

TMBA 231

CHAPTER 231 IT'S A DATE

Faye was freaked out when Damon and Jared came to blows. She grabbed Jasper's arm and said anxiously, "What are they doing? Don't just stand there. Do something!"

Jasper was boiling over with rage. He rubbed his arching brows and cursed, "Stop! Why are you fighting over this? Cut it out, you idiots!"

Damon and Jared didn't stop, though. It was as if they hadn't heard their father's barked command. Left with no choice, Jasper decided to threaten Damon. "Damon, if you don't stop right now, I'll tell Adriana that you fought for another woman."

Adriana was out shopping with her friends. Damon was supposed to pick her up at the mall tonight.

Jasper's threat worked. Upon hearing that, Damon immediately stopped. Jared didn't care, and seized the chance to give his brother a sucker punch. Despite his fury, Damon didn't fight back.

Jared wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and with a sly smile taunted, "When Adriana comes back, I'm telling. Damon, get those knee pads ready. You'll be spending a lot of time kneeling."

"Dammit! Jared, I'll tell your future wife all your one-night stands," Damon said through gritted teeth.

"Hah!" Jared sneered. "I don't even have a girlfriend, not to mention a wife." Jared was a playboy, and he didn't want to settle down yet. He swore to himself that he wouldn't get married until he was more than 30 years old.

Before Adriana came back home, Damon had already paid Jared 100,000 dollars to keep his mouth shut.

Jared had been paid off. Jasper and Faye wouldn't say anything about this to their daughter-in-law. Besides, Adriana was with child. No one wanted anything bad to happen to her. As a result, the fight was soon forgotten. When Adriana asked about the fat lips and bruises, the brothers mumbled something about dropping a heavy chest their parents asked them to move.

Debbie, on the other hand, arrived at the restaurant at 6, just like she and Colleen had agreed.

When she found the table, a boy was already there. Upon seeing Debbie, he stood up and greeted her cheerfully, "Hi, Debbie."

She looked at Gregory in confusion. "Gregory! Why are you here? And where's Colleen?"

Gregory knew Debbie would be coming, so he dressed up and decided to get here first. Carlos wasn't in the picture anymore, right? He was wearing white casual clothes and a pair of Adidas Yeezy 350s,

bouncy and full of energy. He knew Debbie usually wore casual clothes, and he was right—they looked like a young couple.

Polite to a fault, he pulled out the chair for her and said with a smile, "Colleen's stuck in a traffic jam. She'll be here soon. Here's the thing. I owed her a meal, and she happened to be free this evening. So I offered to buy her supper. She didn't tell me until later that you'd be here."

"Really? I hope I'm not intruding," Debbie said with an embarrassed smile.

"No, no, no," Gregory denied instantly. "I should be the one to apologize. It's a girls' night out, right?"

Debbie shook her head. "No. It's just a meal."

She liked him, at least what she saw so far. 'It wouldn't hurt to have a meal with him, ' she thought.

Gregory called over a waiter and handed Debbie a menu. "Get whatever you want. It's on me."

His serious expression amused Debbie. "I have a big appetite. I'm afraid you might burst into tears when you see the bill," she teased.

Gregory replied with a laugh, "I saw how you packed it away at Southon Village. I don't think you have a big appetite at all. I probably eat more than you."

As if she didn't want the waiter to hear her, she covered her face with the menu and approached Gregory whispering, "I'm a hundred percent sure I have a bigger appetite than you. Once I ate more than ten dishes dining at the Alioth Building."

Back then, Carlos was having dinner with his business partners on the fifth floor of Alioth Building. He called her over, and ordered a full table of dishes for her in another private booth. Although the dishes were small, there were still more than ten. Even Carlos, a tall and strong man himself, was unable to finish them alone.

After bidding goodbye to his partners, he went to her booth and was shocked to see she'd polished them off. He gave her a thumbs-up, sincerely convinced.

"Shh-shush!" Debbie shushed Gregory with a forefinger to her lips, embarrassed.

Suddenly, an idea struck Gregory. With a cunning smile, he offered, "How about this? If I eat more than you tonight, you owe me a meal."

"Okay. Why not?" Debbie agreed without hesitation. She thought it an interesting game.

Gregory took another menu from the waiter and said, "How about we order the same set menus, just to make it fair?"

"Fine with me. But Colleen hasn't arrived yet." Debbie began to read the menu.

"Don't mind her. You know what? She's always late." Gregory was used to Colleen's tardiness.

Debbie burst into laughter. "Are you throwing shade at Colleen right now?" she joked.

Gregory was about to say something, but he lost his voice when he saw someone.

Debbie saw his change of expression and asked, "What's up?" She turned her head to check what made Gregory's smile disappear.

A man entered the restaurant, followed by a woman in a long beige coat. Debbie's face soured as the two approached.

Her eyes met the man's, and then she looked away and turned back. She pretended to ignore him and read the menu.

Gregory stood up from his seat, because the man not only saw them, but also came up to their table.

Gregory greeted them with a friendly smile, "Hi, Carlos, Olga."

Carlos fixed his eyes upon Debbie, who neither stood nor raised her head. "A date?" he asked in a cold voice.

Debbie's hand came up between her and him. 'Talk to the hand, Carlos!' she thought.

Embarrassed, Gregory tried to explain, "It's not what you think, Carlos. We—"

Before he could finish, Debbie raised her head and looked Carlos in the eye. "Yes, it's a date. You're on a date as well, right?"

'I shouldn't have trusted him. He told me he had nothing to do with Olga. But now, he's dating her again, ' she thought angrily.

Olga was a little taken aback by Debbie's defiant manner. 'Who does she think she is, talking to Carlos like this? Does she forget how he punished her before?'

Fury could be seen in Carlos' eyes. Gregory tried to keep the peace, saying, "Hey man, Debbie didn't mean it. She—"

Carlos raised his hand to stop Gregory from defending Debbie. Then he told the restaurant manager standing behind him, "Clean the table for us." He pointed to the table next to Gregory and Debbie's.

The manager called several waiters over and began to set the table.

The two tables were so close together that the four of them could easily hear each other.

Carlos and Olga took their seats inside a minute.

The more Debbie thought about Carlos and Olga, the angrier she got. She finally figured out what she wanted, and consulted with Gregory over the selection. When he readily agreed, she decided to place the order.

CHAPTER 232 I LIKE CHUBBY GIRLS

Gregory looked at the set menu Debbie was pointing at, and felt his stomach grumble. In order to not be a killjoy, he gulped and told the waiter, "Same for me."

The waiter's jaw dropped at their request. Trying to suppress his astonishment, he offered with a smile, "The dishes you have ordered are a bit too much. How about I take you to a bigger table?"

Debbie turned him down politely saying, "No, thank you. This table is just fine."

Carlos and Olga were sitting at the nearby table. Debbie wanted to see how her husband was going to flirt with another woman right before her.

Soon, a couple of waiters walked to their table, pushing trolleys of food, and served the dishes. Olga was shocked.

Looking at the three small plates before her, she said to Carlos in a whisper, "Oh my God! How can a woman eat so much? Just one of those set menus she ordered is enough to last me three days, and two of them will last me a week!"

Carlos cast an indifferent glance at her and replied, "A good appetite is a blessing."

Olga hadn't expected him to defend Debbie. She gave him an awkward smile and shut her mouth. After a pause, she added, "She's already big-boned. If she keeps eating like this, no man will like her."

"I like chubby girls," Carlos said with a stern face.

Olga didn't know how to respond. 'Why is Carlos defending Debbie again?

Or does he say that because he doesn't like my skinny body, ' she wondered. Olga said nothing more, and began to eat her food in a graceful manner.

Debbie swallowed a mouthful of spaghetti and began to stab the beefsteak with her fork. She looked at Gregory, who seemed dumbstruck, and said, "I'm gonna consider this beefsteak as my husband, and I'm

gonna stab him and tear him apart."

She cut through the meat with so much anger. But that was all she could do. She sliced a piece and put it into her mouth.

"Your husband? He..." Gregory stole nervous glances at Carlos from time to time. He knew that the couple had a fight, and he was afraid that Carlos might lose his temper and take Debbie away any time. But his sister had once told him that Carlos was his wife's slave. Gregory thought his worries were uncalled-for.

Debbie swallowed the meat and cut Gregory off. "My husband? He eloped with an old woman."

"Ahem!" Gregory choked on his drink and coughed violently. He stole a quick glance at Carlos, curious to know his reaction.

Carlos looked at the woman in front of him and thought, 'Although Olga is not even thirty yet, she does seem like an old woman compared to Debbie.' His face twitched at that thought.

Olga didn't know Carlos was Debbie's husband. She almost laughed out loud when Debbie said that her husband had eloped with an old woman, and thought that she deserved such a fate.

She hated Debbie because the latter had spilled wine all over her dress and had made a fool of her before Hayden.

But she felt much better now. She even thought that Carlos had brought her here to watch Debbie make a fool out of herself.

"Gregory, are you all right? That's so careless of you! Waiter!" Debbie patted Gregory's back softly in an attempt to help him.

Gregory, however, coughed more fiercely because of her actions.

He really wanted to tell her, "I'm all right. Don't do this. Your husband will become jealous."

But every time he opened his mouth, he began to cough harder.

Eventually, Debbie had the waiter bring a glass of water. Gregory finally stopped coughing after drinking it.

Embarrassed, he apologized to Debbie, "I'm really sorry. I made a show of myself."

She shook her hand. "It's no big deal. Are you okay now? How about another glass of water?"

"No, no. I'm good. Let's just eat."

Now that Gregory was fine, Debbie got back to her food once again.

It was Carlos' turn to stir up some trouble. He wiped his mouth with a napkin and told Olga, "There are some latest cosmetics in Shining International Plaza. Why not pick some after the meal?"

Overjoyed by his generous offer, Olga didn't know how to thank him. She looked at him with affectionate eyes and said in a sweet voice, "Thank you, Carlos. You are so kind."

Debbie stopped eating once she heard that. How she wished she could overturn his table and hit it on his handsome face! She put down her knife and fork, and told Gregory flatly, "I'm going to the ladies' room. Be right back."

"Okay," Gregory nodded.

Debbie stood up and walked towards the ladies' room.

Olga put down her knife and fork casually and told Carlos, "Carlos, I need to go to the bathroom for a moment."

"Mm-hmm." Carlos didn't raise his head to look at her.

Olga didn't mind his cold response, she knew he was a man of few words. She grabbed her purse, and walked towards the ladies' room as well.

Debbie sat on the toilet seat, boiling with anger. She opened WeChat and sent Carlos a message saying, "Carlos, you not only plan to marry Megan, but are also buying cosmetics for Olga. I really can't live with you any longer. Name your price and we'll have a clean break-up."

Carlos' reply came almost immediately. "A clean break-up? Why don't you stay where you are and I'll come to you? We'll discuss our future in the ladies' room."

'He's coming in here? Discussing something in the ladies' room? He is so weird!' she thought. "Just discuss it on WeChat," she typed angrily.

"You want to have a clean break-up with me so that you can be with Gregory, don't you?" he replied.

Debbie gripped her phone tighter. It took her several deep breaths to calm herself down.

To piss Carlos off, she answered shortly, "Yes!" Then she readied herself and walked out of the cubicle.

Olga was smoothing her hair standing before the wash basin. Seeing Debbie through the mirror, she sneered, "Debbie, you are really good at seducing men. First, you hooked up with Hayden, and now you are with the son of the Smith family."

'And she had even hugged and kissed Carlos. Good thing that Carlos doesn't like her. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to mock her like this now,' Olga thought with a smirk.

"You should feel lucky that I'm not interested in Carlos. Otherwise, you wouldn't be hooking up with that unfaithful man," Debbie snapped back in a cold tone.

Olga fumed with rage when she heard Debbie call Carlos "an unfaithful man." Stepping on her high heels, she walked up to Debbie and glared at her. "How dare you call Carlos an unfaithful man! I'll tell him about this. He will definitely wipe you from the face of this world. Just wait and see!"

Debbie grabbed a tissue to dry her hands. Feigning terror, she mocked a plea, "Oh, please don't do that, Miss Olga!"

CHAPTER 233 I'LL SLEEP WITH GREGORY

Olga was pleased when Debbie looked frightened. She cast a disdainful glance at her and mocked, "Well, if you beg for mercy sincerely, I won't tell Carlos what you just said."

"Beg for mercy? Why would I do so? You're not Mrs. Hilton," Debbie said with a raised eyebrow as she stared at Olga.

A hint of embarrassment flashed across Olga's face at the mention of "Mrs. Hilton," but she stood upright. "Yes, Carlos is married, and I'm not Mrs. Hilton. But he doesn't love his wife. So what's the point of being Mrs. Hilton? He loves me, you know. Beg me for my forgiveness, and I'll put in a good word for you," she said with a smug expression.

Debbie couldn't help but burst into laughter. She eyed Olga from head to toe and taunted, "He loves you? Come on, Auntie! You look even older than him. He should be blind to fall for you. Besides, he has had so many women. Who do you think you are?"

Olga's face twitched when Debbie called her "Auntie." "You... How dare you! I'll tell him that you called him an unfaithful man!"

"Go ahead. Tell him," Debbie shrugged. 'Megan, Olga, Portia... He has been with so many women!' she cursed inwardly.

How Olga wished she could point at Debbie and call her names at that moment! But someone entered the ladies' room just then, and she had to leave to keep her image.

Debbie started after her. "Auntie, you'd better hurry up. If I reach Carlos first, I'll snitch on you."

Since Debbie was wearing sneakers, she trotted towards the dining hall effortlessly.

Olga believed her threat, so she quickened her pace.

Debbie had almost reached Carlos' table, while Olga was still pretty far away from him. She started running to catch up to her.

Her six-centimeter leather heels gave away as she stumbled and fell to the floor, spraining her ankle.

And yet again, tragedy struck Olga.

"Aargh!" she screamed, lying on the floor in the middle of the dining hall. Everyone turned to look at her.

Even the pianist stopped playing and stared at the woman on the floor with his mouth agape.

Olga was too embarrassed to even raise her head. Debbie cast a sidelong glance at the emotionless Carlos, and feigning surprise, she said in a loud voice, "Oh! Is that Miss Olga? The general manager of the Moran Group!"

If she remembered correctly, that was how the host at the investors' dinner she had attended last time had introduced Olga to the crowd.

This was a top notch restaurant in Alorith, and the guests were all rich and famous. The Moran Group was one of the leading enterprises in the city. Olga was not only the general manager of the Moran Group, but had also appeared on TV with Carlos before. So many people knew her.

Hearing Debbie's words, many of the guests took a closer look at Olga. "It is indeed Olga!" someone echoed.

"Yes. Her grandfather is the famous Mr. Moran. How did she end up like this? If you're not used to wearing high heels, then don't wear them, Olga."

"Exactly! This is so embarrassing!

"

Debbie didn't expect all these rich people to be so... rude.

Carlos sighed with profound resignation. He put down his knife and fork, and was about to stand up.

Debbie looked him in the eye and threatened, "If you dare help her, I swear I'll sleep with Gregory."

Gregory froze instantly. 'I should've listened to Colleen. I shouldn't have interfered in Carlos and Debbie's problems,' he thought, shaking in his boots.

Carlos cast a cold glance at Debbie, stood up from his seat and walked towards Olga. As he walked past Gregory's table, he said, "Gregory, keep an eye on her."

He swore to himself that he would teach his relentless wife a hard lesson this time.

"Gregory, let's go. My husband has no problems in me sleeping with you." Debbie's words made Carlos stop in his tracks. He cast a warning glance at her before walking towards Olga again.

Everyone was shocked when Carlos carefully scooped Olga up in his arms.

"I told you! It is Carlos," someone exclaimed.

"Wow! He's so handsome! So manly!"

"Is Olga his wife?"

"Who knows?"

"

Olga cuddled Carlos' neck, and pouting her lips, complained, "Carlos, this is all Debbie's fault. She said that you were an unfaithful man and that she dumped you. I was so angry at her, and I wanted to defend you. I ran after her, but tripped."

'Stupid bitch! You have embarrassed me again! I swear I'll make Carlos get rid of you from this city!' she thought to herself.

"Hmm," was Carlos' short reply.

Not knowing what was on his mind, Olga continued to snitch on Debbie. "Carlos, I bet Debbie is trying to seduce you. You don't know how flirty she is. I saw her making out with Hayden at the investors' dinner last time. And now, she's dating Gregory. Carlos, you need to—"

Before she could finish, Carlos interrupted her. "You want to seduce me as well, don't you?" he asked in an emotionless tone.

Olga didn't expect Carlos to ask her such an embarrassing question. In a shy voice, she replied, "Carlos, I've been in love with you for years. You know—"

Again, Carlos stopped her. "Olga, I'm a married man, and you know that. Go to the Shining International Plaza and buy whatever you want. That is my thanks to you for accompanying me to dinner tonight. We won't be seeing each other anymore," he said coldly.

Earlier this evening, Curtis had told him that Debbie and Gregory were going for dinner at this

restaurant. He had then called Olga and invited her to dinner.

Olga panicked when she heard his abrupt words. "Carlos, I—" She tried to say something to save the situation.

In the parking lot, Carlos' driver held the car door open for them. Carlos placed Olga in the back seat, straightened his suit and said in an icy tone, "And do not offend Debbie ever again."

The fierce look in his eyes told Olga that he was not joking. Besides, Carlos was never a man to joke.

His threat was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky to Olga. She didn't know how to respond.

Watching Carlos retreat, Olga had a bad feeling. 'Is it possible that Debbie is Mrs. Hilton?

No, no, no! That's impossible. Carlos would never marry a woman like her!'

When Carlos returned to the restaurant, Gregory and Debbie, who had been busy with their eating contest earlier on, were nowhere to be found.

He rubbed his arching brows and dialed Colleen's number. "I'm at the restaurant. Why didn't you come?"

With a guilty conscience, Colleen explained, "I'm stuck in traffic."

"You better ask your brother to send my wife back right now. If he fails to do so in the next ten minutes, he will be missing some very important parts of his body," he threatened.

CHAPTER 234 I'M NOT HAPPY EITHER

'Gregory will be missing some very important parts of his body?' Colleen was taken aback by Carlos' threat. She knew Carlos meant it, and figured she'd better warn Gregory. After all, whenever it came to Debbie, he was a raging, jealous mess.

She hung up on Carlos, and immediately dialed Gregory's number. To her dismay, his phone was off, and the call went straight to voicemail.

She dialed the number again and again, but to no avail. She didn't dare to call an angry Carlos; instead, she sent him a private message on Facebook saying, "I'm sorry, Carlos. Both Gregory's and Debbie's phones are off."

Of course, Carlos knew it. He had called his wife five times, but couldn't get through. The last time, he slammed the phone down on the seat next to him in disgust. He'd seen his dad ruin enough phones to know that when he was that mad, he needed a cushion he could throw his phone at. He couldn't call with a broken phone.

The tall, proud man sat in the back seat of his car, visibly upset. Suddenly, his phone rang, and it was Wesley. "I'm at the hospital now. Megan just woke up, and she's asking for you. Where are you?"

Rubbing his arching brows, Carlos felt a little annoyed when Wesley mentioned Megan. "I can't make it now. Just keep her busy till I get there." His wife was about to sleep with another man, and he was eager to find her. He had no time for anything or anyone else.

"Hmm," Wesley answered. "What happened? How did Megan fall into the river? Was it Debbie?" His voice was as cold as ice.

"It's not what it looks like. Debbie might be a brat, but she's not psycho. She wouldn't kill anybody." Carlos' head cleared after he took some time to cool himself down. Debbie had always been square with him before, so he saw no reason not to defend her now. She tried his patience—a lot—but in the end she always had a heart of gold. And now, he knew her spirit was broken. And her heart. He figured that maybe if he could clear the air, she'd believe that she was his one and only.

Wesley paused as Blair's words entered his mind. "If Megan's so important to you, then marry her!" She had once yelled at him like this.

None of the two men hung up, nor did they say anything. They were both lost in their own thoughts.

On the other hand, when Debbie and Gregory left the restaurant, she got into his car and made sure both of their phones were powered down. "If our phones were on, Carlos would call and find us, and then we'd be screwed," she said.

Gregory couldn't do anything but glumly retort, "I don't think it'll help."

He knew Carlos far too well. Everyone did. The arm of his vengeance was long, and he had men who were quite efficient at carrying out his orders, whether they were to seize someone, break up a fight, or finish one. They were pretty ruthless, often as efficient as Carlos himself. If he couldn't handle a situation personally, he put his assistants or bodyguards on it. Could he find two people with ease? Does a bear poop in the woods? Even if you hid in those same woods, it was just a matter of time before he found you.

Gregory's words did make sense to Debbie. But she was stubborn... She murmured, "Carlos is too busy to look for us. He's holding Olga in his arms right now. And he might go to the hospital to keep Megan company later."

Gregory looked at the sad and dejected girl, and felt it necessary to console her. "I really think you're taking all this wrong. Carlos treats Megan well just because she's his niece. But you're different..."

"Gregory, you don't know her..." Megan had once told Debbie that she would've married Carlos if it weren't for her. She even tricked Debbie once, making her think that Carlos had chosen Megan over her. But Debbie didn't tell him, as she didn't think it was anyone else's business.

Whenever Megan wasn't around, Debbie was one hundred percent sure that Carlos loved her very much. She was sure the man thought of her often. However, as long as Megan was around, Debbie was not so sure anymore.

Silence befell the car. Gregory was a young man of few words. He wanted to comfort Debbie, but didn't know how. He wasn't even sure he could. But he was sure of one thing—even with tear stains lining her face, she was a lovely sight.

"Gregory, if Colleen's busy and can't make it, just drop me off here," Debbie said. "I'll figure something out."

"Colleen's not busy. She called me when you were using the ladies' room. She's at the Rock Bar now," Gregory said quickly. He didn't want to leave her alone.

"Oh, really? Awesome. Thanks for driving me there," she said with a smile. She felt a little embarrassed. Gregory had paid for dinner this evening, and now he was driving her to the bar. She felt like a leech.

"Come on. It's no big deal. We've known each other for years." Gregory flashed a smile.

"Yeah. From school. That was you: Gregory, a straight-A student, always made the Dean's list... It took me awhile to figure out it was you." That was the reason why his name came up so often—the teachers always praised him. Although she'd heard the name, she hadn't paid any attention to him.

Gregory had always kept a low profile—he was never a class monitor or student body president. She hadn't gotten to know him until her third year of college.

The traffic lights cycled to red, and Gregory eased the car to a stop. "Seriously? Was I that low-key? Maybe I was just an ordinary, boring guy that you wouldn't look at twice in high school." He cracked a joke, if only to make her smile.

Truth was, Gregory would ask the head teacher to remove his name from the rolls when he was voted into a student body position.

After all, his mother was his father's mistress, and he didn't want to attract too much attention. His family's reputation was on the line, and he didn't want to do anything to drag their names through the mud.

"An ordinary, boring guy?" Debbie eyed him from head to toe. "You're tall and handsome. You could be a model." Women of all ages would think Gregory was hot. He could become famous overnight if he wanted.

Gregory burst into laughter. "Hah! As if."

"Believe me. You'd be a heartthrob." Debbie shook her head, sighing.

'I thought that was actually what Gregory wanted—to become a star, but his family forced him to major in economics and management, ' she thought.

When they arrived at the bar, Colleen was already there, waiting for them in a booth.

Before they sat down, Colleen couldn't resist asking, "What's wrong with you two? Debbie, your husband is super angry. What happened?"

Debbie got more depressed at the mention of Carlos. "I don't care. I'm not happy either," she grumbled.

Colleen poured Debbie a glass of beer and pried, "Why not call him back?" She was really frightened by Carlos' threat. If he did something bad to Gregory, how could she face their father?

Debbie pouted her lips. "No! I want some wine. Let's get drunk tonight." She drained her glass and asked the waiter for two bottles of Cassia wine.

Both Colleen and Gregory were startled.

After several glasses, Debbie began to curse Carlos. "Go to hell. You piece of trash!" she kept repeating. The siblings didn't know what to do. This didn't seem to be easing her depression. Instead, it seemed to be making it worse.

Half an hour later, Emmett entered the bar and walked over to them. "Colleen, Gregory," he said in greeting. Then he turned to Debbie, who was leaning over the table. She could barely hold her head up, so she used her elbows to keep herself steady. Emmett said in a loud voice, "Debbie, Carlos asked me to drive you back home."

The music was deafening. Debbie raised her head and looked at him asking, "Emmett, what did that asshole tell you to do?"

Despite discouragement from those around her, she emptied her glass rapidly.

Emmett wanted to answer "That asshole asked me to drive you home," but he didn't dare to say so. After all, walls have ears. "Come on Debbie. You can't escape. Carlos has men at all the exits. Just come with me."

To be honest, Emmett sympathized with his boss. Carlos had to ask people to surround the bar to get his wife back home.

CHAPTER 235 HE HAS CHANGED

Debbie was already drunk. She put a hand over Colleen's shoulder and told Emmett, "I'm not going to see Carlos. Just leave me alone. Colleen, let's drink some more."

The two women had had a happy evening drinking together. Colleen was a little drunk as well. Resting her head on Debbie's shoulder, Colleen dismissed Emmett saying, "You may leave. Debbie is mine now."

Emmett was left speechless. He wanted to leave, but his boss would kill him if he left without Debbie. "Debbie, it's very late, and you must be sleepy. Just come with me for now, okay?" he coaxed Debbie patiently.

She tried to open her sleepy eyes and fixed her gaze on the anxious secretary. "Okay... No! Okay..."

'Is that a yes or a no?' Emmett wondered, feeling defeated.

Eventually, he managed to carry Debbie out of the bar with Gregory's help.

Carlos' Emperor was parked at the entrance. The man sitting in the back seat instantly had a headache at the sight of the drunk woman on Emmett's back.

He got out of the car and retrieved his wife from Emmett. He frowned when he smelled the alcohol emitting from her.

Debbie opened her eyes and found herself in the car. She then spotted Carlos sitting next to her, but she was too drunk to keep a cool head. "Ah, it's you! Asshole Carlos! Mr. Asshole... Urgh...I'm so full. Another sip will make me burst."

How Carlos wished he could throw her into the snow to cool her down! But that was just a thought. Debbie was already drunk. She put a hand over Colleen's shoulder and told Emmett, "I'm not going to see Carlos. Just leave me alone. Colleen, let's drink some more."

The two women had had a happy evening drinking together. Colleen was a little drunk as well. Resting her head on Debbie's shoulder, Colleen dismissed Emmett saying, "You may leave. Debbie is mine now."

Emmett was left speechless. He wanted to leave, but his boss would kill him if he left without Debbie. "Debbie, it's very late, and you must be sleepy. Just come with me for now, okay?" he coaxed Debbie patiently.

She tried to open her sleepy eyes and fixed her gaze on the anxious secretary. "Okay... No! Okay..."

'Is that a yes or a no?' Emmett wondered, feeling defeated.

Eventually, he managed to carry Debbie out of the bar with Gregory's help.

Carlos' Emperor was parked at the entrance. The man sitting in the back seat instantly had a headache at the sight of the drunk woman on Emmett's back.

He got out of the car and retrieved his wife from Emmett. He frowned when he smelled the alcohol emitting from her.

Debbie opened her eyes and found herself in the car. She then spotted Carlos sitting next to her, but she was too drunk to keep a cool head. "Ah, it's you! Asshole Carlos! Mr. Asshole... Urgh...I'm so full. Another sip will make me burst."

How Carlos wished he could throw her into the snow to cool her down! But that was just a thought.

He pulled his wife into his arms and listened to her constant grumbling.

"Why are you here in front of me?" she asked.

"You don't want to see me, do you?" he asked in reply. His voice was low as he asked that.

"Hmm..." Debbie nodded and blurted out, "Carlos has changed. He no longer treats me like he used to. I'm not going to love him either. I'll marry someone else."

"Whom do you want to marry?" Carlos tried his best to suppress his growing anger.

After a moment's consideration, she answered, "Gregory! Or Curtis, or Gus, or Hayden, or Emmett!"

The names she uttered shocked the two men in the car. Emmett, who was driving, was unwillingly dragged into their fight. He trembled and almost lost control of the car.

Carlos sat there quietly as his wife told him that she was going to marry someone else. His face was ashen with fury.

"Whom do you want to marry the most?" he pried.

"Um...I want to marry... Gregory the most..." she grumbled. Carlos cared so much for Megan. Curtis had Colleen, and Emmett had Kasie. Only Gregory was single.

Little did Gregory know that Carlos was growing a grudge against him because of Debbie's drunken talk.

When the car slowly rolled into the manor's parking lot, Debbie pushed the car door open and jumped out. She ran towards the swimming pool without even noticing that she had lost one of her shoes.

Carlos picked it up and ran after her.

Standing before the wide pool, Debbie pointed to the water and yelled, "I hate water. I hate swimming. I hate this pool! Get out of my way! Get out of my way, you stupid pool!" If she didn't know how to swim, she would have gotten drowned last time. Then she wouldn't have to face all these annoying things in her life.

Carlos squatted down in front of her, raised her foot, and coaxed, "Hold my shoulder."

The lights around the swimming pool were off. The road lamps were too dim for Debbie to see who was in front of her. She bent over and cupped his head in her hands, rubbing her cheeks against his head.

"Since when is there a puppy in the manor? Hi, little puppy! You're so fluffy."

'Did Carlos buy this puppy for me?' she thought in her drunken state.

Carlos went rigid when she called him a puppy. He tied her shoelaces quickly, stood up and pulled her into his arms. "Do I look like a puppy to you?" he asked angrily.

Debbie squinted her eyes to look clearly and then screamed, "Aaaaargh! It's you! Carlos, you asshole! Let go of me!"

She struggled hard to break free, but to no avail. Eventually, she burst into tears. In a choked voice, she complained, "Why are you so annoying? Let me go! Just go and date your dear Megan or Olga. I don't want to see you again. Go ahead and marry Megan. I'll be with Gregory! I'll sleep with him!"

Carlos believed he would be driven mad if he allowed Debbie to continue talking, so he scooped her up into his arms and threatened, "One more word about Gregory and I'll throw him into the Pacific for the sharks to feed on! Then you won't see him ever again."

He hated Gregory more than Hayden now. There was a crisis in Hayden's company, and he hadn't left his office for a couple of days.

As for Gregory, Carlos didn't want to deal with him for Curtis' and Colleen's sake. He could only threaten Debbie with his life.

Debbie was restless in his arms—she cried, yelled and thumped him with her fists. When he finally managed to get her into the bathroom, he broke out in a sweat despite the cold winter.

After stripping her clothes off, he put her in the bathtub and then took off his own clothes as well.

Debbie shivered when she was dipped into the warm water. "Old man, where are your clothes? Are you going on some fashion show?"

Carlos just stared at her. 'Did she go to some fashion show with naked models?'

"Argh... It's so cold. Hold me in your arms." She threw herself into his arms and held his waist tight to keep warm.

Carlos was instantly turned on. With intense passion rising inside him, he kissed her mercilessly, while his hands ran all over her body.

And she was so obedient this time that he couldn't help but have sex with her in all kinds of positions again and again...

The next morning, when Debbie woke up, her head was killing her.

She turned over in her bed; she felt like her body had been run over by a truck. When she yawned, she found that her mouth was sore.

'What the hell happened last night? Why am I feeling so tired?'

She sat up, looked around and then realized that she was in her and Carlos' bedroom at the manor.

'How did I get back here? When did I get back?'

Why can't I remember a single thing?'

Rubbing her aching temples, she threw back the covers in an attempt to look for her phone. "Aaaaargh!" she screamed in a hoarse voice.

She was shocked by what she saw.

Marks! Marks all over her body!

'This is Carlos' work!!' she thought angrily.

She found her phone and dialed Carlos' number—a spur-of-the-moment decision. When it connected, she yelled into the phone, "Carlos, what did you do to me last night?" She sounded as if she had been compelled to engage in prostitution.

Carlos curled his lips as he remembered what had happened last night.

Wesley, who was sitting opposite him, snorted upon seeing his reaction. 'That must be his wife calling!' he thought.

CHAPTER 236 NO ONE LAYS A FINGER ON MY WIFE

Carlos cast a sidelong glance at Wesley, who was feeding Megan, and left the ward with his phone.

Entering an empty room, he locked the door behind him and put the phone to his ear. "Last night, you kept insisting you were freezing, and asked me to hug you. Then you threw yourself into my arms..." Surveying Alorith from the window, he flashed a broad smile and went on resignedly, "I just wanted to help you take a bath, but you started hugging and kissing me nonstop. I'm your husband. You think I was going to say no?"

Carlos' words made Debbie blush.

"That's not possible!" Debbie denied rapidly, eyes wide open. Deep down inside, she asked herself, 'Really? Am I that horny when I'm drunk?'

"Nope. It's true. I was glad to oblige," he said in a serious manner. "So I did what you wanted. And then you asked to try something new. Variety's the spice of life. You taught me a few things."

Debbie's mouth was so sore that she suddenly had a bad feeling. "And?" she pried.

"You gave me a blow job," he said, stifling his laughter.

Debbie wanted to kill herself when she heard this.

"You're lying! I'd never do that!" Debbie retorted in a loud voice. Her face was as red as a tomato.

'He has to be lying. I'd never...' she thought.

"No lie. I have to say, you were pretty wild last night. Thanks for the memories," said Carlos with a laugh.

'Thanks... for the memories? Go to hell, Carlos!' she yelled inwardly. "How dare you take advantage of me when I was drunk! Now you've gone too far! You asshole!" she yelled into the phone.

"Tell you what..." His voice was cold. After a moment's pause, he added, "Visit Megan. Apologize. Then I'll forgive you." Megan had cried to him and insisted Debbie apologize to her. Carlos really had no other choice.

"Visit her? Apologize? Forgive me?" Bitterness flooded Debbie. "In your dreams! I don't give a damn about your forgiveness. Stay with Megan. See if I care."

After saying that, she hung up the phone.

Carlos called her back, but she rejected it. She even sent him a text message saying, "If you have Megan apologize to me, I might go to the hospital to see her. Otherwise, don't talk to me."

Having read the message, Carlos simply put his phone back in his pocket and came back to Megan's ward.

When she saw Carlos, Megan asked, "Uncle Carlos, was it Aunt Debbie?"

Carlos nodded.

"If Aunt Debbie won't apologize to me, just let it go. Uncle Carlos, please don't be mad at her. I just want you to be happy. I'll keep you at arm's length, and maybe she won't be jealous." Tears welled up in her

eyes.

Wesley frowned when he heard Megan. "Your wife pushed Megan into the river. I don't think it's too much to ask her to apologize," he said in a cold voice.

Instead of replying, Carlos turned to Megan and said, "Megan, I'll ask her to come here. She had a car accident and fell into the river because of your call. When she gets here, you need to apologize."

Wesley and Megan couldn't believe their ears. "What the hell?" Wesley swore through gritted teeth.

"Uncle Carlos!" Megan cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I just called her. I didn't cause her to crash her car and fall into the river!"

Carlos looked away, and said coldly, "If you won't apologize, I won't force you. Wesley, take care of her. I still have work to finish."

With that, he started to walk to the door. Megan pulled off the tape with a grunt, removed the IV, and jumped out of bed.

Wesley tried to stop her, but she pushed him away and gave Carlos a back hug. In a choked voice, she said, "Uncle Carlos, I'm sorry. I'll apologize. Please don't leave me. Uncle Carlos, you used to care for me. Don't do this."

Wesley pulled Megan away from Carlos, and into his own arms. His eyes were red with fury, his expression dangerous. "If you don't get Debbie to apologize, I'll drag her here myself," he said slowly, every word dripping with menace.

Carlos cast a warning glance at Wesley and said coldly, "No one lays a finger on my wife."

Wesley snorted, "She's a killer, yet you still defend her. Are you crazy?"

"Megan is fine, isn't she?" After saying that, Carlos left the ward without looking back.

"Stop!" commanded Wesley, but to no avail. He wanted to catch up to Carlos and teach him a lesson, but Megan stopped him.

She wiped her tears and said, "Uncle Wesley, don't fight with Uncle Carlos over me."

Wesley sighed and stroked her cheek. "Don't worry, Megan. I'll make that woman apologize to you."

At the manor

When Debbie walked out of the villa, she saw people working feverishly, and heard several motors droning. Drawing closer, she could see the motorized pumps and people holding hoses into the pool's

dwindling supply of water.

Confused, she asked a maid who was trimming trees, "What are they doing there?"

The maid put down the shears and answered respectfully, "They're pumping the pool, Debbie. Carlos asked them to fill it in with concrete." Debbie's jaw dropped. "With concrete? Why?" 'Does he hate to swim? Or did he almost drown?'

The maid shook her head. "I have no idea. Why not ask Carlos?"

"Okay. Thanks. I'll let you get back to work." Despite her curiosity, she didn't plan to ask Carlos.

She came to the parking lot, and stared at the cars, wondering whether she should drive on her own.

She was still a little gun-shy, given what happened the last time she was behind the wheel.

She decided to ask Matan to drive her for now.

Matan came by soon, and Debbie got in the car he drove. As the car approached the gates to the manor, they opened to admit a military car. It was a GAZ Tigr 4x4 Infantry Mobility Vehicle, manufactured by the Russians. This was the closest thing the army had to a HUMVEE. There were only 3, 000 of those things made. Many were still roadworthy.

'Wait, could it be?' Debbie realized who it was.

She was about to ask Matan to pull over so that she could say hi to Wesley, but then the Tigr stopped. It was blocking the way.

"Debbie, it's Wesley," Matan reminded her.

Debbie nodded as she pushed the car door open and got out.

Wesley also jumped out of his car, and fixed his sharp gaze upon her. Despite his reluctance, he greeted her politely, "Hi, Debbie."

Noticing his livid face, Debbie guessed this was about Megan. "Hello, Wesley," she said with a smile.

Wesley nodded and got straight to the point. "I'm here for you."

"Oh, really? Why?" she asked.

CHAPTER 237 DON'T LAY A FINGER ON MY WIFE

"I want you to apologize to Megan. She's very unstable right now," Wesley said bluntly. Talking obliquely was never his thing.

Raised at the military residential quarters and having grown up to be a serviceman, he was even less tactful than Carlos. Debbie didn't know whether she should laugh or cry at his words.

"Wesley, Megan should be the one apologizing, not me." Even Carlos couldn't make her apologize. Wesley was just wasting his breath.

He said in a serious tone, "Megan is just a little girl. You should be more tolerant with her. Besides, she's the one in the hospital right now, not you."

"Wesley, you and your friends are all biased towards her. You don't even care who's right and who's wrong when it comes to Megan, do you?" Debbie asked with a glare. Just because he and Carlos treasured Megan didn't mean that they could cover for all her mistakes. And there was no way that Debbie would apologize to her.

Wesley cast Debbie a complicated look. Then he said, "I'm sorry, Debbie." With that, he trotted towards the military vehicle in a standard military style and opened the back door, as if saying, "Get in, please."

Debbie's anger grew. 'What the hell? Is he gonna force me to apologize to Megan even though she is the one who is in the wrong?

Does he think I will gladly get into the vehicle just because he asked me to? I don't even listen to my own husband. What makes him think that I will ever listen to him? How big a pushover does he think I am?' Wesley, new semester begins in two days. I'm going to buy some new stationery. Show yourself around the manor if you want."

Debbie turned to walk towards her car.

Wesley, however, caught up with her after several strides and closed her car door which she had just opened. He stood rigidly in front of it.

"What? You want a fight?" asked Debbie. She didn't give a damn about his status or rank.

Wesley was about to say something when his phone rang. He took the call and simply said, "I'm at your manor."

"I know," responded Carlos, as he walked into the elevator. "I'm warning you, don't you dare harm a hair on my wife's head."

Wesley looked at Debbie and then replied, "Don't worry, I respect her. That's why I'm politely asking her to get into my car."

Debbie guessed it had to be Carlos on the phone. Hearing Wesley's reply, Debbie scoffed. 'Politely? Thank you, Wesley, for showing so much respect.'

The doors to the sightseeing elevator closed. The view of the city flashed before Carlos' eyes. "She does what she likes. Even I can't force her to do anything she doesn't want to. Your words are not gonna budge her," he continued.

Wesley's lips twitched scornfully. 'Can't force your own woman to do what you want? I'm sure you're just unwilling to force her, ' he sneered within. "She must come to the hospital with me today."

"If you take her to the hospital forcefully, you will only make her angry. She won't apologize to Megan. Instead, she will tear the ward down, and she will make you watch as she smashes the place into bits. Is that what you want?" Though they hadn't lived together for too long, Carlos knew his wife very well.

Wesley hesitated. 'Why are women so troublesome? She's just like that woman, the one that left me.' "Since I'm already here, I will take her to the hospital."

"Don't lay a finger on her. I'm on my way. Don't do anything until I get there." Carlos hung up quickly. He drove the car himself and sped towards the manor.

Wesley put his phone away and looked at Debbie, who was standing in front of him silently. "You can't deny the fact that you pushed Megan into the river. Now she's suffering from the aftermath trauma and is hospitalized. You must follow my orders. I order you—" When he saw that Debbie's expression was quickly changing into something ferocious, he realized that she wasn't one of his soldiers. He changed his tone immediately. "Debbie, you must apologize to her."

"What did Carlos say?" asked Debbie.

Wesley's face twitched. "He asked me not to lay a finger on you. So I won't. Please, get in the car yourself."

Debbie scoffed. Carlos wasn't a heartless asshole after all. "Even if I go to the hospital with you, I won't apologize to Megan," she declared.

"Get in the car first." Wesley felt that time was pressing. He was losing his patience.

Unfortunately, Debbie sensed his impatience. "You're the one forcing me to get into your car. What are you impatient about?"

Wesley was speechless. 'Women are so touchy.'

Without another word, he walked back to the military vehicle and opened the back door again for Debbie.

She snorted. After telling her driver to go back, she walked to the car and climbed into the big vehicle.

On the way, Debbie scanned the interior of the car. She asked, "Wesley, this vehicle is so cool. Can I borrow it some time?"

Wesley replied honestly, "Military vehicles can't be used for civilian purposes."

That was an expected reply from Wesley. Debbie didn't mind. She changed the subject. "Did Carlos serve in the same unit as you when you were in the army? Why did he leave the army?"

"We both served in the special force." That was all Wesley divulged.

Curiosity getting the better of her, Debbie asked again, "Why did he leave the army and become a CEO?" She remembered asking Carlos the same question. 'What was his answer again? Crap, I forgot.'

Wesley steered the vehicle as easily as breathing. "Why don't you ask him that directly? He can answer it better than anyone else."

Debbie felt defeated. 'Soldiers are so tight-lipped and vigilant, ' she thought, sighing.

Silence engulfed them. After a while, Debbie asked, "You're unmarried, right? Since you like Megan so much, why don't you just marry her?"

Wesley was caught off-guard by her sudden question.

The woman he had loved used to say the exact same words. Those words had rung in his head countless times even after she had left. Hearing them again, the words struck him hard. He said solemnly, "She's not the one I want to marry."

Debbie was intrigued. "Is there someone else you like? Who is she? Where is she now? Have you been dating her?"

"

Silence was the only reply she got from him.

Sensing the change in Wesley's mood, Debbie figured that she might have accidentally rubbed in a sore spot. She refrained from asking any more personal questions.

Both of them remained silent till they reached the inpatient department. It was Carlos who opened the door for Debbie when she got out of the vehicle.

She wanted to jump to the ground herself, but Carlos was quick to catch her as she jumped down.

He held her hand and wasn't going to let go, but Debbie pushed him away, blushing. "Don't touch me," she reprimanded.

Carlos grabbed her wrist and said flatly, "That's not what you said in bed last night."

Wesley, who had walked around the vehicle to meet them, happened to hear their little conversation. 'Why? All I did was bring his wife to the hospital. Did he have to punish me by making me listen to that?'

Debbie tried to cover Carlos' mouth, but it was too late. The words were already out in the open.

She shook off Carlos' hand and said sarcastically, "Shall we go inside now, guardian angels?"

CHAPTER 238 TERMS OF THE APOLOGY

"Oh, I'm not talking about me. How could I flatter myself like that? Only Megan deserves your ultimate care. Everything about her is such a big deal. What perfect guardian angels you make when it comes to Megan!" Debbie scoffed.

Carlos and Wesley exchanged a look as they walked behind her silently, and quickened their pace to catch up with her.

When they reached the ward, Damon was talking and laughing with Megan, who looked nothing at all like a sick person. Nor did she seem like someone who had just fallen into the river.

"A-Aunt Debbie." Seeing her, Megan looked frightened. She grabbed the covers nervously and moved to the corner of the bed.

Debbie sneered. 'She makes it look like I am about to kill her. Bravo, Megan! They owe you an Oscar for this act.'

She did want to kill her, but Debbie knew better than to spend the rest of her life in prison just for a lesser, evil bitch like Megan.

Damon noticed how scared Megan was. He stood between Megan and Debbie, glaring at the latter with hostile eyes.

Debbie laughed. She ignored him and asked Megan, "Didn't you want me to come and apologize? Now that I'm here, why are you hiding from me, huh? What is this, Damon?"

Damon had hardly ever been serious, but at that moment, he gritted his teeth and asked, "You don't sound like you are here to apologize."

Debbie snorted, "When did I say I came here to apologize?" 'Me apologize to Megan? That's not gonna happen even in my next life!'

"Then why is she here?" Damon asked Carlos and Wesley, who were standing behind her.

Debbie walked around Damon and tried to reach the other side of the bed, but Wesley strode ahead of her and stood in front of Megan.

The two men were blocking Debbie's path on either side as if she were some kind of beast.

Their fear was hilarious to watch. Turning to Carlos, who was standing nearby quietly, she asked, "Honey, are you going to jump over here to protect her if I make another move?" She pointed to the other end of the bed.

"Move away, you two!" said Carlos, giving Damon and Wesley a cold glance.

Damon looked at him in disbelief. "How can we? Do you see how arrogant she is? What if she hurts Megan again? Don't forget that she knows martial arts."

"Damon, you flatter me. Don't forget that Wesley and my husband used to serve in the special force." They could easily throw her out of the room if they wished to.

Wesley figured that he might have overreacted a bit, so he stepped aside a little.

Debbie finally came to the bedside. Megan clutched at the covers tightly. She watched a stone-faced Debbie approaching her bed, and her eyes widened with fear.

"Are you so frightened of me? It's very unlike you. I still remember how complacent you sounded when you called me that day. What happened to that side of you?" Debbie wanted to throw her to the floor and step on her lying mouth.

Megan shook her head. Even before Debbie could see how she did it, tears streamed out of her eyes magically. "Aunt Debbie, I don't know what you are talking about. You have already pushed me into the river. Wasn't that enough for you? Why are you still trying to frame me for something I didn't do?" Slowly, Megan removed the covers to reveal her tearful face. "I saw how angry Uncle Carlos was and I felt bad. I didn't want you two to fight over me. You fell into the river because you were bad at driving. How could you take it out on me by pushing me into the river too? I know that you don't like me, but what you did was vicious."

The next second, regardless of the needle in her hand, Megan pushed the covers away and knelt on the bed. "I'm sorry, Aunt Debbie. I was wrong. Could you please let this go? Please, please, I'm sorry."

"Megan, get up! Why are you kneeling in front of her?" Damon asked angrily. He rushed over and sat Megan back onto the bed. Wesley pulled the covers back and tucked her in. It was a scene out of a fairy tale.

"Oh, I'm not talking about me. How could I flatter myself like that? Only Megan deserves your ultimate

care. Everything about her is such a big deal. What perfect guardian angels you make when it comes to Megan!" Debbie scoffed.

Carlos and Wesley exchanged a look as they walked behind her silently, and quickened their pace to catch up with her.

When they reached the ward, Damon was talking and laughing with Megan, who looked nothing at all like a sick person. Nor did she seem like someone who had just fallen into the river.

"A-Aunt Debbie." Seeing her, Megan looked frightened. She grabbed the covers nervously and moved to the corner of the bed.

Debbie sneered. 'She makes it look like I am about to kill her. Bravo, Megan! They owe you an Oscar for this act.'

She did want to kill her, but Debbie knew better than to spend the rest of her life in prison just for a lesser, evil bitch like Megan.

Damon noticed how scared Megan was. He stood between Megan and Debbie, glaring at the latter with hostile eyes.

Debbie laughed. She ignored him and asked Megan, "Didn't you want me to come and apologize? Now that I'm here, why are you hiding from me, huh? What is this, Damon?"

Damon had hardly ever been serious, but at that moment, he gritted his teeth and asked, "You don't sound like you are here to apologize."

Debbie snorted, "When did I say I came here to apologize?" 'Me apologize to Megan? That's not gonna happen even in my next life!'

"Then why is she here?" Damon asked Carlos and Wesley, who were standing behind her.

Debbie walked around Damon and tried to reach the other side of the bed, but Wesley strode ahead of her and stood in front of Megan.

The two men were blocking Debbie's path on either side as if she were some kind of beast.

Their fear was hilarious to watch. Turning to Carlos, who was standing nearby quietly, she asked, "Honey, are you going to jump over here to protect her if I make another move?" She pointed to the other end of the bed.

"Move away, you two!" said Carlos, giving Damon and Wesley a cold glance.

Damon looked at him in disbelief. "How can we? Do you see how arrogant she is? What if she hurts

Megan again? Don't forget that she knows martial arts."

"Damon, you flatter me. Don't forget that Wesley and my husband used to serve in the special force." They could easily throw her out of the room if they wished to.

Wesley figured that he might have overreacted a bit, so he stepped aside a little.

Debbie finally came to the bedside. Megan clutched at the covers tightly. She watched a stone-faced Debbie approaching her bed, and her eyes widened with fear.

"Are you so frightened of me? It's very unlike you. I still remember how complacent you sounded when you called me that day. What happened to that side of you?" Debbie wanted to throw her to the floor and step on her lying mouth.

Megan shook her head. Even before Debbie could see how she did it, tears streamed out of her eyes magically. "Aunt Debbie, I don't know what you are talking about. You have already pushed me into the river. Wasn't that enough for you? Why are you still trying to frame me for something I didn't do?" Slowly, Megan removed the covers to reveal her tearful face. "I saw how angry Uncle Carlos was and I felt bad. I didn't want you two to fight over me. You fell into the river because you were bad at driving. How could you take it out on me by pushing me into the river too? I know that you don't like me, but what you did was vicious."

The next second, regardless of the needle in her hand, Megan pushed the covers away and knelt on the bed. "I'm sorry, Aunt Debbie. I was wrong. Could you please let this go? Please, please, I'm sorry."

"Megan, get up! Why are you kneeling in front of her?" Damon asked angrily. He rushed over and sat Megan back onto the bed. Wesley pulled the covers back and tucked her in. It was a scene out of a fairy tale.

Debbie gaped at Megan's performance. She applauded. "Megan, I beg you too. Please do become an actress after college. There's no doubt that you will make it big."

"Deb." With a frown, Carlos stopped her from saying more. He strode to Debbie's side and said to the others, "Whether the accident happened because of Debbie's bad driving or because of Megan's provocation, both of them have been hurt equally. So, let's just move on and stop talking about this."

Debbie let out a sigh. This whole thing had been stressful and irritating from the beginning. She didn't want to waste more time on Megan either.

However, Megan acted surprised and cried, "What? Uncle Carlos, I am innocent. How could you protect a murderer? You know I can't swim! I would be dead if you hadn't come to save me in time. How can you let me suffer like this after what my parents had done for you?" Megan got agitated as she thought about her parents.

"Calm down, Megan. Don't get too excited," Damon comforted her.

Megan inhaled deeply to steady her breathing. Then she looked at Carlos in the eye and said in a choked voice, "All I want is an apology. Is that too much to ask? Uncle Carlos, you used to give me everything I wanted. But now, I can't even get an apology?"

Carlos wanted to put the whole thing behind him. Besides, he didn't want to lose his friends over this matter. He took Debbie into his arms and whispered to her, "Honey, you pushed Megan into the river after all. And she's younger than you, isn't she? Could you just apologize to her?"

Debbie wrenched herself free from his arms and dashed towards the bed. She tossed the covers away as Megan screamed.

Wesley grabbed Debbie's arm and pushed her aside forcefully. Luckily, Carlos followed her and caught her promptly. Debbie bumped into his chest. Carlos embraced her, as he glared at Wesley furiously. He declared in a raised voice, "Wesley, I dare you to touch my wife again!"

'And now he is protecting me! Who was it that asked me to apologize to Megan just now? Huh!'

Once again, Debbie squirmed out of Carlos' arms and yelled at him, "Save your hypocrisy!" Then she pointed at Damon and Wesley. "You, and you! You're both acting in collusion with him. You two play the bad cops and he plays the good cop, just to make me apologize to her. But guess what? I am not as gullible as you three. Damon, Carlos, Wesley, you three idiots are all being played by this venomous, manipulative bitch, and you don't even have a clue! I wonder how you became a colonel or a CEO. Damon, if I were Adriana, I would have left you too."

The three men's faces had turned coal black. Never had a woman given them such a harsh tongue-lashing in their whole lives.

Debbie took a deep breath and lowered her voice. "Apologize? No problem!" She walked towards Carlos and grabbed his hand, trying to remove the ring from his finger. "I'll apologize to her right now. But after that, you will have to send me abroad for further studies as soon as possible. Or we get a divorce."

CHAPTER 239 IT WILL BE ENOUGH WHEN I SAY SO

Carlos wouldn't let Debbie take his ring off. He grabbed her hands that tried to snatch the ring, and said, "Enough!"

"It will be enough when I say so! She has been making trouble for me from the very beginning. This ends today!" Debbie tried to free her hands from Carlos' grip, but failed. Furious, she bit into his hand.

It hurt, but Carlos didn't let go. He gritted his teeth to swallow the pain while she bit deeper.

But Debbie's heart softened. She let go. He was her husband after all. But her anger didn't settle. She was mad at herself for being such a sucker for Carlos.

She let out a sharp sigh and then turned to Megan. "You want me to apologize to you? Beg me. If you beg, I will not only apologize, but will also give you my husband— Ow!" Carlos' hand squeezed hers hard. It hurt so much that she grimaced and closed her eyes tightly.

But she didn't stop talking. "Megan! If you don't apologize to me and admit that you have been defaming me, I will tear this ward down!"

Carlos squeezed her hand again and tried to persuade her. "Calm down."

"Calm down? My husband is protecting the other woman. Tell me, how am I supposed to calm down?" Her words "the other woman" stirred Wesley's and Damon's anger again.

Damon shoved his hands into his pockets and looked at Debbie with a devil-may-care attitude. "Debbie, Megan met Carlos long before you did."

Debbie froze. A trace of despair flitted over her eyes. "What do you mean? Are you saying that I am the other woman?"

"Damon, shut up!" Carlos snapped. His eyes shot icy cold daggers at Damon.

Debbie felt her heart sink to a place that was as dark and cold as the bottom of a lake which had been frozen for a thousand years. She looked at Carlos and asked in a low voice, "Please, send me abroad now. Can you?" She couldn't afford to study and live abroad on her own, so she had no choice but to rely on Carlos for the moment.

"No," was all he said, his eyes cold as usual.

"No?! Fine! Then watch the show and do enjoy." Rage consumed her. She straightened up and walked towards Megan's bed. A weird smile hung over her face.

She reached out her hand and lifted Megan's chin. Wesley intended to intervene, but since Debbie was being calm, he stepped back.

"Megan, I have a suggestion. This drama is crazy. Let's make peace." Debbie's offer took the three men aback.

Megan acted happy to hear it. Instantly, her eyes reddened. She said excitedly in a trembling voice, "Oh, Aunt Debbie! Really?"

"Really? Of course... NOT! Today, I'll show you what happens if you mess with me!" Her smile disappeared. Her tone changed. Before anyone could realize it, she hauled Megan out of her bed.

"Aargh!" Unprepared, the girl slumped to the floor. The needle in her hand was plucked out forcefully

during the fall.

It happened so fast that none of the men was quick enough to stop her.

Wesley and Damon ran towards Megan to help her to her feet. Debbie ignored them and demanded, "Megan, apologize to me!"

It took Megan a long while to realize what had happened to her. Her leg was hurt. Immediately, Damon pressed the nurse-call button, and Wesley scooped her up and placed her back on the bed gently.

Feeling an oncoming headache, Carlos pinched the middle of his brows helplessly.

Disappointed at how things had turned out, Wesley shouted at Carlos, "If you can't stop your wife, allow me to do it for you. I can't stand by and watch her bully Megan!"

Carlos replied nonchalantly, "I warned you not to bring her to the hospital, didn't I? Now that things have gone out of control, you want to make it all her fault? If you touch her, you will only make the situation worse."

Wesley didn't understand. It was clear as day that Debbie attacked Megan. He wondered why Debbie and Carlos were acting as if justice was on their side.

The doctor came running with two nurses close behind him. He was surprised to see so many people inside the ward. "Mr. Carlos, Colonel, Mr. Damon," he greeted them.

Anger had been building up inside Damon's chest. The doctor served as a good outlet for his fury. As soon as he saw him, Damon roared, "What are you waiting for? Come in and examine her injury. Check her hand and leg."

The doctor and the nurses trotted over to the bed immediately. Their faces were pale from fear, but Debbie wasn't scared. She strode towards the bed and stood in front of it. "Don't even think about giving her a checkup until she apologizes to me," she said slowly and furiously.

Damon's eyes flamed with rage. He pointed at Debbie and cursed, "I've been putting up with you just because you're Carlos' wife. Don't push me!"

"Damon!" Carlos stopped him before his words got any harsher.

Unable to vent his anger, Damon walked back and forth restlessly with a twisted, irritated face. "Fine! You're the boss. You make the final call. I've had enough of this shit. I'm out of here! My wife is waiting for me at home. Wesley, you don't have a wife or girlfriend. You stay all you want. Carlos, you're so bossy around us. Why can't you handle your wife for once? Whatever, I'm off!"

"With that, he left.

Hands pressed against her hurting leg, Megan apologized in a feeble voice, "Please calm down, everybody. I apologize. I'm sorry, Aunt Debbie. I vilified you. Sorry."

Sincere or not, Megan's apology satisfied Debbie. When she walked by Wesley, Debbie said flatly, "Unattached Young Man, I've heard that your ex-girlfriend left you and married someone else because of Megan. As a serviceman with glorious achievements in war, how are you so easily deceived by a girl? Such a shame on your family which has generations of valiant servicemen."

Saying that, Debbie left the ward with panache, not giving the others so much as a second look.

Wesley stared at her straight back, deeply embarrassed.

'She called me Unattached Young Man.'

Everything in the ward went back to normal after Megan's apology. And Debbie had left contentedly.

Wesley had brought Debbie to the hospital to apologize to Megan. How ironically things had ended.

As the doctor started examining Megan, Carlos told her, "Recuperate well. Study hard after you leave the hospital. You will have to study abroad too after your graduation."

Megan wanted to give it another try to win over Carlos. "Uncle Carlos..." Sadly for her, Carlos walked out of the ward without hearing her out.

Wesley fell into deep thought as he watched the doctor examine Megan.

The doctor concluded eventually that Megan was perfectly fine. Wesley made sure she didn't need anything else and then said, "Get some rest. I'll drop by some other time." He strode out of the hospital.

Once she was alone, Megan removed her masks of emotions and stared at the ceiling.

'Debbie is a handful, more than I thought.

But only because Carlos loves her too much.'

CHAPTER 240 BLAIR JOHNSON

'Carlos promised that he would protect and take care of me for the rest of my life, but why didn't he stop Debbie when she was bullying me?

He said that he would ask her to apologize to me, but when she forced me to apologize to her, he didn't even try to stop her, ' Megan thought.

She knew it was not that he couldn't stop her, but that he didn't want to. If Carlos wanted to prevent

something from happening, he could. Be it Debbie or anyone else, it didn't matter. What mattered was whether he really wanted to or not.

So on the surface, it seemed like he was protecting Megan, but actually he was on Debbie's side.

In the end, neither Wesley nor Damon stopped Debbie from attacking her. 'Debbie called those three men idiots. They aren't. Maybe they already know what I did and what I have always been doing.

Huh! Men are such liars!' Megan thought resentfully.

Wesley drove around on the streets aimlessly. He couldn't stop thinking about that woman.

When his mind finally came back to the present, his car had already come to a stop at the entrance of a run-down housing estate.

This was where her fiance lived. Wesley had heard that she was pregnant. She was only twenty years old. But she was willing to have a baby.

The man she was going to marry was several years older than her and had no money or power. Why was she willing to marry him? Was she happy with him?

Wesley parked the car across the street and killed the engine. He rolled down the window, lit his cigarette and took a drag on it. Several people came and went through the entrance.

After a long while, a cab came to a halt at the entrance. A man in his late twenties walked out.

A woman of the same age got out of the cab, following him. They walked into the housing estate together intimately.

Wesley squinted his eyes at the sight. The man looked like her fiance.

But in his arms was another woman. 'I thought she was living a happy life after she left me. Looks like that is coming to a shattering end.'

A sad smile crept over Wesley's lips.

He took out his phone and called someone. "Find a way to make her come to her fiance's place right away."

Twenty minutes later, a bus stopped near the entrance of the housing estate. As the bus left, a flustered girl sprinted towards the entrance.

Wesley frowned. 'Isn't she pregnant? How is she able to run like that? Does she have a death wish? Or is she trying to kill the baby?'

Without giving it much thought, he got out of his car and followed her inside.

She dashed through a door and took the stairs to the second floor. From the first floor, Wesley could hear her insert the key and open the door to her fiance's apartment.

Soon enough, angry voices came from inside. The man said, "She came here for work. Can you stop being so paranoid?"

Then Wesley heard a familiar female voice. "Work? Who does their work in the bedroom? I can see how messy the bed is! Do you think I am blind or do you take me for a fool?" she retorted furiously.

The apartment was quiet for a few minutes. Next thing, the door was slammed shut, and hasty footsteps were heard rushing downstairs.

When she reached the first floor, Blair Johnson put her seven-decimeter-long suitcase on the floor and tried to drag it out of the building.

A hand suddenly grabbed her wrist.

"Ah!" she gasped in surprise. But she quickly regained her composure when she saw the familiar army uniform.

Her eyes were red and swollen. Clearly, she had been crying. Without asking her, Wesley took her suitcase and walked ahead.

For a moment, she was in a daze. When she came to her senses, she trotted to catch up with him. "Why are you here?" she asked. "Give me back my suitcase."

Without a word, Wesley walked out of the housing estate and stopped next to the military vehicle. He put the suitcase in the trunk and opened the passenger door for her.

When she didn't move, he walked to her silently and scooped her up in his arms. He gently placed her in the passenger seat and buckled her up.

"Wesley, why are you here? What is this? Where are you taking me?" It had been a while since their last meeting. Looking at him, Blair bit her lips and tried her best not to let her tears fall.

Wesley didn't answer. He sat in the driver's seat and started the vehicle.

Scenes from their last meeting came flooding back to him. It was two months ago. With her arm wrapped in her fiance's, she had told Wesley happily, "We're engaged. This is my fiance."

But now, the engagement ring on her finger was gone. She had taken it off and thrown it at her bastard

fiance's face. He was the one who had cheated on her, yet she was the one who had to pack everything and leave the apartment.

She had been living there for several months. The vehicle finally came to a stop in front of an upscale block of flats.

Wesley pulled up into the parking lot and took her to an apartment that was much larger and fancier than her ex-fiance's. "You're pregnant. You need a quiet and serene place to take care of yourself and the baby."

Blair waited a moment to calm herself down.

Then she gave him a puzzled look and asked, "Pregnant? When was I ever pregnant? What made you think that? And whose baby am I carrying? Yours?" Her voice was laced with sarcasm.

"We never slept together,"

he said in a low voice.

"Right. I never slept with you. But I bet that woman did," she said casually.

Wesley gave her a long look but didn't bother to explain anything. "You know the entry password. You can stay here. I won't disturb you unless there is something important. Bye."

He turned to leave.

Blair said hurriedly, "Of course you won't disturb me. You hate me, after all. I was wrong all along. I shouldn't have disturbed you and your precious Megan in the past."

Wesley paused, but he didn't look back. He opened the door and strode out without a word.

Looking around the empty apartment, she slumped into the couch and buried her teary face into her hands.

Every time he saw her, she was in some kind of embarrassing situation. When she had gotten engaged, she had thought that finally she had something to be proud of in front of him. But now, even that was gone, and he had seen her leave her fiance's place in defeat.

'Wesley, you idiot. Why did you have to leave so soon? I didn't even get a good look at you,' Blair thought.

When Carlos came out to the hospital entrance, once again, Debbie was nowhere to be found. He closed his eyes in frustration and thought that maybe one day his wife would set a new Guinness record in running.

He called her. To his surprise, the call was answered only on the third ring. "Yes, Mr. Carlos? How may I help you?"

"Where are you?"

"In a cab."

"Where to?"

"Going home to pack and get the hell out of your life."

"Wait for me at home."

He said that much and hung up.

Carlos was always quick to act. Before they had headed for the hospital, Debbie had heard Carlos telling Wesley on the phone that he was going back to the manor, but when she and Wesley reached the hospital, Carlos was already there waiting for them.

And now, when the cab arrived at the manor, Carlos' Emperor was already parked at the entrance. The man was leaning against the car door, smoking.

Once the cab stopped, Carlos walked over to it with the cigarette in his mouth. He opened the door for Debbie, who was still paying the fare.