

[Chapter 251 They Were A Couple Now](#)

But Debbie wasn't intending on forgiving Carlos so easily just because he had given her a luxury watch. After all, he had been so cruel to her for the past few days. She raised her head to look into his eyes, and said in a clear voice, "I do hope I can forgive you, but you have been so insufferable lately. But, since you've spent so much money to make this watch for me, I'll accept it. But whether I'll forgive you or not depends on how you behave hereafter."

Some of the people around them who had heard Debbie's words were amused and burst into laughter; some were shocked, exclaiming loudly, and the others were just plain jealous and criticized her for being arrogant.

Carlos didn't mind at all. He kissed her hand affectionately and turned around to announce to the crowd, "This is my wife, Debbie Nian. From today, anyone in Y City who dares to go against her will become my enemy as well. I will not let anyone who hurts her off the hook!"

He revealed Debbie's identity in such a high-profile way that it made everyone understand how much he loved her. He obviously doted on her to the hilt.

And with his announcement, no one would dare offend Debbie anymore, and a lot of people would even try to butter her up.

"Mr. Huo, it seems that you've irritated Mrs. Huo yourself. So, are you going to let yourself off the hook?" a voice from the crowd asked.

There was a second's silence and then the hall erupted in laughter.

Debbie recognized Colleen's voice and looked in the direction from which it had come. She spotted Colleen who was holding Curtis' arm, a little far away from where she was.

Their eyes met. The two women smiled at each other with an air of quiet understanding between them.

Carlos raised his eyebrows at Colleen. He replied with a smile, "That's why I'm very sincerely apologizing to her in front of everyone here."

Again, the guests were dumbstruck by Carlos' attitude towards his wife. What he did and said today had subverted his usual cold public image. From now on, people would begin to see more sides of his personality—a good man, a slave to his wife, a loving husband...

The laughter and cheering came wave after wave. Embarrassed, Debbie blushed red and stared at the man beside her. "Stop it. Aren't you embarrassed?"

Carlos flashed a wide smile. "Are you still angry with me?" To make her forgive him, he had put away all of his pride and self-esteem. If she still couldn't let the past go, then he wouldn't know what to do next. He might need to consider offering a humbler apology.

"Of course I'm still an

glance at her wrist. Debbie got the hint and answered with a fake frown, "It's not too bad. I love this fragment of Martian meteorite. And for that alone, I would say I like this watch."

Her answer was nothing like he had expected. He had to admit that Debbie was really special. Most women would have focused on the diamonds, but Debbie was attracted by the Martian meteorite.

Later that night, thanks to Debbie's comment on the watch, the designer who had put forward the idea of adding the element of the meteorite in the design, was praised by Carlos and was promoted to vice design director. In fact, this designer's idea was initially disapproved by many other designers. But Carlos had liked the idea, just like Debbie had.

For the rest of the night, Carlos kept Debbie company and showed her around the exposition to appreciate the jewelry and designer watches.

Each time someone approached Carlos to talk business, he would refuse them saying that it was his private time. He enjoyed spending time bantering with his dear wife. That was far more interesting than any business deal.

Looking at a men's watch in one of the counters, Debbie faked a smile and whispered between gritted teeth, "Carlos, don't think that I've forgiven you yet. It's not that simple." Meanwhile, she was battling with herself, 'Should I buy a watch for Carlos? But these are so expensive...'

Carlos had gotten addicted to showing off their love in public. Even though there were people watching them, he still intimately rested his lips on Debbie's earlobe and whispered, "You won't forgive me? That's not what you said in bed last night. Don't you remember how you begged me to spare you? Who was apologizing to whom?"

[Chapter 252 Hows the Jewelry](#)

Debbie was embarrassed into silence. Thanks to Carlos, some x-rated scenes flashed through her mind, making her blush bright red. In a huff, she silently tried to pinch him, but to no avail. The man was so slender that there was nowhere to pinch, only solid muscle. Frustrated, Debbie faked a smile and warned him, "Get your hand off me, or I'll give you hell!"

In contrast to her anger and frustration, he felt really good after finally going public with his wife's identity. He'd been waiting for this moment for months. He'd wanted to do it long before, but Debbie didn't want all the paparazzi following her every move. She didn't want to worry about going out in public, or attending school. She didn't want to worry who was pretending to be her friend only trying to get close to Carlos and his money. For every piece of jewelry or watch that Debbie had looked at with keen interest, he would secretly signal his assistant, instructing him to buy and pack up the item. In the meantime, he kept bantering with his wife. "I'll let go if you kiss me," he teased playfully.

Debbie took a deep breath to contain her anger. She felt like a pot about to boil over, and all Carlos was doing was increasing the heat. She closed her eyes, kept the feigned smile on her face and muttered between gritted teeth, "Carlos, I'm serious. Let go of me now. My foot hurts. Do you want a high heel in the face? Imagine what a scar might do to your popularity with the girls."

When what she said sank in, Carlos frowned and loosened his grip. The next second, he squatted down in front of her and asked with concern, "Which foot?"

'My wife is hurting. Who cares about everyone else?' he thought, not in the mood to carry on with the joke now.

He reached out his hand to touch Debbie's ankles, trying to check for a wound. In the process, he kept his back straight. It wasn't hard to tell he used to be a soldier.

His sudden gesture startled Debbie. She hastily tried to pull him up. "Hey, not here. Everyone's staring!"

Seeing Carlos obediently stand up, Debbie heaved a sigh of relief. Yet he scooped her up all of a sudden.

Under everyone's shocked gaze, Carlos strode towards the lounge, carrying Debbie in his arms. No one expected the gesture, so they stared in rapt fascination as he left.

On their way, Debbie noted the crowd's reactions. When she saw some of the women glare at her with resentment, she wanted to cry. "You're doing this on purpose, old man?" she complained.

Carlos lowered his head to look at her. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you told everyone who I was. I don't remember telling you that was okay. Then you tried to make out with me in front of all the guests. And now? You carry me in your arms. In front of everyone. You have a lot of fans! Don't make them hate me out of jealousy." Debbie was well aware of Carlos' popularity. If she guessed right, they might have already hit the headlines.

Unfortunately, Debbie's

, from necklaces, chokers, and earrings to diamond-studded bracelets. A dizzying array of gems, rubies, emeralds, opals, pearls, and polished pieces of jade. Even rings and cuff links. And some of the finest timepieces expertly crafted by Swiss watchmakers. But the prices were too high.

If their husbands were as rich as Carlos, they would have already bought all of the jewelry here and brought their favorites home with them.

"And what about the watches?" Debbie continued to ask.

Again, the women replied in confusion, "The watches are great!"

"Since everything looks awesome, maybe you should spend more of your precious time appreciating them. I'm not as interesting as all that ice out there. I shouldn't be the focus here. Please!" Debbie waved at them with a smile.

"You're being modest, Mrs. Huo. You're more attractive than those jewelry and watches..."

"Yes, I think so. Mrs. Huo, are you still a student? Where do you go to university?"

Meanwhile, more and more spectators arrived, adding to the group gathered around Debbie. Debbie was on the brink of a meltdown. 'Jesus! Save me from idiots! Please!' she exclaimed in her head.

She knew it. That was why she didn't want to expose her identity. Now, where was the bad man who had let the whole world know about it? Couldn't he see that she was surrounded by a large group of people? Why didn't he come back and save her?

Left with no choice, Debbie put on her high heels again and squeezed through the crowd that had gathered in the lounge. "I'm sorry. I need to look for my friends. Please enjoy yourselves!"

She broke free of the hangers-on, practically pushing her way through the crowd. Debbie limped through the hall to look for Carlos, Kasie or her other friends.

But she didn't see any of them. Instead, she spotted Wesley and Megan.

She had no interest in talking to those two, so she walked in the opposite direction. "Good evening, Mrs. Huo!" a guest greeted her.

[Chapter 253 Marry Me](#)

"Hello, Mrs. Huo," a guest greeted Debbie.

Wherever she went, people greeted her politely. Wearing a rigid smile on her face, she nodded to each of them.

Finally, Debbie found Kasie and Sasha in front of one of the watch counters. They were happily selecting their favorite watches.

"Hey, you two—"

"Mrs. Huo, good evening!" Before Debbie could call out to Kasie and Sasha, people started gathering around her once again. Even the saleswoman at the watch counter stared at Debbie with sparkly eyes.

Debbie felt so helpless. She wanted to leave the place as quickly as possible and go back home. She didn't want to stay there any longer.

"Debbie, perfect timing! Come here! I need your opinion on something," Kasie said excitedly as she pulled Debbie closer to her. She and Sasha were confused as to which watch to buy.

Sasha looked at her cousin with so much admiration and marveled at her popularity, "Debbie, you're living an amazing life! You know, I was really interested in some of these watches, but Mr. Huo had already bought them for you before I could even get to them. I'm super jealous of you right now! Oh, when will I meet such a wonderful husband?"

Debbie was a little taken aback. 'Carlos bought me more watches? When? I didn't see him buy any, ' she wondered. Confused, she asked, "What are you saying? He didn't buy any more watches except the one on my wrist." They had been together the whole time. But she never saw him buy any other watch.

Sasha nodded firmly. "He did! I saw it with my own eyes. Every item you looked at for more than a few seconds was immediately bought for you by his assistant."

Debbie's jaw dropped. She hadn't noticed it at all. It was such a waste of money! How could Carlos squander money like it was nothing?

In an instant, Debbie turned around and ran her eyes around the hall. She was going to look for Carlos and lecture him about the importance of money.

But Kasie grabbed hold of her arm to stop her from going away. "Don't leave yet! Tell me which of these to buy first!"

Debbie quickly looked between the two watches Kasie was pointing at and chose the one on the right. "This. It fits your image and temperament."

Kasie sighed helplessly. She said, "Yeah, I thought so. I prefer this one too... But it's really expensive. My mom gave me five hundred thousand dollars, but this watch is worth seven hundred thousand."

Although she had saved some money in secret, it was still not enough to buy the limited edition.

Debbie turned to the saleswoman and inquired, "Hi ther

Emmett drew closer to her and whispered, "Honestly, I have only dated one girl in the past, but I never bought her anything. So I've saved up quite a lot after working for Carlos all these years. If you promise to marry me now, I can even buy a new house in the neighborhood next to your home."

'Marry him? Buy a house in the neighborhood next to my home? If I remember right, the price of that property is at least fifty thousand dollars per square meter.'

Kasie burst into laughter at the thought. She held his arm and teased, "Emmett, are you proposing to me? That was not formal at all. I will not say yes to such a flimsy proposal!"

Emmett put his wallet back. "You have to promise that you'll marry me first. If I formally propose to you and you say no, then I'll be so humiliated."

"You've got that backwards! If you don't propose to me first, how can I promise you anything? So you should make a formal proposal first."

"Fine, I'll do it. I'll propose, and you have to marry me. Deal?"

"Deal. You do it and then I'll maybe say yes!"

Emmett smiled and threw a glance at Debbie who was some distance away. Carlos was helping her put on the sneakers. He looked back at Kasie and said, "Mr. Huo is taking care of Debbie now. You come with me."

"Where are we going?" Kasie asked.

Emmett held her hand and led her to a jewelry counter. There were a few dazzling diamond rings inside the glass case. He raised an eyebrow and told the stunned Kasie, "Go on, pick your favorite."

Carlos apologizing to Debbie had already become the focus of that night's event. But Emmett wouldn't mind stealing Carlos' thunder and proposing to Kasie as long as she chose a diamond ring right away.

[Chapter 254 A More Reliable Man](#)

Kasie felt a warm feeling course throughout her body. She tried to stay calm and pulled Emmett closer to her, who was seriously looking at the diamond rings. "I was just kidding, Emmett! I haven't even graduated yet. I don't want to spend my school life with a baby in my belly. Don't propose to me now."

Emmett shook his head helplessly. "Kasie, you fool. We can get engaged now and we'll get married after you graduate."

His words touched Kasie. Tears threatened to fall from her reddened eyes. But she pretended to be angry and chided, "Be honest! Are you rushing your proposal just to save a meal? Our parents haven't met each other yet. Do you think I'll be taken in so easily? Humph, no way!"

The truth was that she wanted to marry Emmett as soon as possible too. But on second thoughts, she didn't want to rush things because they had only been together for a short period. After all, marriage was a huge event in a person's life, especially for a woman. She wanted to thoroughly consider this before making a final decision.

Emmett nodded understandingly. "You have a point there. I'll wait until you graduate. And then, I'll ask my parents to speak to your parents about our marriage."

Through her tear-filled eyes, Kasie saw a beautiful future unfolding in front of her. She said with a fake pout, "Then it's settled. If you don't officially propose when I graduate, you'll be a cheating dog. And if I don't say yes when you do, I'll be the cheating dog."

Emmett considered her words for a few seconds. As if waking up from a confusion, he corrected himself immediately, "You got me wrong, Kasie! What I meant was that I'd propose to you after your junior year, not your senior year! You will not be taking the postgraduate entrance exam, right? If so, let's make it earlier. I'll propose to you at the end of this semester and ask for your parents' blessing."

"What?! So soon? There's only one semester left in that case." Although she wanted to marry him soon, she felt a semester's time was too short.

"Yeah. I need to ask Mr. Huo for leave a few months in advance. I may need at least a month off to prepare for our engagement and wedding. That's to say, I won't be working in July and I'll start earning for our family from August..." Emmett kept mumbling about their plan with a serious look on his face.

Kasie glowed with happiness as she watched her man carefully plan their future. He was obviously serious about their marriage.

She had missed out on Lewis, but now, she had Emmett, a much

at her husband had run away with an old woman. So...by old woman, she actually meant me!' she thought angrily.

Olga had believed that Carlos had invited her to insult Debbie and laugh at her. But now, she realized that she had been the one who was being laughed at by the couple.

Olga was ticked off, her face contorted in anger.

As she was about to throw a tantrum, Carlos' warning came to her mind. He had earlier warned her not to offend Debbie. Olga shuddered and held back her anger.

She tried her hardest to adjust her emotion and steady her breathing. As Olga was wondering whether she should apologize or go away at once, Debbie asked again, "Miss Mi, who is shameless here? How about I call my husband and ask him for his opinion?"

Debbie thought that it was the right time to exercise her right as Mrs. Huo and get rid of her love rivals. It was now or never!

"You dare threaten me using Mr. Huo's name?" Olga flared up. She hadn't had the chance to humiliate Debbie yet, and the arrogant woman was already Mrs. Huo. How could she ever get the chance to stamp on her now?

"Carlos is my husband. Why can't I do it?" 'I should make good use of Carlos' power right now!' she thought mischievously. Debbie sat back on the sofa and continued with a broad smile, "I don't want to see any of you here. Get lost, or I'll call Carlos."

"Aunt Debbie," a voice called out.

Before those women could stand up to leave, another appeared in the lounge.

Debbie felt her head pound. She had dealt with a lot of women tonight, but now she had to handle a more troublesome, disgusting woman. 'Oh, Jesus! I'd better get up and leave!' she thought, sighing helplessly.

[Chapter 255 Shes Mrs. Huo](#)

Megan grabbed Debbie's wrist to stop her. "Aunt Debbie, are you still mad at me?" she asked with a pitiful look on her face.

She saw a group of women gather around Debbie, and she thought this was the ideal time to mess with her. She wasn't going to approach Debbie privately. Debbie was no pushover, and Carlos would back her up if she tried anything. He had backed Megan over Debbie once, but it might not always go so well.

Now Debbie was surrounded by quite a few different women, and they were all fans of Carlos. Megan decided to join them to deal with Debbie.

Debbie shook Megan's hand off and snapped at her angrily, "Yes, I am. I'm mad because you guys are like flies, buzzing around me all the time. That's really annoying."

The women were quite taken aback by Debbie's insult. You could see it from the looks on their faces.

Megan knew how to piss Debbie off, and our heroine would rise to the bait. These women were from well-off families and had been spoiled by their parents. Naturally, they wouldn't bear the humiliation quietly.

The first one to snap back was Portia. She looked down at Debbie and reprimanded her in a harsh voice, "You really think you're somebody after marrying Mr. Huo, don't you? You need to learn how to be Mrs. Huo. A Huo would have more grace and elegance."

"Hah!" Debbie laughed mirthlessly, thoroughly amused. "Who the hell do you think you are, Portia Gu? I need to learn how to be Mrs. Huo? You're dying to claim that title, aren't you? Sorry to burst your bubble. Carlos wouldn't marry you even if you were the last woman on earth."

After saying that, she carefully put the glass on the tray of a nearby waiter and stalked out of the room, leaving the furious women behind. She believed she was showing them the right mix of contempt and disdain.

Wearing an evening dress and a pair of sneakers, she was too embarrassed to wander through the crowds. The less people saw her mismatched outfit, the better. Carlos had asked her to wait for him, so she was forced to go to the garden—that was an area that had next to no one in it.

The indoor heating system worked very well. When Debbie left the building, cold air pressed against her skin. The chill raised goosebumps, and she was immediately uncomfortable.

She pulled her cloak around her with shivering hands. She let the wool do its work and keep her arms warm. The guards were at a loss. They controlled the chaos as best they could.

Debbie didn't know she had become the talk of the town. She was going to boot up Weibo or something in the garden, but Hayden had stopped her.

When she left the gates, many people immediately recognized her. Piercing screams split the air. "Look! Hey! It's Mrs. Huo!" "That's Debbie Nian! The girl who married Carlos Huo!"

Some took out their phones to compare this woman to the pictures posted by reporters at the expo. "Blue dress with petals, check! Updo, check! Round eyes... Yeah! She IS Mrs. Huo!"

"She's so pretty!"

"Mrs. Huo, such an honor. Can I get your autograph?" They all went on like that. The noise had reached a fever pitch, and Debbie had no problem hearing them, but she had trouble making out anything coherent.

She looked around to see her husband's crazy fans holding a giant luminous board with letters "Carlos Huo" printed on it.

It was the first time that Debbie had been in a situation like this. She didn't know how to respond; all she could do was smile.

She desperately wanted to leave, but Carlos' fans gathered around her and even broke through the cordon. The guards were unable to stop them as the human wave surged around them.

Debbie was instantly caught in the middle of the crowd. People took out their phones and cameras to take pictures, or set up selfies with her.

Unable to resist their enthusiasm, Debbie took a girl's pen and notebook, and signed her name on it in a serious manner.

This was the first time she'd ever signed an autograph.

[Chapter 256 Ive Been A Fan For Years](#)

The girl was one of Carlos' fans, so Debbie signed his name as well, right next to hers. She also drew a heart between their names.

Looking at her work, she flashed a broad smile and handed the pen and notebook back to the girl. "Done. I hope it's okay. My writing's a mess."

"Thank you, Mrs. Huo. Er, can I call you 'Debbie?' You're so down to earth. Thanks for the autograph!"

Before Debbie could answer, more pens and notebooks were put in front of her for her to sign. She wondered if she would get cramp in her hand before she finished.

Actually, Debbie felt a lot more comfortable and happier with these young girls. Compared to those fake women at the expo, these girls were cheerful and real. Coming from a noble family didn't guarantee that a person had a noble personality. In fact, it was often the opposite.

Suddenly, a light bulb went off in Debbie's head. With a cunning smile, she told Carlos' fans, "Well, my husband looks cold and uncaring, but he's actually a nice guy. If you ask him for autographs, I'm sure he'll do it."

"Really? If he says no, can you help us out, Mrs. Huo?"

"No problem. But he's busy right now. Not sure when he'll be done," said Debbie.

In stunned disbelief, the security guards looked at Debbie, who was busy chatting with the girls. She was so nice and unpretentious. She sounded like she was happy to be there, and they got the sense that it wasn't an act. They'd never been assigned to guard a celebrity who was so amiable and easy to approach.

And she was not just some actress or pop star, but Carlos Huo's wife.

At the expo, a security guard sprinted into the main hall and found Carlos, who was discussing business with a few guests. "Mr. Huo, your wife's being mobbed by fans..."

Carlos set his glass on a nearby table. "Thanks. I'll check it out." He then turned to Tristan. "Take your men and find two popular stars. Make it obvious they're around. Then split them up. That should keep the fans busy chasing them rather than my wife."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

Debbie's right hand became shaky after so many signatures. All of a sudden, people around her began to scream. "Aaaargh! It's Mr. Huo! Look! Carlos Huo!"

A dozen bodyguards led the way, and C

s exhausted, physically and mentally. She leaned in the back seat and closed her eyes.

Seeing her sleepy face, Carlos pulled her into his arms. "Get some rest," he suggested.

Debbie didn't refuse him. Smelling his cologne, she leaned on his shoulder and asked casually, "Why did you suddenly out us?"

With a smile, he stroked her hair and asked in reply, "Why ask that? You're not happy, are you?"

Debbie made herself more comfortable and grumbled, "That little scene back there is what I was trying to avoid. I'm still mad at you. I remember everything you did to me."

Stifling a giggle, he pinched her cheek and asked, "Really? So how do I make you happy?" Deep inside, he chuckled, 'Deb is so cute.'

"Um... We'll talk tomorrow." All she wanted right now was to sleep.

She was tired. That was a fact. The way she talked and the pale color of her face stung Carlos' heart. He decided to be still and let his wife sleep.

Thinking of Debbie's need for privacy, Carlos pulled out his phone and sent Emmett a text message saying, "Delete all news related to my wife."

He had gotten what he wanted—people now knew Debbie was his wife. He didn't think it necessary to make her life hell by having fans watch her every move.

"Yes, Mr. Huo." Emmett's reply came soon. Carlos' phone was not on mute, so the notification sound woke Debbie up.

She raised her eyes, looking at Carlos' jaw, and murmured, "Just to let you know, I cancelled our trip to the Maldives."

[Chapter 257 The Ear Studs](#)

Carlos frowned at Debbie's words. 'Looks like she is really mad at me. It was her dream to go to the Maldives, yet she cancelled the trip.'

He stroked her cheeks gently and said in a soft voice, "Well, if you say so. When we both settle down abroad, I'll take you anywhere you want."

Debbie didn't respond. She thought, 'I'll give you one more chance. If we don't fight over Megan again, I'll go anywhere with you.' Soon after, she dozed off again.

When the car arrived at the manor, Carlos scooped Debbie up in his arms, not wanting to wake her up from her nap.

But she blinked her eyes and rubbed her cheek against his chest. She murmured, "Where are we?"

"We are home." He walked towards the villa with Debbie in his arms.

Her eyes widened, and she looked around. They were indeed home. She struggled in his arms. "I'm awake now. Put me down."

Carlos obliged, and they walked to the villa together.

When they entered the living room, Debbie saw several shopping bags on the couch and asked casually, "What is this?"

A housemaid answered respectfully, "Mrs. Huo, Mr. Huo had them delivered from the expo."

Carlos took off his suit and gave it to the maid. He loosened his tie and said to Debbie, "Watches and jewelry. Why not undo the wrappings yourself and put them in your jewelry cabinet?"

It was Debbie who had once told him that women enjoyed the process of unwrapping presents. For this reason, Carlos had even asked his men to pack all those things.

Debbie immediately remembered what Sasha had told her at the expo, so she turned to Carlos. "You bought all the things that I took a fancy to, didn't you?"

She had planned to corner Carlos at the expo, but Kasie had stopped her at that time. Then she had totally forgotten about the matter.

"Hmm," Carlos replied shortly. He turned to the maid and said, "Put them in her closet."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

"Wait!" Debbie stopped the maid. She asked Carlos in a serious tone, "Can I have them returned?"

"No." Carlos caught her waist and led her up the stairs. "They are all limited-editions. Once they leave the store, they cannot be retur

ears instead and said, "I'm not throwing them away. I'll put them on, and I'll have you watch with your own eyes as I wear them."

She put one of them on and complained, "Men are all two-timers! Hypocrites! You were apologizing to me only a while ago, and you start arguing with me already. I shouldn't have trusted you."

Carlos couldn't believe his ears. 'Who is the one throwing a tantrum here?'

He grabbed her arm and demanded, "Take it off."

"Fine! I'll take it off!" she yelled. Instead of taking the ear stud off, she removed the watch which Carlos had put on her wrist, and gave it back to him.

Looking at the watch in disbelief, Carlos asked in a cold voice, "You prefer the studs to this watch, don't you? Or is it because you'll love anything as long as it is from him? You didn't even put on the diamond ring I gave you on such an important occasion. Why?" The very thought broke Carlos' heart.

Debbie didn't know how to respond. She was a bit taken aback by his question about the ring. She calmed down and lowered her voice saying, "You've gotten it wrong. The ring is just too valuable for me. Give me the watch. I'll wear it every day." She reached out to take it back, but Carlos dodged.

He put it in his pocket and turned around to leave, without saying another word.

Debbie got flustered. "Carlos!" she called out.

He paused for a second, but then kept walking towards the door.

[Chapter 258 I Have No Mom](#)

Debbie caught up to Carlos and grabbed his arm. "Give me my watch back. I'll put it and the diamond ring on every day."

"You don't need to say anything more," he said nonchalantly.

Debbie took a deep breath and said, "I'll return the ear studs to Hayden tomorrow. Believe me, I did turn him down. He put them in my purse without my knowledge."

'Hayden is such a troublesome man. I swear I'm gonna beat him to a pulp,' she thought.

Carlos shook her hands off and walked towards the door.

Debbie was taken aback by his indifference. In a feigned choking voice, she said, "Honey, I'm afraid of sleeping alone."

Carlos opened the door. But before leaving, he said, "I'll be in the study."

Debbie heaved a sigh of relief. 'Thank God! I thought he was leaving the manor.'

But it's almost time for bed. He must be mad, and probably doesn't want to spend the night with me. I must do something to appease him.'

Instead of going after Carlos right away, she took off the stud she had put on to piss him off, removed her evening dress and walked into the bathroom.

After about half an hour, she got out of her room in her pajamas. She went to the kitchen and retrieved a cake from the refrigerator.

She sliced a big piece and put it on a plate. With the cake in her hand, she went straight to the study.

Without knocking, she pushed the door open and strode in. She used to knock before, but Carlos had told her that it was unnecessary. So now, she was used to just walking in casually.

Carlos was on the phone. His expression changed when he saw her, but he looked away quickly.

Biting her lower lip, she put the plate on the desk. Slowly, she cut a small piece of the cake with the fork and brought it to his lips.

Carlos ignored it, and spun his chair around to face his back towards her.

The call was still connected. Curtis, who was at the other end of the line, was telling Carlos that he would be going to A Country and staying there for about a year. Surprised, Carlos asked, "What for?"

"We're opening a branch in A Country. I have to deal with the administration there." Curtis was not sure how long he was going to stay in A Country.

Frustrated about being ignored completely, Debbie looked at the cake in her hand and

relationship. But she had chosen to break off all relations with him instead. "Debbie, I know that I shouldn't have kept this from you. But trust me, I bear no ill will."

"I know," she said in a low voice. 'I know that he did everything for my own good, but I really can't accept anyone from that family.'

"Debbie, your mom didn't abandon you on purpose," he said softly. 'Ramona had her own reasons for doing that.'

"I have no mom!" Debbie yelled into the phone at the top of her lungs. She lost it when Curtis mentioned her mother.

Bitterness flooded Curtis. He never thought that Debbie hated Ramona so much. He tried to coax her, "Okay, okay. Please don't be mad. Listen to me. Let's just pretend that none of this happened, and live happily like always. Okay?"

'Live happily like always? I see that woman on TV every day. How can I pretend like nothing has changed?

It's lucky that I'm leaving this country...' An idea suddenly popped into her mind. She wanted to call Carlos and tell him that she never wanted to come back to Y City, ever again.

Without answering Curtis' question, she hung up abruptly.

After a few moments' consideration, she called Emmett. "Is everything ready for my departure?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Huo. Everything is ready. Zelda is booking a ticket for you to England for the day after tomorrow," he replied.

Closing her eyes, she said, "I want to get on a flight to England tomorrow."

"What?! Mrs. Huo, is something wrong?" he asked in disbelief.

[Chapter 259 A Love-hate Relationship](#)

"Nope. Just book the ticket for me. Oh, and don't tell Carlos," Debbie said into her phone. She was now in a thoroughly bad mood, and her mind flashed back to the scenes of the painful memories of her and Carlos bickering over Megan. All these scenes were on repeat in her brain—all the times they clashed over one woman. And that wasn't all. Hayden had been bugging her—practically stalking her, and the Huo family members hated her on top of all that. She needed a break from the hate, the fighting, the bad feelings...all of it. All she wanted to do was fly to England alone.

Words failed Emmett. He knew Carlos would beat him to a pulp if he honored Debbie's request.

Carlos was often busy at work, but he was going to take the morning off and drive Debbie to the airport. She was supposed to leave the day after tomorrow.

But Emmett had a hard time turning Debbie down. She was always nice to him, and he found himself liking her. So he decided to do as she said.

When Carlos got home in the evening, Debbie wasn't there. He called her, but he got Kasie instead. When he asked her to put his wife on the phone, she replied, "No can do, Mr. Huo. Debbie's in the ladies' room."

"Okay. Where are you?"

"We...we're at the restaurant. You know, Debbie's taking off soon. We're giving her a farewell dinner," Kasie answered with the utmost care.

"Which restaurant?"

"A hotpot restaurant on Tenth Street," she said honestly.

After hanging up, Carlos descended the stairs, got into his car and drove towards the restaurant. Something didn't feel right; something bugged him. There was a tickling in the back of his brain.

When Debbie came back to their private booth, Kasie had just hung up on Carlos. "Hey Tomboy, your husband just called. Why not call him back?" She held out Debbie's phone. Debbie took it and unlocked the screen.

'Carlos called?' She checked the time on her phone. 'It's only 7 p.m. Why's he off so early?'

She sat back in her seat, chatting with her friends, but her thoughts were far away. She kept wondering what Carlos had called her for. She thought about it for a half hour, and finally it bothered her enough. She call

-possessive Mr. Huo would let Debbie study abroad with another man? She's going to England, while Dixon is going to America."

Dixon nodded and told them everything. Carlos saw a lot of potential in him, so he decided to send him to some college in America. As his sponsor, he had a lot of influence.

Carlos was a smart businessman, and he wouldn't gamble on a losing proposition.

So he offered Dixon a long-term contract. After Dixon graduated, he would go to work for ZL Group. They'd haggle over exactly where later on. His contract was for fifteen years, but at least he wouldn't be job-hunting after college.

Kasie looked at Debbie, her mouth agape. "Fifteen years? That's a long time, Tomboy. Your husband had him sign a slave contract."

After a moment's consideration, Debbie asked Dixon, "What about the salary?"

'If they didn't agree on the salary, Dixon might be in for it. After all, Carlos is a shrewd businessman, ' she thought.

Like he could read Debbie's mind, Dixon gave her a smile and nodded, "We've already talked about it. If I do well, Mr. Huo will start me off as his personal assistant. That's thanks to our friendship." He took a drink and continued, "If I don't do well, I'll start at the bottom and try to work my way up. Then my salary will be the same as everyone else's."

It was not easy to get on with ZL Group. Their starting wages were double anyone else's. To Dixon, Carlos did him a huge favor.

[Chapter 260 Dont Yell At Her](#)

"Personal assistant? That's Emmett's job. Dixon, you should be careful. Carlos is hot-tempered and hard to deal with," warned Debbie. She didn't mind speaking ill of her husband at all.

Dixon gave her a friendly smile and said, "I will do my best. I believe Mr. Huo won't lose his temper for no reason. Don't worry about me, Tomboy."

Kasie patted Debbie's shoulder and joked, "How dare you speak ill of your husband! If he finds out, he'll teach you a good lesson."

Debbie cast a sideways glance at her and laughed out loud. "He wouldn't dare. I can knock him down with just one punch." She was a little tipsy, and hence the bragging.

The rest of them chuckled. Kristina exposed her boast. "Stop bragging, Tomboy. We still remember you complaining about Mr. Huo's mastery of martial arts."

Before Debbie and Carlos got together, she had always complained to her friends saying that she would've thrown him into the ocean a hundred times over if she were stronger than him.

With an embarrassed smile, Debbie said, "Kristina, you really don't love me anymore. All you care for is Dixon. You've betrayed me!" With a pout, she lay in Kasie's arms, staring at Kristina with reproachful eyes.

Kristina picked up a piece of beef omasum and put it onto Debbie's plate. "Honey, stop talking nonsense. I love you. Eat this. It's so crunchy!"

The instant-boiled beef omasum was Kristina's favorite food. Debbie loved it as well. She flashed a broad smile and ate it in a gulp.

She felt much happier after laughing and talking with her friends.

However, the topic was somehow brought back to her studying abroad again.

Jared grabbed Debbie's hand and told her in a serious tone, "Tomboy, we've been friends for so many years. I really, really can't accept that you're going away. How about this? I'll tell my dad that I want to study in England as well. We can be together again."

Debbie's heart sank at his words; she wasn't willing to leave her friends behind either. Stifling her sobs, she picked up a piece of beef for him and said, "Just eat your food and stop joking. If you go to England with me, Carlos will beat you to a pulp."

Jared's face darkened. "Then what will I do? Ar

ou can't be more excited to go abroad, can you?" His voice was dripping with so much sarcasm that Debbie couldn't bear it any longer.

Debbie and Jared were about to exchange real blows. Their friends immediately pulled them away from each other. Luckily, the private booth was soundproofed. The other guests had no idea what was happening inside the booth.

Debbie shook Kasie's hands away, and grabbed Jared by his collar. "You want me to leave as soon as possible, right? You were only lying when you said you didn't want me to leave."

Jared didn't deny what she had said. Instead, he yelled, "Oh, yes! Leave soon. You better go to your dear husband. I don't want to see your face right now. Let go of me! You want to fight? I'm no match for you, but I won't let you off so easily either."

Unable to hold back her anger anymore, Debbie raised her fist and threw it at Jared's shoulder.

Jared was about to fight back, but Dixon dragged him backwards so that he wouldn't make contact with Debbie.

Sasha thought that they were fighting over her, and burst into tears. "Deb, I'm sorry. This is all my fault. I shouldn't have come with you." 'They are best friends, yet they are fighting because of me...'

"Sasha, don't cry. This has nothing to do with you. He is an ass. I need to teach him a lesson today!" Debbie said. She shook Kasie and Sasha off again and pounced on Jared.

"Dixon, let go of me!" Jared yelled. Dixon released Jared immediately.