

TMBA 211

CHAPTER 211 HAYDEN IS A CRAZY GUY

Carlos' tall figure came into view. Realizing she was in Hayden's arms now, Debbie felt the blood rushing to her head. She knew that she had done wrong, and she was now in a compromising position. Carlos would be angry with her, she knew that. And he had no sense when it came to Debbie. It was like she knew exactly which button to push to drive him crazy, but didn't know she was doing it until it was too late.

'I'm so screwed!'

She released Hayden's neck and jumped out of his arms. She was so anxious that she staggered when she landed on the floor. Luckily, Hayden steadied her and kept her from a nasty fall.

'Dammit! I promised Carlos that I wouldn't hang around with Hayden.'

Carlos stood where he was, wordless. His eyes fixed upon her, as cold as ice.

Debbie opened her mouth to explain, but nothing came out, and she shut it again. After recalling what he had done for Megan, she decided otherwise.

She turned and walked into the kitchen, without saying a word.

Now, Hayden was sure that there must be something wrong between Debbie and Carlos.

He gave Carlos a smile and sat on the couch naturally, almost as if he were not a guest. "It's not what it looks like, Carlos. I'm here for egg tarts. I helped Deb on the plane earlier, and she wanted to make egg tarts for me in return. Nothing happened. You seem like a reasonable man..."

Resting his hands in his pockets, Carlos cast a cold glance at Hayden and said indifferently, "You seem to have a lot of free time, Hayden. Do you want a lot more?"

As a clever man, Hayden instantly heard the warning in Carlos' words. "Thank you, Carlos, but I'm good. We're really busy these days. After all, we'd been preparing bids on a specific contract for a while, but Hilton Group suddenly stepped in and outbid us. We have to stay alert, right?" Hayden said.

Carlos turned to look at Debbie, who was pretending to be busy in the kitchen. "You like egg tarts, Hayden?"

Hayden didn't know why Carlos asked, so he simply answered, "Deb's making them."

"Then just sit here and wait. Remember, don't take off."

After saying that, Carlos walked past the couch, and into the kitchen. He turned off the tap and pulled

Debbie, who was washing a rag, into his arms. His moves were quick and smooth.

Debbie was startled. "What are you— Mmm..." Carlos kissed her rudely on the lips. His kiss was fierce and deliberate, showing disdain for his guest, and showing this rival for his true love's affections exactly who was in charge. By telling him to stay put, he was subjecting him to more torture, as the love of his life was in the arms of another man.

The sliding door to the kitchen was wide open; Hayden, who was sitting on the couch in the living room, could clearly see what was going on in the kitchen.

The heating system in the villa was working. Debbie had taken off her down jacket when she got home. She was now wearing a knit shirt, under which Carlos' hand was caressing her breasts. It was obvious what he was doing, and Hayden was a captive audience.

Realizing what Carlos was about to do, Debbie couldn't believe it, her eyes wide. 'Carlos must be crazy. He wants to bang me right in front of Hayden!'

She used all her strength to push him away, but to no avail. His hands were like the arms of an octopus, and every time she broke free she was grabbed again. He was determined to make out with her.

Hayden's smile froze when he saw Carlos acting like this. He thought of himself as a well-educated man, with an aristocratic background. Not the kind of creep who would enjoy a live sex show.

He stood up and walked out the door, heading for the gates to the villa. After pausing briefly and casting a sad glance back at the villa, he left. Carlos finally let go of Debbie's lips and was about to take off his pants when Debbie blurted out, "Cut it out. My aunt Flo is visiting."

"You're kidding, right? You think I'm an idiot? Your aunt Flo has already been here this month," Carlos taunted.

Debbie felt quite frustrated, as her aunt Flo had already visited her twice this month. "I'm not lying," she said earnestly.

And then, Carlos completely lost it.

Outside the villa, Emmett looked at Hayden's secretary with a mocking smile and taunted, "Hey, man. Why is your boss always pestering Debbie?"

With a fake smile, the man answered in a diplomatic manner, "That's Hayden's business. If you really want to know, ask him yourself."

Emmett snorted and said, "Some advice: tell your boss not to be the third wheel. It's messed up that a CEO can't find his own date and has to go after a married woman."

The secretary kept smiling. "If Hayden and the girl truly love each other, then your boss is actually the third wheel."

'What?!' Emmett was shocked by his words. "I always knew Hayden was kind of a crazy guy. I didn't think his assistant would also be that way."

His words destroyed the smile on the secretary's face. "Emmett, watch your tongue," he warned.

"Haha! Oh, forgive me for not acting all proper. Should I bow to you now?" Emmett taunted.

The secretary was fuming with rage at Emmett's attitude, but he didn't dare snap back. After all, Emmett was Carlos' secretary, and he couldn't afford to offend Carlos.

Then the gates to the villa were opened, and Hayden walked out, a blank expression on his face.

Emmett took a closer look, and found that Hayden's eyes were bloodshot and he clenched his fists tightly.

'Ha! You wanted to mess with Carlos, and now you're paying the price. Young man, you've bitten off more than you can chew. You better start grovelling, ' thought Emmett.

With a cheerful smile, Emmett greeted him, "Hi, Hayden."

Hayden, who was always a polite man, cast a sidelong glance at Emmett and got into his car without saying a word.

Emmett didn't mind at all; he knew Hayden was in a bad mood, and he was happy to see it.

After the Porsche left, Tristan approached Emmett, who said, "That guy's a real tool, hitting on Debbie! I don't know whether he has balls of steel or if he's just a fool."

Tristan patted his shoulder and said, "Gotta go. By the way, I've dismissed the—"

He stopped as he was shocked by the scene unfolding before him.

Debbie put on her down jacket, and before she could zip it up, Carlos grabbed her wrist and dragged her out of the villa, causing her to stagger. "Let me go, Carlos! Where are you taking me?" Debbie yelled.

Carlos, however, gripped her wrist tight all the way to the Emperor car, and without saying a word, pushed her roughly into the back seat.

Emmett and Tristan were struck speechless. 'What's going on? Why's he treating her like this?

Does he forget how hard he worked to make her happy before?' both the secretaries thought to

themselves.

Emmett pushed Tristan aside and told him, "Bro, we'll talk later." He trotted towards the Emperor and started the engine.

Carlos sat beside Debbie in the back seat. In a cold voice, he demanded, "Drive to the hospital."

Hospital? Emmett couldn't help but turn his head to check if Debbie was hurt.

"Go!" Carlos' sharply barked command startled both Debbie and Emmett. Emmett turned back his head and drove towards the hospital under Hilton Group.

Debbie rubbed her aching wrist and asked angrily, "What are you doing? Why take me to the hospital?"

Carlos didn't respond.

Debbie felt wronged. She held back her tears and snarled, "Stop the car! I'm not going anywhere."

Carlos cast a burning glance at her and repeated the question he had asked her before. "Your aunt Flo has visited you twice this month. Why?"

Debbie yelled back, "I don't know! What are you implying? Maybe I got sick. Are you taking me to the hospital? Are you deaf? I'm not going there. And this is how you treat a sick woman?"

She really couldn't understand why Carlos completely lost it when he heard she'd had her period.

CHAPTER 212 A MATTER OF TRUS

Carlos took Debbie's chin between his thumb and forefinger, forcing her to look him in the eye. "You still have the guts to yell at me after I caught you making out with Hayden! Make egg tarts for him? If I hadn't come back, he would have already fucked you. Huh?"

Smack! The sound of a slap reverberated in the car.

Startled, Emmett almost lost control of the car and crashed into a tree. He didn't think his boss would slap Debbie, so the person who got hit was...

Maybe Carlos had really spoiled Debbie. She slapped him, and she was not afraid of what he might do next. Sometimes, she really acted like a little brat. Still not willing to make a concession, she went on, "You thought I wouldn't hit you, didn't you? Don't you forget what you did the other night—you were at the manor cooking noodles for Megan in the freaking middle of the night. If I hadn't called and asked you to come back, you would have banged her that night. Am I right, Mr. President?" She said his title acidly, indicating that she did not approve, and was mocking him.

Although his face didn't swell, somehow she still felt uncomfortable after she slapped him. She wished

she could stroke his face, but she was too proud to do so. Besides, that would be conceding to him, and she wanted him to know how mad she was.

Carlos' gaze was so cold, so piercing that Debbie thought she would be dead if eyes could kill. "Why are you looking at me like that? I'm telling the truth. Don't say things like that. I won't take it lying down..." Her voice trailed off.

He pulled her into his arms rudely. Caught off guard, Debbie was shocked and yelled, "What are you doing? Let...ugh...me...go!"

Carlos pressed a button, and the interior screen rose. Then he lowered his head and bit her lips savagely. At this point, he was beyond reason. Not a savage, but a thoughtless, brutal animal. She was his woman, and needed to be taught a lesson.

The car stopped at the entrance of the hospital owned by Hilton Group. Two minutes passed, and the two people got out of the car.

Debbie's lips were red and swollen, while there was a tooth mark on Carlos'.

'Wow! They must have really gone at it, ' thought Emmett.

Carlos took Debbie to the obstetrics and gynecology department. Upon seeing the sign, she thought he took her here because he cared for her, and her heart softened. She regretted slapping him.

'He does care for me. He just has a short fuse, huh?' she thought to herself happily.

Two older doctors stood up and came over to greet Carlos. Carlos, however, dragged Debbie to his side and said coldly, "There's something wrong with her period."

The doctors immediately got his point. Debbie blushed, and stammered, "It's not a big deal. It's probably because I always stay up late." She decided to make peace with Carlos.

That was not how it looked to Carlos, however. He was thinking she said this only to hide something.

With a livid face, Carlos left the exam room in silence. Debbie had to go through the check-up alone.

Debbie sighed with resignation as she watched his retreating figure. 'Maybe I should apologize to him. After all, I shouldn't have slapped him.'

Since the hospital belonged to Carlos as well, it didn't take a long time to finish the exam. After several minutes, Debbie walked out.

She saw Carlos smoking at the end of the corridor. Instead of coming up to him, she found a bench and sat down.

She turned things over in her mind. 'We're both right. Each of us is too possessive, but it's because we love each other so much.

He's bossy, and I'm no pushover. He had to take me to the hospital by force to have me checked out. Maybe things will be better if I learn to be tenderer.'

Carlos didn't come back until the results came out.

One of the doctors told Carlos, "There's no problem with Mrs. Hilton or her periods. We tested for the common compounds found in birth control pills and her results were positive. That's why her periods might be a little off. Carlos, I suggest you use condoms instead. After all, birth control pills—"

"Wait!" Debbie interrupted the doctor. "What did you just say?"

"Mrs. Hilton, birth control pills aren't the right contraceptive option. If you don't want a child for now, you can choose—"

Again, Debbie interrupted him. "That can't be right. I only took it once, a long time ago. Would it still be showing up in my system?" Meeting Carlos' cold gaze, Debbie felt her heart hit rock bottom.

She had only taken the birth control pill once. And after she had promised Carlos that she would give birth to their baby once she got pregnant, she hadn't taken any since.

But now, the doctor said that she had been taking the pills. It was all too much.

The two doctors looked at one another, and one of them told Carlos apologetically, "Carlos, here are the results. You can have a look. And we can run the test again if you think they're in error."

"No need for that."

"Let's try this again!"

Carlos and Debbie spoke at the same time.

Despite Carlos' objection, Debbie looked at the doctors and said in a stern voice, "Think very carefully about what you're saying. I need another test. If it turns out I haven't been taking the pills, I'll sue you!"

Carlos cast a glance at her and said, "I said, there's no need for that. Let's go home."

"No! I'm not going home. I need another test! They can't just lie about me like that." Debbie had seen disappointment in Carlos' eyes when the doctor said she had been taking birth control pills. She wanted to clear her name.

Carlos, however, turned around and left.

Debbie overtook him and said anxiously, "Carlos, I only took the pill once. Trust me."

"Trust you?" Carlos stopped. "I wanted to trust you. But someone saw you taking the pill."

Debbie couldn't believe her ears. "Really? Who? Where did I take the pill? Esastin Villa? I just took it once!"

Carlos reached out his hand and stroked her face while asking, "It's been years. But you still can't forget him, right?"

Her gut feeling told her that he was referring to Hayden. "God, you just won't let that go. I broke up with Hayden years ago, and I—"

Withdrawing his hand, Carlos interrupted her. "I didn't even say who I was referring to, but..." Disappointment was written all over his face.

Debbie was at a loss for words.

Carlos left the hospital, but Debbie didn't. She insisted on having another test.

They got the results quickly. When Debbie saw the papers, Carlos had just been gone for half an hour.

The doctor pointed to a graph and said, "Mrs. Hilton, this index suggests that you've been taking birth control pills a lot. Not once, not twice... How could you not know about it?" Obviously, he didn't believe what Debbie said.

'A lot?'

Debbie was dumbstruck.

She sat on the bench in the corridor for a long time, papers in her hands. She really couldn't figure it out. 'Is there a possibility that the food I ate had some of the same ingredients?' she thought.

She went to the doctor and asked him about that. The doctor said, "Even if some shady vendors powdered the pills and sprinkled them onto vegetables and fruits to make them grow faster and you happened to have eaten them, the index still wouldn't be that high. We can only conclude you have been taking the pills frequently."

"

When a sad and dejected Debbie walked out of the hospital, Emmett was waiting for her.

Carlos took Debbie's chin between his thumb and forefinger, forcing her to look him in the eye. "You still have the guts to yell at me after I caught you making out with Hayden! Make egg tarts for him? If I hadn't come back, he would have already fucked you. Huh?"

Smack! The sound of a slap reverberated in the car.

Startled, Emmett almost lost control of the car and crashed into a tree. He didn't think his boss would slap Debbie, so the person who got hit was...

Maybe Carlos had really spoiled Debbie. She slapped him, and she was not afraid of what he might do next. Sometimes, she really acted like a little brat. Still not willing to make a concession, she went on, "You thought I wouldn't hit you, didn't you? Don't you forget what you did the other night—you were at the manor cooking noodles for Megan in the freaking middle of the night. If I hadn't called and asked you to come back, you would have banged her that night. Am I right, Mr. President?" She said his title acidly, indicating that she did not approve, and was mocking him.

Although his face didn't swell, somehow she still felt uncomfortable after she slapped him. She wished she could stroke his face, but she was too proud to do so. Besides, that would be conceding to him, and she wanted him to know how mad she was.

Carlos' gaze was so cold, so piercing that Debbie thought she would be dead if eyes could kill. "Why are you looking at me like that? I'm telling the truth. Don't say things like that. I won't take it lying down..." Her voice trailed off.

He pulled her into his arms rudely. Caught off guard, Debbie was shocked and yelled, "What are you doing? Let...ugh...me...go!"

Carlos pressed a button, and the interior screen rose. Then he lowered his head and bit her lips savagely. At this point, he was beyond reason. Not a savage, but a thoughtless, brutal animal. She was his woman, and needed to be taught a lesson.

The car stopped at the entrance of the hospital owned by Hilton Group. Two minutes passed, and the two people got out of the car.

Debbie's lips were red and swollen, while there was a tooth mark on Carlos'.

'Wow! They must have really gone at it, ' thought Emmett.

Carlos took Debbie to the obstetrics and gynecology department. Upon seeing the sign, she thought he took her here because he cared for her, and her heart softened. She regretted slapping him.

'He does care for me. He just has a short fuse, huh?' she thought to herself happily.

Two older doctors stood up and came over to greet Carlos. Carlos, however, dragged Debbie to his side

and said coldly, "There's something wrong with her period."

The doctors immediately got his point. Debbie blushed, and stammered, "It's not a big deal. It's probably because I always stay up late." She decided to make peace with Carlos.

That was not how it looked to Carlos, however. He was thinking she said this only to hide something.

With a livid face, Carlos left the exam room in silence. Debbie had to go through the check-up alone.

Debbie sighed with resignation as she watched his retreating figure. 'Maybe I should apologize to him. After all, I shouldn't have slapped him.'

Since the hospital belonged to Carlos as well, it didn't take a long time to finish the exam. After several minutes, Debbie walked out.

She saw Carlos smoking at the end of the corridor. Instead of coming up to him, she found a bench and sat down.

She turned things over in her mind. 'We're both right. Each of us is too possessive, but it's because we love each other so much.

He's bossy, and I'm no pushover. He had to take me to the hospital by force to have me checked out. Maybe things will be better if I learn to be tenderer.'

Carlos didn't come back until the results came out.

One of the doctors told Carlos, "There's no problem with Mrs. Hilton or her periods. We tested for the common compounds found in birth control pills and her results were positive. That's why her periods might be a little off. Carlos, I suggest you use condoms instead. After all, birth control pills—"

"Wait!" Debbie interrupted the doctor. "What did you just say?"

"Mrs. Hilton, birth control pills aren't the right contraceptive option. If you don't want a child for now, you can choose—"

Again, Debbie interrupted him. "That can't be right. I only took it once, a long time ago. Would it still be showing up in my system?" Meeting Carlos' cold gaze, Debbie felt her heart hit rock bottom.

She had only taken the birth control pill once. And after she had promised Carlos that she would give birth to their baby once she got pregnant, she hadn't taken any since.

But now, the doctor said that she had been taking the pills. It was all too much.

The two doctors looked at one another, and one of them told Carlos apologetically, "Carlos, here are the

results. You can have a look. And we can run the test again if you think they're in error."

"No need for that."

"Let's try this again!"

Carlos and Debbie spoke at the same time.

Despite Carlos' objection, Debbie looked at the doctors and said in a stern voice, "Think very carefully about what you're saying. I need another test. If it turns out I haven't been taking the pills, I'll sue you!"

Carlos cast a glance at her and said, "I said, there's no need for that. Let's go home."

"No! I'm not going home. I need another test! They can't just lie about me like that." Debbie had seen disappointment in Carlos' eyes when the doctor said she had been taking birth control pills. She wanted to clear her name.

Carlos, however, turned around and left.

Debbie overtook him and said anxiously, "Carlos, I only took the pill once. Trust me."

"Trust you?" Carlos stopped. "I wanted to trust you. But someone saw you taking the pill."

Debbie couldn't believe her ears. "Really? Who? Where did I take the pill? Esastin Villa? I just took it once!"

Carlos reached out his hand and stroked her face while asking, "It's been years. But you still can't forget him, right?"

Her gut feeling told her that he was referring to Hayden. "God, you just won't let that go. I broke up with Hayden years ago, and I—"

Withdrawing his hand, Carlos interrupted her. "I didn't even say who I was referring to, but..." Disappointment was written all over his face.

Debbie was at a loss for words.

Carlos left the hospital, but Debbie didn't. She insisted on having another test.

They got the results quickly. When Debbie saw the papers, Carlos had just been gone for half an hour.

The doctor pointed to a graph and said, "Mrs. Hilton, this index suggests that you've been taking birth control pills a lot. Not once, not twice... How could you not know about it?" Obviously, he didn't believe what Debbie said.

'A lot?'

Debbie was dumbstruck.

She sat on the bench in the corridor for a long time, papers in her hands. She really couldn't figure it out. 'Is there a possibility that the food I ate had some of the same ingredients?' she thought.

She went to the doctor and asked him about that. The doctor said, "Even if some shady vendors powered the pills and sprinkled them onto vegetables and fruits to make them grow faster and you happened to have eaten them, the index still wouldn't be that high. We can only conclude you have been taking the pills frequently.

"

When a sad and dejected Debbie walked out of the hospital, Emmett was waiting for her.

Upon seeing her, he trotted towards her and asked, "Debbie, are you alright?"

Instead of answering his question, she asked, "Where's Carlos?"

With an embarrassed smile, Emmett stammered, "Carlos... had something he had to deal with. He asked me to drive you back home."

CHAPTER 213 THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH LOVE

'Carlos left instead of waiting for me, ' Debbie thought, heartbroken and sad. She folded the papers, stuck them into her pocket, and reached out her hand. "Emmett, give me the car keys. I can drive myself home. You're free. Do whatever you want."

"I'm available now. Why not let me drive?" Emmett offered as he could tell something was not right with her.

"Thank you, but I'm good. Don't worry. I just need to go to the Esastin Villa first to fetch my luggage, and then head to the manor." Debbie took a deep breath, pretending to be calm.

Left with no choice, Emmett handed her the car keys. "Carlos has the Emperor. This Mercedes-Benz belongs to the company. Just leave it in the manor, and I'll grab it later."

"Sure. Thank you, Emmett." Debbie took over the car keys and cranked the ignition. After hearing a satisfactory roar from the engine, she drove off.

Little did she know that Emmett walked into the hospital as soon as she was out of sight. He went straight to the obstetrics and gynecology department.

Several minutes later, Emmett called Carlos. "Carlos, Debbie just drove herself back."

"Mmm." After a short pause, Carlos asked, "The test results?"

Recalling what the doctors had told him, Emmett swallowed before stammering, "Carlos, the pills would harm a woman's health. The doctors suggested Debbie stop taking—"

Before he could finish, Carlos hung up the phone.

Emmett looked in the direction where Debbie left, and wondered, 'I thought Mr. and Mrs. Hilton loved each other. Why take the pills?

What's more, everyone knows long-term use of birth control pills is harmful. Why did Carlos allow his wife to take them?'

On her way, Debbie was absent-minded. She kept going over it in her head. What foods had she eaten recently? Could any of those foods cause the results to skew?

She had eaten a lot of seafood lately. And scientists had recently found contraceptive compounds in fish. Could the doctors be detecting that, instead?

Sometimes, she would pull over and think about whether there were the same steroidal compounds in seafood and what kind of seafood might have the same chemicals.

But she had to admit that she knew next to nothing about this.

When she arrived at Esastin Villa, she plugged her phone in to charge it, since the battery died. It was lunchtime; she ordered some food delivery on Meituan app. She sat down for a quick meal, then checked to make sure she had all her luggage, and drove towards the manor.

On her way to the manor, she kept thinking about what the doctors had told her. 'There must be something wrong with the two doctors. Is it possible that they were bribed? Maybe I can get a second opinion somewhere else.'

There was another large hospital not far away. Debbie decided to turn around and drive to the hospital.

She stopped at a red light.

That was when her phone rang. She saw the caller ID, and it was an unknown number.

She connected the Bluetooth and then answered, "Hello?"

"It's me." Megan's voice reverberated in the car.

"Why did you call?" Debbie asked in a cold voice. 'Is she in the manor with Carlos right now?' she mused.

"Ha!" Megan laughed out loud. "You know what? Uncle Carlos came to me after leaving the hospital. He told me I was the one he truly loved. Oh, it turns out you always take birth control pills. You don't want to have his baby, do you? I really feel sorry for him."

"So?" Debbie acted calm, but her long fingernails stuck into the leather steering wheel, leaving deep marks. 'So the thing he had to deal with was to be with Megan!'

"Debbie, I feel bad for you. Uncle Carlos told me that he would never leave me and that we'd be together forever." There was a trace of smugness in her voice.

The traffic lights turned green, but Debbie paid no attention to it. Not until the driver behind her honked at her did she come back to her senses and start the engine. "You're the daughter of the ones who saved his life. He's supposed to treat you like his own niece and take care of you. This has nothing to do with love. You understand?"

"Really? Then why did Uncle Carlos tell me that he would take care of me after sending you abroad? You did know you would be studying abroad soon?"

'No way! This is like a bad dream! I can't believe it, ' Debbie thought. "No, you got it wrong. My husband's going abroad with me, and will live with me while I'm studying there," she snapped back.

"Ha! Debbie, you're so naive. I'm here, in Alorith. Do you really think Uncle Carlos will leave me behind? Especially after I told him that you took birth control pills..."

"What?" Debbie interrupted her. "You're the one that told him about it?"

"Yep!" Megan answered in a cheerful voice. "I told Uncle Carlos that I saw you taking the pills all the time and that you didn't want his baby. And he believed it. He took you to the hospital to have an exam, didn't he?"

"Megan! You—" Debbie was boiling over with rage. She guided her car over the bridge, the river surging madly under it. When she saw a car galloping at full speed towards her, she wrenched the wheel to the right.

It was a serious miscalculation. She lost control of her car, and the black Mercedes-Benz flew straight at the guardrail.

Bang! After a loud sound, the car crashed right through the guardrail and fell into the river. Bubbles rose for a bit, before the rapids once again reasserted themselves and the water covered the car like nothing had happened.

The cars on the bridge all stopped, and some drivers got out to see if they could help. A few of them called for an ambulance, hoping against hope that the driver would be alright. They hadn't seen much before the actual crash, and who knew if the currents had already carried the car far from where they saw it go off the bridge?

Hearing the loud bang coming from the other end of the line, Megan suddenly had a bad feeling about this. She heard a piercing scream and took the phone away from her ear. When she put her ear to the receiver again, she heard Debbie say in a calm voice, "Looks like you'll get your wish. I'm dying. Enjoy living with your uncle Carlos..." Debbie's voice trailed off. "Megan, if I'm not dead... ahem... I swear I'll kill you."

Silence ensued.

Not knowing what happened to Debbie, Megan was frightened. She pried the back off the phone, took out the SIM card and dumped it into the trash bin.

Under the water, Debbie tried to calm herself down. She had to save herself! She pried her white-knuckled hands off the steering wheel and covered her bleeding forehead. The water around the car was as black as ink. She picked up her phone, opened the flashlight app and looked for the lifesaving hammer with the light.

The posh car was well outfitted. In just a few minutes, she found just what she needed. Good thing, since the air inside the car was getting thinner. A sigh of relief escaped her chest as she lifted the hammer out of the box under the seat.

The cabin would soon be devoid of air. Debbie was winded and shaken. Her head wound was still bleeding, but she paid it little mind. 'Not much time left. Need to break the window.'

She held the hammer, and put a ding in the window. At this point, she might run out of air before she got through. But she swung the hammer, again and again, with strength born of desperation. It didn't take long before a crack formed. Then, a spiderweb of cracks. Finally, the window exploded inward as torrents of water gushed into the cabin.

Holding her breath, she swam out of the car and made her way upwards.

The water was deep, and she had to hurry up.

The lack of oxygen made her feel dizzy. Although she had escaped the car, she had no idea whether she could make it all the way to the surface.

How she wished she could call Carlos and listen to his voice. She wanted to tell him that she loved him and wanted to have his baby. But she couldn't right now.

The water was muddy, and she was unable to open her eyes. She only heard a honk coming from far

away.

It was winter, and the water was freezing. Luckily, she had taken off her down jacket in the car. Her soaked sweater alone was so heavy.

She struggled to take it off, and then she felt lighter.

She kicked her legs hard and saw the blue sky.

But then, the rapids washed over her, and the currents dragged her under again, as she gulped a mouthful of water.

Myriad feelings gripped her—cold, hurt, terrified, sad... 'Carlos... Save me...'

Although she could swim, she gradually lost consciousness after staying in the water for so long. She wasn't cold anymore. Instead, she felt comforting warmth embrace her. It was a fiction, though—she knew the end was near.

'No! I can't die here. I haven't had a baby with Carlos yet. I haven't found my brother. I haven't said goodbye to my friends...'

CHAPTER 214 SAVING GRACE

Carlos had been nice to Debbie all this time, and she really couldn't die like this.

Her will to live was so strong that she found the strength to swim upwards again.

After what felt like an eternity, she could breathe again. She took several breaths and shouted for help. "Help me..." Her voice could hardly be heard. She grabbed onto one of the concrete supports of the bridge and hung on for dear life.

Many people gathered on the bridge, and more people were arriving. A first-aid team arrived as well.

The moment she emerged from the water, someone saw her. "Look! Someone's there!"

Debbie was too tired, and when her fingers slipped from the concrete and she sank into the water again, she heard several people jump into the river.

Her chest burned like fire. She had no strength left at all; she closed her eyes and stopped struggling.

'Carlos, I'm sorry...' Then she lost consciousness.

Debbie was awakened by the cold. She blinked, but the light was so blinding that she closed her eyes to stop the headache she felt coming on.

She heard people talking in her ear. Opening her eyes slowly again, she saw the blue sky.

'Am I still alive?' she thought.

"She's awake!" said a strange voice. "Is the ambulance here? She woke up!"

"Girl, are you all right?"

Debbie nodded by instinct. But she felt very cold, both physically and mentally. She was shivering, and for some reason, she was getting hot flashes. She wasn't sure why.

Someone helped her to her feet. She then noticed that she was wearing a man's coat. It was part of a uniform and had patches on it as well as a name badge. It must belong to someone on the first-aid team. Underneath, she was still wearing her wet knit shirt.

She heard the ambulance approaching, and some men gathered around her when it arrived. She was bidden to lie down on a stretcher and was carried into the ambulance by several men.

In the hospital

Sitting on a bench in the corridor, Debbie looked up and down the intake hall. The wards were fully occupied, and even the hall itself was overflowing with patients. A nurse bound her head, and then set her up with an IV. The IV rack had wheels, so she could walk with it if she had to.

"Miss, we need you to contact your family. They need to pay for your treatment!" the nurse demanded in a loud voice with a wad of test results in her hand.

Debbie was still not entirely with it, and didn't hear the nurse at first. Not until the nurse called her several times did she come back to her senses.

"Pay the bill now, or you can't have another bottle of IV fluid," the nurse said impatiently. She was practically yelling, like Debbie was deaf or something. Debbie opened her mouth, but before she could respond, a familiar voice met her ears.

"I'll pay. How much is it?" She raised her head to see Hayden.

'We have to stop meeting like this, ' she thought.

Behind him was Portia, staring at her with burning eyes.

"\$1, 600. If she needs more IV fluids, that's a total of \$2, 100. Here's the bill. The cashier's window is on the first floor."

Hayden took the bill from the nurse and said with a friendly smile, "Thank you for taking care of my

friend. I'm going to pay now."

The nurse, who had been impatient towards Debbie, was charmed by Hayden's handsome face and his impeccable manners. Although she was wearing a mask, you could tell from her reddened ears that she blushed with shyness. "I-It's my pleasure, sir."

After bidding goodbye to Hayden, the nurse left. He squatted down and looked at Debbie. "Are you okay? What happened? And whose coat is this?" Concern was written all over his face.

In no mood to talk, Debbie just shook her head.

"I'm going down to the first floor to settle the bill. Wait for me here," he said softly and stood up.

"Thank you," she croaked. After her experiences, she was still shook.

Hayden left, followed by Portia. Debbie could hear Portia berating Hayden. "Why did you help her? Look what she's done to you! Hayden, you're a damn fool!"

"Portia, I'll ask the driver to send you back home, okay? You don't need to be here," Hayden coaxed.

Not until Hayden and Portia were out of earshot did Debbie look away.

She really wanted to stop Portia and ask her what she had done to Hayden.

Sitting next to her was a woman with a baby in her arms. With an embarrassed smile, Debbie said to her, "Excuse me, miss, may I borrow your phone? I fell into the river and lost my phone. I need to call my family."

She was rather discomfited—she was soaked to the bone, and there was a blood-stained bandage around her head. The woman took out her phone and gave it to Debbie. She had no doubt that Debbie needed it badly.

Debbie thanked her and dialed Carlos' number.

Carlos, on the other hand, went directly to his office after he left the hospital.

Under great stress, he decided the best way to bleed off this stress was to light up. After he lit the first one, he took a drag and let his chagrin float away with the smoke. He was still smoking when some unexpected guests entered his office.

Damon whistled at his buddy and sat on the desk. "Hey, bro. It's rather smoky in here. Isn't there a smoke detector in your office?"

Before Carlos could respond, Damon spotted something and approached him. "Wow! Guys, look at his

lip! Who had the guts to bite you? It had to be your wife. She used to be so wild."

"Looks like he's in a bad mood. I wouldn't tease him," said Curtis. He knew Carlos well, and he felt he should remind Damon. He didn't want Damon to get hurt if Carlos flew off the handle.

He sat on the couch and fixed his eyes on Carlos, wondering why he looked so upset.

Wesley and Megan sat opposite Curtis, and both of them stared at Carlos, who had just tapped his cigarette on the ashtray to get rid of the cherry. He still sat wreathed in smoke.

Carlos remained silent as if he didn't hear Damon.

Curtis crossed his legs gracefully and adjusted his glasses. "We heard you came back from New York, so we came here to meet you. Where's Debbie? In the manor?" he asked.

At the mention of his wife, Carlos still remained quiet.

The rest of them looked at each other, puzzled.

"Hey, bro! Did you have a fight with your wife?" Damon pried.

Curtis couldn't keep his cool any longer. He stood up from the couch and came up to Carlos. "You two were fine when I called you yesterday. What happened?"

Still, Carlos said nothing. At this moment, his phone rang, and it was Emmett calling.

They couldn't hear what Emmett said. Carlos just uttered a few words and then hung up.

Silence blanketed the office again. Megan walked towards Carlos, and coughed because of the acrid smell of tobacco. "Uncle Carlos, did you guys fight because of what happened that evening?" she asked in a concerned voice.

While shaking his head, Carlos stood up from his seat, walked past Megan and stood in front of Wesley. "Take care of Megan for me, okay? I need to deal with my wife. You know, she's tough."

'You don't want my baby, so you simply took the birth control pills. You think that will do? Certainly not! You'll have my baby if I want you to!

I won't let you go that easily.

You don't like Megan. Fine! I get that. I can ask Wesley, Damon and Curtis to take care of her, ' Carlos mused.

Upon hearing that, Wesley furrowed his eyebrows. "Did you fight because of Megan?" he asked.

"No, that's not it. She doesn't want to have my baby," answered Carlos. 'And she hasn't completely cut off relations with her ex.' But that was too embarrassing for Carlos to admit in front of his buddies.

The rest of them were rendered speechless.

Curtis walked towards the wine cabinet and took out a bottle of red wine. He poured everyone a glass of wine and asked casually, "Debbie is still a student. It's not a big deal if she doesn't want a kid now. Why fight about it?"

Damon nodded and patted Carlos' shoulder. "Does it bug you that I'm going to be a dad first?"

Carlos cast a murderous glance at him and said coldly, "Fuck off!"

CHAPTER 215 BE MORE TOLERANT TOWARDS HER

Delicately holding two glasses of wine, Curtis walked towards his buddies. "I've managed to bring only one extra glass," he said while taking a sip from the glass in his right hand. Then he placed the second glass on the desk before them and added, "Whoever grabs this first will have it. The rest of you can fetch your own."

They all took it as a joke. Since when did they have to compete for a glass of wine?

But even before he loosened his grip, Damon grabbed the glass, went to the couch and said casually, "Well, seems I'm the lucky one." Then in the same casual manner, he sat next to Megan and offered her the glass. "Little angel, you can have this," he said with a sideways glance at Curtis.

"Hey, are you trying to impress her with the wine that I've just brought for you? Shame on you!" Curtis reprimanded.

"Thank you, Uncle Damon, but I don't feel like drinking." Megan declined his offer politely. She sat with her fingers interlocked under her chin, seeming very preoccupied.

"You were fine just a moment ago. What happened?" Damon asked curiously.

Casting a pitiful glance at Carlos, who was still smoking, Megan complained, "Aunt Debbie doesn't seem to like me. She even had a fight with Uncle Carlos over me. I feel so sad..."

Carlos flicked the ashes from his cigarette and said indifferently, "It has nothing to do with you."

Poor at reading moods, Damon consoled Megan, "It's okay. Debbie is an odd woman. As far as I know, she has only a few friends. Besides, our Megan is so adorable. I can't see how anyone could not like you. Don't think about it too much." He stroked her hair gently.

But the comments rubbed two of his friends the wrong way. Carlos looked at him with burning eyes and asked, "Who is the odd woman? I dare you to repeat it."

Gruffly, Curtis snatched the glass of wine from Damon's hand, poured the wine into his own glass, and snapped, "Boy, you have the nerve to speak ill of Debbie before Carlos! Try that one more time, and I swear, he'll beat the crap out of you!"

Instantly, Damon regretted his mistake. Why would he cross Carlos? To make up for his error, he went to the wine cabinet and brought the other glasses of wine that Curtis had poured for them. "I'm sorry, Carlos. You know how clumsy I sometimes get in expressing myself. Guys, let's forget that dry joke and drink."

They clinked glasses and settled down to some chitchat.

Turning to Curtis, Carlos asked, "I've already gone through all the formalities for Debbie to study abroad. How about you?"

But Curtis, somewhat not in favor of the idea, made an incredulous face and asked, "You want her to go there alone?"

Stubbing out the cigarette, Carlos shook his head. "No."

Although he was mad at Debbie for her refusal to have his baby and her insistence on taking birth control pills, he didn't want to have her study abroad alone.

While the men were chatting, Megan went to the bathroom, inserted an anonymous SIM card into her phone, and dialed a number.

When she came back to Carlos' office, the men were almost off, heading to the Orchid Private Club together.

Wesley was the first to notice something was not right with Megan. "You look pale. What's wrong?" he asked.

Megan was startled to see everyone staring at her with curious eyes. Flustered, she looked away and covered her face with both palms. "Nothing. I'm perfectly okay..."

Since she looked calmer and more composed when she dropped her hands, no one around bothered to press further. Briefly, Carlos consulted with his secretary about some work related issues, and then they all left the Hilton Group's offices together.

They had hardly left the building when the employees began to gossip about them. "I envy Megan so much. Lucky girl! She's surrounded by some of the finest eligible bachelors all the time."

"Now, she's in the company of not one, not two, but four high-class men, everyone eager to please her. How lucky of her!"

"Our very own Carlos must dote on her the most. Did you hear the rumor that Megan was the other woman between Mr. and Mrs. Hilton?"

"Maybe Carlos is nicer to Megan than to Mrs. Hilton. Megan must have saved the world in her previous life. What else could explain her never ending streak of luck?"

"

At Orchid Private Club

After supper, Wesley answered a phone call and bade his friends adieu, unable to stay with them any longer.

Being a military officer sometimes denied him time for his taste for the fine things of life.

The members of his crew settled down to wine, amid chitchat. But Damon didn't stay long either. About two or three glasses later, he too excused himself. "Hey, guys, will you excuse me? I need to go back home and keep my wife company. See you tomorrow."

That left only Curtis, Megan and Carlos in the private booth.

In a bad mood, Carlos was inclined to seek solace in drink. After he and Curtis finished a bottle of fine Chinese spirits, the latter got a call from Colleen. As he stood to leave, Curtis had a hunch that Carlos might want to stay at the booth a little longer, so he reminded Megan to watch on him. "In case he gets two extra glasses after I'm gone, please don't let him drive. I know Emmett will be on standby, so you can call him to drive the two of you any time," he advised and walked out of the club as well.

"Uncle Carlos, why are you not happy? Is it something that you could get over by talking? Should you feel the need to kindly talk to me, I'll be more than willing to listen." Megan propped her hand against her chin and looked worriedly at him.

Staring at his glass, Carlos asked, "How did you know she took birth control pills? Tell me the truth."

Although he was not staring at Megan, sternness was obvious in his voice.

Her heart skipped a beat at the question. "I-I saw it... with my own eyes. Uncle Carlos, you don't believe me, do you?" she stammered.

At the beginning, Carlos didn't believe Megan's words. But after he had taken Debbie to the hospital, he could only accept the bitter truth that his wife had been taking birth control pills.

After a long pause, he spoke. "Your aunt Debbie is short-tempered. Please be more tolerant towards her."

Megan couldn't believe her ears. She looked Carlos in the eye, wondering whether he was already too drunk to reason. 'I'm only 18, yet Debbie is 21. Does he expect me to be the one to tone down and accommodate an older woman's whims? This can't be more sarcastic!'

"If... this can make Aunt Debbie happy... I'll do it. Uncle Carlos, I can do anything for you as long as you're happy." Tears welled up in her eyes as she spoke.

To change the subject, Carlos stroked her head lovingly and asked, "Have you decided what to major in when you go to university?"

The question piqued Megan's interest. "Of course I'll go for Economics and Management, like Aunt Debbie. Hopefully, after graduation, you'll find me a slot for work in your company. It would be exciting to be part of your team at work," she enthused, smiling from ear to ear.

Mulling over her excitement, Carlos cast her a meaningful glance. "Okay. An Economics and Management School in the United States is pretty good. You can—"

Before he could finish, she interrupted him. "Uncle Carlos, thanks for the generous offer. But I'd prefer going to the Economics and Management School right here in Alorith. I don't want to study abroad. That would be like sending me away from you. I don't know how I could live far from here," Megan pleaded earnestly as she grabbed Carlos' sleeve and looked at him with innocent doe eyes.

But Carlos simply drew his sleeve out of her delicate hands and poured himself another glass of wine. "We'll see," he said, sounding distant. Taking large gulps, he downed the glass without another word. He was watching, trying to see what she'd say next.

"Uncle Carlos, you've had too much already. Let's go back home," Megan suggested, looking at Carlos, who was leaning against the couch now, his eyes shut as if in deep contemplation.

When he opened his eyes, he took the phone out from his pocket and handed it over to Megan. "Call Tristan and ask him to drive me home."

"Sure."

Megan input the password, but to her surprise, it was wrong. Jealousy flooded her as she knew it must have had something to do with Debbie. She took a deep breath and said, "Uncle Carlos, I have no password."

With his eyes closed once again, he told her the numbers without even bothering to look at her.

On call, Megan seemed to have poor connection in the private booth. Tristan couldn't hear what she

was saying.

CHAPTER 216 FIND HER

Holding Carlos' phone, Megan said to him, "Uncle Carlos, the reception in the room is bad. I'll take the call outside."

"Okay," Carlos responded.

Megan hung up the phone and walked out of the private booth. She was about to call Tristan again when Carlos' phone started ringing. It was an unknown number.

Megan stared at the number, wondering, 'Who's this? Why are they calling on Carlos' private number?' She decided to answer the call. "Hello?" she said.

At the other end of the line, Debbie recognized the girl's voice. She smiled bitterly and said, "Put my husband on the phone."

Megan had been nervous the whole afternoon, worrying that she would be held responsible if Debbie was dead. Now that she heard Debbie's voice, she heaved a sigh of relief. 'Thank God. She's not dead.'

"Uncle Carlos doesn't want to talk to you right now." Megan lowered her tone to a whisper. As far away as Carlos was, he was definitely out of earshot. The whisper was a voice that only she and Debbie could hear. The girl glanced around warily.

But Debbie wasn't happy. 'Doesn't want to talk to me? Who's this bitch to decide whom he talks to?!' "Put him on the phone!" Debbie demanded, balling her hands into fists. If Megan were standing in front of her right now, she would put one of those fists to good use—punching her in the face.

"Uncle Carlos is in a bad mood. He really doesn't want to talk to you. It took hours for me to make him smile even a little. Just leave him alone. Moreover, Uncle Carlos told me to answer the call for him. He even told me how to unlock his phone. Just go away."

"So... how do you unlock his phone?" Debbie doubted what she said. Anything Megan said was suspect at this point.

To her surprise, Megan recited the new password to get into Carlos' phone—Debbie's birthday. She'd set it only a few days ago. Now, she had to believe Megan was telling the truth. Heartbroken, she hung up the phone quickly.

But Megan's performance had only just begun. Still holding the phone to her ear, she pushed open the door to the private booth and said in a persuasive tone, "Aunt Debbie, hang on. Why don't you tell Uncle Carlos that yourself? Hello? Aunt Debbie?"

Carlos opened his eyes suddenly when he heard Megan's words. Megan showed him the conversation log while holding the phone with trembling hands. "Aunt Debbie called from an unknown number. I thought it was Tristan, so I answered it, but it turned out to be Aunt Debbie. She asked me to tell you that she wouldn't be home tonight and then hung up."

Carlos took the phone and glared at the number silently for a long moment before he called Debbie, but he didn't get through; it went straight to voice mail.

He hung up in disgust and then dialed the unknown number. A woman answered the phone. "Hello?"

"Where is Debbie Nelson?" Carlos asked coldly.

"Oh, you mean the young girl who borrowed my phone? She left with her boyfriend."

'Boyfriend?' Carlos stood up abruptly from the couch. "Where did they go?"

The woman smiled. "I don't know. Her boyfriend carried her in his arms. It was so sweet. Lucky her! My husband and I were talking about the happy couple."

Holding Carlos' phone, Megan said to him, "Uncle Carlos, the reception in the room is bad. I'll take the call outside."

"Okay," Carlos responded.

Megan hung up the phone and walked out of the private booth. She was about to call Tristan again when Carlos' phone started ringing. It was an unknown number.

Megan stared at the number, wondering, 'Who's this? Why are they calling on Carlos' private number?' She decided to answer the call. "Hello?" she said.

At the other end of the line, Debbie recognized the girl's voice. She smiled bitterly and said, "Put my husband on the phone."

Megan had been nervous the whole afternoon, worrying that she would be held responsible if Debbie was dead. Now that she heard Debbie's voice, she heaved a sigh of relief. 'Thank God. She's not dead.'

"Uncle Carlos doesn't want to talk to you right now." Megan lowered her tone to a whisper. As far away as Carlos was, he was definitely out of earshot. The whisper was a voice that only she and Debbie could hear. The girl glanced around warily.

But Debbie wasn't happy. 'Doesn't want to talk to me? Who's this bitch to decide whom he talks to?!' "Put him on the phone!" Debbie demanded, balling her hands into fists. If Megan were standing in front of her right now, she would put one of those fists to good use—punching her in the face.

"Uncle Carlos is in a bad mood. He really doesn't want to talk to you. It took hours for me to make him

smile even a little. Just leave him alone. Moreover, Uncle Carlos told me to answer the call for him. He even told me how to unlock his phone. Just go away."

"So... how do you unlock his phone?" Debbie doubted what she said. Anything Megan said was suspect at this point.

To her surprise, Megan recited the new password to get into Carlos' phone—Debbie's birthday. She'd set it only a few days ago. Now, she had to believe Megan was telling the truth. Heartbroken, she hung up the phone quickly.

But Megan's performance had only just begun. Still holding the phone to her ear, she pushed open the door to the private booth and said in a persuasive tone, "Aunt Debbie, hang on. Why don't you tell Uncle Carlos that yourself? Hello? Aunt Debbie?"

Carlos opened his eyes suddenly when he heard Megan's words. Megan showed him the conversation log while holding the phone with trembling hands. "Aunt Debbie called from an unknown number. I thought it was Tristan, so I answered it, but it turned out to be Aunt Debbie. She asked me to tell you that she wouldn't be home tonight and then hung up."

Carlos took the phone and glared at the number silently for a long moment before he called Debbie, but he didn't get through; it went straight to voice mail.

He hung up in disgust and then dialed the unknown number. A woman answered the phone. "Hello?"

"Where is Debbie Nelson?" Carlos asked coldly.

"Oh, you mean the young girl who borrowed my phone? She left with her boyfriend."

'Boyfriend?' Carlos stood up abruptly from the couch. "Where did they go?"

The woman smiled. "I don't know. Her boyfriend carried her in his arms. It was so sweet. Lucky her! My husband and I were talking about the happy couple."

Jealousy and anger filled Carlos, replacing the disgust he had felt before. These were rawer and more powerful emotions, and Carlos was no stranger to them. In fact, he felt more powerful, more physically imposing when he was upset.

At the hospital, Debbie gave the phone back to the woman holding the baby. Just then, Hayden was back with the receipt after paying the bill.

Doctors were not far behind. "Deb, I asked them to get you a ward. Come with me," he said to her.

Sitting there, Debbie looked pale and felt groggy. She nodded to Hayden and attempted to stand up. However, a surge of dizziness forced her to thump back into the chair again.

Hayden scooped her up as soon as he noticed how weak she was. He made her comfortable in his arms and hurried towards the ward. The hospital had been packed with patients recently. There hadn't been a ward available in a long time. Right now, even the corridors of each floor were crammed with hospital beds.

After pulling some strings, Hayden managed to get Debbie into an upscale double ward.

When they got to the ward, Hayden placed Debbie on the bed carefully and tucked her in. A nurse took her temperature—39.6°C. A high fever.

In Orchid Private Club

Carlos couldn't be indifferent to Debbie, no matter how mad he was at her. He still cared for the woman, though sometimes he thought only God knew why.

"Find out where she is! Now!" he told Emmett on the phone. Emmett knew exactly who he referred to.

When he and his men found Debbie, it was already past midnight.

In the inpatient department of Alorith Second General Hospital

A bunch of men in black stalked through the corridor, breaking the relative quiet of the hospital.

The man in charge looked grimly at the hospital beds on either side of the hallway. Imagining Debbie in such terrible surroundings, he quickened his already hasty pace.

Those menacing men drew most of their attention from the patients and their families. Their looks and presence made people wonder who they were and what they were doing here.

Emmett pushed open the door to a double ward, after which Carlos walked in steadily. There were two beds and four people inside.

A woman lay in the bed closer to the door, and a man sat next to it, head resting on the edge of the same bed, asleep. Carlos gave her a glance and walked on. She wasn't Debbie.

In the other bed lay a woman with a bandage around her head. She was in deep sleep. She was hooked up to an IV, a needle taped to her arm.

Hayden sat on the sofa beside the bed, working. Seeing Carlos walk in, he smiled at him but didn't speak.

The two men's eyes met. With a stern look on his face, Carlos said nothing to Hayden either. He strode over to the bed and stared at Debbie. She was the point. She was what he had come for.

Her face was a sickly red. The bandage around her forehead was blood-stained. The fluid in the infusion bottle was mostly gone.

Carlos promptly peeled back the tape and plucked the needle out of her wrist. Hayden stood up and tried to stop him, but Emmett walked over and kept him where he was.

When Carlos lifted the covers away, he saw that underneath, Debbie was only wearing hospital clothing. Quickly, he took off his overcoat and wrapped her tight. Without a word, he picked her up from the bed.

Maybe it was the warmth of his arms. Just then, Debbie slowly opened her eyes. In a blur, she thought she saw Carlos.

"Mr. Handsome..." she muttered. The ice around Carlos' heart melted. The tough man softened. The tenderness in his eyes went rogue. Nothing could conceal it anymore.

He lowered his head and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Don't worry, I'm getting you out of here." He was so gentle, so caring, Debbie thought she was having a beautiful dream. Slowly, she closed her eyes again. If she stayed in that dream, she would rather never open her eyes again.

Since the moment Carlos walked into the ward, Hayden hadn't been able to get much work done. He stood aside and watched Carlos' every move. Being a gentleman, before leaving, Carlos said to Hayden, "Thank you, Hayden, for taking care of my wife tonight."

Hayden nodded in response.

The whole thing was done rather quietly. The other patient never stirred.

Onlookers gathered at the door as they left the ward.

The bodyguards cleared the way for them ahead, so Carlos and Debbie got to the parking lot without disturbance.

Emmett trotted to the car and opened the back door for him. After he and Debbie got in, Emmett sat in the passenger seat.

They were heading for an affiliated private hospital owned by Hilton Group. A VIP ward that was three times as big had been arranged.

Two chief physicians along with a few nurses were waiting for them at the entrance to the intake department. They walked up as soon as Carlos' car arrived.

After a thorough examination, a doctor said to Carlos, "Nothing serious except the fever. The injury on her forehead was caused by some kind of blunt force. Looks unintentional. The bruises on her legs? Just scrapes."

Carlos reminded him with a furrow, "She's on her period. Be careful with the medicine. I don't want her harmed."

"Yes, Carlos."

When everything was settled, it was already past 2 a.m. Carlos sent Emmett home to get some rest and he himself sat on the wide bed.

CHAPTER 217 LET ME STARVE

Sitting on the bed, his back against the headboard, Carlos carefully took Debbie in his arms.

He took special care with the hand that was hooked up to an IV. Stroking her other hand, he noticed how pale her hands were. Her face was pasty white. He had never seen her so fragile. His every movement was made with extreme care, like she would break if he moved too fast or forcefully.

A tough guy, he rarely showed his feelings, much less adopt a different facial expression. But when Emmett told him that Debbie had a car accident and her car fell into the deepest river in Alorith, all the blood drained from his face.

When Carlos and his men reached the accident site, Debbie's car hadn't been retrieved yet. Some professionals were working on it. The site was thronged with people, but few of them had witnessed exactly what had happened. Anxious to know how Debbie was, he told Emmett to ask around, see if anyone knew what happened to the driver. It took a long while before he found someone. They told him that the woman driving the car had been rescued and taken to the hospital.

Then Emmett checked all the hospitals nearby. It took him a bit to cut through the red tape, but that was what he was hired for. He finally found Debbie in Alorith Second General Hospital.

Debbie had been asleep for quite a few hours, and had quite a few dreams to match that extended time. She remembered seeing Carlos in her dream. He told her gently that he came to get her out of that place.

A man's exasperated growl interrupted her wandering thoughts.

"Didn't you say she'd come around this morning? Do you know what time it is? 2 p.m.! Why is she still unconscious? You call yourselves doctors? I spend a ton of cash on this hospital every year. I pay you good money. And what do I get in return? A bunch of idiots! "

"Please don't worry, Carlos. Mrs. Hilton is only sleeping. "

"Sleeping? She's been asleep since last night! You tell me that's normal? "

"Carlos, why are you yelling? " a feeble voice scolded.

Hearing her, Emmett said to himself, 'Thank God, Debbie's finally awake. If she slept any longer, Carlos would probably tear this hospital down around our ears.'

As soon as he heard Debbie's voice, Carlos' anger vanished like smoke on the wind.

He and the others all rushed to her bed. The doctors looked at her, thankful and anxious. Now they knew their jobs were safe. At the same time, they prayed Debbie would be fine so that they wouldn't get another round of sturm and drang from Carlos. Debbie was surprised to see so many doctors surrounding her. One might think she was dying or had contracted some weird and highly-contagious disease. But she knew that it was all because Carlos had lit fires under these doctors' backsides. They knew that their jobs were on the line, so they gave her the very best care. One of the perks of owning the hospital, Debbie figured.

The director of the hospital himself examined Debbie, listening to her heart and lungs, checking her vitals, making sure that her reflexes were good. Afterwards, he assured Carlos repeatedly and unctuously that there was nothing serious with his wife. Only then did Carlos allow the doctors to leave the ward.

Looking at Debbie's colorless face, Carlos was deeply worried. "Bring the food," he commanded Emmett.

"Yes, Carlos." Emmett turned to fetch the food.

The couple were left alone in the ward. Carlos seemed a little distant, while Debbie was silent. The atmosphere in the room turned awkward.

"What happened?" Carlos finally broke the uncomfortable silence.

Debbie turned her back to him. "Isn't it obvious? Can't you see for yourself?"

Her car had been retrieved. After going over the car, they determined the brakes were working. The other parts of the car were all functioning fine. So the only thing Carlos could think of was Debbie's driving. "Since you're such a bad driver, don't get behind the wheel. The driver can take you wherever you want to go."

Debbie turned to look at him with a sneer. "Your bedside manner needs work." She had been expecting him to say how worried he had been, maybe even treat her gently and comfort her, just as he had in her dream.

But it turned out nothing was like the dream. No comforting words. No gentle voice. All she got was his accusing tone. She was beginning to think maybe she shouldn't have woken up. Just stay nice and warm and loved in her dream world. She was thinking maybe she should say she was tired and shoo him out of the ward. At least it would shut him up. She normally liked his voice, but now she just preferred silence.

This wasn't how he used to treat her.

Staring at her ghostly white face, Carlos didn't say a word. Indifferently, he turned around, leaving. His hands were in his pockets, balled into fists.

Only he knew how much he wanted to hug her. But he had been telling himself not to.

"Carlos!" Debbie shouted, exerting all her strength to sit up.

Carlos paused and turned. "You're still too weak. Don't sit up. Get some rest."

Without waiting for a response, he continued with a frown, "Lie down."

"'Lie down' my ass! Don't you even care how I fell into the river? Where were you when I fell? Were you having a sweet moment with Megan, with her in your arms? The first thing I heard after waking up was you blaming me for being a bad driver. Was I ever a bad driver before? Why now? Did it ever occur to you that something happened before the accident? Or maybe you were hoping I died so that you could be with another woman." Debbie started panting after this. Only now had she stopped to take a breath.

Carlos walked to the bed and made her lie down. "I think you must have bumped your head. You're talking crazy. Maybe a CAT scan will reveal something."

Debbie wanted to punch him in the face. While Carlos was tucking her in, she slapped his hands and snarled, "Thank you, Mr. Carlos. Save your energy. I'll do it myself."

At this moment, Emmett walked in with the hot meal. This happened to be at the exact same time she slapped Carlos' hands away.

It gave him great joy. Stifling his laughter, he put the food on the edge of the bed and said to Debbie with admiration, "Debbie, let me adjust the bed for you so you can eat more comfortably." He reached for the button to elevate the head of the bed.

"No, thanks," Debbie lashed out. "I don't want to eat. Let me starve. Someone would be happy to see me die."

Emmett persuaded, "It'll break Carlos' heart to see you starve. You can't imagine how happy Carlos was to see you wake up."

"Emmett!" Carlos shouted. Immediately, Emmett shut his mouth.

Debbie retorted, "Emmett, I bet you don't know that your boss fell in love with someone else! Wait, that's not it. He's always loved someone else."

"It seems that you're well enough. I guess we don't need the food. Emmett..." Carlos' order was implied.

Sitting on the bed, his back against the headboard, Carlos carefully took Debbie in his arms.

He took special care with the hand that was hooked up to an IV. Stroking her other hand, he noticed how pale her hands were. Her face was pasty white. He had never seen her so fragile. His every movement was made with extreme care, like she would break if he moved too fast or forcefully.

A tough guy, he rarely showed his feelings, much less adopt a different facial expression. But when Emmett told him that Debbie had a car accident and her car fell into the deepest river in Alorith, all the blood drained from his face.

When Carlos and his men reached the accident site, Debbie's car hadn't been retrieved yet. Some professionals were working on it. The site was thronged with people, but few of them had witnessed exactly what had happened. Anxious to know how Debbie was, he told Emmett to ask around, see if anyone knew what happened to the driver. It took a long while before he found someone. They told him that the woman driving the car had been rescued and taken to the hospital.

Then Emmett checked all the hospitals nearby. It took him a bit to cut through the red tape, but that was what he was hired for. He finally found Debbie in Alorith Second General Hospital.

Debbie had been asleep for quite a few hours, and had quite a few dreams to match that extended time. She remembered seeing Carlos in her dream. He told her gently that he came to get her out of that place.

A man's exasperated growl interrupted her wandering thoughts.

"Didn't you say she'd come around this morning? Do you know what time it is? 2 p.m.! Why is she still unconscious? You call yourselves doctors? I spend a ton of cash on this hospital every year. I pay you good money. And what do I get in return? A bunch of idiots! "

"Please don't worry, Carlos. Mrs. Hilton is only sleeping. "

"Sleeping? She's been asleep since last night! You tell me that's normal? "

"Carlos, why are you yelling? " a feeble voice scolded.

Hearing her, Emmett said to himself, 'Thank God, Debbie's finally awake. If she slept any longer, Carlos would probably tear this hospital down around our ears.'

As soon as he heard Debbie's voice, Carlos' anger vanished like smoke on the wind.

He and the others all rushed to her bed. The doctors looked at her, thankful and anxious. Now they knew their jobs were safe. At the same time, they prayed Debbie would be fine so that they wouldn't get another round of sturm and drang from Carlos. Debbie was surprised to see so many doctors surrounding her. One might think she was dying or had contracted some weird and highly-contagious

disease. But she knew that it was all because Carlos had lit fires under these doctors' backsides. They knew that their jobs were on the line, so they gave her the very best care. One of the perks of owning the hospital, Debbie figured.

The director of the hospital himself examined Debbie, listening to her heart and lungs, checking her vitals, making sure that her reflexes were good. Afterwards, he assured Carlos repeatedly and unctuously that there was nothing serious with his wife. Only then did Carlos allow the doctors to leave the ward.

Looking at Debbie's colorless face, Carlos was deeply worried. "Bring the food," he commanded Emmett.

"Yes, Carlos." Emmett turned to fetch the food.

The couple were left alone in the ward. Carlos seemed a little distant, while Debbie was silent. The atmosphere in the room turned awkward.

"What happened?" Carlos finally broke the uncomfortable silence.

Debbie turned her back to him. "Isn't it obvious? Can't you see for yourself?"

Her car had been retrieved. After going over the car, they determined the brakes were working. The other parts of the car were all functioning fine. So the only thing Carlos could think of was Debbie's driving. "Since you're such a bad driver, don't get behind the wheel. The driver can take you wherever you want to go."

Debbie turned to look at him with a sneer. "Your bedside manner needs work." She had been expecting him to say how worried he had been, maybe even treat her gently and comfort her, just as he had in her dream.

But it turned out nothing was like the dream. No comforting words. No gentle voice. All she got was his accusing tone. She was beginning to think maybe she shouldn't have woken up. Just stay nice and warm and loved in her dream world. She was thinking maybe she should say she was tired and shoo him out of the ward. At least it would shut him up. She normally liked his voice, but now she just preferred silence.

This wasn't how he used to treat her.

Staring at her ghostly white face, Carlos didn't say a word. Indifferently, he turned around, leaving. His hands were in his pockets, balled into fists.

Only he knew how much he wanted to hug her. But he had been telling himself not to.

"Carlos!" Debbie shouted, exerting all her strength to sit up.

Carlos paused and turned. "You're still too weak. Don't sit up. Get some rest."

Without waiting for a response, he continued with a frown, "Lie down."

"'Lie down' my ass! Don't you even care how I fell into the river? Where were you when I fell? Were you having a sweet moment with Megan, with her in your arms? The first thing I heard after waking up was you blaming me for being a bad driver. Was I ever a bad driver before? Why now? Did it ever occur to you that something happened before the accident? Or maybe you were hoping I died so that you could be with another woman." Debbie started panting after this. Only now had she stopped to take a breath.

Carlos walked to the bed and made her lie down. "I think you must have bumped your head. You're talking crazy. Maybe a CAT scan will reveal something."

Debbie wanted to punch him in the face. While Carlos was tucking her in, she slapped his hands and snarled, "Thank you, Mr. Carlos. Save your energy. I'll do it myself."

At this moment, Emmett walked in with the hot meal. This happened to be at the exact same time she slapped Carlos' hands away.

It gave him great joy. Stifling his laughter, he put the food on the edge of the bed and said to Debbie with admiration, "Debbie, let me adjust the bed for you so you can eat more comfortably." He reached for the button to elevate the head of the bed.

"No, thanks," Debbie lashed out. "I don't want to eat. Let me starve. Someone would be happy to see me die."

Emmett persuaded, "It'll break Carlos' heart to see you starve. You can't imagine how happy Carlos was to see you wake up."

"Emmett!" Carlos shouted. Immediately, Emmett shut his mouth.

Debbie retorted, "Emmett, I bet you don't know that your boss fell in love with someone else! Wait, that's not it. He's always loved someone else."

"It seems that you're well enough. I guess we don't need the food. Emmett..." Carlos' order was implied.

Emmett was surprised to hear it. He had seen how upset Carlos had been when he heard Debbie had an accident.

He had seen Carlos holding Debbie in his arms in the middle of the night and kissing her repeatedly, worry written all over his face.

He had seen how Carlos roared at those doctors when Debbie didn't wake up like he was hoping.

'Carlos, clearly, you care about your wife more than anything.

Why can't you just compromise and humor her a little?' Emmett was disappointed to see two people who were obviously deeply in love hurting each other. Even though he knew one day Carlos would regret these stupid fights with Debbie, it was not his place to do or say anything. That was why he didn't, even though he wanted to. In spite of Carlos, in spite of himself, he found he liked Debbie more and more each passing day. He didn't like the way Carlos treated her, but he had to keep silent. He followed Carlos' orders and took the food away.

Debbie's mouth had been watering at the delicious smell of the gourmet food, but right now she had to watch them being taken away. So this was how Carlos punished her? So unfair!

"Emmett,"

Debbie called when Emmett reached the door.

"Yes, Debbie," Emmett responded loudly.

Debbie sat up in bed and asked, "Can I borrow your phone?"

"Of course, Debbie. Someone you want to call?" Emmett walked back with the food.

"Yeah. I want to call someone and ask her to get me out of here. I know someone doesn't want to see me here."

Emmett stole a glance at Carlos. The man's gloomy face made him hesitate.

As he was wondering if he should lend Debbie his phone, the door to the ward opened. Emmett saw the people that walked in. "Mr. and Mrs. Loftus," he greeted.

Too worried to respond to Emmett's greetings, Curtis hurried to the bed. After examining Debbie carefully with his eyes, he asked anxiously, "How did this happen? How's your forehead? Still hurting? Is anything else hurting?"

CHAPTER 218 CALL MRS. HILTON FOR HELP

Curtis' concern opened the floodgates for Debbie's tears. Compared to Carlos' cold tone, Curtis' sounded so warm. Debbie embraced Colleen, who was standing next to him and was equally worried. "Finally, someone cares about me. Mr. Loftus, Colleen, please take me with you. Can't stay here anymore. My husband loves another woman. He won't let me eat and talks to me coldly all the time,"

she sobbed.

Curtis rarely got mad. But upon hearing what Debbie had said, he turned to Carlos with a sullen face and demanded, "Carlos, is this true? Don't you know she just had a near-fatal experience?"

Carlos glanced at Debbie and said, "It's all bullshit and you know it."

Not having the heart to watch his boss make a bigger mistake, Emmett walked to Carlos and reminded him in a whisper, "Carlos, with all due respect, don't say anything you'll regret."

Carlos glared at Emmett. The dutiful secretary's voice trailed off.

Assuming the couple were fighting, Colleen rolled her eyes at Carlos. "Debbie, don't cry. Gregory's not busy. So if your husband can't take care of you, I'll call my brother and ask him to come and look after you," she said, trying to comfort Debbie.

Recently, Colleen learned her brother had a crush on Debbie—Carlos' wife. She knew that Gregory stood no chance and that it would go nowhere. She felt sorry for her brother.

Now that there was an opportunity for Gregory to show how much he cared, Colleen grabbed it for him.

And with both her and Curtis around, she believed Carlos wouldn't be tough on her brother.

Colleen took out her phone and was about to dial the number, when Carlos observed. "Colleen, you're a bride-to-be. Don't you have a wedding to plan?"

His tone was full of warning.

Colleen stared at him and put her phone away. After twitching her lips unhappily, she commented, "Debbie just had a serious accident. Why do you have to be so mean? Couldn't this wait until she's well? You're so rude. Honestly, I don't know how Debbie puts up with you."

Then Curtis took the tray out of Emmett's hands and put it beside the bed. He sat down on the edge of the bed and picked up a bowl of congee. Gently, he spooned some food out of it and placed it to her mouth. "Here, eat something. We'll get you to another hospital."

"Okay. Thank you, Mr. Loftus," Debbie said sweetly.

Carlos watched and listened.

Just as Debbie was about to take a bite, the proud man who had just been criticized by everyone else in the ward snatched the bowl and spoon away from Curtis and snapped, "She's my wife, Curtis. Now, go away!"

Curtis was simply pushed off the bed. Looking at the overbearing man, he shook his head. 'This man's ego sometimes makes him lose his head. But at least, now the reverse psychology is working. If he won't take care of her, we'll make a show of it. Then, he'll be forced by his jealousy to act, even if he wants to punish her instead of cherishing her.'

"Open your mouth!" Carlos ordered bluntly.

Debbie snorted, "Since you're so gallant, I guess I'll have to open my mouth." A spoon of warm congee was put into her mouth.

"Shut your mouth!"

"One minute, you ask me to open my mouth, and the next, you ask me to shut my mouth. You're so high-maintenance. Carlos, if I shut my mouth, how will you feed me?" asked Debbie, blinking.

The man of few words was again rendered speechless, while Colleen and Emmett burst into laughter. This was too good. She was giving as good as she got.

Another group of visitors came sauntering into the ward while Debbie ate. They were Jared, Damon, and Damon's wife Adriana Morris.

Damon walked beside Adriana protectively. This was the first time Debbie had met Adriana. She hoped she was good for him. Jared had made some questionable choices when it came to girlfriends. But then again, Damon was not Jared.

This woman was almost nine months along.

Thanks to the pregnancy, her face was round and chubby. Her almond-shaped eyes were bright and beautiful. A smile lingered around her lips.

She wore a simple orange designer down jacket and soft flats.

Her long hair was tied back casually. Debbie's first impression of her was that she was a high-flier.

Their eyes met. When Adriana saw Carlos himself feeding Debbie, she was very curious about the woman in the hospital bed.

Jared saw the gauze around Debbie's forehead. Before anyone could say anything, he dropped everything and sprinted towards Debbie. "How ya feeling, Tomboy? I was worried to death when I heard about the accident. I couldn't sleep. I even lost my appetite. How are you? Let me have a look—"

He approached Debbie to hug her, but Carlos pulled him away by the sleeve, putting the boy at a distance from Debbie.

'I haven't even gotten to hug my wife yet today. You? Back off!'

Everyone was stunned by Carlos' possessiveness.

With his hands around Adriana's waist, Damon kicked Jared in the leg and berated him, "Behave yourself

around Debbie. Otherwise, next time if Carlos gets pissed and throws you into space, I won't help you."

Jared scratched his newly dyed yellow hair and explained, "Carlos, I was just worried about Tomboy. Don't get me wrong."

Carlos only threw him a cold glance and continued to feed Debbie.

With one arm around Adriana's waist, Damon moved closer to the bed and said, "Debbie, let me introduce my wife, Adriana Morris, CEO of Hilton Group, New Zealand branch. Sweetie, this is Carlos' wife, Debbie Nelson, a student from Curtis' university."

Debbie swallowed the food in her mouth and exclaimed, "CEO? Wow! You're a successful woman. Hi, Adriana. Nice to meet you."

Adriana walked over and shook hands with her. "What successful woman? I only got this position because your husband felt bad for me. But you, you even melted Carlos, the Iceberg. That's impressive."

"No..." Debbie wanted to ridicule Carlos. On second thought, it seemed to be inappropriate on such an occasion, so she said instead, "Me too. I got the title of 'Mrs. Hilton' only because Carlos felt sorry for me."

The others hooted, but Carlos' face darkened. He picked up a cookie and put it into Debbie's mouth to shut her up.

Damon nodded his head. "Debbie, you're my heroine. Few people dare to talk about Carlos like that."

Carlos cast Damon a cold look.

Damon wrapped his arms around his pregnant wife protectively and took one step back. Pretending to be afraid, he said, "I'm warning you. Don't be a smart-ass. Your wife is here today." All of Carlos' good friends felt bullied by him all the time. Today, they all wanted to see how weak he was in front of Debbie. It was a sight for sore eyes, and they enjoyed every minute of it. She was the only one who could really mess with him and not get hit for it. Anyone else, well, they knew better.

Colleen smiled at Emmett and said, "Emmett, if Carlos gets angry at you guys again, call Debbie. She knows how to calm him down."

Emmett gave Colleen a thumbs-up and whispered, "Works like a charm." He had tried many times. It never let him down. By word of mouth, "Call Debbie for help when Carlos is mad," had become a well-known secret in the offices. Debbie, actually, wanted to say, "No use calling me. Call Megan." But in the end, she swallowed those words and simply smiled awkwardly.

CHAPTER 219 THE TRUTH

As soon as Debbie finished eating, Carlos peeled a banana and handed it to her.

Damon saw this. He looked at Carlos earnestly and said, "Bro, I'd like a banana too."

For the first time since Jared, Damon and Adriana had walked into the ward, Carlos spoke. "Beat it!"

Seeing his brother getting bullied, Jared snorted, "Don't be so bossy. Your wife's here."

The others laughed.

The atmosphere inside the ward was pleasant. Everyone was happy, except Carlos.

"Tell us what happened," Curtis said to Debbie.

The smile on Debbie's face froze when the accident was suddenly brought up. She looked at Carlos. He was confused by her look. "If you have something to say, just say it."

"It's true. I mistook the gas pedal for the brake."

They were rendered speechless by her careless mistake.

Debbie, however, was wondering if her friends would believe her if she told them that Megan was involved in the accident. And Carlos... Would he trust her words?

Luckily, Wesley wasn't in the ward. Among the four, Carlos and Wesley valued Megan the most. If Wesley were there, he would be pissed at her if she told them that the accident was caused by Megan.

'Should I tell them that Megan not only provoked me, but also purposely told Carlos that I had taken birth control pills?'

Debbie pondered silently.

She blamed herself for being too weak. She shouldn't have let Megan get to her so easily. She had learnt her lesson. Even if she decided not to tell the others the truth, she would get back at Megan sooner or later. She promised herself.

Noticing that she was in a bad mood, Colleen patted her hand and said, "It's okay. If you don't feel like talking, just forget about it now. You are fine, that's all that matters."

Adriana chipped in, "Get some rest. When you are ready to talk, Carlos will be here beside you. If there's some problem, I'm sure he'll fix it for you."

Debbie was still silent.

Jared couldn't hold his tongue anymore. "Tomboy, you have never been so hesitant before. What's wrong with you?"

"It was true. She used to speak her mind anytime, anywhere. That used to be her trademark.

But now, she couldn't. And it was because of Carlos. She was wondering if he would believe her. If he didn't, then whatever she said would be pointless. And he might even think that she was trying to frame Megan.

When that thought hit Debbie, she forced a smile and said, "This is just the result of me being a bad driver. It's nothing else. Relax, everybody."

They could tell that she was definitely hiding something, but no one forced her to share.

The others left the hospital together after spending some time with her.

Left alone with Carlos, Debbie fell silent once again and slept immediately after.

When she woke up, it was already dark.

The ward was quiet. Debbie was alone. Bored, she stared at the half empty infusion bottle. "Hello? Anybody there?" she shouted after clearing her throat.

Carlos walked in from the next room.

He walked to the bed and pressed the nurse-call button. They were engulfed in complete silence as they waited. Soon after, two nurses walked in and Carlos said, "Bring her dinner."

"Yes, Carlos."

The nurses turned to leave, but Debbie said, "Please wait."

"Yes, Mrs. Hilton. What can I do for you?" asked one of the nurses.

"Could you help me get out of bed?"

Since Carlos was standing right beside her, the nurses were confused by her request. They stared at him in search of an answer.

'She is ignoring me completely!' His face clouded over in anger.

"Get out!" he ordered icily.

Seeing his furious face, the nurses fled from them quickly.

"Hey! You scared them away! I need their help!" Debbie complained with a frown.

Carlos walked over to her, rolled the bed up for her, and put a pillow behind her back so that she could lean against it comfortably.

Debbie threw the covers aside impatiently and tried to get out of bed on her own. "Where are you going?" Carlos blocked her way.

"The bathroom! It's urgent. What? You have a problem with that, Carlos?" Debbie yelled. 'If you don't want to be here, then leave! Why the long face? No one forced you to stay!'

Carlos walked around the bed and picked up the infusion bottle. He slowly hung it on the mobile rack.

Debbie wanted to do everything herself, but Carlos refused. He led her towards the bathroom, supporting her with one hand and pushing the rack with the other.

After she was done, Debbie washed her hands and walked out of the bathroom.

Carlos was waiting at the door. Silently, he escorted her back to the bed, one arm protectively around her waist.

It was unnecessary, but he insisted. So in the end, she was kind of carried back to her bed.

As soon as she sat on the bed, her dinner arrived. It was a huge meal.

Since her hands weren't injured, it never occurred to Debbie to ask Carlos to feed her.

She told the nurses to lay the table for her, and began eating.

However, Carlos was angered because he thought that as her husband, he wasn't being relied upon at all.

He closed his eyes to suppress the anger building inside him. When Debbie finished eating, he sat on the bed and said, "Now, tell me."

Debbie stared at him and asked, "Tell you what?"

"How did you fall into the river?" The car window had been broken. It seemed that she had been smart enough to break the window with the emergency hammer to save herself under the life-threatening circumstance.

"Where were you when I fell into the river?" she asked as she wiped her mouth and studied his face carefully.

Carlos thought about it. The accident had taken place yesterday afternoon. So he was... "In my office." During the time she had her accident, he hadn't arrived at Orchid Private Club yet. But he was about to leave.

Debbie sneered, "Is it so difficult for you to tell me the truth?" She knew that he had gone to Megan's place and had told her about the examination result as soon as he had left the hospital.

Carlos' brows knitted tightly. He didn't understand what she was talking about. "Have I ever lied to you?"

"You're lying to me NOW!" If he wasn't lying, how would Megan have known that they had gone to the hospital?

"Debbie, why are you trying to push my button? What good does it do you to make me angry?" Carlos lifted her chin and forced her to look at him in the eye.

Debbie wasn't afraid. She brushed his hand away and retorted, "Push your button? How? Are you angry because I exposed your lie?"

Carlos stood up, trying to calm down. "Sleep. We'll talk when you have a better attitude." He started walking towards the door.

"Carlos!" Debbie called from behind him.

Carlos stopped, but didn't turn.

"If I tell you that the accident had something to do with Megan, will you believe me?"

Carlos turned around now. Debbie looked serious. "What do you mean?" he asked with a frown.

"While I was driving, I got a call from Megan. She told me that you went to her place after you left the hospital, and that you told her you were very disappointed in me." Debbie stressed every word and spoke slowly.

"She also said that you told her that you'd realized that she was the one who loved you the most and that you would never leave her. And she was the one who told you about the birth control pills."

CHAPTER 220 LYING SON OF A BITCH

That was when Debbie had been stimulated. In a fluster to avoid the vehicle coming in the opposite direction, she had mistaken the gas for the brake. As a result, the car veered out of control and ran into the river.

Sounding morose, Carlos said, "Although I was disappointed in you, I didn't go to Megan's place. It was indeed Megan who told me about you taking birth control pills, though." It was also true that he had told Megan he would take care of her forever—as her uncle.

"Did you lose your composure because your lie was exposed?" he asked.

Debbie looked at him in disappointment. "So, you think this has nothing to do with her?"

At the moment, Carlos wasn't sure how much he should trust Debbie. It had just been confirmed that she had been taking birth control pills behind his back. Besides, Hayden was never out of her life.

"You're a grown woman. You should take your own responsibility when there's a problem instead of blaming others, understand?"

Apparently pissed off, Debbie laughed sarcastically. Grabbing the pillow from behind her back, she threw it at Carlos angrily. "To hell with your 'blaming others'! Get out of my sight! I don't ever want to see you again! Ever!"

Unflappable, Carlos didn't duck. The pillow softly hit him.

"Get some rest." With those three words, he picked the pillow up, tossed it on the sofa, and left.

Left alone, Debbie's eyes reddened. One of the most enjoyable feelings she had with Carlos was his constant reassurances. It was a priceless part of the relationship. Made her feel like a princess. But when he ignored her, it made her feel like a weed in his backyard. Something which he didn't give a damn about and could as well be trampled under feet.

Her phone had been destroyed in the accident, so when Debbie was left alone in the ward, she had nothing to do but aimlessly switch between TV channels. Yet, she didn't find anything of interest.

When she finally got bored with the telly, and Carlos had been gone for more than one hour, she decided to get out of bed to play on the computer in the ward.

Leaving the TV on, she heavy-heartedly dragged herself out of bed and sat at the computer. That was when the TV in the background drew her attention. "CEO of Hilton Group, Mr. Carlos, is present at the fashion show." Instantly she turned to check what was on the news.

On Alorith Fashion Satellite TV, an international fashion show was being broadcast live.

Countless cameras were on Carlos, the grim-looking, well-dressed man. His date wore a cloud dress and white stilettos. Arm in arm, they walked on the red carpet towards the venue.

Watching all this, Debbie couldn't help but move closer to the TV.

But there was no mistaking the woman next to him—Portia!

Walking beside Carlos, the ever proud and aloof woman enjoyed the envious gazes from everywhere, obvious excitement written all over her porcelain face.

Clenching her hands tightly, Debbie wanted to smash the TV.

'Didn't he say he always kept a low profile? Didn't he say he never allowed the media to take pictures of him? Then what the hell is this?! Everything he says is a lie!

He is a lying, cheating son of a bitch!

Even after he and Portia had sat in their VIP seats, the reporters kept on taking pictures of the two. After all, it was rare for Carlos to be willing to face cameras. Besides, he and Portia looked great together.

'Previously, there was Olga, and then Megan, and now, Portia! Carlos, aren't you a philandering old dog?!' Debbie cursed inwardly.

Portia was never nice to her. And now she was wrapping her arm around Carlos' in public, for the whole world to see!

Unable to take in the eyesore anymore, Debbie grabbed a glass from the bedside cupboard and smashed it angrily against the TV, sending the nurses gasping in shock.

In a short while, still on the set at the fashion show, Carlos got a call from Tristan not long after he had sat down. "Carlos, Debbie..."

"What's wrong?" a panicky Carlos asked. Although he tried as much as he could to remain calm, the anxiety was detectable in his tone.

"Debbie smashed the TV."

"Why? What happened?"

Regretting having come here, Tristan turned to Debbie, who had wrapped herself in the covers in bed. Disturbed, he tapped his middle finger at the side of his forehead, now sinking deeper into thoughts. Why did he have to walk into the ward just when Debbie was about to smash the TV? Now he had to be the one telling his boss what she was up to. While he fumbled for words, Debbie shouted in the background, "Well, do you ever get tired of fooling around with all kinds of women? Aren't you such an amorous wild flower that entertains anything and everything, from poisonous bees to deadly butterflies? You philandering, thoughtless scumbag!"

Tristan listened on without a word; his anxiety only grew worse. Carlos said calmly, "Ask her if she had a good time smashing things. If one set is not enough, give her more sets to smash." It had only been a short while since he had left, but she had already started creating drama.

He was livid. He couldn't even find the right words. "Yes, Carlos," Tristan answered respectfully.

Sitting next to Carlos, Portia listened carefully to the conversation on the phone. She couldn't hear anything from the other end of the line, but she got every word that Carlos had said.

'Who is this "her"? Is she Carlos' wife?'

Behind the scenes, Portia's parents had pulled a lot of strings to get her this opportunity to attend this fashion show as Carlos' date. And since the chance was here, she had decided to use it to its fullest, making sure she left a favorable, lasting impression on Carlos. The very best she possibly could.

When Carlos hung up the phone, she asked in affected confusion and thoughtfulness, "Carlos, is anything the matter?"

But in an unreadable mood, Carlos simply put away the phone and responded coldly, without even the courtesy of looking at her, "Nothing happened." In an instant, it all began to sound as if he were talking to a stranger rather than his date.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Tristan moved another TV set into Debbie's ward, just as Carlos had ordered. This infuriated Debbie.

'Carlos, what's this supposed to mean? You don't have time for me, do you? What do you want me to do? Tear this hospital down?'

As soon as the last bottle of IV fluid ran out, Debbie immediately asked the nurses to pull out the needle in her wrist. "I can't stand this place any longer. I want to be out there going about other things. Discharge me right now!" she demanded, on the verge of turning hysterical.

It took Tristan a long while to calm her down. "Debbie, the gauze is still on your head, and the stitches in your forehead haven't been taken out yet. Why not wait until the cut heals before you start throwing tantrums?" he urged.

"I don't give a damn about the stitches. My husband is showing off out there as a couple with another woman! Do you want me to sit here and wait? Get me an invitation to the show! I have to get in there and personally witness whatever mischief he is up to!"

Without waiting for an answer, Debbie got out of bed and started searching for clothes in the cupboard. Looking at her, Tristan began to regret his thoughtless promise to Emmett that he'd take care of Debbie for him.

After a moment of searching in the room, she found there were no spare clothes she could wear, not to mention a suitable outfit for her to wear to the event. "Your boss' wallet was lost in the river. Get him a new card when you can. Wait, didn't Carlos tell you to get me some clothes? There's nothing here," she

bitterly grumbled. By now she was getting very frustrated.

Tristan shook his head and responded, "Carlos intended to let you stay in the hospital for a week. There are still five days to go, so I haven't prepared the clothes yet."

'Me being here for a week, while he plays around with his other women?' At the mere thought of it, Debbie was on the verge of ripping the gauze off. How would she convince him that she had recovered and was ready to leave the hospital soonest?

But then as she studied the anxious nurses around her, she had an idea. "Fine. Then I guess I'll have to stay."

Half an hour later, Tristan called Carlos again. "Carlos, is this a good time?"

To which Carlos snappishly replied, "Go ahead." Just a glance at the model on the runway and he almost lost his temper.