

TMBA 331

[Chapter 331 Harley Caused Big Trouble](#)

After carefully observing Carlos' routine for several days, Debbie had become familiar with his pattern. When it was time, Debbie would come downstairs with her dog just at the time when Carlos would walk his dog.

Moreover, each of their "chance encounters" took place when Stephanie wasn't home.

It was the same today. Carlos was walking his white Bichon Frise, Millie, as usual, when all of a sudden, he heard another dog barking behind him. The barking came nearer and nearer. Then a woman called, "Harley, slow down."

Harley was the name of Debbie's dog.

When Harley saw Millie, he quickened his pace towards her and jumped excitedly around her.

Debbie quickly picked Harley up before Carlos became angry. She turned to Carlos apologizing, "I'm sorry, he got off the leash."

"He breaks off the leash every day?" Carlos said bluntly.

'Humph! This man isn't nice at all, ' Debbie thought to herself. She ruffled Harley's fur playfully and retorted, "That's right. Opposite sexes attract each other. It's normal for him to behave that way. Mr. Huo, why would you be angry at a dog?"

Carlos' face darkened. He ignored Debbie and continued walking with Millie.

While holding Harley in her arms, Debbie quickened her pace and caught up to him. "Mr. Huo, I haven't seen you for a few days. Where have you been?" she asked with a fawning grin.

"On a business trip," Carlos answered abruptly. He didn't want to talk to her, but through past encounters with her, he had learned that this woman wouldn't give up until she got what she wanted. To shut her up, he had decided to answer her question.

'Oh, a business trip. I've missed you so much, ' Debbie thought to herself. "Did your girlfriend go with you?" she asked.

Carlos shot her a cold glare. "Is there something you want to say?"

"Of course." Debbie stood in front of him with the dog in her arms. "I can go on a business trip with you. You'll be lonely on your own. I can eat with you and keep you entertained." 'If you want, I can even sleep with you.' Unfortunately, given their current relationship, it would be too bold to say that out loud.

Carlos sneered scornfully, "How much for one night?"

Debbie's feelings were hurt. However, since it was Carlos, she took a deep breath and repl

w and then do some activities with the other celebrities.

The show went well, and it was late when she had left the TV station. Debbie started her car when suddenly Decker showed up on a motorbike in front of her vehicle. She hadn't seen him in quite a while.

"Decker," she greeted him while getting out of the car.

Decker had yellow hair and wore huge stud earrings. There were big holes in his jeans, and he had a brand-new motorcycle. On the back seat was a woman with flaming red curls.

One only had to look at them to know that neither of them was a decent person.

Debbie felt an instant headache when she looked at her older brother. "I told you not to hit bars anymore."

Decker got off his motorcycle and stood in front of her like a scumbag. "It's none of your business. Why were you gone for so long? Are you avoiding me? You wouldn't see me again if I hadn't come here to bust you, would you? I'll tell the press how ungrateful and cold you are. You don't even bother to take care of your brother."

Debbie's head was about to explode. She closed her eyes in disappointment as she took a deep breath. She said nonchalantly, "You're a healthy man. Why should I take care of you? I've been busy lately, and I will be out of Z Country for a few days. Get yourself a job."

"I'm too busy to get a job. So you're working, hey? Well, okay, I get it. Then give me fifty grand, and I'll stay out of your way."

'Fifty grand.' Debbie realized she didn't have a brother. She was keeping a leech.

[Chapter 332 Were Getting Married](#)

Ruby looked around vigilantly, afraid that someone was hiding around a corner or in the bushes. Some paparazzo trying to get a good candid shot of Debbie.

"Decker, I can't. I'm all tapped out and hurting for cash," Debbie snapped, turning down her brother's request. It wasn't an excuse. She'd already spent a ton of money on the detectives, and she was closing in on the limits of her expense account. She'd even withdrawn the money saved in her fixed deposit account.

Decker wasn't angry. He dragged the woman standing behind him forward. "We're getting married soon. I could use some cash to start my new life, you know? You're my sis, after all."

'Getting married?' Debbie was shocked. She sized the girl up. She'd barely reached twenty, but she sure dressed like an adult. Debbie suppressed the shock in her heart and asked the girl, "You sure about him? He's a parasite. You want to marry a man who lives off his sister?"

Angered by her remarks, Decker stepped in between them and glared at Debbie. "Hey! I resent that! What are you trying to do, anyway?"

Ignoring him, Debbie kept her eyes on the young girl, awaiting her answer. The girl had already retreated behind him. She leaned out and replied, "He treats me well. I want to marry him." Her tone was timid, halting, hushed. Debbie could tell she was afraid of offending him.

Debbie didn't expect a stupid answer like that. It seemed rehearsed, almost.

A smug smile crept across Decker's face. "You heard her! Now, the money!"

"Fine. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars. But you'll have to get a job first, to support this fine young lady. No job, no money." She couldn't bear to see her brother just doing nothing like that. If he didn't find a good job, his future would be bleak.

Debbie was done talking, so she turned on her heel and started walking back to her car.

Decker wanted to run up to her and stop Debbie in her tracks. He wanted the money now. But Ruby got in his way. "You know your sister know Tae Kwon Do, right? She could beat you to a pulp if she wanted. She hasn't done that so far, because you're her brother. Don't push it."

Reminded of Debbie's top-notch martial arts, Decker immediately chickened out. He shouted all sorts of insults as he watched, helpless, as the car drove away. He kicked his leg in the direction of the leaving

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quit her career and stay at home to be a good wife and a kind mother.

Carlos patted her hand. "You're tired. You should go to bed," he advised.

But she didn't take off. Instead, she sat on his lap, putting her face close to his. "I've been thinking. We've been together a while now... and we'll be engaged soon. So...how about we... have a kid first?"

She tried to beat around the bush to hint at him. But then she thought the direct approach might be better.

'A kid?' Carlos frowned. Myriad complicated feelings stirred in his heart. After a while, he simply pecked her lips and comforted, "No hurry. We're both busy. Wait until we're married."

Disappointed, Stephanie had no choice but to agree. "Okay." Then, she drew in closer and pressed her lips to his.

But in a split second, Carlos pushed her away. "Look, it's late. I need to reply to this email. Get some sleep, like I asked."

So she was frustrated again. Carlos never bugged her for sex. She was the one that had to get the ball rolling. But he turned her down every time.

There were times where she wondered if he were impotent. Now, she felt an urge to get it checked out at the hospital.

'What if he really can't get it up? What would I do?' she wondered worriedly.

In Z Country

Before Debbie could spend any time with her daughter, she was asked to shoot a public service announcement. Left with no choice, she gave Piggy to Ivan for a day.

"You're having dinner with a client, right? So you can drive Piggy back home before dinner," Debbie told Ivan worriedly.

[Chapter 333 A Handsome Uncle](#)

Ivan waved his hand at Debbie. "No, that's okay. I'll take Piggy with me. She can charm my client over dinner."

Debbie was surprised. 'Charm your client over dinner?' she wondered. "No, no. She's a kid. Kids are cute, but..."

"Never mind. Just leave everything to me. You have enough to worry about," Ivan assured her as he patted her shoulder.

Since he insisted, Debbie nodded and said a warm maternal goodbye to her daughter before leaving the office with Ruby.

Luckily, her daughter was easy to manage. She did what she was told, and wasn't very clingy. Otherwise it would be hard for Debbie to balance family and career.

In the evening, a black Rolls-Royce pulled up in front of the entrance to a five-star restaurant downtown.

The driver got out of the car and opened the backseat door. A man dressed in an expensive grey suit got out and straightened his clothing. Then he poked his head into the car and, when he emerged, he was carrying a little girl wearing a pink bubble skirt.

Her black hair was braided fashionably. Holding a limited edition doll in her hands, she curiously scanned her new digs. Expensive restaurants were nothing if not opulent, and that applied to the outside as well. She took in everything with a pair of big, bright eyes.

"Wow, what a beautiful little princess!" someone passing by on the street was moved to remark.

"Yeah, no kidding! That bubble skirt is designer threads. Over thirty thousand! I sure can't afford that," said another.

"I just want to hug that girl. Her face is so cute."

As people were eagerly commenting on her beauty, they saw the man whisper something in the girl's ear, making her giggle.

The group of people erupted in audible wonder, with gasps, oohs, and ahhs. The smile on the girl's face was like a blossom flower in spring, healing everyone's heart. "She's so cute! I'm her fan now."

"Is that guy her dad? I don't see the family resemblance. Still, he's a good-looking guy."

Ivan kept a calm face as he heard everyone talking. He was used to it. This little girl always attracted so much attention each time they went out. He wasn't surprised—because he was fond of this lovely girl. He still didn't want kids, but he had to admit it was nice to carry her.

Quickly enough, the manager of the restaurant came out and ushered Ivan inside.

The restaurant was luxuriously decorated. Piggy ran her big eyes over the whole place to see if there was anything interesting. There was, but not necessarily to a child. There was a very serious-looking bar area, with colorful bottles and

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, the soft kiss touched his heart, and touched something deep inside of him. Something he didn't even know was there, buried deep under layers of ice.

A warm feeling now coursed throughout his body. "Your name is Piggy?" he asked. The workaholic man put aside his work and tried to connect with this little vision of heaven.

Piggy sat on Carlos' lap, raised her head to look into his eyes and answered with seriousness, "Evening. Mom calls me Piggy."

'Piggy? Evening? Maybe she means Evelyn...' Carlos was amused by her names. He wondered what kind of strange parents would name their cute daughter Piggy. What was going through their minds?

As Ivan was filling two glasses of red wine, he chipped in, "Normally, a two-year-old kid can only say a few simple words. But Piggy can speak in full sentences when she wants to. She even knows several English words. Her IQ is remarkable. Probably her dad's good genes." Of course, it had to be Carlos' genes. Ivan didn't think that Piggy's high intelligence had anything to do with Debbie.

Carlos raised his eyebrows. And he remembered that Damon's son wasn't able to speak so fluently at the age of two. So he praised her, "I'm impressed, Piggy! But why would your parents call you Piggy?"

Certainly a nickname like "Sugar" or "Bunny" would be more suitable for this cute girl.

Piggy's cheeks bulged up as she complained, "Mommy said I didn't like... eating meat. I was thin. She wanted me...like a fat pig... so she called me Piggy."

Her words came with great difficulty. It seemed that she still needed to pause and think when it came to longer sentences. After all, no matter how smart she was, she was still a kid who wasn't even in kindergarten yet.

[Chapter 334 Is That A Fathers Scent](#)

After hearing Piggy explain her name, Carlos chuckled under his breath. He couldn't help it. He thought the girl's mom was kind of silly.

Why did she think just by naming the kid Piggy the girl would fatten up and start enjoying meat?

The manager of the restaurant began serving the meal. Carlos caught a glimpse of the first three dishes that had been placed on the table. Two of them were vegetarian.

Those dishes were specifically ordered for Piggy. Ivan was a wonderful godfather.

After chatting a while longer with Piggy, Carlos lifted her off his lap and put her back in the high chair. He grabbed a wet napkin and carefully wiped her hands.

His heart softened as he looked at Piggy's tiny and chubby hands. All of a sudden, he was overwhelmed by the desire to raise a cute daughter just like her. He thought of all the laughter and joy of raising a tiny child to be a self-sufficient adult, and he felt warm inside.

The ever-proud Carlos had never envied anyone in his life. But now, he was jealous of Piggy's parents. They had such a lovely daughter, which was more valuable than all his wealth. He'd give anything to be able to have such a daughter.

Meanwhile, Carlos had been observing how Ivan looked after Piggy. He could tell that Ivan must have spent a lot of time with her. He even knew how to prepare a bottle of formula, which was highly unusual for a single man.

When Ivan went to get some hot water to dissolve the formula powder, Carlos grabbed a pair of clean chopsticks and picked up a slice of fish. He knew that Piggy just disliked meat, not necessarily because she couldn't eat it. So he tried asking, "Would you like some fish? It's fresh and yummy."

Piggy looked at the slice of fish with curious eyes. She was drooling. She jumped up and down as much as the seat would let her and clapped her hands.

She didn't like eating meat normally, but now she felt like eating the fish that this handsome uncle had picked up for her.

Noting her approval, Carlos put the fish on her spoon. Then he quickly grabbed her spoon with the other hand and held it up to her mouth. "I'll feed you," he said gently.

Piggy obediently opened her mouth and ate the fish.

"Good job!" He flashed a thin smile and looked at Piggy, his eyes full of tenderness.

From a distance, Ivan looked at the wa

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he didn't live with them.

At that time, Debbie didn't know Carlos was alive, so she made up a story, one based on internet rumors. She had told Piggy, "Your daddy works in a place far away. He's working hard to earn money to buy us new clothes. He'll come back someday..."

Piggy asked her if he would come back by plane. Debbie told her yes. But it would be a long flight.

What Debbie didn't expect was that Piggy remembered what she was told.

Now sitting on the edge of the bed, Debbie held her daughter in her arms and replied sadly, "He doesn't need to take a long flight now. But... Daddy hasn't earned enough money yet. When he has enough cash to buy a big villa like your daddy Ivan's, he'll come back..."

"Don't want a... big villa."

"Why? It's good to live in a big villa. You can have a big bedroom. With lots of toys."

"I want Daddy... Daddy! No big villa." 'Daddy doesn't want me. He wants money,' Piggy thought angrily.

Debbie looked at her daughter's pure and bright eyes, tears threatening to come out of her eyes. She said with a sob, "Okay, I'll tell Daddy. I'll try to make him see..."

Her voice choked, the lump in her throat getting bigger, and her vision was blurred by tears. She wondered how she could make Carlos remember everything about her.

'Do you know, Carlos? While you're in the arms of another woman, your wife and daughter are missing you so much...' she thought sadly.

Piggy fell asleep soon, but Debbie tossed and turned. She took out her phone and called Ivan. "Hey Ivan. Did I wake you?"

[Chapter 335 Im Not Lonely](#)

"No. What's up?" Ivan asked from the other end.

"Well, you have a lot of business connections. Could you help me get Carlos' phone number?" Debbie asked, embarrassed by her own request. She had asked Carlos for his number when she had met him in Y City, but he had refused to tell her.

'Unbelievable,' Ivan thought. "Are you telling me that you don't have his number?" She had moved back to Y City to reclaim her ex-husband, yet she didn't even have his contact number.

"Um... He changed his number," she said, her voice feeble. Debbie had tried to contact him through his old number, but it was answered by a worker in ZL Group.

"Okay, I'm sending you his number."

"What?! You have his number?" Debbie was shocked. She wasn't expecting that.

"Yes. Our branch company is doing a project in co-operation with ZL Group. His phone number is on the company contract," Ivan replied, hiding from her that he had met Carlos just that night. He had never

met Carlos before that night. Now that his company had become bigger, he finally had the chance to meet him face-to-face.

"Thank you, Ivan!" Debbie said, excitement clear in her tone. She was truly grateful to him.

In no time, she received a WeChat message from Ivan. It was Carlos' number.

She looked at the time. It was about ten o'clock at night. 'Is Carlos holding his soon-to-be fiancée in his arms right now?' she wondered with an ache in her heart.

It pained her to imagine him being intimate with Stephanie that way. She couldn't breathe at the thought of it. On an impulse, she dialed the number which Ivan had sent her.

The call got through very soon. "Hello?"

Her heart missed a beat when she heard his husky voice.

She smiled and glanced at her daughter, who was sleeping beside her. 'Baby, I'm gonna get your daddy back,' she said in her mind. She touched her daughter's forehead gently and then walked out to the balcony. As she overlooked the night sky of Z Country, she said in a chirpy voice, "Hey, Mr. Handsome."

Carlos was a little taken aback. He removed the phone from his ear and looked at the number. 'So, this is that woman's number.'

He memorized it so that he wouldn't accidentally answer her call the next time.

"What do you want?" he asked coldly.

Debbie was hurt by how much he hated hearing her voice. But she cheered herself up and asked, "Are you in bed?"

"I'm busy. If you don't have anything important to—"

"Yes, I do!" she interrupted him quickly to stop him from hanging up. "I haven't been pestering you for the past few days and you haven't seen me walk the dog either. Are you

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ave chosen to be with such a shameless woman like you in the past."

Debbie's heart constricted in her chest. She felt hot tears running down her cheeks. She was realizing just how much Carlos really hated her now.

But she kept pressing him without giving up. "Let me make this clear to you. You were much more brazen than me in the past. You know why I have the courage to keep pestering you now? It's because you did the same to me in the past. You taught me to never give up!" Debbie retorted. More importantly, he had treated her so well. That was why she wouldn't give up on him that easily even if she had to act shamelessly and swallow all her pride.

'I did the same to her?' Carlos knitted his brows. He couldn't even imagine himself pestering a woman. Why would he ever do that?

"You don't believe it, right? It doesn't matter. Just don't stop me from approaching you. I will surely make you love me again, Carlos." Whether he had lost his memory or not, she would make him fall for her all over again.

"Done?" he asked coldly.

"Yes," Debbie nodded helplessly. 'Ugh! This man is such a handful,' she thought to herself.

"Then go to bed."

'No!' she exclaimed in her mind. She had managed to keep him talking for a while somehow. She didn't want her effort to go in vain.

However, before she could utter one more word, the call was disconnected.

Debbie sighed when she heard the beep sound on the phone.

Nonetheless, she couldn't give up. She copied his phone number into the WeChat app and found the WeChat account named CH. The profile photo was the logo of ZL Group. Debbie laughed lightly. This had to be Carlos' WeChat account. He was so easy for her to understand.

She sent him a friend request.

[Chapter 336 Wait For Me](#)

Debbie stared at the phone screen, waiting patiently. After a long while, she finally got the notification that her friend request was agreed by the other end.

A big smile crept across her face. 'I know, Carlos can't be that heartless to me. It's just his ego playing tricks here, ' she thought happily.

She quickly sent a WeChat message to that account. "Hi, Mr. Handsome. It's me."

As she waited for his reply, she tapped his WeChat Moments to browse his posts. The big smile on her face froze all of a sudden when she saw one of the posts.

Like his old habits, he seldom updated his Moments. And on the few occasions when he did update, it was all about the ZL Group. Except for one odd post with a picture of Stephanie. Quite unusual for the man that Debbie knew.

The picture was posted last month, and even though there were no words to caption it, the picture itself was enough to make Debbie sad. Obviously, they were showing off their affection. On the assumption that she shared no common friends with Carlos on WeChat, she decided to leave a comment since

nobody else would see it. "Mr. Handsome, can you delete this post? It pains my heart seeing the picture. My stomach churns too. My head throbs and my whole body aches," she wrote.

It took longer for Carlos to reply. But just when she decided he wasn't going to write back, an indifferent response popped up under her comment.

"Keep on with your feelings. They no longer mean anything to me." Debbie was incensed. What a heartless man!

'Carlos Huo, keep on snubbing me. One of these days, I'll teach you a lesson. Pray that you don't ever come back to me!' she swore in her mind.

Then, she sent Carlos ten-odd pictures from three years ago, when they were still an item. She typed a message in the end. "I have a few more of our intimate pics on my phone, but I'm not sending you now. Should you come back into my life, those are absolutely the best pics that I'm saving for last. For the time being, I don't see the need for sending them."

Looking at the photos, Carlos frowned.

That woman didn't lie to him. Five of those pictures were their romantic selfies; three of them showed their affectionate kisses in different places; and another three of them were taken in New York.

In all those photos, he looked at the woman with eyes full of tenderness while she sweetly smiled back.

The affection in their eyes was so evident that anyone could easily tell they were a couple, in deep love.

As Carlos pored over those pictures, his phone beeped several times, receiving more intimate photos.

Of course, the male lead was him and the female lead was Debbie, and the background was...on a

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a white stylish bucket hat before getting out of the taxi. She clutched her big canvas bag, pulled down the hat over her eyes and walked towards a hotel.

Keeping a low profile, she went to the underground parking lot of the hotel, where she found a modest black Maybach.

Carlos was talking on the phone in the driver's seat.

When he saw the woman who had wrapped herself tight and covered her face, he got out of the car, walked around to the other side and opened the passenger door for her. He signaled to her with his eyes.

Debbie walked up to him, tiptoed and gave him a peck on the lips.

With a triumphant smile, she sat in the passenger's seat. Watching her closely, Carlos was impressed by Debbie's courage. The only woman bold enough to flirt with him where and when she chose.

He was still on the phone but he lost his voice by her sudden kiss.

After giving Debbie a warning glance, he closed the door for her and went on to speak. "Talk about it later, Stephanie. You know I'm usually a very busy man. All the same, send my regards and apologies to your parents." As he sat in the driver seat, Debbie heard him say on the phone, "I have something to handle now. Call you back later."

The mention of the name Stephanie made Debbie feel out of place. 'So he was having a phone call with his soon-to-be fiancée?' she wondered.

While he slowly drove the car out, she tilted her head to look at him and asked, "Mr. Handsome, is your soon-to-be fiancée coming with us?"

"Nope," said Carlos, stealing a quick glance at her, before focusing his gaze on the road ahead.

Debbie didn't mind his cold attitude. She knew his personality. Previously, before they fell in love, he had been quite uptight.

"Then... do you love her?"

Carlos dropped into silence.

[Chapter 337 Love Him With Her Heart And Soul](#)

Carlos suddenly remembered the moment he finally regained consciousness after being in a coma for so long. All of the people around him told him that he had gotten involved in a tragic car accident and had been in a vegetative state for over two years. And they also let him know that Stephanie, his childhood friend, was the one who had been staying right by his side and taking care of him in those two years.

James had told him about how he and Stephanie had been deeply in love with each other, and given that he had already woken up, he should then be responsible for her.

From that moment onwards, Stephanie had started reducing the workload she had and devoted most of her time to looking after him as his girlfriend. Regarding the issue of whether he truly loved Stephanie or not, for some reason, it had never really crossed his mind.

There would be times where deep down his heart, he would feel that she wasn't the woman he longed to be with. And it was not like he hated her or anything. In fact, it was quite the opposite. He never really felt sick of her. Because if that had been the case, then there was no way they could've stayed friends since childhood.

He would always tend to reflect about who on earth could the woman he desired possibly be. Where could he find her? What was going on with her life? To be precise, he had second thoughts whether such a woman even existed in the first place. It was also possible that he was just getting so worked up over nothing.

Debbie was so pleased to see how Carlos had been at such a loss for words after hearing her question. Were he to have flatly answered that he loved Stephanie, then she probably would have been left with no choice but to give up on trying to win him back. But fortunately, he didn't say anything like that. He had been reluctant to give her an answer for about two minutes now, and still, she was yet to receive any response out of him. That period of silence helped her keep her hopes up.

Debbie's eyes became bloodshot and began welling up with tears. Leaning over and resting her cheek over his shoulder, she told him, "Mr. Handsome, I know you won't fall in love with her, because you promised me that you would love me for the rest of your life. And even though you might be suffering from memory loss at this moment, I can feel that I'm still there somewhere deep inside your heart. After all, I'm the one you love the most..." It should go without saying that she loved him just as much. Despite the fact that she had been deceived into thinking that he was already dead, the love she had for him never faltered one bit even after the past three years.

As time passed by, the love she had been keeping within never faded away, and rather, it actually even became much stronger than it ever was. She sincerely loved Carlos with her heart and soul.

Pursing his lips intensely, Carlos had been so astounded by the way her words kindled his heart. He had been so deeply moved.

At that moment, he realized that she might've been telling the truth when she said that they had been so in love with each other in the past.

The car then pulled over close to one of the most well-known places in Z Country, always brimming with activity due to its breathtaking views. And as soon as Carlos made sure that the car was locked, Debbie went closer to him, hooking her arms around his.

He tried to refuse her, but Debbie wasn't budging at all, not wanting to take no for an answer. "Back when we were still together, every time we would argue about someth

been left with no choice but to make a deal with him. After that, the bad guy informed me that you didn't make it. That shattered my heart into a million pieces, and I even went to your supposed 'funeral.'" A contemptuous smile slithered onto her face as she recalled that so-called funeral. She couldn't stop herself and ended up asking, "Was I really that foolish? It's just now that I realize how foolish I had been back then. I was the most stupid person in the world. He managed to deceive me."

"And who might that guy be?" Carlos' heart began pounding quite hard the moment he came up with a possible answer.

Debbie didn't have it in her to tell him the bad guy was James, because in his eyes, James had been such a good father to him now after the accident. If she said something that could displease him, Carlos might take it the wrong way and think that she intended to drive a wedge between the father and son. For that reason, she just casually said, "For now, it doesn't really matter who that guy is. It wouldn't make a difference if you find out about it or not. I'll just tell you some other time."

Given that it seemed as though she really had no intentions of spilling the beans, Carlos decided to just let it go for the time being. That being said, he asked her a different question, "So what was that weakness you mentioned?"

"I was..." "No, no. that's not right. I shouldn't be telling him anything about that now. If Carlos doesn't get his memory back and finds out that Piggy is actually his daughter, we will probably end up having a battle for her custody. What am I going to do if that happens?" Debbie panicked, feeling so anxious.

"Why are you suddenly so hesitant to give me an answer?" Carlos had his keen eyes deeply fixated on her face, looking closely at every little shift in her expression.

"No, it's not like that. I'm just worried because you're suffering from memory loss right now. So, you might have a hard time taking all of this information in. Once you finally get better, I'm going to tell you all about the truth. Alright? I promise you, I won't be keeping anything from you by then! Okay?" Loosening her grip, Debbie intently looked right into his eyes.

Recognizing the sincerity and truthfulness written in her eyes, Carlos decided to just let go of the topic for now and simply continued walking forward.

[Chapter 338 Do I Love Debbie Nian](#)

A gust of cool wind blew over from the lake. Debbie grinned, staring at Carlos' tall figure. 'Carlos, my love... Remember me and come back to me soon, ' she prayed.

They walked towards a crowded night market a short distance away. Food stands were lined up on each side of the street. Looking around the various food stalls, as a foodie, Debbie felt her mouth water.

"Carlos, I'm starving!" she yelled excitedly.

Carlos knitted his brows tightly as he looked at the food stands. He couldn't even muster up an appetite at that place. "Find a restaurant," he demanded.

Debbie shook her head vigorously. "Trust me, you will never be able to taste the authentic flavor of Z Country in any top class restaurants. The genuine gourmet food of this country is right here, in these streets. Don't look down on them. Come, I'll find you some delicious snacks. You're gonna love them."

Carlos was baffled. Massaging his aching temples, he refused again, "No, thank you. I'll wait for you here."

"Don't. Come on, Mr. Handsome. You used to accompany me all the time to buy these street snacks. Sometimes you even stood in queues to buy this food while I waited in the car," she said with a smile, as she remembered those times when Carlos cared so much for her.

"That was then, this is now!" he insisted. He really couldn't afford to get sick.

Debbie pursed her lips. "Please, let's go buy them together."

"No way! I—"

Debbie ignored his refusal and dragged him into the crowd before he could even finish his sentence. She jumped happily from one food stand to the next.

In no time, she had bought some fried squid, octopus balls, oyster omelets, fish balls, egg waffle... Carlos was lost for words. She blissfully savored every bite of the snacks. When both of her hands were filled with food, she made Carlos hold the skewer of fried squid and the egg waffle for her.

Debbie had seldom been to a food street like this since she had given birth to her baby. Even if she had occasionally passed by, she couldn't walk around and enjoy the food because she would be holding the baby in her arms. All she could do then was walk through the street, her mouth watering the whole time.

But right now, it was a golden chance for her to enjoy all her favorite foods. There was no way she was going to hold back on her pangs. Moreover, she didn't need to hold a good image in front of Carlos. She could just be herself and eat as much as she wanted.

Frowning, Carlos stared at all the strange food that was stuffed into his hands, his eyes filled with disdain. On top of that, he was confused when he saw how happily De

ppetite was. Although she had already eaten so much food from the night market, she was still able to eat as much as Carlos had at the restaurant. He was very impressed. A shadow of a smile had appeared on his face as he watched her gulp down her favorite foods.

After the meal, he had planned to drive her back home. But Debbie groaned, touching her full round belly. She demanded a walk with him.

As they slowly walked around the lake, Debbie talked fervently as usual, while he listened silently.

She talked a lot about their old days together. From time to time, she would confess her love for him and tell him how much she missed him.

Each time she looked at him, the deep affection in her eyes touched his heart, like a leaf falling into a silent river, gently causing ripples on its surface.

When they finally got into Carlos' Maybach, it was already past ten. Debbie gave him an address that was near her house and then leaned back in her seat to take a nap.

When they reached the address, Carlos glanced sideways at the sleeping woman without waking her up.

He turned off the engine, rolled down his window and lit a cigarette.

Unwittingly, his gaze kept going back to her face. After a few minutes, he pulled out his phone from his pocket and texted Damon. "Do I love Debbie Nian?"

Damon was surprised when he received Carlos' text.

He replied, "Are you with her now?"

Carlos ignored his text.

After waiting a while, Damon knew that Carlos wasn't going to answer. He replied honestly, "You did, once."

After getting the answer he needed, Carlos put away his phone and put out the cigarette.

He drew closer to Debbie, intending to wake her up. But his dark eyes were fixed on her beautiful sleeping face.

[Chapter 339 Im Currently Single](#)

Since Debbie was a celebrity in Z Country, she had been wearing sunglasses and a bucket hat all the while.

At the night market, Carlos had heard many people gossip among themselves, wondering whether the woman beside him was Debbie Nian.

But at that moment inside the car, she was not wearing her sunglasses. She wasn't wearing any make-up either. Her eyes were closed, her eyelashes long and beautiful.

She had a delicate nose and plump red lips.

He felt like he was being bewitched as he slowly lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

The air in the car became thick with romance.

Debbie felt his kiss. She was familiar with his scent. The smell of tobacco in his mouth was the same as before. She was filled with nostalgia.

She slowly lifted her hands and cradled his neck, kissing him back passionately without opening her eyes. Carlos did not stop her. He could not.

Every time Stephanie had tried to make out with him, Carlos would refuse her. He had even doubted himself, wondering if he was impotent.

But the fire raging in his belly at this moment proved that he was perfectly normal. He had a very strong sexual desire, but it was just not aimed at Stephanie.

A few minutes later, the two broke apart, gasping for air. Their foreheads were still against each other and Carlos' arms were wrapped tightly around her waist. He demanded in a hoarse voice, "Get out!"

Debbie rolled her eyes. 'You are still holding me in your arms. How am I supposed to get out?' Besides, she didn't want to leave yet.

"I—" Before she could finish speaking, her lips were being devoured once again, fervently.

Breaking apart from her once again, Carlos tried to calm down. He let go of her and leaned forward to open the passenger door for her. "Get out!"

Biting her swollen lips, Debbie held onto his waist tightly and said, "Carlos Huo, I have only ever slept with you in my life, and I will never sleep with another man. We will—"

Carlos couldn't stop himself. He had no control over his own body as he flung himself onto her again, kissing her with a passion he didn't know was inside him. He was burning for this woman. 'Why?!' he screamed in his head, as he pulled her towards his body.

She responded and let him devour her. A few minutes later, he pulled away from her and let her go. He leaned against his seat and closed his eyes without saying a word.

Knowing

ing, "Find these men as soon as possible. Keep it quiet."

James' dirty secrets were tough to dig out. But Debbie could not just sit and wait. The next day, she went to ZL Group.

The receptionists were not the same people from three years ago. They were all strangers to Debbie.

"May I help you?" one of them asked politely.

Debbie adjusted her sunglasses and answered with a smile, "Yes. I would like to meet Tristan. Thank you."

"Tristan?" The receptionist seemed confused. Obviously, she didn't recognize that name. The other receptionist, who was a little older than her, cast a sharp glance at Debbie and said, "Tristan has long left ZL Group. You didn't know?"

Debbie was stunned. 'Tristan has left?' "Fine, I would like to meet Ashley then."

"Ashley is not working in ZL Group either."

Debbie continued in shock, "What about Zelda?"

"They all left the company three years ago."

Debbie just stared at the receptionist. What was going on? "Do you know where they are now?" she asked.

The receptionist shook her head. "I heard that Tristan had gone abroad. But I never heard anything about Ashley and Zelda."

Debbie was rendered speechless for a while. 'Why did all of Carlos' assistants leave the company at the same time?

Did James drive them away to strengthen his position in the company? Were they a threat to him?'

After leaving ZL Group, Debbie got into her car and stared blankly at the company building.

Her phone rang and she quickly picked it up. "Hi, Ivan."

"Debbie, do you want to hold a concert in Y City?"

Debbie's eyes widened. "Why?"

[Chapter 340 Call Curtis Again](#)

Ivan stared at Debbie's contract and said into his phone, "Your contract is going to expire soon. You plan to settle in Y City, don't you? Now you can go anywhere else to explore new horizons for your music. With your potential, I believe you will make an international star."

"But..." Debbie stammered.

Ivan knew what was on her mind, so he coaxed, "We can hold your concert in a month. If no company wants to sign you then, you can still go back to the Wen Group, while we wait for some large company to come knocking for your signature."

"Absolutely not! Ivan, I won't do that. Even if I'm going to work outside the Z Country, I will still sign with the Wen Group." Through the years, Ivan and Irene had helped her a lot. If she chose to leave the Wen Group at this moment, she would be the most ungrateful woman in the world.

"Debbie, relax. Listen to me. The Star Empire under the ZL Group is one of the leading companies in the entertainment industry. If you can sign with the Star Empire, it will add to your popularity. A contract with them will benefit you a lot. You've been working day and night all these years. Have you forgotten what you've always wanted to be?" Ivan asked.

'What do I want? I want to be powerful enough to avenge myself,' Debbie thought.

After a short pause, she said, "My answer is the same. I want to stay with the Wen Group for life."

Ivan burst into laughter. "I admire your firmness! But... Come on. We have many popular stars, and your absence will make no difference. The only reason why I'm asking you to sign with the Star Empire is that they have Carlos as their boss. You came back to Y City for him, didn't you?"

'What? Carlos is in charge of the Star Empire?! That means if I sign with the company, Carlos will be my boss!' The very thought excited Debbie.

Sensing that she hesitated, Ivan continued, "I believe you and Carlos will eventually get back together. Then you will settle in Y City. Isn't that something you'd fancy?"

Ivan's words made sense. "But the Star Empire has more established stars. I'm afraid—"

Ivan interrupted her. "Don't think too much. You are different from them. Unique in

"Is this Colleen?"

"Yes, ma'am. Who am I talking to?" Colleen sounded somewhat drowsy at first. But she quickly recognized Debbie's voice. "Gee!" she exclaimed. "Debbie, is this really you?"

Debbie's eyes turned teary as she answered, "Yes... Colleen, I..."

"Ain't fair, Deb. You just went MIA for a whole three years!" Colleen complained. "Girl, I even came to Z Country a couple of times, but you were nowhere to be seen. What's up?"

"Yeah, I know. And for that reason, I'm reaching out to invite you and Mr. Lu for dinner."

"Sure. Wait a second." Colleen called out, "Honey! Honey!"

Curtis' voice came from the other end of the line, gentle as ever. "What's up? The call's for me?"

"Mm-hmm. Guess who?" Colleen handed the phone to Curtis. A strange number.

Curtis passed the baby in his arms to Colleen and answered the phone in confusion. "Hello, who am I talking to, please?"

"Uncle Curtis, it's me, Debbie."

Curtis was lost for words. Debbie's voice alone was surprising enough. Yet she called him "Uncle!" The first time! He couldn't help but smile. A real ear-to-ear smile.

'Stubborn girl!' he thought. "Are you back in the city?"

"Yes, Uncle," she replied, her voice choking on tears.

Curtis asked with concern, "Good to know that. How have you been all these years?"

"Pretty good. Uncle Curtis, I want to invite you and Aunt Colleen to dinner and apologize to you face to face," Debbie explained.