he handled things with the women that were obsessed with him. Debbie used to be the only exception.

But now there was Megan.

"Megan, listen up," he said seriously.

"Yes," Megan nodded, her eyes and nose red.

"I love your aunt Debbie, and she is my one and only. I only love her. Do you understand?"

CHAPTER 204 CALL HIM

Carlos' ruthless refusal was a shock to Megan. She felt as if she'd been struck by a thunderbolt. Her face turned pale. "Uncle Carlos, don't you like me at all?" Her lips trembled.

"I like you, but that's not love. I see you as family."

Megan couldn't take it. This was not what she had expected. She took a few steps back while shaking her head in disbelief. "No, no! Uncle Carlos, you are always so good to me. You love me! I know you do!"

Carlos sighed deeply. "Megan, listen to me."

He tried to calm her down, but in the end, Megan's illness reared its head again. She slumped onto the ground, gasping for air.

Carlos closed his eyes tightly in resignation, scooped her up, and started walking towards the house. Sitting in the car, Debbie watched her husband carry another woman in his arms all the way to the manor. That wasn't what she wanted. Not even what she needed. She was hoping to get away from all this, away from Carlos' family, away from creepy Lewis, who had plucked the straw that broke the camel's back. From judgmental Valerie and James, two oldsters who didn't like her because her family wasn't rich. Because there was no advantage for them if Carlos stayed married to her. They even suggested she divorce Carlos.

A couple of minutes later, Mr. Handsome himself called her.

She slid her finger along the screen of the phone to take the call but didn't speak.

"Honey, I'll get my assistant to drive you to the villa first. Megan is sick. I can't leave right now. I'll be there as soon as possible."

Debbie smiled bitterly. There was little she could say. After a while, she replied gently, "Okay. But you have worked all day. Take care of yourself."

Carlos was exhausted. Debbie's tender words were the cure for everything. He smiled, "Okay. Just rest when you get there. Don't stay up late."

"Got it. Bye, honey."

"Bye."

The car stopped in front of a white villa. Debbie had expected to see an empty house, but when she got out of the car, she could see lights were on inside the house through the windows. She assumed Carlos must have told someone to turn the lights on for her.

Carlos' assistant led her inside. Two maids were waiting for her. "Good evening, Mrs. Hilton," they greeted her with a bow at the main entrance.

Debbie nodded with a smile and asked, "Is the room ready?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hilton. The room is upstairs. Please follow me."

"Thank you."

It was already past midnight. Debbie was tired and was in no mood to tour the villa. She plopped onto the bed as soon as she walked into the bedroom. She just wanted to become one with the night, close her eyes, and forget the events of the past few days. She could swear that the Hilton family members were trying to drive her mad. Fortunately she was made of sterner stuff than that. But now, she was just exhausted. Her eyes had already started to close when the maid drew close and started to speak.

"Mrs. Hilton, Carlos asked us to prepare this for you. Please move closer so that I can apply the ice," she said quietly. Apparently the maid followed her inside the room holding a tray in her hands. She was too tired to notice.

"Okay, thank you," Debbie agreed. Actually, her face didn't hurt much right now, but she was too weary to speak much or do anything. Her head was full of thoughts. She just lay there and let the maid do her job.

The things that had happened tonight hit her like a ton of bricks. Only the dull pain in her face reminded her it was all too real.

'Was the Hilton family too mean or was I a lousy daughter-in-law?

Maybe both.

Carlos hit Lewis and James because of me. I was so moved by that. But then I saw Megan in his arms... and he isn't home yet... Oh, God, this is so frustrating and stressful, ' she thought.

She took the towel and ice from the maid's hands. "Go to sleep. I can do it myself," she told the maid.

After the maid left the room, Debbie placed the ice onto the tray and called Kasie. She would know what to do. Or could at least give her moral support.

"Hey, Tomboy, Why are you calling so late? It's midnight in New York. Shouldn't you and your husband be doing the dirty-dirty in bed?"

Debbie felt sadder when Kasie mentioned Carlos. "I had a bad day today. Kasie, I want to go home."

Kasie captured her sad tone. "What happened?"

"Too much. That's what happened. I don't even know where to start. Kasie, they don't like me. What should I do?"

Kasie was relieved. "I thought it was something serious. Why do you even care? As long as your husband likes you, nothing else matters."

"I know. And it should be like that. But when Carlos got in a fight with his family because of me, I felt so awful. And Megan, his not-by-blood niece, loves him in a romantic way. It bugs the hell out of me, but I

can't get mad at Carlos because of it." Debbie started to channel her depression and told Kasie what had happened over the past two days.

Kasie listened to her quietly and then asked, "So, Carlos hit Lewis and James to defend your honor, and then Megan's asthma acted up, and Carlos carried her back to the manor and hasn't come back yet now. Am I right?"

"Yeah."

"How can you be so stupid to leave your husband alone with another woman? And in the middle of the night? What if something happens between them? I don't think Carlos is a scumbag, but some women are. Your husband is an extraordinary man. A manipulative bitch like Megan will try everything to make him hers. Hang up with me. And call your husband and ask him to come back, you silly girl." Kasie was really worried about Debbie. Debbie didn't know how to handle relationships yet. She was too new at this. Maybe she married Carlos too soon?

"But... I don't want to call him. He must be busy banging things out with his family right now. What if he gets upset? "

"He cares for you too much to do that. You call him to show your concern, to tell him how much you care about him, not to grill him for the details. Got it? "

Debbie nodded her head, even though Kasie couldn't see her. But she only caught part of Kasie's meaning. "So I try calling him? What if something is happening between them? My phone call will— No, that's impossible. Kasie, what were you thinking? You put this crazy thought in my head. Carlos isn't that kind of guy. He won't cheat on me. Whatever Megan tries, it won't work. A proud man like Carlos won't fall for her. "

"You're right. Your husband won't cheat on you—intentionally. But I'm not sure about Megan. What if she kisses him? "

'Kiss him?' Megan had kissed Carlos more than once before. The scenes played out in Debbie's head. The longer she visualized it, the more anxious she became. What if Megan got Carlos in bed? What if he liked her better than Debbie? "Call you later. Bye. "

She hung up the phone immediately and called Carlos.

The phone was connected soon, but Megan answered it.

"Aunt Debbie, it's so late. What's up?"

Debbie sneered, finding her question ridiculous. 'Do I need a reason to call my own husband?' "Where is your uncle Carlos?"

"Uncle Carlos was worried that I might be hungry, so he went to the kitchen to cook something for me."

'She's gloating, ' Debbie realized. 'She thinks she's won.' "What makes you think he wants you to answer his phone? And why are you keeping him up so late? You know he has to work, right?" she asked, trying to keep composed.

"What's wrong with it? Uncle Carlos and I are in love. You're the other woman trying to come between us. Now you are telling me what's okay?" Megan provoked.

Debbie was going mad. She sneered, "You two are in love? Then why didn't he marry you? Why did he marry me instead? "

"Don't you know? Uncle Carlos married you because of his grandpa. He is nice to you just because his grandpa asked him to. He has to. You think he loves you? Haha! That's hilarious. Uncle Carlos loves his grandpa very much. Everything he did for you is just to make his grandpa feel better so that he could wake up earlier. "

CHAPTER 205 BRING I

'She even used Carlos' unconscious grandpa as a pawn in her game. She would really use everything she could, ' Debbie thought. She took a deep breath and snorted, "You've finally shown your true colors. You declaring war on me? "

"War? Don't be stupid. You're not even a worthy opponent. I can make Uncle Carlos spend the night here if I want. Want proof?" Megan asked in a weird, creepy voice.

"Huh! Who on earth do you really like? Carlos? Wesley? Curtis? Or Damon?" Debbie asked.

"I like them all," Megan answered simply. "You're absolutely the biggest ho I've ever known. Too bad for you, Carlos's married. I'm his wife, and you're just one of many women who want him."

"I warned you, but since you're so stupid, don't cry when things get tough." Megan laughed like a happy witch over the phone.

Debbie had never feared anyone before except Carlos. An 18-year-old was definitely no threat to her. What was she thinking? Besides, Carlos wouldn't cheat on her. He had many opportunities to, and hadn't done so yet. So was Megan just a madwoman chasing a dream she could never have? Or was there something to what she was saying? After all, Carlos' family seemed to like Megan a lot more than they liked Debbie. On the other hand, Carlos had beaten his own family members in defense of Debbie, so maybe this was really woman to woman. "Bring it, Megan!"

"Good!"

"Can you hand the phone to my husband now?"

"Of course, Aunt Debbie!" Magically, Megan's voice was back to the usual sweet one. She was good at sounding bubbly and innocent. Probably the weapon she used well against Carlos, and on the family if anyone called her out on her actions.

She walked downstairs and came to the kitchen, where Carlos was cooking for her. "Why did you come downstairs?" he asked when she showed up at the door.

With a sad face, Megan raised the phone so that he could see the screen. "Aunt Debbie wants to talk to you. I didn't want to come down. But she said it's urgent. I told her you were cooking, and then she started yelling at me. Uncle Carlos, you should try and calm her down."

Debbie heard everything. 'She's pretending to be soft and innocent again, that evil, manipulative bitch!' she cursed.

Seeing that Megan had answered his private call, Carlos was a bit annoyed. "Go wait outside," he said to her.

Megan read the annoyance on Carlos' face. She left the kitchen obediently.

Left alone, Carlos asked tenderly on the phone, "Why aren't you asleep yet? It's late."

Little did he know how hard Debbie was trying to suppress her anger. Remembering Kasie's advice, she answered gently, "I couldn't sleep. I was worried about you. Did your dad and grandma get mad at you again?"

"No. Megan got sick, and they were all worried about her, so they dropped it for now,"

he replied while adeptly cracking an egg into a bowl with one hand.

Listening to the sound of whisking eggs, Debbie felt her heart was soaked in bitterness, but she pretended not to mind. "I didn't know you could cook. When did you learn that?"

Carlos paused shortly. "I'll cook for you someday soon, okay?"

"No need for that. The servants can cook. By the way, you worked all day. Where are the servants? Aren't they supposed to do that?" Debbie's eyes started tearing up. Carlos was busy every day. She didn't have the heart to ask him to do anything for her after work. But right now, another woman was having him work in the middle of the night.

"Megan didn't feel well. She wanted to eat the noodles I cooked for her before," he explained briefly.

'Huh!' Debbie held back her tears without one more word.

She didn't know since when she'd always been trying to reign in her temper.

But it was only around Carlos that she would suppress her anger time and again.

"Megan said it was urgent. What is it?"

"I want to go back to Alorith alone tomorrow," she blurted out.

Carlos put down the bowl and chopsticks. "We'll only be here for three days. I'll be finished with work by then. What's the matter? I gave you a private villa all to yourself. I promise no one will disturb you there."

Debbie was conflicted. She appreciated what Carlos had done for her, from the bottom of her heart, but meanwhile, she couldn't stand him being nice to other women, even if the woman was his supposed niece. Especially a niece who wanted him for herself!

She wanted to be mad, but she also thought she shouldn't be.

It might make her seem petty.

She wanted to cry, but she didn't know exactly why she was hurt.

"Okay, can you come back now? I miss you, honey. I can't sleep without you by my side."

Carlos missed her too, but the meal wasn't finished yet. He didn't like leaving things half done. "I'll be

back in half an hour."

The manor was very close to the villa. He could get there in very few minutes. He always finished what he had started. The noodles would be ready in a dozen minutes.

"Okay, I'll wait for you."

"All right, bye."

After hanging up the phone, Debbie got a message from Kasie. "How's it going, Tomboy?"

"The bitch showed her true colors and made it clear she'd steal my husband from me. Carlos is cooking for her."

"Holy crap! Carlos is cooking for her?"

"Yes, she's so weak right now she needs special care, so my husband has to take good care of her," Debbie responded, sounding a little jealous.

"The key is to stay calm. The bitch is trying to trap you, so she can say you were mean to her. Don't fall for it, okay?" Kasie reminded her.

"Got it. Carlos said he'd be home soon," Debbie replied.

Kasie thought for a while and continued, "When your husband comes back, don't fight with him. The bitch has been around him for five years. She won't just go away all of a sudden. Besides, she's his niece and pretends to be sweet, lovely, and understanding. Maybe Carlos will be taken in by it and even blame you. So be patient. We need a plan to take the bitch down."

"We'll see. I don't want to start a fight, because my husband has been so good to me. He works all day and is tired by now." It's just that I never ask anything of my husband, and what right does that bitch have to tell him to do this or that? I'm so irritated." If Megan weren't Carlos' niece, Debbie would have knocked her head off.

"She didn't really want noodles. Who would want to eat noodles in the middle of the night? She just wanted to piss you off, okay?" Kasie explained to Debbie and sent her a Face With Rolling Eyes emoji.

Debbie was struck speechless.

She thought about it and found it seemed Megan was just trying to stir things up between her and Carlos.

Debbie decided not to let her get her wish. "I'll just pretend to know nothing. When Carlos comes back, I'll give him a big hug and sleep with him."

"Um, whatever you want, Mrs. Hilton," Kasie replied playfully.

Carlos was usually on time, and now was no exception. Twenty-eight minutes after their phone call, the door to the bedroom opened.

He put his suitcase down and came over to the bed. Debbie threw her phone aside and embraced him excitedly. "Mr. Handsome, I'm so happy you're back!"

Seeing her smile, Carlos felt much happier. He looked at the slap mark on her face and asked, "Does it still hurt?"

"No. Sorry, honey. I wasn't a good daughter-in-law. I put you in a difficult position."

CHAPTER 206 DON'T BE KIND

Carlos shook his head and pecked her lips. "I should be the one to apologize. Sorry for making you suffer like this. Did Lewis do anything bad to you?"

"No, but he climbed onto my bed and I discovered it wasn't you..." Debbie hadn't expected Lewis to be so bold even in the Hilton family's house. At first, she had thought that the guy who climbed on top of her was Carlos. But then the difference in weight and the scent of Lewis' cologne made her realize that it definitely wasn't Carlos. She got really crept out, and even now, when talking of it, she still felt her heart race.

Flames of rage flashed through Carlos' eyes. He asked between gritted teeth, "And then? What did he do?"

Though embarrassed, Debbie mustered the courage to tell him in a hushed voice, "He... climbed on top of me and wanted to...touch me, but I figured it out and stopped him at once."

At this point, Carlos' face had completely darkened. He suddenly broke his embrace, removed Debbie from his arms, and strode toward the doorway.

"Hey! Where are you going?" Debbie shouted anxiously. Without time to put on her slippers, she ran after him in bare feet. Thankfully, he hadn't gone outside, and the carpet was warm and soft.

Carlos turned his head around and spat, "To deal with him!"

Seeing the fuming rage in his eyes, Debbie got flustered. It looked as if he was going to eat someone. To stop him, she grabbed hold of his arm, shook her head and persuaded, "No, no. See, I'm safe and sound now, right? He didn't do anything. And you've already taught him a lesson. Come on, calm down, okay? I promise I'll be more careful next time."

It took him a moment to compose himself. Letting out a deep sigh, he noticed her bare feet and

immediately, carried her in his arms. "Where are your slippers?" he rebuked. He didn't like it when she went barefoot. Not only was it unseemly, but it could be unsafe.

Debbie threw her arms around his neck, staring into his eyes. "You just got here. I have you all to myself finally. Don't go anywhere now, okay? I'm tired. Come to bed?" she said, using her cute tone in her favor. She knew Carlos was a man of his word. Once he made a decision, it would be hard to change his mind. Even though Lewis was his cousin, he would still find him and jump him.

Most of the Hilton family members already disliked her. And earlier tonight, Carlos had punched Lewis and James in front of the other family members. After tonight, they hated her even more. Now, if Carlos did anything terrible to Lewis, the Hilton family would never forgive her!

"Okay, I hear you," Carlos promised, regaining his composure. He tucked her into bed and covered her with the quilt. Then, he shed his clothes before entering the bathroom.

Lying prone in the bed, Debbie whined, "Mr. Handsome, it's less than ten below zero outside. You didn't sweat today and you change your clothes every day. Why shower now? The water will go to waste!"

Carlos stopped his steps and looked toward the complaining woman, feeling baffled. Hesitantly, he replied, "I need to wash my feet."

"Okay, be quick!" Debbie nodded happily.

However, much to Debbie's frustration, that germophobe still chose to take a long shower in the end...

When he finally climbed onto the bed, Debbie clung to him and joked, "Next time, I'm going to quit showering for a whole week and hug you like this. So have I turned you off, seeing that I'm unwashed?"

Breathing in the fragrance of her hair, he said casually, "So what? Even if you don't bathe for a whole week, I still can kiss you all over!"

Debbie couldn't believe her ears. 'Carlos, aren't you a germophobe?' she wondered.

Stroking his short hair, she recalled what happened earlier. In a jealous voice, she asked, "You've been busy all day long. You must be absolutely bushed. Why did you cook for Megan?"

Carlos tightened his arms on her and explained slowly, "For the past five years, I've been looking after her like this. I didn't think much of it tonight. But if you don't like it, I guess I can stop." He had never turned down Megan for anything she wanted in the past five years. Cooking a bowl of noodles wasn't a big deal, so of course, he didn't refuse to do it either.

'Don't like it? Of course I don't like it!' Debbie sulked. "Yes, I hate that you put yourself out for her. You work hard all day, and then you take care of another woman after work!" she protested with concern in her voice.

Smiling, he kissed her on her forehead. "It's sweet that you worry about me."

"Of course. You aren't her husband, so she doesn't worry about your health. But I feel my heart ache!" Yes, her heart ached when she knew Carlos personally cooked for Megan. But it wasn't just about his health, but also for the jealousy. The jealousy was really killing her.

Clever as Carlos was, of course he could comprehend the subtext of her words. "Sorry, sweetheart. I didn't know it bugged you so much. I'll take note of it and never let it happen again, okay?"

Debbie couldn't help but sigh inwardly. She leaned over his chest, hearing his heartbeat. There were times that she felt this man was actually a fool who tried his best to make her happy. Yet, maybe he was not stupid at all because his strategy always worked. Even though she had almost drowned in jealousy, how could she be angry with him anymore after hearing his sincere apology?

On the third day, an unexpected guest came to visit Debbie in Carlos' private villa.

It was Miranda.

"Hi, Miranda," Debbie greeted her with courtesy.

"Hmm," Miranda responded nonchalantly and went straight into the living room.

Watching the woman walking in, Debbie wondered, 'Why did Miranda show up all of a sudden? Did Carlos know anything about her visit? Or did she come here to seek justice for her son?'

Miranda turned around when she reached a sofa. Staring at the confused girl, she sat down and said, "Carlos has deprived Lewis of his position in the company."

"What?" Debbie asked, trying to understand what was going on.

A housemaid came and served a cup of tea to the guest. After smelling the strong tea aroma, Miranda took a sip, relished the lingering flavor in her mouth and then put down the cup.

Elegantly, she crossed her legs and continued, "It wasn't easy for Lewis' father to make him a general manager. But yesterday, Carlos fired him from that job and set him up in the secretarial department. Lewis has to start at the bottom and work his way up by himself."

'So...her purpose is to seek justice for her son?' Debbie asked in her mind.

She suddenly felt the air pressing in around her as she could sense the coldness and arrogance radiating from Miranda. Even though she spoke in an elegant way, there was a hint of power in her voice, just like Carlos.

Awkward, Debbie cautiously sat opposite her, cleared her throat and replied, "Miranda, I never meddle in company affairs nor do I understand... Since it's Carlos' decision, I can't interfere..."

Miranda stared at her. "I'm not asking you to interfere. I just came to inform you of it."

This left a question hanging in the air. 'What did she mean? Isn't she telling me this on purpose?

Isn't she asking me to put in a good word for Lewis so that Carlos would give him his old job back?' A lot of questions went through Debbie's mind.

Awkward silence filled the living room. Debbie wasn't a talkative girl in front of unfamiliar people, and Miranda too was aloof with few words, which made the atmosphere even weirder to Debbie. However, it didn't seem to affect Miranda at all, as if she were used to silence. She went on to enjoy the cup of tea in a relaxing mood. In order to stifle the silence, Debbie had to start a conversation herself. "Um...so... Are Lewis and Dad doing well now?" she stammered.

Miranda nodded her head without saying a word.

Debbie cried in her mind, 'Honey, come back now! Save me!'

"Is your flight tomorrow?" Miranda finally opened her mouth to ask.

As if she were being saved from this awkward situation, Debbie nodded her head vigorously and replied enthusiastically, "Oh yeah. We'll take a flight tomorrow afternoon and arrive in Alorith the day after tomorrow."

Miranda took out her phone from her handbag. "Add me on Facebook. Contact me in private if you need my help."

"Okay!" Debbie hastily pulled out her phone, opened the app and shot Miranda a friend request.

Her account name was exactly her own name: Miranda. After that, Miranda suddenly looked into Debbie's eyes and requested, "Don't tell Carlos anything about James. Just pretend you know nothing."

Her words dumbfounded Debbie. She wondered if Miranda also knew something about James' secret.

Before she could formulate a response, Miranda stood up from the sofa. "You can probably guess what's going on. Whatever you think, you're right. And that's why Tabitha has depression," she said, sounding sarcastic. With her eyes becoming sharp, she cautioned, "And be careful of Megan. She's a great actress. Don't be kind to the family. Don't cut them any slack, or you'll have dug your own grave."

After tidying her clothes, she walked toward the door in an arrogant and graceful demeanor. Before she left, she turned around and left her last words. "Don't feel bad. That night, Carlos did a good job. Lewis and James deserved it. I'm going back to work. Goodbye."

CHAPTER 207 DEATH BARBIE PINK

"I hear you. Goodbye, Miranda." After bidding farewell to Miranda, Debbie began to think about her parting words. 'Carlos did a good job? They deserved it? Did she mean what she said? Is Miranda really Lewis' mother?' Watching Miranda's receding figure, Debbie couldn't fend off the barrage of doubts from intruding on her thoughts.

That night, Carlos picked up Megan from the Hilton family's house and drove her to the villa. Megan was going to spend the night with them. Since they were all flying back to Alorith tomorrow, it would be more convenient to have her there.

When Megan stepped into the villa and spotted Debbie, she ran briskly and gleefully toward her. With an innocent look on her face, she said, "Aunt Debbie. Guess what I bought you?"

Debbie smiled sarcastically as she stared at her innocent look. It was exactly the same look as when she met Megan for the first time. Miranda's words came unbidden to her mind—"And be careful of Megan. She's a great actress." And wasn't that the truth? Megan had managed to hoodwink both Carlos and her, intending to steal Carlos away from her. Back then, her fake innocent expression blinded Debbie's eyes, making her believe that Megan was a pure, sweet girl. It turned out that she was just a hypocritical and cunning woman.

Oblivious to Debbie's indifferent attitude, Megan lifted the shopping bag with an international brand logo printed on it. In a more excited voice, she revealed the answer. "Lipsticks! The latest ones! Uncle Carlos and I picked out the colors for you. Come on. Open it and take a look."

'Uncle Carlos and I...' Debbie repeated this sentence in her mind. 'Interesting that you'd bring Carlos into it. You always follow him around like a lost puppy dog, ' she thought angrily.

She shifted her gaze past Megan to the man walking towards them. 'Wasn't Carlos busy wrapping up his work here before leaving New York? How could he spare any time to go shopping with Megan?' she wondered.

Devoid of emotion, Debbie took the shopping bag from Megan and said flatly, "Thanks." Then, while Carlos and Megan watched, she opened the exquisite, high-class packing box.

There were three shades of lipstick inside the box. When she unscrewed the lid of the first one and saw the color, she was overwhelmed by an urge to punch the pair.

She couldn't believe her eyes. The first one was Death Barbie Pink!

Her lips twitched, totally at a loss for words. Every netizen knew about that shade, and many jokes were told about it. It was supposed to be a hue similar to a Barbie doll's lips. But this shade was completely unsuitable for most Chinese women. All it did was make their faces seem darker and dirtier. Some actresses tried it, but they also failed to pull it off and were roundly mocked. Thus, it came to be known as 'Death Barbie Pink.' And the second tube of lipstick was blue.

This was getting bad! She had lost all her strength to lay a finger on the third lipstick. Instead, she glared at Carlos. The man was obviously confused by her expression.

Finally, she mustered the courage to unscrew the lid of the third lipstick. Thank God! This one was at least normal. It was orange.

She asked Carlos, "How much did this set you back?"

Her question embarrassed Megan and she apologized, "I'm sorry, Aunt Debbie. You know, I can't get a job yet..."

Debbie paid no attention to her, but kept her eyes on Carlos. Confused, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"How much did they cost?" She insisted on an answer.

"Eighty thousand, give or take," Carlos replied honestly.

His reply sent a chill down her spine. Her eyes popped out in shock. "Dollars? Eighty thousand dollars for three lipsticks?!" she confirmed again.

Perplexed, Megan replied, "Yeah. Was that too much? But Aunt Debbie, the manager told us that it was a limited edition. There are only two sets of these in the entire world. Now you have one in your hands! Cool, right?"

Bang! Debbie slammed the box heavily on the table and glared at the fake innocent girl. "Cool? No, more like a fool. Of course they had only made two sets of these particular shades. If they made hundreds of thousands of these lipstick colors, the company would've already gone bankrupt! And you think eighty thousand dollars isn't expensive? It's a sky-high price for lipstick. Much higher than market price. You think money grows on trees or something? How about you go and earn eighty thousand dollars for me now? Huh? And, you take it for granted to waste my husband's money. Take it back to wherever you got this!" she shouted out a barrage of words in one breath.

Hearing Debbie's rant, Megan was startled and staggered backward. Tears instantly sprang to her eyes and streamed down her face. Yes, she shed crocodile tears again.

On the other hand, Carlos still couldn't make sense of the situation and had no idea why Debbie got pissed. As a straight man and a workaholic, he didn't understand colors of lipstick. "Why get mad? You don't like them? I think pink fits you." He remembered she looked quite lovely in a pink dress last time he saw her wear it.

As for the blue color, he remembered Debbie had worn a blue down jacket once. She looked good in it too.

Then for the orange color, she had two orange pajamas and they both were quite flattering.

Debbie tried her hardest to hold back her anger. "Yeah, pink is a nice color. But Carlos, not everything in pink is good and not everyone looks good with pink lipstick. And blue, yeah, you may have seen some people put on blue lipstick, right? But they are mostly models who need special make-up for a fashion show. You want me to be a model? Okay, the orange lipstick is a normal shade, but since I don't like the other two, you should go and return the whole box," she said, trying to make her voice sound calm. Yet again, Megan's nonstop crying got on her nerves. She turned to Megan and rebuked, "Megan, dear spoiled lady, why are you crying? Are you hurt? I can give you a reason to cry... Don't bother buying me any gifts from now on. And would you please kindly stop wasting my husband's money? I'd really appreciate it!"

"Honey," Carlos called out in a helpless voice, trying to stop the angry woman.

Debbie glared at him with widening eyes. "What? Don't tell me you don't care about eighty thousand dollars. But I care! Give me your wallet now. You need my approval before spending a penny!"

Debbie said as she stretched out her hand in front of him. Sighing, he obediently took out his wallet from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Megan, you'll get the same allowance for your living expenses every month, as you used to get from my husband. Not one penny less. But if you squander the money again, half of your allowance goes bye-bye!"

Megan was frightened by Debbie's threat and quickly hid herself behind Carlos. Nodding her head, she tried to soothe her aunt's temper. "Yes, yes, Aunt Debbie... Please don't get mad."

'Don't get mad? How can I not be pissed off by these two?' she thought angrily.

Then, Debbie put the three lipsticks back into the box and lifted it, asking, "Now who's going to return this?"

Carlos frowned in embarrassment. He had never done a thing like that. It would be ridiculous for a CEO of an international company to return a box of lipsticks and take back eighty thousand dollars. After a pause, he begged, "Honey, please let it go this time!"

Debbie's words were believable. He finally realized that it wasn't common for women to put on pink or blue lipstick in daily life. With that epiphany, he was determined to fire the sales manager who had recommended these colors to them.

"Fine, I'll let it go if Megan promises to wear this pink lipstick tomorrow, all the way back to Alorith. After all, Megan is such a young and beautiful girl. She'll look gorgeous in this color. Honey, what do you think? Am I right?" Debbie asked in a threatening voice as she put a hand on his arm, getting ready to pinch him heavily if he said a no.

Getting the hint, Carlos had no choice but to nod and tell the girl behind him, "Megan, your aunt Debbie doesn't like them, so you can keep them. And she's right. Don't waste money anymore. I'll arrange a stylist to come and bring you a dress that matches the lipstick. You'll look stunning in both."

"Uncle Carlos..." Megan called out, feeling wronged.

Seeing the grief on Megan's face, Debbie finally felt happier. She held his arm and said blissfully, "Honey, let's go to sleep now!"

Carlos nodded and followed her upstairs.

Megan seethed with anger as she watched them going away. Undeterred by the defeat, she yelled, "Uncle Carlos, seems like Aunt Debbie doesn't want me here. I'd better leave now and come back tomorrow!"

Debbie's head was pounding. 'Why is Megan so annoying? Why all the drama?'

Carlos turned around and looked at Megan's red and tearful eyes, his eyebrows furrowed deeply. "You're already here. No need to go anywhere," he said.

Megan deliberately caught a glimpse of Debbie and asked in a shaking voice, "So is Aunt Debbie still angry with me?"

Debbie clenched her fists. 'Jesus! I can't tolerate this hypocritical bitch one more second!'

In an instant, she loosened her grip on Carlos' arm and jumped downstairs, rushing toward Megan.

Carlos was taken aback. 'Oh my!' He hastily followed her.

Megan screamed seeing Debbie dashing toward her. The latter grabbed her by her collar and threatened furiously, "Dare you pretend to be weak in front of my husband again? Try again! I'll tear you apart!"

"Uncle Carlos, help! Uncle Carlos..."

"Stop it! Carlos won't save you!" Debbie turned to stare at the man who had caught up with her. "Both of us can't stay here. It's either her, or me! Choose!"

Carlos tried talking her down in a calm voice, "Let go of her first."

But Debbie didn't loosen her grip. Instead, she shoved her against the wall. "You love my husband, right?"

CHAPTER 208 WHY HASN'T SHE GOTTEN PREGNANT

Megan kept shaking her head, her face turning pale.

"Didn't you declare war on me? Why so afraid now?" Debbie confronted her. Carlos stepped forward, pulling them away from each other.

As soon as they were separated, Megan weakly leaned into Carlos' arms, her body trembling. Debbie sneered, "Carlos, you feel your heart ache, don't you?"

Carlos shut his eyes. "Don't make a fuss out of nothing!"

'Make a fuss? Me? She's got her hooks in you, ' Debbie laughed ironically in her mind.

She felt like she was suffocated by her anger. "Fine, I'm in the wrong. I'm a troublemaker!" she yelled, a lump in her throat.

Ignoring them, she turned away and ran upstairs.

To prevent the two women from fighting again, Carlos had a housemaid prepare a guest room for Megan on the ground floor. After confirming that Megan was fine, he turned around to leave. It was better this way. Debbie was stopped from doing much at the Hilton family's house. But here, away from all the elders who disliked her, her anger had free reign. Tomboy's rage was a terrible thing to behold. Carlos thought he'd better make them stay away from each other for the moment.

"Uncle Carlos..." Megan called out, her body curling up in the bed. "I'm sorry if I make you and Aunt Debbie unhappy. Maybe I should fly back to Alorith alone tomorrow."

Carlos glanced at her, shaking his head. "No. Stay here. Sleep tight."

Before he left, he turned off the lamp. But all of a sudden, Megan jumped out of the bed and rushed to him. She threw herself into his arms, stopping him from leaving the room. "Uncle Carlos, trust me. Aunt Debbie doesn't love you at all..."

"Megan!" Carlos cried out sternly. He tried to pull himself away from her.

Megan raised her voice. "It's true! Think about it. You've been with her awhile, but why hasn't she gotten pregnant yet? Don't you think something is wrong?"

Her words froze Carlos.

Megan composed herself and continued, "I saw...saw Aunt Debbie take birth control pills. I didn't want to tell you this. But I don't want you to hate me because of her! I want you to know who she really is..."

Carlos asked, "When did you see that, and where?"

"At the Hilton family's house. I saw her do it three times there..."

Seeing Carlos pull away to leave, she hastily added, "Don't just ask her outright. She won't admit it. Uncle Carlos, you can take her for a blood test and see if there're any common steroidal compounds in her body, like the kinds that are used in birth control pills. Or maybe figure out why she can't get pregnant."

Carlos stopped walking now.

Megan held her breath and cautiously added fuel to the fire. "I'm a woman and I know how women think. If I married a man I truly loved, I'd want to have kids with him. But if I don't want babies, then it means I don't love the guy at all..."

Her words reminded Carlos of all the times when Debbie told him that she didn't want a baby right now.

"I told you that I saw Hayden kiss her, but you didn't trust me. Truth is, they're still in touch. Otherwise, she wouldn't have dated him behind your back. Uncle Carlos, I never tried to drive a wedge between you and Aunt Debbie. I just care about you. I don't want you to be fooled by this woman. I feel bad that you've fallen into her trap. Uncle Carlos..." she said with a sob and grabbed him by his sleeve.

Without turning his head, Carlos pulled her hand off and strode out of her room.

He slammed the door heavily behind him. As soon as the door was closed, Megan turned her tears into a big and cunning smile.

When Carlos walked upstairs, he found that their bedroom was double locked. He couldn't get in. He could unlock the doorknob, but not the deadbolt on the inside.

As he stared at the closed door, Megan's words resounded in his head, making him even more annoyed.

A housemaid came behind him and reported in a low voice, "Carlos? Mrs. Hilton requested... you sleep in the guest room tonight. I have it ready for you."

His face darkened. Kicking the door, he roared, "Open it!"

The noise was loud enough to be heard by the woman inside. But she didn't budge even a little.

Carlos raised his head to stare at the ceiling, pressing his lips tightly to stifle his anger. 'Debbie, you did a good job!'

In the end, the couple slept in separate rooms. Ever since they confirmed their relationship, this was the first time they spent the night in different rooms, though still under the same roof.

The next morning, as Carlos knew that Debbie liked to sleep in, and since they were flying back to

Alorith in his private plane, there was no need to hurry. So he called in a housemaid to tell her not to wake up Debbie.

However, the housemaid told him Debbie had already left for the airport an hour ago. She'd bought a ticket for herself and asked Carlos not to worry.

Carlos' eyes burned with fire as he listened to the housemaid pass on Debbie's words. The housemaid almost fainted when she saw the fire in his gaze.

At the airport

Wearing a pair of sunglasses and sipping a bottle of milk tea bought at the airport, Debbie sent a message to their friends on WeChat. "Hey guys, good news! The return of the queen! See you soon."

Jared echoed her joke and wrote, "Long Live Queen Debbie!"

Kristina wrote, "Your majesty, we, your people, call to you."

Kasie wrote, "Party time! I'll book a room so we can do that tomorrow."

Dixon wrote, "Bon Voyage, Tomboy!"

Debbie sent a "goodbye" and put away her phone reluctantly.

She had bought an economy ticket. Though she had control over Carlos' wallet now, she still didn't want to waste money.

And she didn't feel guilty taking his wallet away, sparing him not a single cent. She was justified keeping a tight grip on his purse strings, or he would spend all the money on another woman.

After boarding the plane, she went into the economy cabin and looked for her seat following the signs. However, when she found her seat number, she was surprised that her seat was already occupied. "Excuse me, sir. I think this is my seat!" she said to the man sitting in her seat.

The man looked at her and said apologetically, "I'm really sorry. I want to sit next to my girlfriend. Can we change seats?"

Debbie nodded understandingly. "Okay, so where's your seat?"

The man gestured to a stewardess and showed her his ticket. After exchanging a few words with the stewardess in fluent English, he said to Debbie, "Thank you. The stewardess will guide you to my seat."

Then, Debbie followed the stewardess to walk along the passage. When she walked through the economy class, she felt something wrong. "Wait, is the stewardess taking me to the first-class cabin?"

Her guess was right. The stewardess led her to an empty seat and said with a smile, "You can sit here."

Stunned, Debbie looked around the sumptuous first-class cabin. 'My guess was right!

What an idiot! Why would he give this up?'

It wasn't until she was settled down in her new seat that she realized the real idiot was none other than herself!

It turned out he had an ulterior motive, for who would be willing to give up a seat in first-class and change to a much cheaper seat in economy? Now she finally got it.

Instantly, she stood up to leave, but the man sitting next to her quickly stopped her. He had wanted to hold her hand, but in the end, he grabbed her by her sleeve. "Deb, seems like we're destined to meet here."

Debbie shook off his hand and said coldly, "Hayden, you stalker! Why do I see you everywhere?"

"I don't know. As I said, it must be fate," Hayden said innocently, throwing his hands in the air and shrugging his shoulders. The truth was, he had spotted Debbie when he was waiting at the VIP lounge earlier. He had someone look into it and found that she had booked an economy ticket herself.

Ignoring him, Debbie took her bag and intended to get back her original seat in economy, like her ticket indicated.

Hayden stood up and stopped in her tracks. He tried persuading her. "The plane is going to take off. It's just a seat. I promise I won't bother you nor will I lay a finger on you. Okay?"

Debbie rolled her eyes. But seeing two stewardesses look curiously at them, Debbie had no choice but to sit back in the seat. 'Forget it. It's just a seat. He won't be able to do anything on a plane,' she thought, sighing helplessly.

After sitting back, she pulled out her phone and said to him formally, "It's not in Airplane Mode yet, so I can transfer the money to you now. I owe you the price difference between Economy and First Class."

CHAPTER 209 STALK THEM AND REPORT EVERYTHING TO ME

Hayden smiled resignedly. Aware of Debbie's stubborn personality, he had to back out gracefully. "My assistant booked it for me. I don't know the price of a first-class ticket. How about this? When we return to Alorith, you can buy me a meal or something. Then we'll be even-steven."

Debbie hesitated. After a moment, she nodded, "Okay." Then, she put her phone in Airplane Mode and put on the headset, ignoring the man next to her.

Hayden was true to his word. They'd been on the plane for hours, but he hadn't bugged her once.

It had been a sleepless night for Debbie last night thanks to her fight with Carlos. She couldn't fall asleep until the wee hours and then she woke up quite early this morning to catch her flight. She tried watching a movie to pass the time, but she was soon overtaken by drowsiness, her eyelids drooping. She turned off the video and rested her head on the seat back to take a nap.

She fell sound asleep at once. Seeing that, Hayden pressed the button to call in a stewardess, asking her to fetch a blanket. He carefully covered Debbie with the blanket, and tried not to wake her.

For a moment, he kept staring at her sleeping face, eyes glimmering with affection. He wished that time would freeze this moment forever. As the affection in his eyes grew, he couldn't help but plant a kiss on her forehead.

The sleeping Debbie was disturbed, her forehead itchy. She frowned. But the itchy feeling was gone soon, and she drifted off to dreamland again.

She had been asleep for only a few moments before it was dinnertime.

As the stewardess began to deliver the food, Hayden woke her up and asked her what she would like for dinner.

The stewardess had been waiting at one side. In a haze, Debbie mumbled, "What do we have?"

Her sleepy look and mumbling amused Hayden very much. With no choice, he repeated what he had said. "Fruit salad, fish and rice, Australian steak... Which one do you want?"

Debbie lowered her head to look at the blanket in confusion. Absent-minded, she casually answered, "Fish and rice, baked chicken wings, seafood, spaghetti... and a glass of orange juice and a Haagen-Dazs. Thank you."

The stewardess was taken aback by the amount of food she had ordered. Yet, with professionalism, she managed not to show the surprise on her face and replied politely, "Yes, please wait for a moment." Hayden, of course, was absolutely stunned. He knew she could eat a lot and liked to, and her metabolism somehow managed to let her burn all those calories and there wasn't a trace of fat on her, not even a belly. How she did this was a mystery. Hayden was also secretly delighted, because it was one new thing he didn't know about this goddess before. And he loved finding out new things about her.

As a man, he had only ordered a garden variety steak. No wonder the stewardess was so shocked to hear Debbie's order.

Debbie was well aware of her own large appetite, and she didn't think it was necessary to hide it from Hayden. She didn't care what he thought. After placing the order, she went to the ladies' room.

At night, Debbie came to realize that their seats were actually for couples. There was a small curtain around their compartment. If they pulled it closed, it would separate them from the others, giving them privacy and independent space. She could join the mile-high club if she wanted. But she wasn't that type of girl, even though Hayden found himself wishing that she was.

But that wasn't something she really wanted to do with Hayden. So, she kept the curtain open, adjusted her seat and closed her eyes again.

As she closed her eyes, Carlos' face came to mind. She suddenly felt resentful. That bad man hadn't called her once after knowing she took a flight alone.

Was he having a good time with Megan on his private plane?

Debbie suddenly felt sorry for her impulsive decision. She shouldn't have given them the chance to stay together.

Thinking of it, she patted her own forehead, feeling annoyed.

Hayden noticed her gesture and turned to ask with concern, "What's up? Are you okay?"

Debbie hid her emotion and said, "I'm okay. Just a little bit dizzy. Maybe I'm too sleepy."

Hayden slightly pulled the corner of her blanket as he said, "Then get some sleep now. The plane will arrive at Alorith early tomorrow morning."

"Hmm. Thanks." Debbie turned to one side with her back against Hayden and fell silent.

Hayden stared blankly at her back for a long while until he could hear her light and steady breathing. Knowing that she'd been sound asleep, he pulled the curtain closed, separating them from the outside world.

Content, he smiled happily. He really cherished this precious moment when he and Debbie were the only people in this private little space.

After the plane landed in the airport of Alorith, Hayden and his assistant followed Debbie out of the plane. A few moments later, he pointed in a direction and told her, "The luggage claim area is over there."

Debbie nodded, "Thank you."

They proceeded to get their luggage together. After that, Debbie suddenly felt a stomachache. She caught a glimpse of the ladies' room a short distance away. Embarrassed, she called out, "Hayden!"

Hayden turned around and looked at her in confusion.

She pointed to the ladies' room and said awkwardly, "I need to use the facilities. Could you please watch my luggage for a moment?"

There was a black handbag on top of her large suitcase. In it were all kinds of snacks bought in New York, which were gifts for Kasie and Kristina. Debbie didn't think it a good idea to take that handbag with her into the toilet. Some of the snacks were not even packed in sealing bags. It would be unhygienic. Left with no choice, she could only turn to Hayden for help.

Hayden understood. He took her luggage and urged, "Okay, go now. We'll wait for you here."

When Debbie got to the ladies' room, she found that her period had come. She felt confused. She hadn't eaten anything bad or done anything bad to her health recently. When did her menstrual cycles become irregular? And the menstrual amount wasn't normal either...

She wondered if anything was wrong with her body. If this continued, she thought she'd better go to the hospital to have a check-up.

When Debbie emerged from the ladies' room, Hayden was on the phone. Seeing her come out, he didn't return her luggage but instead, walked straight out of the lobby, dragging her luggage behind him.

Debbie had wanted to take over her luggage, but since she was still wiping her wet hands with a tissue, she gave up the idea.

She tagged along with him to the exit of the airport. There, Hayden insisted on driving her back home no matter how she tried to turn him down. She told him she could take a taxi herself, but using the poor public security of Alorith as an excuse, he insisted on taking her back himself. "C'mon Deb. It's not safe out here. Just get in."

In the end, Debbie reluctantly got in his car.

As bad timing would have it, Tristan, responding to Carlos' orders to come pick Debbie up from the airport, had just arrived. He was supposed to get there before Debbie's flight landed. However, due to the heavy snow in Alorith and a couple of car accidents on the way, his car had been stuck in the traffic jam for a few hours. He grew more and more annoyed the longer he was delayed. That was why he was late, and the moment he arrived, he saw Debbie getting into another man's car.

In an instant, he unfastened his seatbelt and got out of his car, intending to call out to Debbie. But it was too late. Their car started and drove away as soon as Debbie and Hayden got in it.

Tristan hastily pulled out his phone to call Debbie, but voicemail was all he got for his trouble. Sighing helplessly, he got back in the car. Then he started the engine and followed their car.

Meanwhile, he called Carlos. As soon as the phone was connected, Tristan reported to him in a cautious

voice, "Carlos, Debbie... has gotten off the plane."

"Okay," Carlos simply responded. This was as expected. 'Why do I feel a "but" coming?' he thought.

"But..." Tristan paused.

Hearing him stammering, Carlos frowned and asked, "But what?"

"It's just that... I got stuck in a traffic jam so I got here late. I saw Debbie... get in Hayden's car." As he finished, he thought in his mind, 'Jesus! No wonder Carlos asked me to grab a contract that the Gomez Group was bidding on.

I thought it had something to do with Debbie. And I'm right!

There was a moment of silence on the phone. Tristan assumed that Carlos must be trying to compose himself. He could well imagine his boss with steam coming out of his ears.

"Stalk them and report everything to me," Carlos coldly ordered.

"Yes, Carlos!"

In the sapphire Porsche, Debbie wasn't able to contact anyone because her phone died. She hadn't had a chance to charge it, and 12 hours was a long flight. Yet, she didn't want to talk to Hayden either. The only thing she could do was lean toward the window and look out of it, watching the world go by.

CHAPTER 210 HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH DEBBIE

Hayden had been talking about work with his assistant the whole way. He hadn't intended to interrupt Debbie either. He respected her space, and sometimes it was just enough for him to catch a glimpse of her. They were downtown before he finally took the initiative to talk to her. But this time, he had a pretty important question to ask.

"Where's your house?"

Debbie hesitated at the question. 'Should I go back to the manor? Carlos and Megan are probably there already.' Not in the mood to see Megan, she replied, "Please drive me to Esastin Villa."

Hayden raised his eyebrows. "Oh, what a coincidence! I have a house there too," he said to Debbie. He turned to his assistant. "Alfred, I'll stay in Esastin Villa tonight. Have someone ready the house for me," he instructed.

"Yes, Hayden."

Debbie's breath caught in her throat. If she had known he had a house there too, she wouldn't have rattled off that destination.

Even so, they remained silent again all the way to Esastin Villa. She didn't feel much like talking, and she was hoping Carlos wouldn't figure out where she was right now, or that she'd caught a ride with Hayden.

A few moments later, the Porsche pulled up in front of Debbie's previous villa. Hayden personally helped her remove her luggage from the trunk.

Debbie reached out her hands for the luggage while saying, "Thank you for the ride, Hayden. Goodbye!"

Instead of handing the luggage to her, Hayden suggested, "I figured out what you could do to repay me for the ticket. You used to make the most wonderful egg tarts. I haven't had any in a long time. How about you make some for me now? Then we go our separate ways, and you owe me nothing. What do you think?"

Frankly, this was rather a far-fetched excuse. He knew it, and so did Debbie. It was just an excuse to spend more time with her. And she didn't want to do that. She wanted to talk to her friends, and be alone with her thoughts. Hayden was a constant—and dangerous—distraction.

Of course Debbie turned him down and refused bluntly, "If I recall correctly, you don't like egg tarts, do you? On top of that, I don't know how to make egg tarts. I think I'd better buy you a meal some other time."

The truth was, she could make egg tarts if all the ingredients were ready-made. There were pre-made egg custard, pastries and tart tins sold in the supermarket. She just needed to fill the tart tins with the egg custard and put them into an oven to bake for a while. But she didn't feel like doing that now. She didn't have the energy to do much at all.

Back when she and Hayden were dating, she had once made egg tarts for him. But he'd just looked at the egg tarts with contempt in his eyes without taking a bite.

"Deb, I didn't cherish what we had. I've been regretting ever since. Please, I'm not asking much now. And we're already at the door of your house. Don't refuse me, please?" Hayden stared at her expectantly.

Debbie pulled a long face, annoyed. "I don't have any ingredients at home."

He immediately turned to his assistant and instructed, "Go to a nearby supermarket and buy a full set of egg tart ingredients and tools. And a new oven too. Be quick!"

"Yes, Hayden."

Debbie was at a loss for words. Hayden was becoming bolder and more annoying now. He had always done something that made her hard to turn him down. Now he was not only buying all the ingredients

for egg tarts, but a brand new oven as well. Never let it be said that he wasn't one for grand gestures.

Eventually, she opened the gate of the villa and allowed him in. Julie and the other housemaids were still on a vacation of the new year and hadn't come back yet.

Debbie impatiently led Hayden into the living room. In an angry voice, she warned, "Just sit there and wait. Don't speak to me. Or else I'll spread your nose across your face!" She raised her fist in front of him as she said it.

Hayden laughed and nodded. Inside, he felt remorseful again. 'She's so cute when she's like this! What an idiot I was! I've lost her...'

Leaving Hayden alone in the living room, Debbie lugged the bags upstairs to her bedroom first. He had wanted to help her carry the luggage upstairs, but she rejected his help.

She had been kind enough to allow him to enter the villa. That was enough for her. By rights, she should have sent him home. But there was always a small part of her that wanted to care for the smallest parts of his soul. He was like a lost child now, and seemed as pitiful as anything else. However, letting him help her with the bags would mean letting him into her bedroom. That would be too ridiculous.

Shortly, his assistant had bought all the needed items for making egg tarts. Looking at the clean kitchen, Debbie felt at a loss. 'What should I do first?'

It occurred to her that this situation was similar to what her husband had done a few days ago. That night, Carlos cooked noodles for Megan, and now, she was going to make desserts for Hayden. She smiled bitterly. 'It's so ironic.'

If anyone saw this, they might think I'm deliberately doing this to get revenge on Carlos.'

Taking a deep breath, she shook off all these thoughts and began to wash the tools. Then, she clumsily placed the crust on the tart tins and filled them with the egg custard.

It proved again that Debbie wouldn't be a good housewife. Now, she had poured too much egg custard into some of the tart tins and it spilled out. And then again, her elbow accidentally swept some of the tart tins off the table onto the floor. The kitchen was already a mess even before she put the unbaked egg tarts into the oven.

Unknowingly, Hayden had already come into the kitchen. He asked with worry, "Need my help?"

In a tearing hurry, Debbie nodded and said, "Yeah. Help me preheat the oven first."

Hayden then opened the box and took out the new oven. Quickly glancing over the instruction book, he switched it on and pressed the preheat button.

Finally, Debbie finished the first step and put all the unbaked egg tarts on a tray. Steadying the tray in her hands, she carefully moved it to the oven. When she drew back her hands, her bare left hand accidentally touched the hot oven grilling pan. With no oven mitt, she was definitely asking to be burned.

"Ouch!" she groaned and stepped back.

Unexpectedly, Hayden was standing right behind her and she fell into his arms...

On the other hand, Carlos had hurried back to his office after getting off his private plane. He had just sat down in his seat when Tristan called him and reported to him that Debbie was in Hayden's car.

After hanging up, he immediately called Emmett in, his face darkened. "Besides bidding for the contract of the Century Group, what else has the Gomez Group been working on recently?"

Emmett quickly checked the documents in his hands and replied, "They held a new product release event. A few international A-list stars attended it and endorsed the products for them."

Carlos looked out of the window, overlooking the whole Alorith, and instructed calmly, "Now, go and prepare a spring fashion show from Hilton Group. What's more, some time ago, there was a rumor that the Gomez family and the Hue family would be allied by marriage, right? Do something to push forward the arrangement..."

Emmett silently swallowed his spit as he took note of his boss's orders. 'Carlos is causing a lot of trouble for Hayden!'

Half an hour later, Carlos got another call from Tristan. This time, the report from the other end of the line made Carlos leap up from his seat. Kicking the seat away in fury, he strode out of his office while holding the phone in his hand.

Outside the office, when Emmett noticed Carlos' deadpan face, he knew something terrible had happened. He quickly gave a few instructions to his men and followed Carlos to the elevator at a rapid sprint. At the last second before the elevator door closed, he squeezed inside, breathless and panting.

'Is Debbie in danger?' Emmett wanted to ask but he didn't dare to, because the man standing next to him was on the verge of going ballistic. The atmosphere inside the elevator was heavy and oppressive.

In the parking lot, Emmett gestured to Carlos to take a seat in back.

But when Emmett had just sat in the driver's seat and fastened the seatbelt, Carlos suddenly got out of the car and opened the door of the driver's seat. He pulled him out while yelling, "Move!"

Emmett obediently moved to the passenger seat.

Thanks to Carlos' excellent driving skills, the engine of the pricey and high-end Emperor roared to life, and handled like a dream. The gleaming high-performance engine could be heard clearly as the car raced through the city streets. As the car zigzagged along the road, Emmett held tightly onto the interior handrail, fighting the urge to vomit. His eyes were fixed on the windshield and his lips were zipped.

Undoubtedly, Carlos' mad behavior must have something to do with Debbie.

About twenty minutes later, the Emperor rolled to a stop at the Esastin Villa. Seeing the sapphire Porsche and Tristan's car parked in front of Carlos' villa, Emmett was even more certain about his guess.

'Carlos always loses his composure when it comes to Debbie, ' he thought smugly.

Using the fingerprint lock, Carlos silently pushed open the door and walked toward the living room. He didn't even bother to change his footwear from outside shoes to ones more appropriate for the house.

In the kitchen, holding Debbie's hand tightly, Hayden asked anxiously, "Deb, does it hurt? I'm taking you to the hospital now!" That said, he gathered her into his arms straightaway, giving her no chance to refuse. He started to carry her out of the kitchen.

Feeling her body leave the ground all of a sudden, Debbie reflexively wrapped her arms around his neck. "No, put me down first..." "It's not that serious!" she thought.

Hayden ignored her protests and rushed out of the kitchen, carrying her in his arms. Just as he stepped out, he saw a man in the living room and slowed his pace.