

[Chapter 241 The Silent Treatment](#)

As soon as Debbie left the cab, the smoke filled her nostrils. She could taste the acrid vapors, stale, with a hint of bitterness. "Ugh...Carlos... ugh..." She coughed violently, tears threatening to come out. She hated the smell, hated the taste, and most of all hated not being able to breathe. Carlos did this deliberately. He knew she hated the habit, yet he exacerbated the problem. He couldn't stop playing pranks on her, and she walked into them all the time.

Carlos smiled mischievously.

The cab didn't leave immediately. The driver rolled down the window and stared at Carlos. After a while, he asked, "You look familiar. Are you Mr. Huo?"

Carlos nodded indifferently, at which the driver pushed the door open excitedly and rushed over to Carlos. He stammered out a request, nervous at finally meeting the man. "I...my daughter... my daughter worships you very much. Can I get an autograph for her? Her birthday's coming up. It would make an awesome present."

It was a request from a loving father. Hard to refuse. Carlos wanted kids, and his heart softened around them, indeed, at the very mention.

Carlos held Debbie tight in his arms and said, "Okay."

The driver ran back to the cab and rooted around in there for a long while, but he found nothing that Carlos could write with or on.

He turned back and looked at Carlos, eyes full of disappointment. "Never mind. I don't have a pen or paper. Thank you, Mr. Huo."

Carlos raised his eyebrows and released Debbie. He motioned the security guard to bring him some paper and a pen.

Then Carlos wrote, "Happy birthday! —Carlos Huo."

The driver was moved. While Carlos was writing, he took out his old phone and snapped a pic.

Carlos saw that, but he decided not to take it seriously. He was a fan, after all. What was the harm?

After handing the paper to the driver, he put his arm around Debbie's waist and walked back to the Emperor with her.

"Thank you, Mr. Huo! Bye, Mr. Huo!" the driver said. He watched the car drive into the manor. When the car couldn't be seen anymore, he spent a few minutes standing there to admire the grand house. There was a lot of square footage to be impressed with. He drank it all in with his eyes.

Inside the manor

Debbie complained in the car, "You blew the smoke in my face as soon as I got out of the cab. What were you thinking? If you hate me, just tell me. I can handle it."

Carlos leaned against the seat and looked at he

but she didn't say anything.

Eventually, without a word, he let go of Debbie and left the room, slamming the door behind him. Quiet spread across the room. Debbie sat back on the bed.

Blankly, she looked out the window. But she really didn't see anything. She was exhausted and wanted nothing more than sleep. Slowly, she lay down and drifted off.

To her surprise, for the next three days, she didn't even see Carlos once. The sun rose and set, just like it always did. But she endured. She prepared her meals robotically, not having much of an appetite.

She would have thought he had gone missing if Emmett hadn't re-posted a news article saying that Carlos had negotiated a contract with an overseas-funded enterprise.

This was the longest game of the silent treatment they had ever played.

In New York

Carlos' car sped into the Huos' residence. He got out of the car gloomily and went straight to the study on the second floor.

On his way, he saw Tabitha, but he only greeted her flatly. The grimness on his face told her that something was wrong. Her heart tightened. She followed him all the way up the stairs. She knew something was going to happen. Everyone could feel it—a tension in the air.

Sure enough, as soon as he saw James in the study, Carlos dashed over and greeted him with his fist.

Covering the side of his face that Carlos had struck, James glared at him and shouted, "Have you lost your mind? I'm your father!"

Carlos grabbed James' collar and stared at him fiercely. "How are you a father? Did you earn respect from your family? What kind of father would hurt his own daughter-in-law?"

[Chapter 242 Bad News](#)

Tabitha screamed and ran towards Carlos. She tried to hold him back. "Carlos! Carlos, what's this about? Listen to me, son. Calm down."

Carlos gave his mother a cold look and asked, "How could you do this to my wife?" He gritted his teeth in anger and added, "Debbie has always respected you. Is this what she deserved from my parents?"

James still didn't think he did anything wrong. "I never accepted her as my daughter-in-law. I won't allow her to give birth to your child."

"So you told the servants to put crushed birth control pills in her food?" asked Carlos, grinding his teeth to suppress his growing anger. His eyes blazed and seemed to stare deep into James' black rotting soul.

James attempted to wrench free, but compared to his son, he was too weak. Pretending to be composed, he said, "They were just birth control pills, not poison! Did you have to fly all the way from Y City for this?"

'Just birth control pills?' Within Carlos' heart, his father's image sank to a new low. "Yes, they were poison. You've been feeding her cumulative poison!"

Saying that, he swung a second fist towards James' face.

Only Tabitha and James were home at that moment. There was no time for Tabitha to rush downstairs to ask the servants for help. She had to stand in front of James to stop Carlos from hitting him again.

"This family was never happy while she was here. And she even tried to kill Megan in Y City. Why are you still protecting her? Can't you see how vicious she is? Divorce her already."

Carlos closed his eyes to hide the misery he felt from those words. He let go of James and straightened his own clothes.

Regaining his composure, he told his parents, "From today, I will not enter this house anymore, unless Grandpa wakes up or you accept Debbie as a member of this family."

Tabitha panicked. There was no sign of Douglas waking up yet. Did this mean that Carlos would never come back if his grandpa didn't wake up? No! Tabitha couldn't accept it. "Carlos, listen to me..."

Carlos glanced coldly at the weeping woman and said, "There's nothing more t

id Private Club

After entering the exclusive booth, the four men sat down around the automatic mahjong table, with their women sitting next to them.

Beside Carlos was Megan. Colleen looked at him with a raised brow. "Mr. Huo, where is my good friend, Debbie?" This was supposed to be a get-together of Carlos and his closest friends. However, instead of Debbie, he brought Megan along. Colleen was pissed.

Carlos lit a cigarette and took a drag. After exhaling the smoke, he said, "She's home."

Colleen knew that Carlos and Debbie had a huge fight after Debbie had pushed Megan into the river. Things were complicated between the couple right now. So, Colleen didn't feel the need to pretend to be cordial with Megan anymore. "Mr. Huo, I have to say, you are in the wrong here. This is an occasion for the people closest to you. Why didn't you bring Debbie? You should learn from Wesley. He brought his girlfriend. As for Damon, he gets a free pass. He has always been a playboy. Even when his wife is about to give birth to their baby, he is here messing around instead of taking care of her at home. He has made his own bed and he will have to lie in it."

Damon snorted and replied defensively, "Don't get me wrong now. Your man said that we were having a get-together, so my wife gave me permission to have some fun. Since they all had a woman with them, how could I come alone?"

[Chapter 243 Which Of You Has The Surname Huo](#)

Eyes fixed on Colleen, and one hand propped against her chin, the girl sitting next to Wesley explained in a low voice, "You misunderstood my relationship with Wesley. I'm not his girlfriend."

Demanding an explanation from Wesley, Colleen was irritated by his silence and the way he avoided her unblinking eyes. At long last, obviously running out of patience, she asked, "How can that be possible? You know, you're the first girl Wesley has ever brought to—"

"Colleen." Finally Wesley interrupted her. "Weren't you asking about Debbie?" he snapped, eager to change the subject.

"OK. Alright! Mr. Huo, you haven't answered my question yet." At Wesley's hint, Colleen pretended to realize she was off the topic. Promptly, she tuned her gaze to Carlos, the look in her eyes unrelenting, waiting for him to answer her earlier question.

"She's at home, expecting all the papers to be ready, so that she can go abroad," said Carlos, determined to keep everything as laconic as possible.

As he spoke, Curtis could see the gloom on his face. Of course, he knew Carlos and Debbie were still not reconciled yet. So in an attempt to broach the subject with caution, he said, "I've heard that ZL Group's business has been booming lately. The employees have been working extra hours. I hope you haven't been sleeping in your office." He added that last bit with slight emphasis. The gist of his question was to find out why Carlos had not been sleeping at home. Then he added his piece of advice. "You don't have to burst a nerve working overtime, man. If it's for money, do you think it's wise of you to drive yourself so hard at work that you don't even have time to return home?"

Hearing his question, the others exchanged a look.

Damon drew a tile and chipped in sullenly, "It's not like Carlos Huo is short of money. No! That's ridiculous. I suspect, the person driving him hard is his wife. You know how demanding some ladies can be." The tongue-in-cheek way he phrased his words left everyone in stitches. But Damon ignored the giggles and carried on. "Only she can throw him into a vortex of emotions."

Although Damon was known for his wise cracks, Curtis took him seriously on what he had just said. He discarded two dots and with a curious gaze at Carlos, inquired, "What did Debbie do to get on your nerves this time?"

Carlos took a puff on his cigarette and blew the smoke forcefully, betraying his inner tension. Amid the fumes, he opened his mouth as if to say something, but no words escaped his mouth.

Noticing that mood around the place, Megan, somewhat embarrassed, excused herself. "Uncle Carlos, maybe I should go

n idiot. Get your men back here as fast as your legs can carry you! Do you have any idea what and whom you're messing with?"

"I know who he is, but someone reported that he organized gambling. Also, there is a prostitute with him—"

"Shut the fuck up! Do I have to explain to you whoever Mr. Huo is with? You're stupid enough to jump into action without even confirming the reports you get? Who the hell came up with the idea of raising such an asshole to your position? Get the hell out of there now!"

Now with a mixture of panic and embarrassment, the young policeman looked at the four men in the booth. Resignedly, he put his gun away and replied on the phone, "Yes, Chief Li."

Before he left with his men, he looked at Wesley. Confusion was written over his tan face. "You look very familiar. Do you know Colonel Li the God of Warriors?"

Blair laughed. "Handsome, this is Colonel Li."

'This woman called another man "handsome" right before my eyes.' Wesley's face darkened.

The young policeman's eyes glistened with excitement the minute he realized he had met the God of Warriors. Instantly, he stood at attention and saluted Wesley. "It's a great honor to meet you, Colonel Li."

Wesley nodded in response.

The excited young cop wanted to get an autograph, but afraid that he might cause more trouble, two of his co-workers got him out of there quickly.

The booth finally regained its quiet. Carlos tossed the chips on the table and stood up. "Damon, you'll have to drive Megan home later."

Damon stared at the man who was putting on his coat. "Eh? We've just started. Where're you going?"

After glancing at him, Carlos replied flatly, "It seems my wife has become unbridled. I'm going home right away to deal with her."

[Chapter 244 Dont Struggle](#)

'Deal with Debbie?' Damon rolled his eyes at Carlos and snapped, "Come on, Carlos. Just admit it. You're a slave to your wife. You do whatever she wants. I guess Debbie will get you to stand barefoot on a porcupine. I'd like to come with you. See how you're going to deal with her."

Carlos was about to snap back at him when his phone started to ring. The small rectangular phone buzzed insistently on the desk. Damon looked at the caller ID—it was Emmett. Before Carlos could pick it up, Damon answered and put it on speakerphone. Emmett's anxious voice came from the other end of the line. "Bad news, Mr. Huo! Mrs. Huo went to a nightclub! She is going to buy a rent boy!"

Silence reigned in the private booth.

Everyone turned to look at Carlos. Gloom clouded his expression, but soon disappeared. He picked up his phone and asked calmly, "Which nightclub?"

"The one opposite Orchid Private Club," Emmett answered honestly.

"Okay, got it." Carlos disconnected the call and put his phone back in his pocket. He looked at the group. "You guys have fun."

Then he strode towards the door in a hurry.

Everyone looked at one another in stunned disbelief.

Curtis stood up from the couch and said, "I'd better go along, keep him out of trouble." He was afraid that Carlos might lose his head and hurt Debbie. He knew Carlos quite well, and knew that when it came to Debbie, he did lose his head quite often. Carlos was insanely jealous, and wouldn't abide a man so much as casting a lustful glance in her direction. Having a pretty wife was both a blessing and a curse for him.

Colleen, of course, stuck by her boyfriend. This was fun to Damon. He was a pleasure-seeker and decided to come with them.

Wesley was not interested in this kind of thing, and all he wanted to do was just go back home. But when he turned to Blair and saw her excited expression, he sighed inwardly and followed after his buddies. He guessed she wanted to see blood. In the end, all of them walked towards the nightclub across the street.

Of course, Debbie had a plan. She called Kasie after phoning the police with a tip-off, and they decided to meet at The No. 1 Nightclub.

Carlos once promised her that he would always have her back. But he broke that promise and hurt her, so she decided to get back at him.

She had deliberately chosen the tight black d

lowed them so that he could give them split-second service if necessary.

Carlos' eyes swept over the people in the booth. They narrowed when he caught sight of the woman leaning against a man and sipping her wine.

Despite the cold winter, the booth was quite warm. The investment in the heating system paid off. The woman was dressed in a tight black dress and wore heavy make-up. She was a sexy, spicy siren.

"Throw them out!"

he demanded coldly. Emmett gestured for the bodyguards to throw the rent boys out of the booth.

Debbie grew bolder when she saw her husband. She grabbed David's arm tightly, and snapped at Carlos, "What are you doing? You have your mistress, and I have my guy. Fair's fair!"

Although David didn't recognize Carlos, he was intimidated by his menacing aura. He told Debbie in fluent Chinese, "Miss, this man is pretty scary. I think I should jet. Hit me up later?"

Debbie rolled her eyes and snapped, "I'm not scared. You're a man! Act like it!"

Carlos was fuming mad as he thought they were flirting. That wasn't acceptable. That was his wife David was talking to.

He came up to them, grabbed David by his collar and punched him in the face. His head lolled.

"Aaaargh!" David yelled at the top of his lungs. "Help me! Help—"

Debbie immediately grabbed Carlos' arm to stop him. "Why are you hitting him? Let him go!"

The manager was frightened. He rushed over to David and said, "Don't struggle, David. Let Mr. Huo beat you. I'll pay you double your hourly rate..."

Everyone in the booth was struck speechless.

[Chapter 245 This Is Unfair](#)

Carlos cast a sidelong glance at the woman holding his arm, and then let go of David.

He shook off Debbie's hands, pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "Uncle Noel, it's me, Carlos. You may have to inspect The No. 1 Nightclub. I suspect they are engaging in organized prostitution."

The manager was shocked to hear his words. 'Dammit! We're so screwed!' he thought. Putting on a pitiful look, he pleaded, "Mr. Huo, David was wrong. Please don't be mad at him."

Carlos gave him a cold glare and said, "Get out."

The manager didn't dare disobey his orders. He shut his mouth and quickly left the private booth with David.

Only Debbie, Kasie, Carlos and his friends were left behind in the booth.

Curtis was aware that Carlos was about to teach Debbie a good lesson. To protect her, he pulled Debbie to his side and stood between her and Carlos.

"Carlos, why not let Debbie stay with Colleen for a couple of days? Her visa has been issued already, right? How about we drive her to the airport then?" Curtis offered.

Debbie was amused by the current scenario in the booth. She was now standing behind Curtis. Everyone else, except Carlos, stood behind her. Damon's date was long gone. There were nine people in the booth. And Carlos was confronting eight of them. But strength wasn't always the solution for victory.

Carlos straightened his suit and looked at Debbie, who was standing behind Curtis. "Come here!"

Debbie was not afraid of him—she was boiling over with rage. She wanted to ask him whether he had been with Megan the past week. "What do you want with me now? You can do whatever you want, but you deprive me of my lawful rights. Don't you think it's unfair?"

Carlos looked her in the eye and retorted, "It is not your lawful right to hang around with other men."

Staring defiantly at him, Debbie snapped back, "My husband is cheating on me, while I am left to stay alone at home. I can't live like that!"

"Stop your nonsense! When did I cheat on you? I was just hanging out with my friends."

"Hanging out with your friends?" Debbie sneered. "Mr. Lu has brought his fiancée along. Wesley is with hi

Adriana is such a good wife; I need to treat her well,' he mused.

'Go on reprimanding Carlos?' The others were amused by Emmett's frightened reaction.

Carlos was short-tempered, and they had never dared to offend him. But Debbie was not afraid of him at all; she was clearly throwing a tantrum in front of him. Although he tried to threaten her, she didn't give a damn.

Everyone looked at them with sheer excitement.

'Reprimand Carlos?' Debbie rolled her eyes. In a mocking tone, she told Emmett, "No, no, no. I wouldn't dare reprimand the great Mr. Huo. Why would I even try to? He always chooses other people over me. Did you know that he even filled my favorite swimming pool? Unbelievable, right?" 'And what's more...he knew I was mad at him, yet he banged me again and again while I was completely drunk. He is an asshole! A pervert!

' Carlos sighed with profound resignation. "Debbie, can you stop this nonsense? It was you who had wanted to fill the swimming pool."

Debbie was confused. "You are lying! I never said that," she snapped back.

Carlos was too tired to argue with her. He said coldly, "Let's go back home and talk."

He grabbed her wrist and tried to drag her to the door.

Debbie was startled by his sudden move. "No! I'm not going anywhere with you. Let go of me! I'm staying with Colleen!" she yelled at the top of her lungs.

She broke herself free and hid behind Colleen's back.

[Chapter 246 Debbie Gives In](#)

The livid look on Carlos' face scared Colleen stiff. If anything, she knew Carlos well enough not to cross his line.

She immediately clutched at Curtis' arm and huddled for cover behind him.

With profound resignation, Curtis patted Carlos' shoulder and tried to appease him. "Man, we both know Debbie well. She deliberately chose this club, just to piss you off. Come on! She's just acting like any other woman in a situation like this. As a man, you should try and understand."

Although Debbie was embarrassed at how her scheme plan had been so easily exposed, she still stubbornly refused to admit her fault. Instead, she tried to downplay her mistake with a joke. "Mr. Lu, you took it wrong. I came here because I knew there would be handsome rent boys around. Lately, Carlos has been drab, boring. I wanted to try someone new... Aaargh! Carlos Huo, what are you doing? Let me go!"

In the twinkling of an eye, Carlos pounced on Debbie, forcefully pulling her over from behind Colleen's back, his face dark and threatening. The look on his face alone scared the bejesus out of Debbie. 'Dammit! Why did I have to piss him off?' "Help! Help! Mr. Lu, Damon, Wesley...please somebody, help me out..."

"Shut the hell up!" Carlos wondered what had come over Debbie.

Leaning against the wall, Damon shook his hand and said casually, "For all the trouble you have caused everyone, we'll leave Carlos to deal with you whichever way he sees best. So you two had better sort out your differences without involving any of us." 'Why would anyone want to have a girlfriend as bold and reckless as Debbie?' he wondered.

Looking deeply thoughtful, Wesley spoke his thoughts out. "I can only imagine what it would be like if she had fooled any of us into her mischief."

Adjusting his glasses, Curtis chimed in with a smile, "The disagreements you two are having only prove how deeply you love each other. Colleen and I can only sincerely wish you well after this is over."

Now Debbie realized she was alone in dealing with her own mess, and no one was willing to intervene on her behalf. In desperation, she turned to Emmett. Perhaps he would be her last hope. "Emmett, please, help! If you can, please..." She paused, not knowing what to say next.

But Emmett too was careful to not meddle in the private issues of his boss. Pretending not to care about Debbie's request, he turned to Kasie instead and held her close in his arms. "Mrs. Huo, Mr. Lu is right. You and Mr. Huo are just getting to know each other. It's part and parcel of love. The only challenge is that it takes ti

t's Carlos thinking of to order for things that he and Debbie couldn't agree on?' he wondered.

"I hope my instructions are clear, Emmett," Debbie said when she realized the other end of the line had gone silent for a moment.

"Um...how about I just buy some candles?" he offered.

'Candles? What for? This is getting weird!' Debbie thought. "Are you high on something, Emmett? Okay. Whatever you're on, I hope you have gotten me clear."

"Mrs. Huo, I'm Mr. Huo's secretary," Emmett stammered. Judging from the way the party had ended, he knew Carlos was mad, and there was no wisdom in trying to side with Debbie when everyone knew she was the cause of trouble.

Meanwhile, Debbie waited, taking time in the hope that Emmett would relent. But just when she wanted to say something, Carlos snatched her phone away.

She hadn't even noticed the car stopping at a red light. That was when Carlos took the chance to stretch his hand and take the phone from her.

In frustration, Debbie slumped back into her seat and pursed her lips. She was lost for words.

Eventually, Carlos stopped the car at the underground parking lot of the hotel. Debbie, however, refused to get out.

Carlos got in the back seat, pressed himself against her and looked her in the eye. In a cold voice, he asked, "Hayden Gu, Gregory Song, and now three rent boys...Debbie Nian, are you that horny?"

"No, I'm not." She shook her head vigorously. On the contrary, she couldn't even stand Carlos' sexual needs.

With a mocking smile, Carlos raised her chin and ordered, "Wipe your lipstick off."

To which Debbie simply waved her hand in dismissal. She knew he was a clean freak and that lipstick alone was enough to turn him off.

[Chapter 247 Dont Provoke Me Again](#)

'She thinks I won't kiss her if she refuses to wipe the lipstick off? Humph! How naive!' Carlos thought. He lowered his head slowly and kissed her on the lips.

An hour later, with the lipstick mark still on the corner of his mouth, Carlos scooped Debbie up in his arms and went to the room which Emmett had booked for them earlier. She was exhausted.

There were different kinds of sex toys on the nightstand. Carlos put Debbie onto the bed, and began to study the toys.

Debbie turned over and got in between the sheets. She covered herself with the quilt, not wanting to look at the man.

But when she heard one of the toys buzzing, she couldn't keep her cool anymore. She held out her head from under the quilt and pleaded, "Carlos, I already apologized to you. Please don't torture me anymore, okay?" 'He already forced me to apologize to him back in the car, but he wants to torture me even more. What an asshole!' she cursed inwardly.

Carlos cast a cold glance at her and continued to read the manual of the toy in his hand.

Debbie was angry again.

She turned her back to him and swore to herself that she would never beg him for mercy again. When Carlos finally began to use the toys on her, she clenched her teeth, not letting out a sound.

However, after a while, she couldn't bear it any longer. She cried out and begged, "Aaargh! I'm sorry, Carlos. Please! Please forgive me. Carlos...don't..."

Carlos didn't stop, so she continued to beg, "Honey...I'm really, really sorry. Please let me go..."

Carlos was really mad at Debbie this time. He had no plans of going soft on her just because of her pleas. He thrust his finger inside her, and she cried out. He did it again and again and enjoyed her cries of pleas and pleasure. He palmed her clitoris, and she yelled out once more. He pushed inside her harder and harder. "Don't provoke me ever again, okay?"

"Okay... I won't." Deep inside, she cursed, 'Pervert! Sex freak!'

When she woke up again, she felt like she had slept for an eternity. The strong rays of the sun hit her eyes. It seemed like it was already afternoon.

She turned over to reach for her phone on the nightstand. It was ten past three.

"

r brother's information in my office. If you want to take a look at it, I'll ask Emmett to fetch it for you."

Debbie didn't respond.

Her lunch arrived. She washed her face and brushed her teeth before having her lunch quietly.

Before he headed to work, Carlos gave her a set of high-end skin care products. "These were specially made for your skin. Try them to see if you like them."

'Is this his way of apologizing?' she wondered.

She accepted the gift. After all, she would be leaving soon. She might not be able to receive gifts from Carlos in the future.

After having a warm bath, Debbie put on her pajamas and threw herself onto the bed. She just wanted to stay at home and play on her phone.

About ten minutes passed, and she received a call from an unfamiliar number.

She answered it. "Hello?"

"Debbie. It's me, Gregory."

"Oh, hi, Gregory. What's up?"

After a moment's pause, he asked, "Are you busy now?"

"No, I'm not. What is it?"

"There's a jewelry and watch exposition at the New District Exhibition Center. I happen to have two invitations. Would you like to come with me?" he offered, holding the invitations tightly in his hand. He was so nervous that his palms became sweaty.

'A jewelry and watch exposition?' Debbie already had many jewelry and watches in her walk-in closet. They were all sent to her by Carlos, and most of them were brand new. "I'm sorry, Gregory, but I don't feel like going out today..."

[Chapter 248 Let My Wife Know](#)

Debbie's sudden refusal made Gregory's heart ache, but he was reluctant to give up. "Debbie, this expo is being held by the ZL Group, and many international celebrities will be attending. Invitations are hard to come by. Emmett, Kasie, and Jared will be there as well. You'll be going abroad soon, right? Why not take this opportunity to have some fun?" After a pause, he added while feigning indifference, "If you really don't want to go, it's fine. I'll go with Colleen and her boyfriend. I hope they don't give me the cold shoulder for ruining their date."

Debbie was confused. "I thought you didn't like these kinds of activities. Why are you mad keen to go this time?"

"Oh, here's the thing. I collect watches. And this is a world-wide expo. There will be many limited-edition watches. I really need to see them in person."

Debbie began to wonder, 'It's held by ZL Group. Carlos just asked me to go to an expo with him. Is it the same?' "Will Carlos be there?" she asked.

After some hesitation, Gregory murmured, "He will be there, but..." He didn't know if he should tell her the truth. He didn't want to drive a wedge between the couple.

Debbie's heart skipped a beat when he said "but," and she asked, "But what?"

"Nothing. Didn't he tell you about the expo?" he asked curiously. The whole world would have its attention turned to the expo, and Carlos should be taking his wife to it. Yet...

"He told me, but I refused to go with him," she said honestly. Now, for some reason, she regretted having turned Carlos down.

Since Debbie had already declined Carlos' offer, Gregory didn't think she would accept his invitation.

"Well, since you want to stay home, I better leave you be. Bye, Debbie."

"Wait!" Debbie stopped him. "Gregory, did Carlos do something to you after he had seen us together at that restaurant?" On one hand, she was afraid that her petty husband would've done something to hurt Gregory. On the other hand, she sort of knew that he wouldn't because Gregory was Colleen's brother.

"No, he didn't. Carlos is always nice to me," he replied. The truth was, when the new semester began, most of the tea

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

le in Y City had gathered at the venue. The place was flowing with all kinds of people.

The jewelry and watch exposition was being held by ZL Group. The company had been preparing for this event for months. Vintage jewelry and limited-edition watches produced by the ZL Group were to be displayed at this event.

The two spokesmen at the exposition were popular international stars.

Hundreds of security guards were responsible for the security of the venue. The parking lot was occupied by luxurious cars. Some people had to park their cars about two kilometers away from the venue because of the immense crowd.

Prominent figures from various industries were pouring in—officers, businessmen, and celebrities. Men were in their best suits, and women in beautiful dresses.

When Debbie and Gregory arrived at the venue, they had to park their car a kilometer away and walk to the building.

Debbie had chosen a pair of five-centimeter stilettos to match her evening dress, which rubbed her heels all the while she walked.

Many who didn't have invitations stood outside the building. They were mostly fans of celebrities, and had come a long way to support their idols.

Gregory showed the guards their invitations, and led Debbie inside. The place was decorated extravagantly. The jewelry and watches were separated from each other by individual glass cases. There were thousands of people in the building already.

[Chapter 249 He Can Date Anyone He Likes](#)

Some people were giving interviews, while some were still checking in. Everyone wore a broad smile.

Debbie was excited; you could hear it in her voice. "Holy cow! Would you check out all the star power? Look! Isn't that Lady Jasmine from 'The Story of Yanxi Palace?' Wait..." She pointed at another handsome guest dressed from head to toe in elegant formal attire. "He...he...That's the guy from 'The Wandering Earth!'" She couldn't remember who he was, but he certainly looked like a leading man.

Gregory was amused. "Come on, Debbie. You're the most important guest today—wife of the CEO of ZL Group. It's my honor to be here with you," he joked.

Debbie gave him an embarrassed smile. The main reason she came here was to keep an eye on Carlos and his date. "Let's go find Jared and Kasie," she suggested.

She had called them before she came here. She found Jared soon enough. The girl on his arm was none other than her cousin. "Sasha!" she exclaimed.

Sasha was thrilled to see Debbie. She jumped to her and took her arm. "Deb, I knew you'd be here. I'm here with Jared."

'Sasha and Jared?' Debbie was confused. She turned to Jared, who seemed a little impatient, and asked, "I had no clue you knew each other. When did this happen?"

Jared rolled his eyes and answered, "It's all thanks to you."

"Me? Why?" Debbie was more confused.

Sasha beamed, "He was on a phone call back then, and I heard him say 'Debbie.' So I went to him and asked about it. Then we realized that we both knew you. He's a great guy." Saying that, she squeezed his hand.

"Wow, such a coincidence!" Debbie was amazed.

Jared cast a casual glance at Gregory and asked, "Why are you guys here together?"

Gregory reached out his hand and greeted him politely, "Hi, Jared."

Jared reached out, shook his hand, and nodded.

Then he said to Debbie, "I thought you'd be here with your hubby. Where is he?"

Before she could answer, the host on the stage announced, "And now to give the opening speech, here's Mr. Carlos Huo! Put your hands together, ladies and gentlemen."

Upon hearing that, everyone turned to look at Carlos, applauding enthusiastically.

Our hero was in a

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

To take her revenge, she married the man, and used him.

"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

She remained adamant even when he was involved in scandals with other women.

Eventually she stormed off after she learned that he had betrayed her again. But life brought her back to him a few years later, to his astonishment.

Debbie wanted to nod, but Gregory opened his mouth before she could reply. "You've got to be kidding, Mr. Gu. I could never have the honor to be Debbie's date on such an important occasion. We're old friends from school."

'Why is he lying?' Debbie was confused. 'Why not just tell Hayden the truth?'

Hayden gave him a smile and clinked glasses with him. No one knew whether he believed what Gregory said or not.

Despite his fiancée's presence, he told Debbie softly, "I was going to ask you to the expo, but something happened... Please choose whatever you like. It's on me."

Hayden's fiancée cast a burning glance at Debbie. Debbie cried inwardly, 'What's he trying to pull? Is he trying to get her to hate me?' When Debbie and the woman had last met at a party, she had destroyed her evening dress with a glass of wine. So she didn't need a reason to dislike Debbie. And now her date was trying to make nice with Debbie. It would come as no surprise to Debbie if she woke up to find this woman holding a knife to her throat.

Debbie took a deep breath and tried to ease the tension. "Thank you, Mr. Gu, but I'm good. My husband is here. He's got this."

Hayden, however, acted as if he heard nothing. He looked around and offered, "I saw a set of jewelry, and you'd look dazzling in it. How about we go have a look?"

Debbie's smile froze as she insisted, "No, thanks. Save your money. In fact, why don't you see how it looks on Miss Qin?"

[Chapter 250 Is Mrs. Huo That Tough](#)

Hayden stood still with a calm face and swirled the red wine gently in his glass.

As Debbie was hesitating to leave, a man swiftly walked on to the stage, a microphone in his hand. He started, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry to take up more of your shopping time..."

Carlos' voice boomed through the microphone. Again, it proved how influential he was in the city. As soon as he had started speaking, the noisy crowd turned pin-drop silent, with their eyes glued to him.

With his eyes fixed on a certain individual, Carlos flashed a smile and continued, "I would like to take this opportunity to pick a unique wristwatch for my wife, as an apology to her..."

This time, the hall erupted in an uproar. Finally, it was time to meet the mysterious Mrs. Huo! The crowd cheered and exclaimed as they scanned the hall to look for a lady who would most likely be Mrs. Huo.

Debbie's heart skipped a beat. She clutched her wine glass tightly, holding her breath.

'What in the world... is he trying to do?' she wondered, nervously.

She shifted her gaze towards the stage, only to find that he had been looking at her all this time. Their eyes met. The affection in his eyes was so evident; Debbie was completely mesmerized.

But she was nervous and worried. 'Why did he mention me all of a sudden? Is he planning to really apologize to me in front of so many people? He is a CEO! Doesn't he care about his self-esteem? Isn't this going to be a disgrace for him?' she wondered with a frown.

"Tomboy, Tomboy! Mr. Huo is going to profess his love for you in public!" Kasie exclaimed excitedly as she shook Debbie's shoulders. However, Debbie didn't take in any of her words; she wondered what Carlos was up to.

Ignoring the commotion among the guests, Carlos spoke again. "But... my wife has..." he paused and smirked before continuing, "a very short temper. I'm afraid she won't forgive me even if I give her all the priceless valuables here."

The guests grew restless. More and more spectators began to whisper to each other. Inevitably, Debbie heard the people next to her talking. "Oh, my God! Who on earth is his wife? She's so daring that she would show her anger towards Mr. Huo," a guest wondered loudly.

"Is Mrs. Huo that tough?"

"I was wondering the same. If I were his wife, I would

is so absurd!!'

Portia cursed in her mind, unconvinced by the sudden turn of events.

As everyone watched on, Carlos pulled Debbie into his arms and kissed her gently.

This caused a rumble of excitement in the hall. A round of thunderous applause, screams and whistles arose from among the guests.

Carlos broke his embrace and looked at the stunned woman. With a thin smile, he grabbed her left hand and put the watch on her wrist as he apologized, "Honey, I'm sorry. Forgive me, please?"

The watch fit Debbie's wrist perfectly because Carlos knew her size already.

Kasie pinched Debbie's arm to remind her excitedly, "Debbie, wake up! Forgive him! Come on!"

Jared had already been squeezed a few meters away from them by the cheering crowd. But thanks to his height, he was still able to see everything clearly. He exclaimed, "Debbie, forgive him! Say you love him!"

Hayden clenched his fist tightly and snapped, "What are you so excited for? She's not your wife."

"Hey!" Jared yelled angrily. He really wanted to pop Hayden in the face, but seeing the happy couple amidst the crowd, he suddenly understood why Hayden was so pissed. Jared grinned. He casually rested his arm on Hayden's shoulder and mocked, "Pal, you're only playing a walk-on part in Debbie's love story. Quit being jealous."

Hayden responded with silence.

The dumbstruck Debbie finally came back to her senses after being pinched by Kasie several times. She lowered her head to look at the watch on her wrist. It was beautiful and dazzling.