

[Chapter 351 Drown Sorrows In Alcohol](#)

Later on, that man just ran away eventually, so Jared had to go after him. And during that day, Kasie just happened to be enjoying a cup of coffee there. Unfortunately for her, she had been forced to pay for all of the damages Jared had caused.

Once Jared finally sobered up after getting some much-needed rest, he couldn't remember anything about what happened.

The person who was having a cup of coffee along with Kasie was acquainted with Sasha as well. So, she told her about the mess he had made at the cafe.

It should go without saying that Sasha felt so terrible upon finding that out. She offered to pay Kasie back for it, but she persistently refused to accept her money, telling her that if Jared footed her bill next time, then they could call it quits.

"She just had to pay for less than a million and here I am left with no choice but to pay several million." Jared clenched his teeth, fuming with intense anger.

With one hand propped against her chin, Kasie leisurely browsed the menu. Then, she swiftly scanned the club, checking the people there with them. "From what I could gather, you would have to pay roughly around ten million, but that's just an approximation. Why don't you just go ahead and ask the manager to give you a discount? Loosen up a bit. You're going to be alright."

"Ten... ten million!" Jared blurted out, feeling so frustrated.

Paying no attention to him, Kasie moved on and asked Debbie, "Tomboy, what are you gonna be having? Look at the menu and see if there's anything you might like."

Placing her phone down at the table, Debbie checked the menu. "I would love to have a hard drink. It's been ages since the last time we were able to go out to grab a drink like this. We're going to be drinking to our hearts' content tonight. Okay?"

One would easily be able to sense the hint of dejection in her words. It seemed as though she was intending to drown her sorrows in alcohol at that moment.

That being the case, her friends wanted to be there for her to keep her company and go drinking. With a snap of his finger, Jared called the attention of the waiter standing close to them. "Waiter, give us ten bottles of whisky please."

Everyone around them had been left dumbfounded after hearing him say that. 'Man, do you really have to order that much whisky?' a lot of the onlookers wondered.

It was quite obvious that Debbie was really planning to drown her sorrows in all of that alcohol. It was not like she could hold her liquor at all, but the second the whisky was served, she wasted no time and chugged down two glasses in an instant.

As she got to her third glass, she was already beginning to ramble about everything. Somewhere along the middle of that, she even got into a discussion with Jared about a random topic.

Kasie wanted to prevent her from downing her fourth glass. However, Debbie tightly held onto her, with tears welling up in her eyes, and cried out, "Kasie, please just let me drink for now. Once I get so drunk and fall asleep, maybe it will stop hurting this mu

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.

harp and menacing that it sent shivers down the spine of the guy carrying Debbie and made him lose the strength in his legs. "Mr. Huo?"

With just a single glance, the man immediately recognized who Carlos was.

He had actually seen Carlos a couple of times before already, but this was the very first time he had ever had an actual conversation with him.

"Bring her to me this instant," Carlos demanded, quite intimidatingly. Without delay, the man handed Debbie over to Carlos at once.

Women are a dime a dozen. He wouldn't ever dare to displease Carlos over a single woman.

Debbie seemed to have been murmuring something. Instructing his bodyguards, he told them, "Make sure that he gets banned from entering any of the clubs or any other entertainment venues throughout Y City from this day forward."

"As you wish, Mr. Huo!"

The man was left so dumbfounded, not to mention frightened, without a single clue what he had done to offend Carlos. He had made sure to be cooperative and tread carefully. So, why was Carlos still prohibiting him from going to the city's hotspots?

Be that as it might, he didn't have the guts to say anything back. He answered the bodyguards' questions as best as he could. Then he listened as the bodyguards made phone calls to shut him out of entertainment facilities.

Lifting Debbie up, Carlos went ahead and carried her into his car. The stench she had on her made him flinch. Just what was it with him and alcohol tonight? Prior to that, he had to pick up Stephanie, who got drunk as well. And much to his surprise, Debbie was even more intoxicated.

Recognizing a familiar scent from Carlos, Debbie nuzzled up to him. "Hey, what's taking you so long? Why are we still not on the dance floor yet? Come on. What's the matter? Can you dance or not? I bet you can't," she mumbled.

Second later, she heard the car door shut. Squinting her eyes, she innocently asked, "Huh? What is a car door doing here in the middle of the dance floor? Is this some sort of modern technology?"

### [Chapter 352 Promise Me](#)

When Debbie saw Carlos' gloomy face, her mind went blank for a moment. "Oh, it's you, old man. No, you can't be here. I must have made a mistake." 'He should be enjoying his girlfriend's company right now. Does he have time for me?' conflicting thoughts ran through her mind.

With her eyes closed, she leaned against his chest, smelling his enchanting scent.

"Where to, Mr. Huo?" asked Carlos' assistant, who was ready in the driver's seat.

For the six months he had been on the job, he had never seen Carlos hug another woman besides Stephanie. This was a first.

Carlos was quiet for a moment. He looked out the window, stroked his brow and said, "Go to Champs Bay Apartments."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

The car pulled into Champs Bay Apartments in about ten minutes, where on arrival, Carlos' phone rang. A call from Curtis.

"Hi," he answered at once.

"Carlos, Jared told me he couldn't find Debbie. Do you know where she is?" While Jared anxiously looked for her, Debbie had left her phone on the couch at the club. In his frantic efforts to find her, he had called Curtis.

"Yes, I do," Carlos replied faintly.

"Good. Jared said she was drunk. Take care of her, OK?" said Curtis, feeling relieved.

"Alright."

Elsewhere, Jared was still worried. Only after Curtis called back and told him about her whereabouts did he get some rest.

'How did Carlos take her so quietly? He is like a ghost,' Jared reflected.

With Debbie gone and Kasie dead drunk, there was no fun in the club for him. He decided to leave. The bill would cost him a fortune, though. He went to the manager. "Good fellow, tell me, how long will I have to wash the dishes here to pay the bill?"

The manager smiled politely. "You wouldn't be able to pay off even if you washed the dishes here for 20 years. Mr. Han, you'd better pay the bill directly."

"Fine. Call this guy. He is my brother. Tell him I ran away, and ask him to settle up." Jared hadn't spoken to Damon for a long time.

Damon wouldn't get ripped off willingly, not to mention the bill was ridiculously high. He called Jared. Yet Jared said calmly, "In the past years, as the elder brother, you didn't take care of me at all. Just consider this bill as your way

red with anger, wishing to strangle her.

But Debbie seemed to be oblivious of his rage. She mumbled on, "I planned to stay single for the rest of my life when they told me you died. Is this how you treat me? Boo...hoo... Asshole! You're a heartless jerk!"

Ignoring her rant, Carlos put her on the bed, took off her shoes and pulled a thin quilt over her.

But she refused to sleep under the quilt and kicked it off the bed. Then she sat up, screaming and cursing. "You're not my husband. My husband loves me. He won't kiss another woman. Neither will he marry someone else. Get out of here!"

After she punched him again, Carlos grabbed her hands and warned, "Shut up and go to sleep! You don't have to push me to the wall."

"Why have you changed so much? You no longer are the person I knew. Back then you loved me from the bottom of your heart."

Carlos was left speechless. 'This woman is a piece of work,' he thought.

While he racked his brains for an end to the drama, she abruptly made a turn around, held him tight and pressed her face against his chest. "Old man, don't kiss her. Promise me you won't kiss her, okay?"

Her change of tone got him by surprise. A few minutes ago, he had wished she'd be worn out and leave him in peace.

But now, at her soft tender voice, and the way she held him tight, Carlos wished that moment could last forever.

Unaware she was turning him on, Debbie went on between sobs, "Just promise me. It's all I'm asking for."

### [Chapter 353 You Guys Are So Noisy](#)

"Hmm..." Carlos swallowed hard and tried to move his eyes away from Debbie.

The truth was, what happened between him and Stephanie earlier that night was just an accident. She was drunk and she didn't want to leave when he picked her up from the club. Then before he could even open the car door, Stephanie tripped on her heels and fell forward. Carlos instinctively reached out to catch her, consequently wrapping his arms around her waist. However, he had lost control of his balance.

To keep from falling, Carlos pressed Stephanie against the car for support. He was surprised to find that Stephanie took this chance to kiss him. She grabbed him and locked her arms around his neck and started kissing him passionately.

At that exact moment, Debbie and her friends had just seen the whole thing happen. What they didn't see was Carlos desperately trying to free himself from Stephanie.

"What happened tonight will never happen again." Carlos found himself assuring Debbie right away. He found it strange but he liked it.

Debbie's face broke into a smile—she was satisfied. She stopped crying and leaned over for a kiss until she seemed to remember something, and stopped herself. Her face twisted into disgust. She hatefully wiped Carlos' lips with her hand. "I hate that you have that woman all over your lips! Yuck! Brush your teeth please!" she demanded.

She didn't kiss him. Instead, she pushed him all the way to the bathroom.

Carlos was at a loss for words. He wondered what he was really doing here when he was only getting tortured by Debbie. Why would he bring all this trouble for himself? Was he taking advantage of his freedom too much? Even he couldn't quite understand himself.

A few minutes later, after brushing his teeth, he walked back to her bedroom again. He thought Debbie would be sleeping right now but instead, he found her lying seductively and gazing at him.

As soon as he came out, she giggled and called, "Come here, Mr. Handsome. I have a secret for you."

Carlos obediently walked over and sat on the edge of her bed. Absentmindedly, he said, "Don't sleep yet. I'll have someone bring you a—" Before he could finish speaking, Debbie suddenly crawled up to him and kissed him.

Her skirt had already been taken off. She grabbed his hand and placed it on her body, slowly moving it up and down and letting him explore her. She softly tempted him, whispering in his ear, "Mr. Handsome, we didn't really want to get divorced. We've already done this before. A lot of times. I've never slept with anyone since..."

Carlos tightened his grip on her waist, trying to constrain himself.

But Debbie wasn't backing down. She continued whispering flirtatiously, "I read on the Internet that if thirty-year-old men don't get regular s

else to do. We should get going." Then, she broke free from Jared's grip and walked up to Debbie. In a hushed voice, she cautioned, "Debbie, you're still young. Don't tire yourself out. Be careful of your health, especially your..." 'Kidney!' Sasha didn't blurt out that last word. Frequent sex could cause kidney deficiency, but since they didn't really have sex last night, Sasha stopped her joke midway.

Debbie's lips twitched.

Jared dragged Sasha to leave the apartment. Debbie returned to her bedroom without seeing her friends off. As soon as she climbed onto her bed, she fell asleep at once.

On the sixth floor

When Stephanie woke up, it was already past seven o'clock in the morning. After drinking the soup prepared by the maid, she fixed herself and went to knock on Carlos' bedroom door.

But no one opened the door. After a few moments, she pushed open the door and heard someone in the bathroom. She realized that it was probably Carlos.

But something was wrong. She checked the time and it was around 8:00. Carlos normally jogged in the morning. He would come back around 6:40 and by 7:00, he would already have taken his shower. So why was he showering so late?

She caught a glimpse of the tidy bed. That was when she grew suspicious. 'Didn't Carlos sleep here last night? Or did he actually make his bed before going into the shower?'

As she got lost in her thoughts, the sound of the running water suddenly stopped. Stephanie stared at the bathroom door. Soon, the door flew open.

With a bath towel sloppily hanging over his waist, Carlos walked out the bathroom. When he saw the woman in his bedroom, he slightly furrowed his brows.

Stephanie snapped out of her trance and explained, "I just came to tell you, last night I..." She stopped mid-sentence when she noticed an obvious love bite on Carlos' neck.

#### [Chapter 354 It Was Just For Fun](#)

'Love bites!' Stephanie thought in shock. She struggled to shift her sight past his neck and onto his arm, only to find hickeys there as well. Her heart sank and her face went pale.

Sensing her gaze on his body, Carlos checked his arm. He remembered that Debbie had deliberately left love bites there as payback for his torture. Without letting it bother him, he grabbed another clean towel and wiped his wet hair. Instead of explaining the situation to Stephanie, he asked her, "Do you have anything important to tell me?"

As an experienced woman who had dealt with difficult situations in business, Stephanie was able to quickly regain her composure. Taking a deep breath, she collected herself and asked casually, "Last night—"

"Stephanie," Carlos interrupted her coldly.

"I hope what happened last night won't happen again."

"I'm sorry, Carlos. I know that you are mostly busy. I shouldn't have—"

"I wasn't talking about picking you up from the club," he cut her bluntly.

Stephanie was silent for a moment. She understood what he was talking about. He was condemning her for taking advantage of her drunken state to kiss him.

Carlos wasn't planning on explaining anything about the love bites to Stephanie. He didn't have sex with Debbie last night. He had somehow managed to constrain himself in the end, but they had hugged and slept the night together. But it didn't make a difference to Carlos whether he had sex with her or not. Since he had been so intimate with another woman, he felt it wasn't proper to continue his relationship with Stephanie anymore. He declared, "I need to tell you something. We should—" 'Break up!'

Knowing the words that were about to spill out of his mouth, Stephanie cut in immediately, "It was just for fun, right? You like to play around with other women occasionally. Correct? Carlos, I understand. You don't have to explain yourself to me. We haven't gotten married yet, so I don't mind."

Carlos frowned. He was a little annoyed that she thought he was that kind of a man. "No, it wasn't—" 'Just for fun.'

"Carlos, you haven't had your breakfast yet. I'll go check if it's ready." She hurriedly left his bedroom, without giving him a chance to continue the topic.

After closing the bedroom door behind her, Stephanie supported herself against the wall in the corridor, gasping for air. She clenched her fists in anger. 'Who on earth is that woman? Who the hell left those love bites on him?' she thought furiously.

By the time Carlos got dressed and came to the dining room, the housemaid had already prepared the breakfast and laid it out on the table. Stephanie was not in the living room, or in the dining room. As he sat at the table, he asked the maid, "Where's Stephanie?"

The maid repl

door behind her, Debbie put the carry bag on the table and took out the boxes one by one. There were six main dishes inside it, and a bowl of rice and noodles. No wonder the bag was so heavy.

She recognized the logo on the takeout boxes. It had been ordered from the fifth floor of Alioth Building.

Her stomach rumbled and her mouth watered as she breathed in the delicious smell. She rushed to the bathroom to freshen up.

While she was eating her lunch, she texted Carlos via WeChat. "Thank you for the lunch, Mr. Handsome. It's delicious."

"Hmm," he replied shortly. There were no more messages from him.

Debbie scoffed. She had expected that Carlos would be more enthusiastic towards her after what had happened last night, but he was just his usual self.

Anyway, things had been going smoothly between them. Debbie was relaxed now. So, in the following days, she shifted most of her attention to the upcoming concert.

She had flown back to Z Country once to deal with some important work. After that, she picked up Piggy from the Wen family's residence and secretly brought her to Curtis' house in Y City.

By the time Debbie was done with all her work, two weeks had passed since she had last met Carlos.

She sighed in disappointment. Not once had Carlos contacted her. She had thought that he would take the initiative to contact her, but he was still as aloof as ever.

'I can't wait for him to make a move. It has already been two weeks. I have to do something myself!' she thought.

She pulled out her phone and sent him a message. "I'll be walking the dog tonight."

Two hours later, she received Carlos' reply. It was a simple "Hmm" again.

She was used to his cold attitude, but it still hurt when he acted like he didn't care.

'Ah, forget it! I hope I can see him tonight,' she smiled to herself.

### [Chapter 355 Millie Is Pregnant](#)

At around dusk, Debbie put on a long, casual dress to take Harley for a walk. She grabbed the dog leash and headed out.

This time, when she arrived at the ground floor, she was happy to find that Carlos was already walking Millie along a path around the block.

She joyfully trotted to Carlos along with Harley. "Mr. Handsome! Old man!"

Carlos turned around. A light smile flashed on his face as he replied, "Hmm."

'Hmm again?'

Debbie wasn't all too pleased with how cold Carlos was acting towards her.

"What are you busying yourself with these days?" she asked in a feigned casual voice as she watched the two dogs play together.

She was surprised to get an explanation from him this time. "I was on a business trip in New York. I just came back this morning," he explained.

'So that's it. Is that why he didn't contact me?' she wondered. "I see. So do you have anything to do tonight?"

"Yes." He needed to meet an important client that night.

A bit disappointed, Debbie said, "Well, then, go on and work."

This didn't escape Carlos—there was a hint of disappointment in Debbie's eyes.

Flashing a smile, he suddenly pulled her into his arms when she least expected it, and kissed her on the lips.

Shocked, Debbie didn't realize that Carlos' lips were on hers right away.

After kissing, Carlos didn't let go of her yet. Instead, he put his palm at the back of her head and pressed his forehead against hers. Slightly out of breath, he told her, "Millie is pregnant."

"Hmm?" She blinked, unsure what she had heard.

"It's Harley, your dog, that got her pregnant," he said.

At that moment, Carlos recalled how he found out in the first place. It was Stephanie who told him. He was still in New York when Stephanie called him up. She was wondering how their dog could get pregnant.



Carlos immediately thought of Debbie's male dog, Harley, who always enthusiastically pestered and played with Millie each time he saw her. That dog was very much like his owner's personality—active, enthusiastic, and clingy. So Carlos figured that it must have been Harley who had gotten Millie pregnant. He calmly said to Stephanie then, "Damon's son wants one of the puppies."

"Wh-what? How is that related to Millie's pregnancy?" Stephanie asked, confused.

"When Millie gives birth, I'll give one to Damon's son and one to Curtis' son," h

h him. So when he found out that Carlos wanted the piano model and was willing to pay double for it, he agreed right away.

Debbie tried to suppress the excitement exploding in her heart. "So... what does this mean?" 'Is he giving it to me or is he going to give it to another woman?' she wondered eagerly.

Carlos cast her a sidelong glance. "What do you think?"

Debbie pursed her lips. She deliberately scoffed, "I think it's a nice gift for your fiancée..."

Frowning, he said in a stern voice, "Keep it. Don't damage it or lose it, or else I'll make you pay for it."

Debbie rolled her eyes. Was this the right attitude in giving a present?

But she was already grateful to have received a present in the first place—she didn't want to fight over a petty thing. She cautiously put the piano model back to the brocade box, and then put the box back to the gift bag. Carrying it in her hand, she happily held his arm. "Mr. Handsome, thank you. I love it very much!"

Happiness filled Debbie's heart. She could suddenly see her future with Carlos again.

Carlos slightly grinned and silently watched their two dogs play.

After returning to her apartment, Debbie sat on the edge of her bed and stared at the piano model, her mind racing. She thought about a lot of things—frowning at sad thoughts and smiling at happy thoughts.

She got trapped in her daze for about an hour. When she snapped out of it, she put back the piano model in its box.

She changed into a fresh set of clothes, ready to go to Curtis' house and see her daughter whom she dearly missed.

### [Chapter 356 Let Me Fix My Make-up First](#)

Debbie went to a shopping mall to buy gifts and clothes for Piggy and Jus. After that, she drove towards Curtis' house.

It was already dark outside. The corner that Debbie was about to take had no street lamps, so she drove slowly and cautiously.

Once she entered the street, the headlights of her vehicle shone on a group of people that were in front of her car. Instinctively, she slammed on the brakes to stop the car.

Fortunately, she wasn't driving fast and was able to stop in time before hitting anyone.

Debbie heaved a sigh of relief. Once she had calmed herself down, she gazed out at the group in front of her. They had raised their hands to shield their faces from the glare. Her headlights lit up a familiar face that she noticed from the cluster of people. One that she would never forget. A cynical smile slowly crept across her face.

Debbie slowly parked her car to the side of the road and turned the hazard lights on. Then, without any sign of fear, she got out of the vehicle and stood arrogantly in front of the group of men.

"Debbie Nian, I never expected that you would break your word!" James ranted furiously at the sight of Debbie. A malicious look was evident in his eyes.

Debbie casually leaned against her car and crossed her arms. "James Huo, why should I keep my word to a liar? I didn't expect you to be so despicable and deceive me into divorcing Carlos three years ago." Even though Debbie was facing five tall and burly bodyguards, her voice was fearless and almost sounded lazy.

"Despicable? Me? What a joke! It's not my fault that you're so stupid!" James ridiculed. James had been living a very comfortable life for the past three years. As the current CEO of the ZL Group, he enjoyed all the luxuries that went along with the title. Including countless people trying to fawn on him and the indulgence of many beautiful women. More importantly, he didn't need to bother with the busy work of managing the company, because Carlos had been taking care of all the company's affairs for him ever since he woke up from the coma. In other words, James had been enjoying the title of CEO of the ZL Group without putting in any effort.

However, Debbie's sudden appearance had threatened his comfortable life. James could sense that Debbie had changed. She was different from the one he knew from three years ago, who had been weak and foolish. This one was full of confidence and had an arrogance about her. James had a feeling of impending doom in the pit of his stomach. 'No way! I won't allow such things to happen. I'm the master of my fate!' James thought to himself.

"Yes, you're right. I was stupid," Debbie agreed. Then the smile on her face had turned to a sneer of resentment as she glared at James with her beautiful eyes. "But not anymore, James! I've learned my lesson well. I have the courage to stand in front of you, which means you are no longer someone I fear.

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eeched. He managed to pull the car door shut, but Debbie could still hear his shrieks.

While rubbing his stinging eyes, James felt around for the lock and pressed the button to lock Debbie out. She tugged on the handle a few times to try and open the door. However, when she realized that it was locked, she marched over to the roadside. There she picked up the biggest rock that she could find and then strode back and smashed it against the hood of his luxury limo.

Even though she put a few scratches and dents on the hood and panels, it wasn't enough to vent her anger. Debbie then began to pound the rock hard against the windows, but after great effort, she still wasn't able to break any of them. The quality built limousine deserved the expensive price tag.

Nevertheless, she did manage to put a few cracks in the windows that would need to be replaced.

However, James was the person that she wanted to get to, not his car. If she could only hit James with the rock, she would go home a happy woman and sleep well tonight.

While Debbie was trying to get to James, one of the bodyguards had recovered somewhat and sprinted towards Debbie with clenched fists. Debbie saw him coming and removed her high heels and threw them at his face. The well-trained bodyguard swiftly dodged the shoes, and they fell harmlessly onto the ground without doing the intended damage.

Debbie had used up all of her options and had to fight him with her bare hands. She kicked him hard into his stomach with her right leg and then tried to attack all the weak points on his body.

Even though the bodyguard wasn't able to open his eyes properly, he did manage to defend himself against Debbie's attacks.

Debbie had given him everything she had and had exhausted all of her options. However, it made no difference. He still came at her, and soon the others would too. At a disadvantage, Debbie knew that she had to come up with a solution quickly.

### [Chapter 357 The Car Accident Three Years Ago](#)

Just as Debbie was having quite a hard time fighting it out with the bodyguards, a flash of blinding light obscured her vision for a moment. Within seconds after that, she saw the car and realized that it was actually James' limo trying to run her over. As she was staring straight into the headlights, she made out the sound of the car's screeching tires. She turned rigid. In that instant, she suddenly recalled something that happened three years ago—the car accident. At that point, a terrible idea spontaneously popped up in her mind, regarding the possible cause of that accident. 'Could it be possible...'

It sent shivers down her spine, but she couldn't afford to think about it given the position that she had been in. Acting on instinct as a response to the imminent danger, Debbie quickly pressed her hand hard against the hood of the car just as it was about to hit her, and hastily sprung up, landing on top of the hood. James stepped hard on the gas after seeing her dodge. The car then began to accelerate, leaving her without a choice but to hold on for dear life over to the edges of the car. She gripped it as hard as she could, struggling to make sure she wouldn't roll off of it.

The vehicle was about to arrive at a bend, so James was forced to slow down before the turn. Not wanting to waste this window of opportunity, Debbie speedily leaped off the car, darted toward her car and hopped in it.

Starting the engine, she immediately shifted to reverse gear, stepping on the gas while promptly turning the steering wheel in order to make a sharp turn. Probably due to the adrenaline kicking in, she managed to pull all of these steps under just one breath. Before James or any of his men could do anything to stop her, she had already put the pedal to the metal and drove her car away at breakneck speed, successfully getting away from their watchful eyes.

Keeping the car's speed between 110km/h to 120km/h, she had no intention of slowing down until she was completely sure that James was already out of sight. Once she was certain that she had already gotten far enough, she eased up the tension that had built up in her calf muscles. She gradually let go of the accelerator and slowed down little by little.

After stumbling upon such a busy street, Debbie pulled over, switched on the light inside the car, and started checking up on all the injuries she might've accumulated in her arms and legs.

Her leg had gotten scraped when she tried to dodge James' limo. Apart from that, she also got a couple of bruises in her arms which she might have received after having a scuffle with the bodyguards.

Fortunately, all she got were just minor injuries and it wasn't anything severe. Heaving a heavy sigh of relief, she immediately headed over to the hospital.

After she was done receiving some first aid treatment at the hospital, it was already late in the evening. So, Debbie immediately sent Colleen a text message, telling her that something suddenly came up and that she would just have to postpone her visit to the kids some other time.

At the ZL Group's New York branch

Inside the general manager's office

A secretary was knocking on the door. After getting the go signal to let her in, she entered the room and said, "Ms. Shu, there's a lady outside who would like to see you."

With her head buried deep within the countless piles of papers, Miranda didn't even have the time to raise her head and glance at her secretary. "Do you know who she is? Is it something urgent?" she hastily asked.

"She told me that her last name is Nian and that there was some important matter she had to discuss with you."

'Nian?' Miranda visibly raised her head upon hearing this last name being mentioned.

'Could it possibly be her?'

She immediately brought out her mobile phone and searched for an image of a poster. Showing it to the secretary, she told her, "Go ahead and ask the people at t

to remind him that he could easily take back his position in the company. However, Carlos would just simply refuse considering the idea every single time. It even came to a point where he actually gave her a fair warning not to sow the seeds of discord between him and his father.

Given that Miranda still wasn't saying anything and just kept quiet, Debbie tried asking once more, "There's something else I've been meaning to ask you about, Aunt Miranda. Was it also James who told everyone what the cause of the car accident was? Did he tell you that it was because the truck driver had been extremely exhausted while he was driving?" With the cause of the car accident being mentioned, Miranda finally turned around to look at Debbie. This was something she wasn't expecting to hear, so her curiosity had gotten piqued.

A bit taken aback, she asked her directly, "What are you trying to imply from that?"

Seeming so resolute, Debbie peered straight into her eyes. "Just two nights ago, James tried to run me over with his car. And as luck would have it, somehow, I managed to dodge it. But that incident reminded me of what happened that year. Being at the jaws of death, I had a suspicion that it was..."

"Bite your tongue!" Feeling so anxious, Miranda looked over towards the door. Upon checking through the glass window and making sure that no one was standing outside the room, she flatly said, "You should be acting your age. Are you not aware that out of the mouth comes evil? Be mindful of what you say. For now, why don't you head back to Y City? And don't come back until you could bring me some proof that would be enough to prove your innocence. If you can't come up with anything to prove yourself, I'm telling you right now that you shouldn't expect getting any help from me, and I will even help James get rid of you!"

With her eyes bloodshot, a smile crept onto Debbie's face. Finally, she pulled it off and somewhat managed to convince Miranda to give her a chance. As her voice was breaking, she said with gratitude, "Thank you so much, Aunt Miranda. I will go back right away."

As she watched Debbie walk away and leave the room, Miranda tried to catch her breath and plopped down on the sofa, losing the strength on her legs. Lowering her head, she reflected on the information Debbie had just given her.

In Y City

The moment Stephanie wrapped up her meeting and stepped out the conference room, her phone suddenly rang. "Hello?" she said upon picking it up.

"Miss Li, were you trying to reach me? I was a bit preoccupied earlier," the person on the other end of the call responded.

#### [Chapter 358 Lets Go On A Date](#)

"Yes. Please hold on." Stephanie walked into the elevator, phone in hand. When she was finally alone, she continued in a hushed tone, "Hire someone to follow Carlos. Find out if there is any suspicious woman hanging around him."

"But..." The person on the other end of the line hesitated when she brought up Carlos' name.

Stephanie sneered, "Money is not a problem. Just do it. I'll bear any and all consequences."

"All right then," the person said, grudgingly accepting the task.

"Keep it under wraps."

"Got it."

The elevator doors opened just as she ended the call. She returned to her office and noticed a document on her desk.

She put aside the office files in her hand and opened that document. The name "Debbie Nian" written in the file caught her attention.

According to the information on it, Debbie was Carlos' ex-wife. She had signed the divorce agreement three years ago just after Carlos' car accident. Soon after that, she had left Y City and started her career in Z Country. With Hayden Gu's and Ivan Wen's help, she debuted as a singer and soon made a name for herself in Z Country.

After reading through Debbie's information, Stephanie smirked. 'So, that was how she cheated on Carlos, ' she thought. She had heard that Carlos had treated his ex-wife very well. But she had been such an ungrateful and shameless woman.

Then a name in the file caught her attention. 'Hayden Gu? Isn't he married to the Qin family's daughter? Why would he help Debbie Nian boost her popularity in Z Country?' she wondered.

She asked her assistant to get further information about Hayden Gu and Debbie Nian, and discovered that he was her ex-boyfriend.

Everyone in Y City seemingly knew about their relationship.

'Hayden and Debbie, Debbie and Carlos... Looks like there is an interesting story here, ' Stephanie mused.

In Champs Bay Apartments

Debbie was trying to compose her lyrics for her next song. She bent over a piece of paper in her study, while Carlos was sitting next to her, working on his company files. Dozens of crumpled papers were scattered all over the floor. Debbie let out an exasperated sigh. "Aargh! I can't come up with any good lines with this handsome man sitting next to me!"

Ruby had already warned her many times. If she didn't release a new album as soon as possible, her fans would likely be mad. But her attention was solely on the man by her side. She couldn't devote herself to composing songs full-time.

cared about her image in front of him. She acted naturally and was always her genuine self. He wondered if that was the reason why he had loved her so dearly before he had lost his memory.

"You don't like it?" Debbie noticed that he had only taken a single sip. She was a little disheartened.

Carlos shook his head. "I just don't like too much sugar."

His words reminded her that Carlos never liked sweet foods. How could she have forgotten such an important detail about him? She cursed herself in her mind. 'I shouldn't have added the honey, ' she thought with a glum look on her face.

Seeing the sadness in her eyes, he added, "But it's good."

Debbie waved at him. She took a sip and said, "Don't try to comfort me. I know. My bad. I forgot that you don't like sweet foods." She walked towards him and reached for his glass.

Realizing that she was trying to take it away, Carlos grabbed her hand. "No."

His big hand gently wrapped around her small hand. She felt warmth fill her heart from his single touch. She blushed and said in a low voice, "I will get you some water."

He squeezed her soft hand lightly. "No, I'll drink this."

Ignoring his tightening grip on her hand, she asked hesitantly, "But, you... Do you really want to drink it?" She didn't want him to torture himself for her sake.

"Yes." He nodded simply. Although he didn't like sugary foods, this was just a glass of fruit tea. He could drink it up.

With a smile, Debbie went back to her chair. She propped her chin in her hands and watched the man get back to his work again. An idea popped up in her head. "Mr. Handsome, let's go on a date tonight."

### [Chapter 359 Ten Dishes For Two People](#)

Carlos' hand hovered over his laptop keyboard. He shifted his gaze to Debbie. Again, the expectant look in her eyes made him unable to refuse her. He nodded.

Debbie's heart was filled with joy. The small smile on her lips spread across her face. She knew that she had been right all along. Carlos would surely come back to her!

She was too excited to continue working on her song, so she stopped writing the lyrics and began browsing some posts on Weibo. When she raised her head to peek at Carlos again, she was surprised to see that his glass of fruit tea was already empty. He even ate all the fruits in it.

Her heart fluttered. She was pretty sure that he had drunk it for her sake.

Around six o'clock in the evening, Carlos was about to wrap up his work for the day. Just before finishing his work, he asked Debbie to get his car out of the parking lot and wait for him downstairs.

A few moments later, Carlos left Champs Bay Apartments. He saw Debbie waiting outside in his car. He smiled and walked towards it. When he got into the car, Debbie suggested, "How about we have dinner at Colleen's restaurant? After dinner, we can walk around the commercial street nearby." Carlos raised his brow. There was clearly nothing for him to do. She had already planned out everything for the night.

He nodded helplessly and said, "Whatever you say." Debbie grinned at his reaction.

Curtis and Colleen were not at the restaurant that night. So, when the manager saw Carlos, he immediately ushered them to one of the VIP rooms and called Colleen immediately to tell her of his arrival.

Colleen told the manager, "Make sure you take good care of him and serve the best food. Free of charge." After a pause, she inquired, "Is he alone?"

"No, he is here with a lady."

'A lady? Is it Debbie or Stephanie?' Colleen wondered curiously. "What does the lady look like? Does she have big eyes? Is she good-looking?"

The manager thought for a few seconds and said uncertainly, "The lady was wearing a mask and a cap, so I couldn't see her face clearly. But I heard Mr. Huo call her by the name Debbie..."

'Wow, so that is Debbie. Stephanie doesn't need to wear a mask and a cap to go out!' she thought excitedly. Sparing a glance at Piggy and Jus, who were playing in front of her, Colleen instructed the manager, "That lady is way more distinguished than Carlos. Remember, all of her meals at our restaurant are free of charge."

'She's more distinguished than Mr. Huo?' The manager was taken aback. 'Who is this Debbie? Is the boss kidding?' But he kept his doubts to himself and said, "Yes, we'll serve you."

Her unexpected humble reaction made Carlos uncomfortable. He took her hand and made her look at him.

"What now?" Debbie asked, confused. She had already stopped serving him.

Carlos raised her chin with his other hand. He drew closer to her and said in a husky voice, "Just be yourself in front of me. No need to be cautious. No need to fawn over me. Understand?" He felt his heart ache when he saw her act so humbly in front of him. It wasn't like her usual self at all.

Debbie was shocked by his words. She stammered, "... I don't..." She gazed into his dark eyes and saw the sincerity in them. She felt so nostalgic. After taking a deep breath, she smiled and found her voice. "It doesn't matter, Carlos. You have been so much nicer to me than I am being to you now. Seriously, what I'm doing now is incomparable to what you have done for me..."

Besides, it was she who had failed to keep their marriage alive. She was too stupid, too weak. She felt guilty for not holding onto him tightly.

Now, God had given her a second chance. Carlos was alive. As long as she could make him come back to her, she was willing to do anything for him. Even if she had to be humble and lose her pride, she didn't care.

As she was lost in her thought, she felt his arm wrap around her waist and pull her closer to him. And just like that, his lips were on hers, devouring her again. It was not a soft kiss; he was hungry. For her. She couldn't think. Her thoughts were jumbled and blown away by the heat from his lips.

He didn't stop until a waiter knocked at the door.

Gasping for air, they broke apart. In a fluster, Debbie tidied her clothes and bowed her head down to eat the food, her heart pounding in her chest.

### [Chapter 360 Lets Put On Weight Together](#)

Since Carlos had warned Debbie to not serve him, she extended her full focus to the delicious food on their table. Instead, he served her the different dishes from time to time.

His smallest gestures brought tears to her eyes. She sniffed when she saw the bowl of soup that he had placed in front of her.

'Even though he has lost his memory, he still takes care of me so well, ' she thought, her chest welling up with happiness.

'It looks like all my efforts are paying off. Does this mean he will come back to me soon?'

"Are you crying?" Carlos' voice snapped Debbie out of her trail of thoughts.



She quickly picked up a tissue and wiped her tears. With a sweet smile, she denied, "No, no! I..." It was so obvious that she was crying. So, there was no point in lying. She nodded and said, "Well, these dishes are just so delicious. I want to come here again. Will you come with me next time?"

"You are crying because the dishes are delicious?" he asked, knowing that she was lying through her teeth.

Debbie nodded again.

Carlos put down the spoon in his hand and said, "Debbie Nian."

"Huh?"

"Do I look like an idiot to you?" he asked, staring into her tear-filled eyes. Her answer was an insult to his IQ.

Her eyes brimming with tears, Debbie forced a smile to hide her true feelings. She tried to make an excuse which he would believe. "I...I'm just too happy. You are the famous Carlos Huo. It's every woman's dream to have a dinner date and spend some time with you. But you are here, with me. I'm just excited."

Carlos snorted and picked up a clean tissue to wipe her tears. "Yeah, that sounds legit," he mocked.

His gestures were so gentle that tears started streaming down her cheeks. "Believe me! I wouldn't lie to you," she said.

Staring at the wet tissue in his hand, Carlos sighed. 'Why is she crying even harder now?'

"Stop crying! Otherwise..."

Under his threat, Debbie finally managed to stop the tears.

She thought of something funny and then said with a smile, "Old man, do you know why you fell in love with me back then?" Carlos shook his head with a smile, encouraging her to continue. She said with a wink, "It's because I'm so damn pretty!"

She laughed and that ligh

in co-operation with us. Gentlemen, let's discuss what we are going to..."

Two hours later, after the meeting was over, Carlos and James entered the elevator together. James cast a quick glance at the expressionless Carlos and asked casually, "Carlos, you didn't come to the company this afternoon. What were you doing?"

Carlos' eyebrows shot up at being questioned. "I was not feeling very well. I was working from home." He made an excuse.

James' face was immediately filled with fake concern. "You were not well? Are you overworking yourself? How about taking a vacation?"

"No thanks, Dad."

"Okay. Did you see a doctor? Are you feeling better now?" If anyone saw this scene, they would believe that James was such a caring father.

They walked out of the elevator, followed by Frankie and James' assistant.

Carlos loosened his tie and shook his head. "Don't worry about me, Dad. I'm fine."

"All right. You are fine, that's all that matters. By the way, when are you planning to get engaged to Stephanie?" James asked in a feigned casual tone.

Carlos came to a halt, and James stopped beside him.

"Dad, I'm not getting engaged to her," Carlos said, his tone very serious.

James' expression changed dramatically. He looked around, making sure no one other than their assistants was around, and then asked in a low voice, "What do you mean by that? Why the sudden change of mind? Not too long ago, you told her father that you would get engaged to her soon."