

TMBA 321

[Chapter 321 A Complete Stranger](#)

"Boo...hoo... Carlos...it's really you..." From the scent of his perfume, Debbie was pretty sure it was Carlos. As well, his arms felt quite familiar. For the last three years, not a single day had gone by that she had not thought of him.

But Carlos was shocked when she threw herself into his arms.

He too could feel her familiar scent.

"Guards! Call the guards over!" Startled by the strange woman's intrusion, a businessman next to Carlos demanded his assistant to call for security.

"Carlos, you are still alive..." Ignoring all the curious eyes around her, Debbie held Carlos tightly and burst into tears. Tears of joy, she could not hold back.

Carlos' first instinct was to push her away. But somehow, he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

"Pull her away from Mr. Huo!" a woman nearby reprimanded, her tone harsh and shrill. In a flash, the bodyguards, who had been hesitating, charged forward, grabbed Debbie forcefully and dragged her away.

Not believing her eyes, Debbie flailed and kicked, but to no avail. "Oh, Carlos. I request only one minute, please. Only a few words with you," she pleaded.

At this moment, a bodyguard threw a punch at her face. She gave a choked cry; that really stung. She broke free from their grasp and ran towards Carlos again. "Carlos, it's me. Debbie Nian..."

But the look that Carlos gave her was so cold, you'd be forgiven for thinking she was a total stranger to him.

'Debbie Nian?' The woman next to Carlos furrowed her eyebrows when she heard the name.

Right at that moment, Carlos' car came over and stopped, only a few meters from them. The bodyguards pounced on her again.

Despite her protests and struggling, they dragged Debbie away. The same brusque guy that had slapped her now hit her hard on the shoulder, sending her down to the ground with a thud.

As if in a rescue operation, the bodyguards whisked Carlos and his woman to the car. As one of the men opened the door for them, Carlos got in, without so much as looking back.

Debbie couldn't believe her eyes. She saw Carlos holding the woman's hand.

As soon as they were safely seated, the driver started the engine and drove off. Quickly, all the bodyguards got into other cars and followed

how are you feeling today? Are you feeling better?"

Holding a Barbie doll, Piggy nodded and answered softly, "Aunt Irene, I'm feeling great."

"Sweet girl. Piggy, tell Aunt Irene, what's wrong with your mommy?"

Piggy shook her head. "I don't know. Mommy has been acting like this all morning. She even called Aunt Ruby to ask for a leave."

Upon hearing that, Irene put Piggy back on the carpet and turned to Debbie. "Deb, something must have happened to you. Since I knew you, you've always been a work freak. Is what I'm hearing true?"

Playing with her phone now, Debbie asked casually, "When will your brother come back?"

"Darling, I have no idea. My brother is one heck of a strange man who keeps to himself most of the time."

Hearing that, Debbie dialed Ivan's number.

Irene watched the name on Debbie's screen and wondered what she was about to ask him.

"Hi, Debbie," Ivan's voice came from the other end of the line.

After a short pause, Debbie blurted out, "Do you know... Carlos Huo showed up."

All along, she had never tried to explain to Ivan the scandals about her past. Carlos was a taboo subject in her mind. She couldn't afford to mention his name.

Ivan was stunned. For a moment, he wondered what was on Debbie's mind.

"Can you help me investigate what he has been up to for the past three years?" she inquired.

"Okay."

"And..." She paused for a while before adding, "I want to take some time off.

I need to go back to Y City."

[Chapter 322 He Had Me Fooled](#)

Ivan was nothing if not efficient. By lunchtime, Debbie got the phone call she was expecting. Irene was playing with Piggy in the bedroom.

"Hi, Ivan," Debbie said, as she plugged her earbuds into the phone. It was so much easier to talk hands free.

"Debbie, I've had my people looking into Carlos Huo. But they didn't find much," he said. Someone made Carlos' private life even more private, deliberately hiding him from public life.

Debbie walked out onto the balcony and sat into the hammock she loved. The view was gorgeous.

"What did they find?"

"Three years ago, he had an accident. No one knew if he was dead or alive for quite some time. His father, James, used this as a power grab, and took control of ZL Group. He's now the CEO. After several months in a coma, Carlos woke up. He had been in a bad way before that, having several injuries including a broken leg. They set that, so it healed nominally well. But thanks to a brain injury, he also had amnesia. Doubtless some of his recovery involved physical therapy. He's now a general manager in

the headquarters of ZL Group. His personal life we know even less about. All we know is he's set to get engaged to the daughter of the Li family. They've known each other since childhood."

'He lost all his memories? And he's going to get engaged to Miss Li? The hot woman standing next to him last night must have been Stephanie Li, ' Debbie thought.

'So she's the one James was talking about. Angry with me because Carlos wouldn't give her the time of day. James' dream has finally come true.'

Debbie clenched her fists. 'James Huo, you're a fucking liar!'

"Debbie... is Carlos...Piggy's father?" Ivan asked tentatively. Actually, he knew the answer before Debbie confirmed it. But he needed to hear it from her.

The man always kept up with the latest entertainment news. So when the scandals were being reported on, he knew that Debbie was Carlos' wife. Or, in this case, ex-wife.

She never mentioned Carlos or Piggy's father to Ivan and Irene. They didn't ask her about him, either. There was no point in opening old wounds.

"Yes," Debbie answered honestly.

Ivan paused for a long while and then said, "Running away won't fix the problem. Whatever you do, we're here for you."

"Not my plan. It's just that I never thought that Carlos' death was a lie." The fact that he had some making up to do.

Lucinda wiped her tears and took the gift bags Debbie had brought. After putting them in a corner, she told a housemaid, "Make a cup of tea and bring some fruits and snacks."

"Yes, Mrs. Mu." The maid left for the kitchen.

Gail cast a sideways glance at Debbie. Though Debbie was very different from how she used to be, Gail still hated her. "You know my mom always cries because of you?"

Debbie felt really guilty.

Lucinda patted Gail's hand and said, "Call your dad and ask him to come home early."

"Are you kidding? It's her fault the company is doing so badly. She's bad luck." Gail was telling the truth. Because of Debbie's scandals, many of Sebastian's business partners severed ties and canceled contracts. In just six months, he had to shut a few branches down.

Debbie's heart broke when she heard the news. "Aunt Lucinda, I'm really sorry..." She never thought her scandals would affect anyone else. She made a mental note, 'That's one more thing you owe me for, James.'

Lucinda shook her head as she grabbed Debbie's hands and comforted her, "Don't listen to Gail. Your uncle Sebastian would never blame you. Don't worry. We're just glad you're safe and sound. I'll call him myself."

Sebastian got off work early that day, and as a surprise, brought Jared and Kasie with him.

They hadn't seen each other for three years. Even Jared blubbered like a baby. He complained, "I would have come there looking for you if you hadn't told us not to. You are such a bitch! You don't care about anyone except yourself."

[Chapter 323 He Lives With His Girlfriend](#)

Three years ago, when Debbie left Y City, she sent Jared a text message, saying that she was going to start a new life, telling him not to go looking for her.

Jared rushed to the airport after he got the message. He thought maybe he could catch up to her, at the very least say a proper goodbye, but she was already gone.

Kasie, on the other hand, had almost moved on from the miserable pain of losing Emmett. She was way more conciliatory, and she knew what kind of dark pain a loss could cause, the desire for isolation. She held Debbie's hands and said, "I'm sorry, Deb. You were pregnant back then, and you suffered a lot. I wasn't there for you..."

Debbie shook her head and said in a choked voice, "It's me who should be apologizing. I'd been gone for three years, incommunicado..." She regretted having left her best friends behind. Even though she had to leave Y City, she shouldn't have given up on those who loved her most.

The three of them held each other and cried for a long time. Sebastian finally separated them, and offered, "Time to eat. Your aunt Lucinda slaved all day over the stove."

It turned out that Sasha had plans to move back to Y City after graduation and find a job.

Jared was now working in his family business—the Han Group. His father, Jasper, made him director of the company administration department, overseeing employees and implementing company directives laid out by the president. He also was involved in the hiring and firing process. All in all, he did well.

Kasie was a purchasing agent for Johnston.

According to the others, Dixon was still studying in America, going for his PhD. He had only come back to Y City twice in the past three years, and he was able to talk to them on WeChat.

Speaking of Carlos, Sebastian told Debbie, "James lied to you. Carlos is still alive."

While Carlos was still in a coma, James took over ZL Group and usurped his place in the company and in Y City.

Jared nodded and echoed, "I haven't talked to Damon once in the past three years. You know what? He grabbed Megan and brought her back from A Country."

Since news of Debbie's scandals reached his ears, Damon swore he'd kill Debbie for Carlos' sake. Jared stopped him and they'd actually c

felt as if someone had ripped out her soul.

"I won't give up no matter what. I was forced to sign those papers three years ago. I must win Carlos back now, whatever the cost," she said firmly.

Jared didn't know what to say to make her feel better. So he just said, "Good luck. Call Mr. Lu if you need something."

"He knew I was back?"

"Uh... Slip of the tongue." Jared scratched his head and smiled awkwardly.

Actually, it was Curtis who dragged it out of him.

Debbie swallowed and asked, "Does he hate me, too?"

"Don't worry, Tomboy. Mr. Lu is on your side. But he and Carlos fell out over something. Haven't hung out for a while. If you want, you can discuss your next steps with Mr. Lu."

"Okay. Thanks, Jared."

"Come on! We're friends. Don't thank me! I do what I do because I care about you," Jared complained from the other end of the line.

Debbie giggled and felt much relieved. "Sorry, man. It's my fault. Won't happen again."

"Uh-huh. Sure. Just don't take it for granted."

Debbie sighed helplessly. "Fine, fine. Well, I'm going to let you go. I'm off to look for my love."

"I think he still loves you. He just lost all his memories. You need to remind him of the good times. Go for it! I have faith in you."

"Jared, you just made my day! Bye!"

"Bye!"

After hanging up on Jared, Debbie opened her app drawer, searched for the Champs Bay Apartments on Google Maps and drove there using the directions provided by the recently unblocked app.

[Chapter 324 Im Going To Get Engaged](#)

Debbie patiently stayed inside her car close to Building 2 within the Champs Bay Apartments from the morning to even after dusk. And whenever she would get a pang of hunger, she had to make do with just a few pieces of bread.

This apartment complex in particular seemed to have been reserved solely for the wealthy and powerful. One of Jared's close friends happened to live in this area. Debbie was able to trick the guard into believing she had come there to visit that guy, and for that reason, she managed to get into the compound.

At that point, it was already 10 o'clock in the evening. Debbie was just playing around on her phone to pass the time. Then all of a sudden, she got blinded by the headlights of a car entering the compound.

Only a handful of cars were given entry to this housing community. For every single vehicle that would pass by the entrance, Debbie would immediately look up to check if it was Carlos'. So, when she noticed this car as it was coming in, she did that just as well.

The black car that passed by proceeded to pull over right in front of Building 2—it was an Emperor car, the latest model. The driver then stepped out of the car and opened the rear door for the passenger sitting inside. A man promptly exited the vehicle.

After hours and hours of waiting inside the car, she finally saw the man she was looking for. It was none other than Carlos.

Wasting no time at all, she quickly locked her phone, set it aside, walked out of the car and called out to him, "Carlos Huo."

The second he heard a voice calling his name, Carlos turned around to check who it might be. He was a bit puzzled by what he saw.

A woman wearing a blue jumpsuit and a pair of high-heeled shoes approached him from the dark.

And with nothing but a single quick look, Carlos recognized her in an instant—the woman who, for some reason, was barefoot and was wearing a red evening dress the other night.

Of course, she was no longer in that same weird position. This time around, she seemed rather composed.

It was not like Carlos knew her at all, but to a certain extent, there was something about her that looked so familiar. She politely smiled at him as she leisurely walked closer holding a white Chanel purse.

In spite of all of that, her eyes were still the same. Even when their eyes finally met, she didn't bother looking away.

In the end, she didn't approach him any closer. She stopped in her tracks the second she got right next to his car.

He stood by the doorstep of the building, with his gaze fixated on the hopeful look on her face.

He opted not to say anything; he was curious about what her reason could be for waiting up on him, what she could possibly want from him.

People say that the eyes are the windows to the soul. Her eyes had been filled to the brim with so much tenderness for him, while his, on the other hand, simply felt so cold.

'I guess he doesn't recognize me in any way.

What am I supposed to do now? Should I ask him about it?

Maybe I shouldn't do that, ' she pondered for a second.

Lowering her head, she shifted her attention over to her feet to hide the pain about to slip from her eyes. It had been three years since the last time the tw

the lips. "Honey, let's get inside now. It's been such a long day. I feel so tired."

Before the eyes of other people, Stephanie appeared like such a strong businesswoman. But when it came to Carlos, she would be like a completely different person, one who would always be so sweet and loving.

"All right then." With their arms around each other's waist, the two of them made their way into the building.

The moment they walked past Debbie, neither of them bothered to spare her even a single glance, acting as if she did not exist at all.

As soon as they stepped foot inside the building, both their cars drove off straight away.

Watching all of this with her very own eyes, Debbie felt like the world had turned its back on her. She was so alone. As if time randomly stopped, everything around her seemed so quiet.

She couldn't remember how she could have possibly gathered her thoughts and made her way into her car. It took the best of her just to hold back the urge to beat the hell out of Stephanie. And now, she had no clue what her next move should be.

Feeling so tired herself, she instantly dozed off inside her car. And during the early hours of the following day, her deep slumber had abruptly been disturbed by a loud horn.

She kept the car window open with just enough space to make sure that she wouldn't risk getting suffocated while she was sleeping. That was the main reason why she had gotten startled by the horn.

Checking out the apartment in front of her, Debbie sneezed.

She seemed to have caught a cold.

When she was finally fully awake, she came back to her hotel room to take a nice, relaxing warm bath—she badly needed one anyway. Then she started a video chat with her daughter. Piggy appeared to be having breakfast in the Wen family's house.

She noticed that Elsie, Irene's mom, was the one feeding Piggy. Debbie felt a little guilty and remarked, "Aunt Elsie, there's no need for you to be doing that. You don't have to worry about her; she can just eat on her own."

Elsie simply let out a soft smile and told her, "It's totally fine. I just really love feeding Piggy. She looks so adorable."

[Chapter 325 Hatched A Plan](#)

There were times Debbie felt Elsie spoiled Piggy even more than she herself did. Before ending the video chat, she told Piggy over and over to be a good girl and not make too much trouble for Elsie.

Lying on the bed, Debbie stared at the ceiling. She replayed memories of things that happened three years ago in her head, not to mention the events of the past few days. It was then that she hatched a plan.

She wanted to carry out her plan right away, but she had spent a terrible restless night in her car the night before, so she decided to nap first.

Debbie didn't wake up until well into the afternoon. Leaning on the headboard, she grabbed her phone from the nightstand and made a phone call. "Hi, Bree, it's me, Debbie. Yeah. Listen, you know some private detectives in Y City, right? Any of them good? I know. Don't worry about the cash. I'm good for it.

But they need to be discreet. Yeah, this needs to be kept secret. Okay, thanks. Next time, dinner on me. Bye."

The young mother had barely hung up before a notification came in on her phone. Bree texted Debbie a number, quicker than she thought. Debbie hesitated a little before dialing it. "Hi, Mr. Wu. I'm a friend of Bree's. Could you do a background check on James Huo, and what would that cost me?"

She spent the whole afternoon calling people. She was on her phone even after the sun had set and dinnertime was approaching.

Finally, she called up Ivan. He was browsing advertisement opportunities, figuring out which ones were the best ones for his employees. "Hi, Ivan, you back in Z Country?" Debbie asked.

"Yeah. I stopped off to spend some time with Piggy. Now I'm on my way to the office. How are things with you?" Ivan asked.

"A little dicey. Ever consider doing business in Y City?" Debbie asked. After she saw Carlos, she realized that things were way more difficult than she thought. It would take quite a bit of doing to win him back.

Ivan stopped what he was doing. "You do know what could happen if you're recognized, right?" he asked Debbie.

"Yeah, I do. But—"

"Hey, I'm the boss of the company.

ot of joy to the family. She filled a hole that had been dug by Emmett's death.

Emmett's mom liked her a lot and she finally had something to keep her mind occupied. She lavished attention and affection on the girl. A young girl requires a lot more of one's time than a grown man, so she had lots to do.

Marc had retired. When he saw Debbie and her friends at the door, he asked Emmett's mom to prepare a big meal for them.

At the dinner table, they talked about school and the future.

Tacitly, no one said a word about Emmett or Carlos so that the atmosphere of the dinner wouldn't be so heavy. They were touchy subjects for all involved.

Debbie stayed in a hotel. When they said their goodbyes to Emmett's parents, it was quite late. Kasie insisted that Debbie crash at her place.

Failing to turn her down, Debbie asked Jared to drive them to Kasie's place.

She went back to the hotel to pack her things. When she got out of the hotel with her luggage, Jared lugged her suitcase out to the car and into the trunk. Then the office called him, saying he needed to be there.

Seeing that Jared was busy, Debbie hefted her suitcase out of the trunk of his car and said to him, "You should go. It's cool. Kasie and I will take a cab." She and Kasie had drunk a little wine with Marc, so they couldn't drive. Taking a cab was the only option left.

"Okay, I'll hail a taxi for you."

[Chapter 326 I Want You](#)

"No, thanks. We'll get a cab ourselves. Go," Debbie urged, pushing Jared towards his car. "Tell me when Sasha gets back."

"Okay. Bye then."

After Jared drove off, Debbie and Kasie stood by the side of the road waiting for a taxi. Debbie's phone rang before they could get one. "Hi, Ivan."

"Debbie... if you're not busy, could you attend a dinner at Glory Hotel?"

"A dinner? Now?" Debbie checked the time. It was already 9:20 p.m.

"Yes. Many advertising agencies are unhappy about you leaving Z Country all of a sudden. Milo will be there too. You can apologize to him so we won't lose his business."

"All right then," Debbie said.

She gave her suitcase to Kasie. Kasie already knew where she was going, thanks to what she overheard of the phone conversation. "Want me to go with you?" she asked Debbie.

"No, just wait for me at home."

"Okay. Call me when it's all over. I'll ask the driver to pick you up."

"Okay."

It was nearly ten p.m. when she arrived at Glory Hotel. In the sumptuous hotel, she followed a waiter. They turned one corner after another and finally were at the booth Ivan had reserved.

Before the waiter pushed the door open, Debbie put on some lipstick to make herself look a little more vibrant.

There were more than ten people sitting in the booth. Debbie frowned at the thick smell of alcohol and cigarettes wafting in the air. The atmosphere was smoky, stinging eyes and lungs.

But before she could get used to the strong smell, a sonorous voice said to her, "Hey, look who's here. Debbie Nian, the superstar. It's a great thing to see you in Y City."

The voice sounded firm and sonorous. Debbie knew the owner. It was Milo Yu, the boss of a media company based in Z Country.

Debbie had met him twice already. He had a forthright manner. So far, they had gotten on okay. She had to be wary, though. She wasn't comfortable with him announcing her presence like that.

She smiled at him in return. The host led her to the table. "Mr. Yu—" she greeted the man as soon as she took her seat.

But when she raised her head, she saw who was in the seat of honor. She was so sh

led malevolently, took a single step forward and wrapped her arms around Carlos. She held him tight.

She felt his body freeze. To make her point, she stood on tiptoe and kissed him on the lips.

It was a light kiss, but somehow, Carlos felt it was special.

He had kissed Stephanie before, much like this. It felt different. It hadn't felt so...beautiful.

Debbie was a smart girl. Before Carlos pushed her away, she took one step back and said with a smile, "Old man, kissing you is just as beautiful as it ever was." Her gentle voice tugged at his heartstrings.

She turned to leave, but a hand grabbed her wrist.

She turned her head back. Carlos still held her fast. "Want more, old man?" He was merciless with his attention before. Now it was payback time. From now on, she would do exactly what he did to her.

Carlos ended the call and put his phone away. "What do you want?" he asked, staring at her.

Debbie was interested in the question. She grasped the hand holding hers and caressed it.

Being groped by a woman, Carlos was stunned.

Then it occurred to him that they were just strangers. He released her hand and stepped further away from her. "Say it."

"What do I want?" Debbie put on that malevolent smile again. "I asked you that a lot in the past. You know how you answered me?"

Carlos looked at her in confusion.

She walked closer to him and whispered in his ear, "I want you."

[Chapter 327 Did He Come Back For Me](#)

Carlos was surprised by her flirtatious manner. He turned beet red behind his ears. But it wasn't too long before his embarrassment turned to rage. "Wow, you're kind of a slut, aren't you, Miss Nian?"

Debbie didn't mind his insult. She dusted off the collar of his well-tailored suit and said, "That's not what you used to say. You told me you liked it when I flirted with you."

Then she straightened his tie intimately, running her fingers seductively along its length. "I've tied this for you ever since we were together. Where is the burgundy colored tie I bought you? You thought the color and pattern were too loud, and said it was more Damon's style. You wouldn't wear it. But I insisted. So you wore it a lot afterwards. So did you keep it?"

'Burgundy tie?' Of course he had one. He saw it every time he opened the walk-in closet of his manor... but he couldn't remember wearing it. Ever.

He got a weird feeling just then. He found himself liking this woman. She fit him like a comfortable sweater. But he just couldn't remember. He shot her a cold glance and warned, "Stay away from me!" He was going to be engaged to Stephanie. He shouldn't hang around strange women. Particularly one as forward as this one.

Debbie wasn't scared at all. She propped one hand against her chin and responded, "Normally, if a strange woman kissed you, she would have been dead by now. But I'm different. I'm your one true love,

and we're meant to be together. But you've forgotten about me. But you haven't forgotten my kiss, right?"

"Shut up!" Carlos snapped. His face darkened.

But he knew what she said was true. When Stephanie had kissed him for the first time, he didn't pull away, but he didn't feel good afterwards.

However, when Debbie had kissed him a moment ago, he had never had such a wonderful kiss. She wasn't afraid, and she was aggressive. He found that intriguing, and it scared him. 'Damn her!

And damn me! She's been flirti

here.

But since Carlos left, nothing else mattered. She shook her head dejectedly. "Thanks everyone. I'll manage." The young mother had been desperate for an excuse to leave the dinner earlier. Now she had a good one.

Debbie turned down everyone's offers of help and watched them make their way back into the hotel.

She took a deep breath and pulled out a pack of tissue from her purse to wipe the blood off her leg. Then she limped towards the roadside.

She winced at every step. The injured knee was a bright red, not only from the laceration, but also the bruise. She knew in a couple hours that color would be purple.

Some taxis passed her in the next few minutes, but all of them were full.

Just when Debbie was starting to get frustrated, a familiar car came into view.

Her eyes glittered with joy. 'I thought he left. Why is he here? Did he come back for me?'

She was so thrilled the pain was forgotten and she started to wave at the roaring Emperor.

The driver saw her. He slowed down the car and informed Carlos, "Mr. Huo, Miss Nian is here. She's waving at the car."

Carlos didn't respond. The driver wondered if he should stop the car. Unexpectedly, when she saw that the car wasn't stopping, Debbie stepped into the road, right in the path of the oncoming car.

[Chapter 328 The Ride](#)

The car roared toward her, and Debbie squeezed her eyes shut, waiting for the inevitable impact. The tires squealed on the asphalt as the car skidded to a stop, just centimeters away from Debbie.

Luckily, the driver was a top-notch circuit driver, and he knew the limits of machine and man... and he was quick enough to step on the brake when she jumped out in the middle of the road. Or else she would have been hit.

After the car stopped, Debbie limped to the back door. Still thinking that Carlos had come back for her, she tapped the car window excitedly. She couldn't wait to see him, to kiss him, to have him hold her in his arms once more.

That same faint buzzing sound came to her ears again as the window descended, revealing the passengers inside. Debbie was smiling; Carlos looked gloomy. He gave her a cold sideways glance and remained silent.

His silence made her heart ache. 'Didn't he come back for me?' Her blood froze in her veins. 'What if he didn't?'

Carlos seemed to have lost all patience. Debbie said hurriedly, "Mr. Huo, could you—"

"No," he refused even before she could finish her sentence.

Her heart tightened into a knot. But she wouldn't give up. "My leg was hurt. And I can't get a taxi. Could you please drop me off at a hospital before heading home?"

"I won't be passing near a hospital." With that, he rolled up the window.

The car drove off, leaving her with a sick feeling.

Debbie raised her head to look at the starry night as she tried to force back her tears.

Three years ago, they lied to her and made her believe he was dead. Every year on the anniversary of his death, she'd cry her eyes out. Sometimes, she would watch her daughter sleeping, watching her tender chest rise and fall, and think about him. When it hurt too much, she would hold Piggy tightly and sob endlessly. Piggy was the last thing of his that she had. The only living reminder. But no matter how hard those days had been, she never cried so much as now. Now she knew he was alive.

Inside the Emperor, Carlos' phone rang. When he saw the caller ID, he answered s

to be patient. If she rushed things, she'd screw things up. He might even hate her. That was not what she wanted.

Carlos was taken aback. His face darkened. 'Turned me down? Is she mad?'

She looks young, but she sure has a temper.'

Since Carlos didn't say anything in return, Debbie nodded to Niles Li who was observing them with interest, and made her way to the entrance.

It was almost midnight, and clouds were starting to gather to choke the moon. There were very few taxis passing by the hospital at this point. Debbie waited by the green belt at the roadside. At this point, Kasie called her. "Where are you? Done with dinner?" she asked.

"Yeah. I'm on my way back."

"Where are you? I'll ask the driver to pick you up."

Debbie lied so Kasie wouldn't worry. "Don't sweat it. I'll get a cab."

Kasie thought about it. "Okay. You know martial arts anyway. I'm not worried. Call me before you get out of the cab. I'll meet you downstairs."

"Okay, bye."

When she hung up, a Mercedes SUV stopped in front of her. The window by the passenger seat was rolled down. Niles Li was in the driver's seat. "Hi, Miss Nian, we meet again so soon. It's not easy to get a cab at this hour. Do you need a ride?"

Debbie looked at the back seat. Another man was sitting back there. After some consideration, she shook her head and replied stubbornly, "Thank you, but I'll take a cab."

[Chapter 329 I Know Carlos Well](#)

Raising his eyebrows, Niles was left utterly dumbfounded. A wealthy and good-looking man, he had rarely been turned down by women. But in that very moment, a gorgeous woman just refused his offer. That being said, he couldn't help himself from taking a good hard look at her once more.

Truly as pretty as a picture, she was wearing a white waisted blouse matched with a latte ankle-length skirt, and sporting a pair of stilettos. It was such a sight to see; she just appeared so fashionable and elegant. The way she carried herself gave Niles a good impression of her. He promptly stepped out of the car, opened the passenger door for her, giving her a soft smile. "Don't mention it. We're friends, aren't we? And friends should lend each other a helping hand, isn't that right, Miss Nian?"

'Since when have we been such good friends? When did Carlos find a friend like this? So cheerful and kind?' Debbie pondered to herself for a second there.

"It would be totally fine for you to sit in the passenger seat. I'm not taken," Niles went on.

Upon hearing that, Debbie was amused. "I'll take you up on that offer then," she replied. Since Niles had been quite insistent, Debbie stepped foot into the car and proceeded to sit in the passenger seat.

After asking Debbie where she was gonna be heading, he drove over to the place she mentioned.

For a little while, none of them said anything to each other as they were on their way. Some relaxing music was being played on the speakers, and one of the songs caught Debbie by surprise. "By any chance, do you like this song?" she asked Niles the second the song started.

Glancing over at the video player, Niles answered, "Yes. I've actually been listening to it for a couple of days now. Unfortunately, the artist's name isn't indicated anywhere in that video. It's just so heart-breaking. Whenever I listen to it, I feel like crying, as though I'd just broken up with my girlfriend. But truth be told, I've never fallen in love before."

That last part cracked Debbie up. "Maybe you should give Irene's songs a listen then. They are uplifting and energetic, much like the style you prefer. I think you might like them."

"I've heard of Irene. She is a well-known singer in Z Country, isn't she?"

Debbie quickly nodded in agreement, "Yes, indeed she is. And on top of that, she is a really nice person as well." As she told him things about one of her closest friends, she had a smile on her face.

"Do you know her personally?" Niles asked, looking at her with curiosity written all over his face.

"Yeah, I sure do. She's a friend of mine," Debbie told him straight away. For some reason, she felt at ease being around Niles, so she learned to trust him.

"Really? The two of you are friends? Then what is your line of wor

he moment Carlos and Niles finally reached the club, Damon and Wesley had already been waiting for about an hour. Damon had never been the patient type. "You finally showed up. What took you so long? I thought the two of you eloped or something," he grumbled.

Awkwardly trying to explain the situation, Niles replied, "Something came up at the hospital. I had no choice but to work a bit of overtime. Carlos dropped by the hospital."

Pouring them a glass of wine each, Damon fixated his gaze at Niles and asked him, "Do you enjoy being a doctor?"

Shaking his head, Niles protested, "Not a single bit. Patients would always be coming in left and right. To make matters worse, more and more medical records are piling up on top of all the operations."

Looking at Niles unsympathetically, Wesley remarked, "You're the one who chose that." Wesley already lost count of how many times he had talked to Niles about this, hoping that his younger brother would enlist in the army alongside him. But much to his dismay, Niles had always dreamt of being a doctor.

Brushing his hair, Niles retorted, "It might be tiresome, but I still think it's much better than being in the army. The rigorous training the soldiers have to go through just isn't for me." He had always wondered how the soldiers made it through such harsh conditions. 'Wesley is such a brutal and relentless leader. Don't they ever get worried that they might meet their end through his hands one day?'

Resting his hand on Niles' shoulder and patting him, Damon commented, "It takes an uncompromising commander to build up a strong army. You should realize that it's your brother's toughness that's helping those people to turn into remarkable soldiers. All of them are considered elites. When they go on a mission, every single one of those men would be capable of fighting several enemies."

[Chapter 330 Stay Away From Her](#)

"And I've always tried my best to become a good doctor. Eventually, I'll become the hospital's attending physician, and then finally, the director. That day will come, I'm sure of that. And I'll groom the next ones into becoming a remarkable team of doctors as well," Niles proudly said. He truly had faith that he would become a successful doctor in time.

Damon simply bobbed his head along to all of that. "That's right. Niles is certainly a good doctor."

"Of course. Definitely," Niles replied quite proudly, as he raised his glass to have a toast with Damon.

At that moment, Niles appeared as though something came to his mind. "What has Curtis been doing these days? And what about Megan? Has she been busy with school activities? It's been so long since the last time I saw those two."

The other men listening to him gave each other some suspicious glances. Damon, feeling quite irritated, then answered, "Curtis has changed significantly."

"What's the matter? Is something wrong?" Niles had only been staying in Y City for two years now. Taking that into consideration, he didn't really know much about the group's past.

"For Debbie's sake, he..."

"Damon!" Wesley abruptly—and quite harshly—interrupted Damon as he was talking.

'He mentioned Debbie.' Despite the interruption, Niles heard Damon say her name clear as day.

And it wasn't just him. Carlos, who had been silently sitting there, was left completely dumbfounded by how furiously Wesley reacted. "Are Debbie and Curtis somehow acquainted?" Niles curiously asked.

Nodding along, Damon replied, "Curtis is actually Debbie's uncle."

"Oh, is that so?" That was all Niles said, but in reality, he ended up having a lot more questions to ask. "Wesley, has Debbie done anything? Why do you get so worked up every time someone mentions her name? If I didn't know that you'd been in a relationship with Blair for years now, I would've assumed that Debbie broke up with you or something, making you despise her to that extent."

After saying this, Wesley glanced at Carlos who had confusion written all over his face, much like Niles'. "Have the two of you met already?" he asked him.

Carlos had no intention of denying it.

"It would be best for you to steer clear of that sort of woman!" Wesley remarked, visibly getting infuriated.

This just made Niles' curiosity grow even stronger.

"From my impression of her, Debbie seems like such a nice person. Damon, would you please tell me what really happened? Please don't take this the wrong way. I'm asking this for Carlos' sake. It's easy to tell that he's just as perplexed as I am."

All of them knew that Carlos suffered from amnesia. For that reason, Niles got the idea that Carlos probably was more interested in finding out the truth than he did.

'Was I really that easy to read?' Carlos wondered upon hearing Niles' remarks. The truth was that he had quite impoverished. If you could see their house, you wouldn't be able to find a single piece of decent furniture, so asking her to pay for the hospitalization was out of the question. After all, the old lady had also been so devastated after finding out that his son had died. So, ultimately, they had no choice but to drop the issue.

For a while, the air was filled with deafening silence. Before stepping out of the vehicle, Niles suddenly asked Wesley, "By the way, where is Blair? I haven't seen her in such a long time. Have the two of you broken up or something?" Giving him an intense glare, Wesley responded, "You should just stay out of adult matters."

'As a commander of the army, you couldn't do anything to make your relationship with a woman work out even after four years of being together. Big deal, ' Niles pondered to himself.

It should go without saying that Debbie had no clue about what those men had been talking about. She kept on reminding herself that just because Carlos was being so distant with her, she shouldn't be giving up hope that they could still turn their relationship back to the way it used to be.

For two days straight, she stayed over at Kasie's place. Originally, she was planning to acquire an apartment right next to Carlos' at Building 2 of the Champs Bay Apartments. Unfortunately, the unit had a steep cost of \$100, 000 per square meter, so she had to think of something else.

Getting a bit of help from a realtor, she managed to get the apartment right above Carlos', on a lease.

As she was moving her stuff, she chanced upon Stephanie walking a dog along the road. With this, Debbie came up with a plan. After a while, she headed over to the pet shop and purchased a Bichon Frise, the exact same breed as Stephanie's pet dog. There was just one thing different about them, though. Stephanie's dog was female, while Debbie, on the other hand, had gotten herself a male one.