

TMBA 271

[Chapter 271 My Wife Is Crueler Than Me](#)

"All right, you said it! Do keep your word. Actually, I just came up with an excellent idea!" Debbie looked at Carlos with a sparkle in her eyes.

He grinned broadly. "You do know how to seize the moment."

"Of course! It's such a golden chance." Deep down, Debbie knew that Carlos spoiled her very much and allowed her to do whatever she wanted. But when it came to matters of Megan, it was hard to tell whether he would agree with her or not. So she wanted to take this chance to reach some sort of agreement with him.

"Tell me."

"Okay. Since you've arranged for me to study abroad, I think it's only fair that you send Megan abroad too. See? You've sent me to England and Dixon to America. So you should throw Megan to some remote, poor country far away from all of us."

Carlos was at a loss for words. 'My wife is crueler than me,' he thought to himself, smirking.

Debbie didn't really want to drive Megan away to some remote country. As long as Megan stayed away from Carlos, any country was fine with her.

If Megan kept pestering her husband, Debbie was afraid that she would snatch him away sooner or later.

Carlos pondered about it for a moment. Then he said, "Since this semester has already begun, let her finish it. I'll send her to A Country after her final exams." Wesley was originally from A Country. The Li family was rooted there, so Wesley and his family could take care of Megan if she went there.

Now that Carlos had made an appropriate decision, Debbie thought she'd better stop asking for too much. She nodded happily and kissed his cheek. "Honey, you treat me so well."

Carlos pinched her cheek lovingly. "You're my wife. A husband is bound to spoil his wife, right?"

A happy smile crept over Debbie's face. She pulled him closer, pressed his head against her chest and patted him as if comforting a child. "Rest assured, I feel the same way. I'll love you for the rest of my life."

Carlos took the opportunity to run his fingers on her chest and kissed her neck. Startled by his movement, she protested, "Hey, behave yourself. You are wounded. Lie down. I'll give you a massage."

He raised an eyebrow. "Massage? When did you acquire such skills?"

Debbie pulled away from his arms and made him lie down on the bed. As she adjusted the height of the bed, she replied calmly, "I never said I had any special massage skills. I'll just...casually help you relax your muscles a little."

Carlos sighed, shaking his head helplessly.

Debbie took his right arm and began massaging it as she muttered, "Thank you, Mr. Huo, for your dedication to t

e no threat to Megan's life after that."

This was supposed to be confidential information which Wesley had given him in secret. Carlos hadn't intended on telling her, but to soothe Debbie, he had no choice but to tell her part of the truth.

If they could eliminate all physical threats around Megan, Wesley and Carlos would be more relieved, and they wouldn't need to be around Megan to protect her anymore.

Through her blurry eyes, Debbie asked, "The right time? When is that?"

"If things go well, it should be next month." 'Or sooner, ' he thought.

He would have been on his way to finish off those gangsters if Debbie hadn't come back without notice.

"Hmm..." Debbie sniffed. She completely believed his words, without realizing his true intentions.

Carlos tightened his arms around her. It took him quite a while to finally stop her tears.

In the end, they both fell asleep in each other's arms.

Debbie spent the night at the hospital to keep him company. She had wanted to ask Carlos about the incident of James adding birth control pills in her food. But throughout the night, she couldn't find a chance to ask him about it.

She had already argued with him over Megan, so she didn't want to stir up more matters to annoy him. She understood that Carlos must be stuck between a rock and a hard place. After all, it was his own father. Under no circumstances could he deal with his father like how he dealt with his rivals in business.

Even if Carlos was ready to punish James ruthlessly, Debbie wouldn't agree to it. The last thing she wanted was for Carlos to turn his back against his family because of her.

But little did Debbie know that Carlos had already had a terrible fight with James.

[Chapter 272 Because My Husband Cares About Me](#)

The next afternoon, as Debbie drowsily lay next to Carlos, her phone suddenly rang, jarring her awake. She grabbed her phone and saw that it was from an unknown number.

Since Carlos was working on the bed, she didn't want to interrupt him. She got out of bed and walked to the corridor to answer it. "Hello?"

"Hello, is this Mrs. Huo?"

"Yes, who's asking?"

A few minutes later, Debbie returned to the ward and threw a glance at Carlos, who was having a video conference. She silently opened her suitcase and selected a set of light-colored clothes and her cosmetics bag before going into the bathroom to freshen up.

Half an hour later, Carlos saw her come out of the bathroom, wearing delicate make-up. He was about to ask her where she was going, but she paid no attention to him. Without giving him so much as a glance, she grabbed her handbag and walked towards the door.

"Wait!" Carlos said and paused the video conference.

Debbie turned to look at him. "What's up?"

"Where are you going? Why are you wearing make-up?" he asked curiously. 'Is she dressed well to meet a man?' he thought angrily.

Remembering the phone call earlier, Debbie could hardly force a smile. "Tell you after I come back."

Ignoring his glare, she turned around and left.

Debbie arrived at a crowded street in downtown and got out of the car. It was already five minutes later than the agreed time. Entering a cafe, she quickly walked upstairs as per the instructions given by the woman on the phone earlier.

There was only one person sitting at a table on the second floor. She looked quite pretty and was around the same age as Debbie. She was wearing a red dress and a white coat, along with soft flats. She had some light make-up on her face.

As soon as the woman spotted Debbie, she stood up. Debbie noticed the slight baby bump. 'She's indeed pregnant...' Debbie confirmed in her mind.

The woman took the initiative to greet Debbie. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Huo."

Instead of feeling raged, Debbie was actually amused as she stared at the woman who claimed to be Carlos' mistress. She wondered if all mistresses nowadays were this shameless to blatantly challenge a legal wife. Besides, this woman had played her cards well. Debbie had just returned to Y City the day before, but this woman was able to get wind of the information and had even managed to contact her.

Debbie took a glance at the glass of orange juice on the table and apologized politely, "I'm sorry for being late. I don't think I know you."

"It doesn't matter that you don't know me; Mr. Huo knows me very well," she said outright. As she spoke, she took out a few photos from her h

I don't want to continue with this charade anymore. So, let me tell you the reason why I haven't gotten pregnant all these years. It's because... Carlos is sexually impotent. Then tell me, how can you be pregnant with his baby?" Debbie burst into a wild howl of laughter after making up the story.

The woman was stunned, her mouth agape. Shocked by the news, she stammered, "You... Are you trying to fool me?"

"Fool you? Why would I? Do you know what Carlos did before becoming a businessman?"

"Yes..." Everyone in Y City knew that Carlos had been in the Special Force.

Pulling a sorry face, Debbie asked her, "Then you should have heard about his story with Megan too, right?" 'Of course, I know! Megan Lan, the lucky woman who has always been under the protection of

the four most respectful men in Y City. Everyone knows about it!' the woman thought, eager to know more.

After a pause, Debbie continued, "You see, when Carlos and Wesley were on a mission, a gangster stabbed a knife in his...you know... and cut his..." She let the sentence go unfinished, but the woman's eyes widened. "It was such a tragedy. Carlos was in great pain and the gangster tried to kill him. It was then that Megan's parents saved his life. From then on, he and Wesley have been treating Megan so well. Curtis Lu and Damon Han are Carlos' good friends, so they protect Megan too."

Debbie narrated the fictional story with such pleasure while the woman listened with keen interest. In the end, the woman muttered to herself, "No wonder Mr. Huo has never dated any woman..." With a look of pity, she said to Debbie, "This is all so shocking. How did you manage to live for three years with an impotent husband? I bet it gets really lonely every night, since your needs are not satisfied."

[Chapter 273 Divorce Mr. Huo If Possible](#)

'Lonely? Not at all! Carlos would rape me every night if he could,' Debbie thought as she listened to the woman's words. In a flash, images of Carlos ever demanding more sex flooded her mind. Not that she didn't enjoy it entirely. If anything, it was a thrill whenever she was into it. Having a man with the insatiable sex drive was the real deal. It was only a bother on the few occasions when they couldn't agree. And although they had been having unnecessary disagreements lately, sometimes, she still fantasized about him. But today, she wasn't going to act obvious, so she feigned a sad face and lied through her teeth, "Yes, I'm so lonely every night. In fact, I'm even ready to charge it to the game, if bad comes to worse. For the better part, we've lived true to our nominal couple status. Never has been about sex, nor have we ever been so deeply involved emotionally. Somehow, I suspect, I'd have divorced him long ago, were it not for his wealth!

That's how dismal the reality looks between Carlos and I, as we speak!" That was quite a show Debbie was putting on. Even Megan, the gang leader of all hypocritical bitches, wouldn't have had a thing on Debbie's act tonight.

Blown away by how her scheme panned out, Debbie didn't even notice a waiter serving her a glass of water.

The waiter panicked when he overheard the sleazy details about Mr. and Mrs. Huo. Ashamed of looking like a snitch, he quietly, carefully placed the glass on the table, and fled away, back to his station downstairs.

"Oh, sorry. I bet, being you would suck the life out of me," the pregnant woman sitting opposite Debbie said sympathetically. Stretching her right hand to stroke Debbie's, which was resting on the table between them, she comforted, "Mrs. Huo, you're still young. You have a long life ahead of you. Personally, I suggest you should divorce Mr. Huo if possible!"

'This lady really thinks I want a divorce?' Debbie grinned and shot to her feet. She had achieved her goal. There was no need for her to pretend anymore.

The pregnant woman was surprised by Debbie's impulsiveness, but Debbie did even worse. The woman had ordered a glass of fruit juice, but she had barely touched it as she spoke to Debbie. In one fell swoop, Debbie grabbed the glass of juice and doused the woman's face. The woman could only stare in

disbelief. But Debbie coldly taunted, "So you think you're a better match to Carlos than me? Have you ever looked at yourself in the mirror and wished you could lose some of that ugly flab?"

Now aware that she had been fooled, the pregnant woman yelled, "Oh, such miserable, bitter loser. You came here to pick a fight with me over Carlos, and you had to beat around the bush, thinking you'd fool me?"

Debbie raised an eyebrow. "Go on. Bitch around all you want. But you better learn not to meddle in other people's affairs. In fact, I'm not lonely. Not at all! I may need to get him some more women to satisfy his needs. But since I love him so much, I won't do that! Even if he wants to sleep around with other women, it won't be a fat and ugly woman like you. You should be ashamed of

self? Didn't you punish the woman already? These photos were deliberately taken in some angles. And the baby's father is Lewis. But you knew you and I still have a bone to chew?" In fact, soon after Debbie left the cafe, someone had already reported everything to Carlos.

Debbie was shocked. 'How...how did he get to know this?' she wondered. Unwilling to concede, she ignored his assertion and carried on, "No... Anyway, if you hadn't taken her to the banquet, how would such things have happened?"

"Honey, you wronged me. It was just an arrangement by the host and I only did it without any serious intentions. It was kind of trying not to be a party-pooper. A matter of etiquette, or something like that. You know me well. I've never been unfaithful to you, right?" When Debbie didn't answer, he continued, "You tricked the woman into telling you the truth, and then you smacked her. Now, you're purposely throwing a tantrum, afraid I might get even with you. Am I right?"

Debbie was lost for words. 'Oh! My excuses have been so easily uncovered.' After a while, she finally found her voice again. "You had someone stalk me?"

Carlos tore up the photos into pieces and threw them to the trash can. "My wife was dressed so nicely before going out. Of course I had to have someone stalk you and report everything to me. What if you had gone to meet a man? Did I get it wrong?"

He must have seen through her. Feeling both angry and embarrassed, Debbie flew her fist towards Carlos' chest, but he quickly caught it and pulled her into his arms in the process. He whispered in her ear gently, "Honey, I'm glad that you trust me."

Debbie blushed red. She said with a pout, "Who said I trusted you? You have so many women around you every day. Be honest, did you see something that you shouldn't see when you were with that woman?" She wanted to ask him if he had touched that woman or done anything intimate with her. But she didn't dare to ask him bluntly, so she beat around the bush to raise her question.

"What do you think?" Carlos answered her with a question.

[Chapter 274 My Wife Is Very Strict](#)

'How would I know that?' Debbie thought. With a pout, she scoffed, "If you ask my opinion, I would say yes. Men with power and money tend to enjoy fooling around with women. You're no exception!"

Carlos smirked. "I don't care for such petty things. Plus, my wife is very strict. How could I dare fool around with other women?"

Debbie grinned broadly. In a gleeful voice, she said, "That sounds better."

The issue was temporarily solved and Debbie soon forgot about it. But the whole matter was not as simple as it had seemed.

Carlos had someone look into the issue and check the background of that pregnant woman. After some digging, he found out that there was a backseat driver behind the scenes, someone who had instructed the pregnant woman to stir up trouble between him and Debbie. But he was yet to figure out who that person was. The investigation was still on going.

In the meantime, a rumor was spreading like wild fire around Y City.

The talk of the city was that Carlos, the omnipotent CEO, was actually sexually impotent, and that his wife was lonely every night because he wasn't capable of giving her any kind of pleasure in the bedroom.

This shocking news went viral within a few hours, and even before the next day came, everyone in Y City was already talking about it.

Inside the hospital ward, Debbie was overwhelmed by unease. Each time she made eye contact with the sullen man, her heart skipped a beat and she instantly looked away.

'Crap! What should I do? He looks really angry. Should I butter him up?' she wondered nervously.

She decided to take some action to cool him down. "Honey, thirsty? Or are you hungry? How about I cook a meal for you myself?" she asked cautiously.

Carlos glared at her without budging even a little. He didn't utter a single word.

"You know, I've learned some cooking from Ethel in England. My skills have improved dramatically. Do you want to give it a shot?" Debbie tried to coax him.

Her words had some effect on him, but not in a way she wanted. His face changed abruptly at the thought of the terrible food Debbie had cooked the last time. "No," he refused bluntly.

Debbie had a gut feeling that it'd be better if she stayed far away from Carlos at the moment, considering how mean this man could be. After all, she was the one who had started the rumor, and on top of that, she had talked poorly of his sexual capacity. He wouldn't let her off easily.

As she was getting ready to flee, the door suddenly flew open. In came a laughing Damon, who blurted out in a surprised tone, "Oh, my God! Carlos, why didn't you tell me about this before? How could you let Debbie be so lonely every night for the past three years?" He turned

his head to look at her. Instantly, he understood what had happened.

"I did remind him. But he drove me out of the ward," Damon said innocently.

Earlier, when the couple were busy making love, he had gone upstairs to find his friend who was a doctor there, and had been busy talking to him for almost two hours before coming back again. He thought that two hours should be enough for the couple.

When he had returned, they were done. But everything inside the ward had been a complete mess. After taking a look at Carlos' pale face and the blood on his clothes, he had burst into fits of laughter.

He had even mocked him by saying, "I told you not to get too excited. See what happened now! What's with all this blood on the sheet? And look at you! You look like a pregnant woman after a difficult labor!"

Carlos had coldly glared at him without saying a word. Shortly after, Curtis had arrived.

Curtis looked around the ward in search of Debbie. "Where's your wife?" he asked Carlos. The doctor was applying some ointment on his wound at the time.

Carlos looked at the closed bathroom door. Debbie had been hiding in there ever since they had finished making love.

Curtis followed his gaze and looked towards the bathroom. He smiled understandingly. Sitting opposite Carlos, he asked with a grin, "Um... I heard a rumor that had been going around Y City all day. What the hell is that all about?"

With his eyes fixed on the bathroom door, Carlos replied calmly, "Ask her yourself."

'She started the rumor, so she has to shoulder the responsibility for clearing the misunderstanding,' Carlos thought with a frown.

Curtis chuckled under his breath. "You two are indeed a weirdly hilarious couple. And anyway, I have no doubts about your capability in bed after seeing this upside-down ward."

[Chapter 275 Shes Indeed Scary](#)

"You better believe it. Otherwise I would've just bled in vain!" Carlos said to Curtis. The news that Mr. Huo had sex with his wife in the ward, causing his wound to bleed again, soon spread to everyone on the VVIP floor of the inpatient department. Although he was aware of the shock he had brought to everyone, Carlos didn't mind at all, nor did he feel embarrassed about it.

As Carlos talked to Curtis, the doctor silently finished bandaging his wound. In a frightened voice, he cautioned, "Mr. Huo, the wound rupture is severe. You've lost a lot of blood again. Please do be careful."

He nodded slightly to the doctor, and told Curtis, "Drive Debbie to the manor before you go home." Since his wound was worse now, it was impossible for him to be discharged from the hospital that day. Even if he wanted to leave, the embarrassed woman hiding in the bathroom wouldn't allow him to. He might have to stay for another two days.

Damon had been laughing the whole time. He teased, "Why? Are you afraid that you might lose control of yourself again and die on top of your wife?"

Carlos swiftly grabbed a cushion from the sofa and threw it at Damon. It hit him right in the face.

Damon yelled, "Hey asshole! Debbie, come out now! Get a leash on your husband."

Debbie had been listening to their bantering as she stood in the bathroom with her hands covering her red hot face. She didn't dare utter a word or respond to their teasing.

"Are you gonna stay alone here?" Curtis asked with a raised brow.

Carlos nodded. "I don't mind. She's been attending to me since she returned from England." He was afraid that Debbie might get bored. He remembered how she had resisted staying in the hospital last time.

But that was not the only reason. He knew that she would be pissed if she found out about their plan for that night. He was painfully aware that if he acted first and asked for forgiveness later, it would anger her even more. But he was also certain that if he told her now, she wouldn't allow him to run into anything dangerous in his current condition. So after much consideration, he figured it would be best to keep it a secret from Debbie for the moment.

Curtis stood up and tidied his clothes. He walked to the bathroom door and knocked. "Debbie, come out. The doctors and nurses have left."

Debbie was baffled. 'The doctors and nurses have left, but you and Damon are still there...' she thought, as she blushed.

After hesitating for a while, she came out slowly. She had already taken a shower and had changed into new clothes. Her face was as red as a tomato

and was instantly replaced by a serious look. He turned to Carlos and persuaded in a stern voice, "Carlos, you don't have to join the action tonight. Wesley and I can handle it."

He was well aware that Carlos had deliberately found an excuse to make Debbie leave.

He didn't want to worry Debbie.

Carlos lit a cigarette. "I need to be there too. One more person joining in the action will increase the chances of winning the battle. I want to get this over with, once and for all." Deep down, he didn't wish to get hurt again in the process of protecting Megan, making Debbie angry and worried.

They would have already taken action to finish off the enemies if Debbie hadn't come back from England all of a sudden. Their plan had already been delayed.

It would become more difficult to fight those gangsters if they didn't take prompt action.

Damon took out his phone and looked at the message which Wesley had sent to him earlier. "Wesley has planned everything well and has already set a trap for them. If everything goes well, we will be able to take about a hundred men along with us to root the gangsters out. We will surely succeed. You stay here and get well."

Instead of responding to his concern, Carlos changed the subject. "Where's Megan? How's she doing?"

"She is awake. But she's scared of your wife, so she wouldn't dare come anywhere near you at the moment." Damon shrugged. He was impressed by how Debbie had become a beast in Megan's eyes, although she looked like a beautiful angel. Now, whenever Debbie's name was mentioned, Megan would be stricken with fear.

Carlos smiled tenderly as he thought of Debbie. "Yeah. She's indeed scary..."

'Even I'm scared of her, aren't I?' he thought.

[Chapter 276 She Is Your First Love](#)

Damon rolled his eyes at Carlos and taunted, "Man, look at you! You are like a teenager who has found his first taste of love." He paused and then realized something. He stared at Carlos, whose face was still pale from the blood loss, and asked in disbelief, "Wait! She IS your first love, isn't she?" 'Carlos Huo, the CEO of a multinational group, has fallen in love for the first time at 28!' he thought, his mouth agape.

"You're so noisy! Get out!" Carlos demanded coldly.

"What? You're pissed because I guessed it correctly, huh? Fine. I'm leaving! Humph! I am not gonna tell you when we start the action this evening." Damon stood up and walked towards the door. "By the way, I will be super busy for the next few days and will have absolutely no time to check up on you. You'd better be nice to me while I'm still here."

Carlos ignored him completely. He unlocked his phone and clicked on his contact list.

Damon was pissed off by his cold attitude and turned around to give him a burning look before he left the ward.

After leaving the hospital with Debbie, Curtis drove her to the Shining International Plaza.

Debbie was too worried about Carlos to pay attention to where they were going. When she snapped back into reality, she saw that they had reached the entrance of the plaza.

"Buy whatever you like and put it on Damon's tab. He is loaded. Why not trim the fat off the cat?" Curtis said softly with a smile.

Debbie shook her head. "No, there's really no need for that. Carlos has already bought so many clothes and shoes for me, and some of them are still brand new. Damon has a family to support now."

She had only been kidding when she had agreed to go shopping and let Damon pay the bills.

"You don't want to go shopping alone, do you? I can keep you company," Curtis offered. He pretended to not know the real reason why she wasn't looking forward to having any fun.

'Why is he insisting that I go shopping?' Debbie thought. "I don't feel like going shopping now," she told Curtis frankly. Her husband was seriously injured. She just wanted to go back to the manor and make some nutritious food for him.

"Why don't you buy something for Carlos? It is not Zelda but you who is responsible for buying clothes for him now, right?"

'Seriously? He knows everything going on between me and Carlos, ' Debbie sighed inwardly. "He has many new clothes as well. I don't t

los.

She had done it in a fit of rage. She hadn't thought hat Carlos would dig out the truth so soon.

Her eyes brimmed with tears as she yelled at Hayden, "Why would Carlos Huo fall in love with a woman who was dumped by you? I thought a CEO like him would have better taste in women. Is he blind? What's so good about her? She must have seduced him with her fake innocence!" She couldn't accept the reality. She hated to admit that Carlos preferred Debbie over her.

Hayden poured a glass of water for her and said casually, "Deb is a good girl. You are blinded by hatred." He really felt sorry for Debbie; his sister and mother had mistreated her.

"She's a good girl? Hayden, I'm your sister! She once cut my precious hair and slapped me before so many people. No one had ever dared to do such a thing to me! She used to suck up to me. And now, she's so arrogant because she's Mrs. Huo. I swear I'll make that title mine. Hayden, you still love her, don't you? How about this? We'll figure out a plan to destroy their marriage." Portia grabbed Hayden's arm and looked at him with a hopeful expression in her moist eyes.

Hayden pulled away from her and said coldly, "She's married to Carlos Huo, not Emmett Zhong. You want me to fight against Carlos? Are you crazy?" He had tried to steal Debbie from Carlos more than once. But whatever he did, Carlos would find out immediately and get back at him with no delay.

Portia crashed into a nearby couch, frustrated. The very thought that Debbie was Carlos' wife was torture to her. She had no appetite and she could barely fall asleep at nights.

[Chapter 277 Jared And Sasha](#)

"Hayden, do you know how Debbie managed to get married to Mr. Huo?" Portia asked angrily. She hated that Debbie could easily live a life that she had dreamed of. 'And he spoils her so much. Everyone in Y City...no...in the world knows Debbie is Mrs. Huo and how much Mr. Huo loves her.

She must have saved the world in her previous life. What else could explain her never ending streak of luck?' Portia thought to herself in dismay. Not long ago, she had dreamed of marrying Carlos. But then, he had made his confession to Debbie in public at the expo.

Exasperated by her outburst, Hayden tried to coax his sister, "It doesn't matter how she managed to become Mrs. Huo. It has nothing to do with you. Mr. Huo will never marry you. Just go back home and behave yourself. If you don't, he has many ways to wipe you out. Portia, I'm your brother. I don't want to see you get hurt. So, don't do anything stupid."

With her arms crossed over her chest, Portia sneered and retorted stubbornly, "Behave myself? And did you behave yourself? If you had, then Mr. Huo wouldn't have dealt a blow to the Gu Group and it wouldn't have been at risk now. Even you allowed your emotions to get the better of you. You are not qualified to lecture me about the way I behave!"

"Debbie and I used to be lovers. What about you and Mr. Huo? You two are not even on friendly terms with each other. Yes, he did attend the fashion show and the expo with you. But that doesn't mean he has a thing for you. Otherwise, he wouldn't have shut you out of the entertainment circle without any mercy. He is ruining your career for Debbie's sake, and he doesn't give a shit about it."

Hayden took a sip of the water to moisten his sore throat and then continued, "Do you still believe that you are somehow special to him? If you two meet on the street, he won't even cast a glance at you." Hayden knew how cold and uncaring Carlos was.

He also knew how much Carlos spoiled Debbie.

He loved Debbie to the core of his being, and wouldn't give her up for the world; he knew that now. He didn't want his sister to feel the same pain as he did. Not to mention, Carlos and Portia were merely strangers. He didn't think Portia loved Carlos. He knew his sister well—she loved Carlos' money and power.

"NO! I AM special to Mr. Huo. I'm sure he has a thing for me. The
Did you know that?"

The news didn't come as a surprise to Debbie. About ten days after she had gone to England, Sasha had given her a call to ask her how Jared had initially formed his relationships with his ex-girlfriends.

And what had Debbie told Sasha back then?

She had told Sasha that Jared had slept with all of them first and then gotten into relationships with them. Debbie had also warned her against falling in love with Jared because he was a playboy and had too many ex-girlfriends.

Jared was a loyal friend, but he was a terrible boyfriend.

Debbie was curious to know what had happened between Jared and Sasha, so she asked, "I thought you didn't like her. You even called her 'a pest.' How did you two get together?"

"I know how that happened, Tomboy," Kristina chipped in before Jared could answer.

He tried to stop Kristina from saying it, but she hid behind Kasie's back and said in a hurry, "He slept with Sasha, and he had to take responsibility for it."

Kasie nodded and added, "I guess their first time was really amazing, because he slept with her again soon after. I believe he has fallen in love with her because of the mind-blowing sex."

'Sasha is still in her early adulthood, yet Jared slept with her! More than once!'

The news hit Debbie like a thunderbolt. She was stunned for a while, and then shouted angrily, "Jared Han, you are dead meat! I'm gonna beat you to a pulp today, and then I will break off all ties with you. How dare you do this to Sasha!" She was so irritated by his playboy behavior.

[Chapter 278 Cooking](#)

Jared had dated countless girls before, but Debbie had never given a damn about it. This time, however, was different. She didn't want her cousin to get hurt.

She rolled up her sleeves, ready to teach Jared a lesson.

He freaked out and hid behind Kasie and Kristina. "Tomboy, wait. Listen to me—"

"Listen to you? What are you going to say? Have you already made an excuse to break up with Sasha?" Debbie snapped angrily.

Kasie and Kristina got out of the way quickly so that Debbie could beat him up.

While dodging Debbie's attack, Jared pleaded with a pitiful look on his face, "Tomboy, listen. I really love Sasha. I found— Ow! My arm! Sasha is a lovely girl. I was just too blind to see it. Tomboy, if I really dump her someday, you can beat me up then. But don't you think you are overreacting now?"

Debbie was boiling over with rage. She pointed at Jared and yelled, "Sasha is indeed a good girl. She has never dated anyone before. I can't believe she has fallen for a jerk like you."

Unconvinced, Jared retorted in a low voice, "Tomboy, I'm not a jerk. I have dated lots of girls, but they were all after my money. But Sasha is different. Rest assured, I'll cherish her."

"NO WAY!" Debbie yelled at the top of her lungs. "I'm calling Sasha right now and I'm gonna ask her to dump your ass." She pulled out her phone from her pocket.

Jared immediately ran towards her and grabbed her hand. "Tomboy, please don't! I love her, and she loves me. You are not so cruel as to tear us apart, are you?"

Debbie grabbed him by the wrist and twisted his arm behind his back. "Ow ow ow!" Jared cried in pain. Then he was pushed unceremoniously onto the floor.

Kasie and Kristina held onto each other, feigning terror. Kristina asked Jared playfully, "Dude, you never expected that you would one day get beaten up by Tomboy because of your philandering ways, did you? You must be seized with remorse right now. Now I truly believe that evildoers are bound to be punished in the end for their nasty deeds." She burst out laughing along w

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.

horrible temper. We should keep our distance for your own good. I'm afraid she will accidentally hurt you again if she loses it."

'For my own good? Accidentally?'

Tears welled up in her eyes. 'He made it sound like this is all my fault.'

Carlos' heart softened when he saw her tears. He said, "Megan, all you need to do now is study hard. Don't worry. You'll always be my niece."

'Is he trying to reject me?' Megan thought and nodded obediently. "I understand. Thank you, Uncle Carlos."

"Good. Go to sleep now." Saying that, he left the ward with Damon.

Debbie and her friends stayed at the manor the whole day. In the evening, she turned off the stove and ladled out three bowls of soup for them. "Come here and taste this soup made by the great chef Debbie. Now or never!"

Staring at the hot soup, Kasie burst into fake tears. "Tomboy, we've known you for so many years. This is the first time you've cooked for us."

Kristina smelled the soup and praised, "Smells good."

Jared looked at the soup hesitantly. 'It looks nice, but...' "Are you sure this is edible?" he asked, unconvinced. Debbie had cooked for Carlos before, and it had been a disaster.

She patted Jared's head and said menacingly, "Eat it and see if it's hazardous."

Jared's jaw dropped. "Seriously? Tomboy, you will lose your beloved Jared if you keep acting this way."

[Chapter 279 Their Phones Are Switched Off](#)

"Ugh, Jared, you are making me sick," Debbie complained. Kristina and Kasie burst into laughter. Kristina blew on her soup and took a sip.

Debbie took off her apron and told her friends apologetically, "Sorry, guys. I'd love to hang out with you, but Carlos is still in the hospital. I need to bring him this soup. You guys leave after finishing the soup. I'll treat you to dinner some other day. Deal?"

Carlos' wound had still been bleeding when she had left the hospital. She was really worried about him.

Kasie, Kristina and Jared exchanged knowing looks. Recalling what Carlos had told them, Jared suggested, "Tomboy, don't worry about Mr. Huo. My brother is there, and the nurses will take good care of him. Have some fun with us tonight, and go to the hospital tomorrow. I'll drive you there myself, okay?"

Kicked by Jared under the table, Kasie echoed, "He's right. Tomboy, we've missed you a lot. Come with us, please! We've already booked a private booth."

Kristina ate her soup silently. After a while, she said in a low voice, "Dixon has been gone for more than a month. We've never been separated for so long. Debbie, keep us company tonight."

Debbie felt weird. It seemed like people around her all wanted to drag her away from the hospital and keep her at the manor.

'Something is off. Or is it just my imagination?' she thought. But she shook off her strange thoughts and said, "I'm really sorry, guys. Carlos' shoulder was still bleeding when I left the hospital. I can't leave him behind and have fun with you. I need to bring him some food. Guys, you're my best friends, and I know that you won't blame me for not keeping you company tonight. When his situation is stable, I'll treat you to a sumptuous meal."

Not daring to look Debbie in the eye, Jared continued to persuade her into staying. "Damon just called me. He said Mr. Huo was all right. Tomboy, don't worry too much."

Jared was confused about the whole situation too. He remembered Carlos telling him over the phone, "Make Debbie stay at the manor, or any other place. Stop her from coming to the hospital at all costs."

Jared's words made Debbie even more confused. 'Why do they keep trying to make me stay untry for some urgent business. He's on a plane now. I was too busy to inform you about this. I'm really sorry.'

'Z Country? For urgent business?' "Why didn't he tell me when I was with him? Is it that urgent?" she asked. 'It must have been really important because he had to rush to Z Country at night despite his wound.'

Tristan paused for a while to think about how to make his lie more convincing. He then answered, "It's not that urgent. But only Mr. Huo can deal with it. Before he left, he asked me to contact your friends so that they could keep you company. Mr. Huo will be back either tomorrow or the day after tomorrow."

'Oh! So it was Carlos who told Jared, Kasie and Kristina to go to the manor, ' Debbie thought.

She could sense that something fishy was going on. Everyone around her had been acting really weird all day.

After hanging up, Debbie looked at the soup and sighed. She opened the lid and ate it herself.

She couldn't figure out what was happening, so she decided to let it go for now and wait for Carlos to come back. She would ask him about it then. She called Jared to ask where they were.

The four of them hung out together until it was very late. When she came back to the manor, she dozed off as soon as she hit the pillow. She didn't wake up until the next noon.

She called Carlos for the hundredth time, but his phone was still off. She was really anxious because she could tell that he was hiding something from her.

[Chapter 280 A Life-Or-Death Situation](#)

Debbie was lost in her complicated thoughts when Zelda dropped by to give her an invitation. "Mrs. Huo, Mr. Huo was afraid that you might be bored at home and asked me to give you the invitation to a tea party held by the wife of a high-ranking official."

Ignoring what Zelda had said, Debbie grabbed her hand and asked anxiously, "Why is Carlos' phone switched off?"

With an embarrassed smile, Zelda answered, "I have no idea either, Mrs. Huo. Maybe his battery is dead."

"Tell me the truth!"

Zelda sighed helplessly, "Mrs. Huo, I really have no clue. I'm not Mr. Huo's personal assistant. My answer will be the same even if you ask me another ten times."

Seeing her sincere expression, Debbie gave up. "All right. Thanks. Bye, Zelda," she said in a hushed voice.

Zelda bade her goodbye and drove off.

Looking at the invitation in her hand, Debbie puckered her mouth. She was in no mood to go to the party. She knew that the guests would be a bunch of gossiping women who would act all elegant and aloof on the surface.

Kasie, however, liked to attend these kinds of parties. So Debbie called her and offered, "Hi Kasie. Carlos' assistant, Zelda, just brought me an invitation to a tea party. Would you like to go?"

"A tea party? Is it Mrs. Jiang's?"

Debbie took a closer look and saw the name on the invitation. "Yep."

"Yeah! I'll go! Why don't you go along with me? Mrs. Jiang is really fond of holding parties, and she hires Michelin star chefs to prepare the food. Come on, foodie! Join me!" Kasie said in a cheerful tone.

Debbie was not at all in a good mood because of Carlos' sudden disappearance. She told Kasie in a low voice, "If it weren't for Carlos' injury, I would've already been on a flight to England. I'm in no mood for some stupid tea party." She hated mingling with those hypocrites. She was afraid that she might end up having a row with some of them.

Kasie didn't give up. "Come on. If you stay at home alone, you will get more and more dejected. Just ask Zelda if she can give you an extra invitation. We can attend the party together. If she can't, then you'll have to go alone."

Sighing in defeat, Debbie agreed to accompany her.

Zelda soon came back, holding another

Debbie recognized her. They had attended a dinner party together some time back. It was at that party that Debbie had splashed wine at Olga and Portia. Olga had tried to spill wine back at Debbie, but the latter had dodged and the wine had spilled all over this girl.

She had been a little chubby back then. But now, she was a lot thinner.

That girl had been looking for Debbie as well. Upon seeing her, she said anxiously, "I saw a woman take your friend to the lift, and it stopped on the twelfth floor. You better hurry. Something was not right with your friend."

Debbie thanked her and rushed to the lift.

When she reached the twelfth floor, she was dumbfounded by all the similar-looking doors. She didn't know which room Kasie was in.

'Kasie, I'm here. You're gonna be okay. Wait for me!' Debbie prayed.

She stopped a passing waiter and asked him in a hurry, "Two women came by here not too long ago. Which room are they in?"

"Sorry, Miss. We value our guests' privacy," the waiter said.

Debbie was on the brink of a meltdown. "Tell me! This is a life-or-death situation!"

"I'm really sorry..." The waiter was frightened, but he insisted that he couldn't disclose the information.

Debbie was at her limits. She pinned him against the wall and punched him in the face once. "I won't stop until you tell me their room number," she threatened.

Two more punches later, the waiter cried and said, "They are in Room 1206. A man just entered the room."