

TMBA 361

### [Chapter 361 Take A Few Days Off](#)

Carlos didn't explain why he wasn't willing to get engaged to Stephanie. Instead, he said casually, "Dad, I've already made up my mind. I will apologize to Stephanie and her father in person."

James tried to hold back his anger and asked calmly, "Carlos, what happened between you and Stephanie?"

"Nothing happened. It's getting late. I'm heading back home now." Saying that, Carlos walked towards the entrance of the building.

Staring at his retreating back, James knew that everything would go out of his control if he didn't do something quickly. "Carlos," he called out.

Carlos stopped and turned around to look at him.

"We'll talk tomorrow morning," James said.

After a short pause, Carlos nodded. He had a bad feeling in his gut.

As he walked out of the building, Carlos discreetly scanned the area out of the corner of his eye. As expected, he noticed someone hiding in the shadows.

He snorted as he got into his car and asked Frankie to take him to Champs Bay Apartments.

When he arrived, Stephanie was already home. She was sitting before the wine cabinet and was on a phone call. Her tone was harsh as she said, "Work out a new plan and send it to me via e-mail within three days. Otherwise, the Planning Department will have to bear the responsibilities."

Seeing Carlos enter the apartment, she fixed her eyes on him with a stern expression on her face. He took off his suit and loosened his tie.

"Set aside everything else. Your priority is to work out a new plan. That's all!" Stephanie hung up and heaved a tired sigh. With the phone still in her hand, she trotted over to Carlos, who was in the kitchen, pouring himself a glass of water.

She flashed a flattering smile and said in a soft voice, "Carlos, you're back. Are you tired?" No matter how tough Stephanie's work got, she never asked Carlos for his assistance. She was too proud to show him her weakness.

Carlos nodded and asked casually, "Something wrong with your company?"

"No big deal. I can fix it." The truth was that she was really annoyed because of what had happened in her company. She was definitely in a tough spot and had a lot of cleaning up to do.

Since she assured him that she could fix it on her own, Carlos didn't ask for more details. He drank the water and was about to head

, Carlos was not surprised at all.

He just wanted to hear it from his father, because he was still a little skeptical about her. But when James confirmed it, various emotions flooded Carlos.

"Carlos!" James looked him in the eye and raised his right hand to vow, "I'm not lying, Carlos. This is the truth. If I'm lying, may I be struck dead."

"Dad!" Carlos exclaimed. "I trust you."

"Ah!" James sighed. "I was afraid that you were cheated by that woman again. Carlos, you have to understand. I really can't afford to lose you again..."

'Cheated by her? Again?' Carlos had a bad feeling about this. "Why did we get divorced? Do you know the reason?"

"Of course I know!" James feigned misery and continued, "I've been hiding the truth from you for all these years because I didn't want to make you sad. But now that you're asking about it, I have to tell you everything." He sighed dramatically and continued, "Three years ago, you were in a car accident. Your assistant, Emmett, died at the scene. You protected that woman and was fatally wounded. She was unscratched. When you were struggling for your life in the hospital, she cheated on you and had another man's baby. When she found out that you might not survive, she chose to divorce you and abort the baby. She even told the media and others that you were dead. Carlos, I'm so sorry. I implored her not to divorce you and told her that you were going to be okay, but she didn't listen..."

He squeezed out a few drops of tears and let them stream down his cheeks.

### [Chapter 362 Photos](#)

'She cheated on me and even had another man's baby?!' Carlos pulled a long face as he thought of Debbie's bright smile.

'So this is the real reason why we got divorced. Now she knows that I'm recovered, so she is trying to get back together with me.'

"Dad, it was not your fault. But why did all my assistants leave the company?" Carlos asked. From what he had been told, all of his assistants were not in the company anymore.

After a moment of reflection, James answered, "When it was reported that your chances of living were very unlikely, both Tristan and Zelda resigned. As for Ashley and another assistant, they must have quit over my style of management."

Everything now made sense to Carlos—some employees would resign when their boss was replaced.

But he somehow felt something was not right with Tristan's and Zelda's departure.

"After Tristan tendered in his resignation letter, I personally went to him to see if I could convince him to continue working with us. I told him I was only holding the fort while you were away, but apparently, judging from your condition, it wasn't easy to believe you'd make it out alive. Besides, he turned me down saying he had found a more suitable employer. Not long after, he went abroad."

'So, Tristan's hopped to a better company, ' Carlos thought to himself.

Listening to James' explanation, Carlos was convinced.

"Then what happened to Curtis?" he pressed further. Although his memory was problematic after the accident, there were a few things he could recall. His friendship with Curtis was one of those few exceptions. They had always been close. Bosom buddies, if he could use that. What had changed that he no longer saw Curtis?

Feeling helpless, James sighed, and was tempted to change the subject. However, he knew that would only work for a time. "Well, it's not easy to explain everything in detail, Carlos. But in short, Debbie is Curtis' niece, and in the tough times that followed, he chose her over you. That should be understandable, I think. Any reasonable man in his situation would have done the same. To protect Debbie, he worked hard to take down all the negative news posts about her from the Internet.

Anyway, he didn't know why I had told Debbie that you were dead. It was just a test of her loyalty to you, but she failed. What else could explain her rash decisions which followed almost immediately? Couldn't she have waited a little longer, at least to confirm, or if not, to mourn her husband? It surprised me how quickly she replaced you with another man. You know what? Three years ago, under her influence, you put Lewis behind bars, on false charges. That woman has al

as sickening. What did this woman have for a heart?

"Jeez!" he bellowed and banged on the desk. The pen that was sitting on the edge of the desk fell to the floor.

"And this woman thought she'd fool me again? Damn!" he shouted. When he realized he had shouted, he looked around cautiously, then said through gritted teeth, "Woman, I'll make you pay!"

Carlos kept swearing.

Elsewhere, Debbie started to sense something was off when Carlos hadn't contacted her for the third day in a row. She sent several messages to him, but there was no response.

She walked her dog around several times, but didn't see Carlos once.

To kill her boredom, she went to Curtis' house and had some fun playing with Piggy and Justus, but the bad feeling just wouldn't budge. Later, when she came back home, she called Carlos.

Several times, she tried, waiting and hoping he would pick up, but there was no response. At long last, when she was almost giving up, her prayer was answered, or so she thought. She greeted him cheerfully, "Hey, old man. Are you busy now?"

Stephanie had put the phone on speaker, so Debbie's voice reverberated in the office.

On hearing the familiar voice, Carlos couldn't help but recall the photos and the accompanying gloating note. His face darkened.

When Debbie didn't hear any response, she looked at her phone screen and asked in confusion, "The phone is connected. Old man, are you busy now?"

Seeing that Carlos had no intention of speaking, Stephanie, who had taken a few steps back, came closer to answer. "And what do you want from Carlos, if I may ask?" she asked with obvious derision in her tone.

Debbie was shocked. 'Why is Carlos not answering?' she wondered.

"I need to speak to him, madam. Where is he?" she asked bluntly.

### [Chapter 363 Getting Engaged](#)

"What?" Debbie heard Carlos' voice come from the other end of the line.

Although it was just one word, she could tell that something was off with him.

'Is it because Stephanie is with him?'

With a sinking feeling, she said softly, "Never mind. I'll let you get back to work."

"Wait!" Before she hung up, Stephanie called out to stop her.

Debbie didn't hang up, nor did she speak.

Stephanie said with a smile, "Miss Nian, let this be the last time that you call my fiance. Carlos and I will get engaged next month. In case you're still in doubt about his intentions with me, I invite you to our engagement party. Maybe, that will confirm you in everything that you need to know."

'Is this woman kidding me?' Debbie wondered. 'What's going on with Carlos? Is this what he has been up to for the last three days?'

Color drained from Debbie's face. She had thought she and Carlos had gone along very well. Why would he change his mind all of a sudden to go ahead with an engagement to Stephanie? What did she miss? In any case, what was the rush for?

Debbie panicked. She didn't know what to say. After a long pause, she said timidly, almost sounding silly, "You are lying! I won't believe it unless Carlos tells me this himself."

Carlos took over the phone, turned off the hands-free mode and said coldly, "Miss Nian, Stephanie and I will get engaged next month. Since she doesn't mind it, you are welcome to our engagement party."

Debbie shook her head and murmured, "Hell no! That can't be Carlos on the phone! I guess you're trying to pull a prank on me, Stephanie." But even as she said those words, putting up a protest, deep down in her heart of hearts, she knew better. This was not a prank. It was Carlos' phone number and the voice was no doubt his. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Her weeping grew into hysterical cries. Carlos, however, responded with a cold sneer. If it weren't for James having warned him, he would've believed her performance. "You want me to tell you face to face?" Carlos asked.

"Wait for me," Debbie blurted. "I'll come to your office now," she added in between sobs. She still refused to believe what she heard. Only a few days ago, Carlos had been so nice to her.

To confirm whatever she had heard on the phone, Debbie rushed to the ZL Group offices, as soon as she hung up. Carlos had informed the receptionist ahead of time, so she was allowed straight to the general manager's office without being stopped.

Inside the office, she found Carlos and Stephanie discussing something. Walking straight to where they were, Debbie noticed that they were looking at map of the venue where the engagement

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.

less, disgusting woman who had betrayed him and left him while he was in a coma.

Silence reigned in the office, until Stephanie finally spoke. Suppressing a mocking smile, she said, "Miss Nian, I don't know why you are saying that Uncle James isn't Carlos' dad. Even if it's true, he is the one who raised Carlos to where he is now. For all practical purposes, he is Carlos' dad, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"Shut up! You know nothing!" Debbie screamed.

For Carlos, Debbie could swallow her pride. After all, she still loved him and respected him. But who the hell did Stephanie think she was? She had no say in this matter. Stephanie didn't know what Debbie was capable of, if someone dared rub her the wrong way.

Stephanie had underestimated Debbie. Such a sharp reprimand was simply beyond what she had expected.

"Debbie Nian!" Carlos warned in a cold voice, fearing Debbie might turn violent at any slight provocation now.

"Carlos Huo, I'm so disappointed in you," murmured Debbie, her eyes teary.

Pulling out a handkerchief from his pocket, Carlos wiped his brow, as if the white piece of cotton would magically wipe away the tension building in his head and the air around them. 'I'm the disappointed one. I'm so disappointed in you, Debbie Nian!' he thought.

Stone-faced, he placed an internal call.

Under a minute, Frankie, one of Carlos' new assistants, knocked at the door.

"See her out," said Carlos, trying to sound as composed as possible.

The assistant, oblivious to what was happening, greeted Debbie with a polite smile and indicated the way out. "This way, Miss Nian," he said courteously. But Debbie didn't move. She looked Carlos in the eye and asked, "Carlos Huo, are you sure that you two are getting engaged?"

### [Chapter 364 I Wont Spoil You Anymore](#)

"Debbie Nian, what do you mean?" At that moment, a man's stern voice came from outside the office.

Then, James appeared and entered.

Pointing at Debbie, he gloated, "You can do whatever you want, Miss Nian, but get this from me. Stephanie will be my daughter-in-law, and there are no two ways about it. Three years ago, Carlos had spent his whole fortune on you. Yet you left him while he was in a coma. Now that he is recovered, you can't wait to get back together with him. I know what you are after. Just admit it."

He was implying that Debbie was after Carlos' money.

Taking advantage of James' support, Stephanie looked at Debbie and exclaimed, "Miss Nian, how shameless you are! How about this? Since you are Carlos' ex-wife, I'll give you five million dollars. Just leave with the money and never come back to pester him, will you?"

'Five million?' Debbie snorted, "Wow, you are indeed a generous woman, Miss Li."

Stephanie didn't get the mockery in her tone and flashed a proud smile. She even believed that she and Carlos were made for each other as their families were of equal social rank.

However, what Debbie said next made her smile freeze. "But if Carlos comes back to me, I'll have countless five million dollars. Do you think I'll give a damn about a mere five million?"

Stephanie, James and Carlos were dumbstruck.

"How about this? Since you think that money is all there is to relationships, I also have an idea. I'll give you fifty million dollars, on condition that you quit this fight, leave Carlos alone and move on," Debbie offered with a scornful smile.

Stephanie's face changed. She suppressed her anger and snapped back, "Do you think Carlos is up for auction to the highest bidder?"

"That's exactly what I should ask you. Miss Li, is Carlos an item? You want to pay me five million to ask me to leave him. What do you take him for? A commodity on sale? A rent boy?" Debbie asked, without the slightest fear that her words would offend him.

"Debbie Nian!" Carlos shouted, his face sullen.

James' face twisted as well. He pointed at Frankie and scolded, "Why did you allow this woman in here?" Then he pulled out his phone and called the security. "Bitch, I

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"As long as I'm alive, I'm still his legal wife, while all of you are just his mistresses."

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floor, Sasha covered her face with both hands and broke into tears, weeping uncontrollably. 'Is he really breaking up with me?'

Panic gripped her heart.

She didn't know how long she had been crying when the doorbell suddenly rang.

"Who is this?" she asked while wiping off her tears.

"Sasha, it's me, Debbie." Debbie's voice came from outside the door.

Earlier on, she had seen Sasha's post in WeChat Moments. "I can finally go back home today!" read part of the post, in which Jared was mentioned.

Sasha immediately sprang to her feet, but she staggered as her legs were numb. She opened the door, and forced a smile.

"Hi Deb!" she greeted, putting in an effort to sound cheerful.

Debbie bent over to pick up the plastic bags on the floor, which contained different kinds of fruits. "Hi Sasha. Am I interrupting your romantic moment?" She hadn't planned to visit Sasha at the beginning. But Curtis and Colleen had taken Piggy and Justus out. To kill the boredom, especially after her drama-filled day at the ZL Group offices, she came to visit Sasha.

Sasha shook her head and took over the fruits. "Not at all. I'm glad to have you here." However, her voice was a bit different, which caught Debbie's attention.

She took a closer look and then noticed that Sasha's eyes were red and puffy.

Debbie closed the door and asked with concern, "Why did you cry? What happened? Where's Jared?" She looked around, but Jared was nowhere to be found.

### [Chapter 365 Grandma, Your Grandson Is Here](#)

Without answering Debbie's question, Sasha put the fruits on the table. She then picked up a durian and went to the kitchen to peel it.

"Did Jared piss you off?" Debbie asked. And she was right.

After a short pause, Sasha answered, "Not really. I broke up with him. And I asked him to get the hell out of here."

"What? You two broke up? What happened? Tell me. I'll teach that bastard a lesson!" Stretching herself as if she was ready for a fist fight with Jared, she added, "Where's that jerk?"

At least, her coming here helped relieve Sasha, who said with a giggle, "Deb, let's eat the durian and not talk about him." Thanks to Debbie making light of the situation, she somehow began to have a hunch that Jared would eventually come back to her.

At the right time, Debbie planned to ask Sasha more about her relationship with Jared. But for the moment, she was careful not to press, since Sasha had just jetted back to town, obviously tired. Also, Debbie suspected she might not get a sober explanation, if they had sharply disagreed only a few minutes back. To change the subject, she began to peel the durian and said, "I picked the biggest durian in the supermarket. I hope it's sweet as well. Oh poor Jared! He could've enjoyed the delicious durian with us if he hadn't had a row with you."

Sasha nodded and pointed to the durian as if pointing at Jared. "We'll eat it up. Don't leave any for him." Somehow, she was suddenly struck with a deep sense of loss. 'What if he never comes back?'

At the thought of it, she pouted, her eyes turning teary again.

In order not to let Debbie worry about her, she could only bear the pain in her heart.

"Sasha, tell me the truth. What exactly happened between you and him?" asked Debbie, who had stopped peeling the durian when she noticed a fresh hint of tension in Sasha's eyes once more.

Touched by the show of concern from Debbie, Sasha couldn't hold back her tears anymore. In between sobs, she asked, "Deb, what should I do if he doesn't come back to me?"

"I will call him, right away," said Debbie, pulling out her phone from the purse.

"Don't, Deb. He must be in a fit of rage now."

"How long has he been gone?" Debbie asked.

Sasha wiped her tears and said in a hoarse voice, "About an hour."

"I—" Debbie wanted to say something.

Right at that

married man.

Knowing what was on her mind, Hayden coaxed her, "You are thinking too much. That's it then. I'll send you the location later. Bring Piggy along, please."

"All right." She couldn't turn him down.

Three years ago when she just arrived in Z Country, she had no money or job. It was her most difficult time.

During that time, Hayden had helped her out. He had found a house for her and offered her a job.

She wanted to reject the offer, but she was pregnant then and she needed a house and a job to raise her baby. So she accepted his kind offer.



Thanks to Hayden, she managed to make a living in Z Country. However, after giving birth to Piggy, she quit her job without telling him. Then she approached many recording labels with her songs. It was then she met Ivan and Irene. Ivan hired her and made her a popular singer.

One day, before Hayden left Z Country, he had asked her a bold question. "Now that you are single, can we—"

"No!" She had turned him down without hesitation. She thanked him a lot, but that had nothing to do with love.

Without another word, Hayden had simply smiled and left.

It was after she gave birth to Piggy that they met again. Hayden then knew that she hadn't aborted the baby, whose paternity had been the source of malicious rumors, which Hayden had feared would ruin Debbie.

"His kid?" he asked.

"Hmm," she simply answered.

She knew he was referring to Carlos.

With the sleeping Piggy in his arms, he told Debbie, "I'm willing to treat her as my own child, Deb. Will you—"

#### [Chapter 366 Is Evelyn Your Daughter, Mr. Gu](#)

Debbie interrupted Hayden. "Hayden, I know what you mean, but I can't." "I love Carlos. I know he's dead, but I can't fall in love with anyone else," she thought to herself.

Actually, Hayden had already steeled himself for this. Every time he tried to get back with Debbie, she would turn him down. After so many times, you just expect it. But you can't blame a guy for trying, right?

For the last few years, Hayden had traveled to and fro between his home city and this country, and Piggy had grown up calling him "Daddy Hayden."

Of course, he hadn't told anyone about Debbie and Piggy. That was her secret to reveal, if she chose to. After all, he was Debbie's ex-boyfriend, and if anyone found out, the rumors would start up again. And the last thing he wanted to do was ruin her reputation.

The next day, Debbie swung by Curtis' house.

She picked up Piggy and then drove to the Alioth Building.

She had asked Hayden whether he could book another restaurant instead. After all, the Shining International Plaza was owned by the ZL Group. But Hayden told her that he planned to buy some things for Piggy in the Shining International Plaza after lunch. So she didn't turn him down out of hand. Hayden was a good guy, and it was not like Debbie was made out of money.

As usual, Debbie wore sunglasses and a hat for her disguise.

At the underground car park, she got out of the car, scooped a sleepy Piggy up in her arms, and entered the elevator.

When she entered the private booth, Hayden was already there, waiting for them. And so were various cold dishes. The smell made her quite hungry.

Upon seeing mother and daughter, Hayden put the documents in his hands aside, stood up and took Piggy from her arms so that Debbie could get situated. "You miss me, Evelyn?"

Hayden believed that the nickname "Piggy" didn't suit the aloof girl at all, so he insisted on calling her "Evelyn" whenever he saw her.

When she saw Hayden, Piggy's eyes snapped open and she gave him a broad smile. "Daddy Hayden! It's been forever!"

Hayden was pretty amazed at Piggy's words. He looked at the little girl and said, "Wow, Evelyn. You're smart! You remember how long it'

you hungry?" Carlos asked patiently.

"I'm full. Daddy fed me. I also had milk. Not hungry."

Carlos stroked her hair and coaxed, "How about I take you to your daddy and mommy? They must be scared, not knowing where you are."

Just then, they could hear voices outside the room. Carlos heard the waiter say, "Mr. Gu, this is Mr. Huo's private booth. You can't just barge in like this."

Carlos picked Piggy up and opened the door to the bedroom. Hayden was standing right outside, anxiety written on his handsome features.

When he saw Piggy, he heaved a sigh of relief. He said helplessly, "Evelyn, you scared me half to death!"

When he finally hung up, he looked around for Piggy. She was nowhere to be found. His heart started racing and he bolted from one area to the next, looking for her everywhere. Finally, a waiter got his attention, and told him that Piggy had entered this room.

Piggy blinked and said, "I met Uncle Carlos. Daddy Hayden, don't worry. Uncle Carlos is nice."

Hayden looked at Carlos with mixed feelings. He was not sure whether Carlos knew she was his daughter.

They were both famous businessmen in the city they shared, so he offered his hand for Carlos to shake. "Mr. Huo! Good to see you! You know Evelyn?" he asked curiously.

"Mmm hmm," Carlos simply answered and set her gently on the floor. 'So Hayden is Piggy's dad? Or...?' Staring at her tiny figure, he asked, "Is Evelyn your daughter, Mr. Gu?"

### [Chapter 367 Give Me Back My Daughter](#)

'Hayden was involved in Debbie Nian's scandal, ' Carlos thought. His mood darkened, dampening the joy he felt at seeing Evelyn.

Hayden was taken aback by Carlos' question. But soon he regained his composure and replied with a smile, "Yes, Evelyn's my daughter. Debbie's her mom."

Hayden studied Carlos' face when he said that.

There was no mistake that Carlos' cold expression darkened even further when he learned Debbie was Piggy's mother.

Carlos compared Evelyn's adorable face to Debbie's and found that they did look alike. 'Piggy is really Debbie's daughter! Debbie and Hayden Gu's daughter!' Thinking of this, Carlos said sarcastically, "Mr. Gu, you're married. How could you have a kid with someone else? The child is illegitimate. Don't you feel bad about that?"

Hayden, on the other hand, didn't seem to mind his sarcasm. "I'll give Debbie anything she wants."

'So, was it Debbie's idea not to get married? Why wouldn't she marry Hayden? Is she really after my money and trying to get back together with me, just like Dad said?'

A trace of disgust flitted through his gaze at the thought.

'What a bitch! She chases after money at the expense of her kid's happiness.'

Hayden perceived the disdainful look in Carlos' eyes. After a while, he said, "But I was wrong, too. I was still married when I slept with Debbie. I'm glad she kept the kid, though. She's an awesome woman. I can't marry her, but she still wants another baby with me."

Debbie told Hayden she wanted another child, that much was true. But it wasn't like he made it sound. She actually said she needed to have another kid with Carlos to win him back.

Carlos didn't respond to Hayden's remarks. He looked at Piggy. A minute later, the little one ran back excitedly with a Chinese fried pumpkin cake in her hand. She reached out her arms to Carlos and said, "Here, Uncle Car

e's not yours. She stayed in my womb for nine months. She is my flesh and blood," Debbie retorted. The only thought running through her mind was that Carlos forgot about her, left her and now he was taking her daughter away from her. She had to get Piggy back.

Carlos, however, was angry enough to strangle her when he heard her repeatedly say Piggy had nothing to do with him and her father was someone else. Even though they weren't together, there was still a possessive streak.

Somehow, Debbie and Carlos ended up in a fight.

Debbie aimed a foot at Carlos and he spun to keep Evelyn from getting hurt. Then he shifted his balance to avoid a fist, and narrowly dodged a joint lock she was trying to maneuver him into. The whole time he had Piggy in his arms.

"Let's stop, now, okay? Before she gets hurt," Carlos said flatly.

As things escalated, a crowd began to surround them. Later, the security guards dispersed the onlookers under the manager's orders.

That was when Debbie noticed Piggy had her arms around Carlos' neck. She didn't seem to be held against her will at all. So Debbie started to calm down. "I'm sorry, Mr. Huo. I was too worried. Please give back my daughter," she said, trying to be as nice as she could.

### [Chapter 368 I Dont Have A Mother](#)

When Debbie finally calmed down, Carlos set Piggy down gently. He looked at the little one and said tenderly, "Go to your mom, now."

Piggy didn't let go of him immediately. "Uncle Carlos, will you come to our house?"

Sensing the girl's unusually deep attachment to him, Carlos was confused. He didn't answer Piggy's question. Instead, he looked at Debbie incredulously, who had just thrown a tantrum, and wondered, 'Is she using the girl to get back together with me?'

"What are you looking at?" she snapped at Carlos, rolling her eyes at him. "Piggy, come here," she said to her daughter, disappointed at Carlos' reaction.

She recalled how he used to say he wanted a boy. 'I knew he wouldn't like Piggy.'

Carlos misunderstood her too. He thought Debbie was embarrassed because she had given birth to a married man's illegitimate child. But he eventually said indifferently, "This isn't about you and me. I like Evelyn." Then he turned to Piggy. "Evelyn, this is my card. Call me when you want to see me. Then I'll send someone by to pick you up, okay?"

Piggy's tearful face broke into a smile when she heard this. She took the card and gave Carlos a peck on the cheek. "Thanks, Uncle Carlos. I'll call."

"Glad to hear it. All right, I have work to do. Bye."

"Bye-bye." Piggy waved her hand and went to her mom.

Debbie could tell that Piggy liked Carlos a lot, even more than Ivan, Hayden, and her other godfathers.

However, Carlos was just as cold as always, and didn't show much warmth to the child, at least as far as Debbie was concerned. After Carlos left, Debbie scooped Piggy up into her arms and asked, "How do you know... um...Uncle Carlos?"

Holding Carlos' card in her hand, Piggy blinked and answered, "Daddy Ivan, at the dinner."

Debbie remembered how excited Piggy was after that dinner. So she liked Carlos from the first time she met him.

Debbie was so bitter she could taste it. She was not sure what to tell her daughter. Should she tell Piggy that Carlos was her father? Was it right to keep the truth from her?

After dinner, they walked out of the restaurant. Hayden had planned to go to the broken, Ramona ran after her and kept calling her name.

Debbie walked on resolutely, got in her car, and drove off.

'You don't have a mother. You don't. You don't...' she kept telling herself.

The car sped along the street. She floored it, hitting 90—it still was not fast enough.

She didn't slow down until the traffic lights turned red. But it was too late to brake. The car screeched along the roadway before a loud bang assailed her ears as she jerked to a stop.

'Ow! That hurts!' Her forehead bumped into the steering wheel. When she lifted her head, there was a red mark there.

She slowly raised her head and found her car had crashed into another car in front of her. And it was an expensive one.

'Could this day get any fucking better?' she thought bitterly.

As she tried to get her bearings, the driver in front of her got out of their car. Debbie had to get out of hers too. At the last second, she remembered to bring her purse too.

The driver walked towards her. Leaning against the car door, she said, "I'm sorry. It's all my fault. Let's settle this without bugging the cops. I'll pay for the repairs."

Frankie looked at the dent from the collision, then at the car which had crashed into the Emperor—a \$300,000 Cadillac— and at last at the owner of the car.

He tapped on the backseat window and said quietly, "Mr. Huo, the driver of the other car is at fault. She's offering to pay."

#### [Chapter 369 Give You An IOU](#)

"Ask Osmin Feng to come here and drive me back to the office. Stay here and deal with this collision," Carlos ordered coldly.

"But... the other driver is Miss Nian," Frankie replied. Considering their history, he figured he'd better let his boss know.

'Debbie Nian?'

Carlos was surprised. 'Why does she keep popping into my life like this?'

While Frankie was letting Carlos know what was going on, Debbie raised her head to look. It was not until then that she realized she had hit Carlos' Scaldarsi Emperor.

She slapped her forehead remorsefully. 'Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Why couldn't I have been more careful? Carlos hates me so much right now. He'll think I did it for attention.'

Ouch! My head!' She forgot she hit the steering wheel.

The front bumper of her car was destroyed while the Emperor only suffered a dent. 'I guess you get what you pay for.'

The Emperor is worth nearly ten million. The repairs will probably cost me a mil easy.

Damn! If this had happened a few days ago, I might have gotten off scot free. He hates me now, so who knows how much I'll have to pay?'

When Frankie was conferring with Carlos, Debbie waited nervously and imagined all kinds of possibilities.

A few minutes later, Frankie was back. "Miss Nian, let's pull over first," he suggested.

"Okay," she agreed. It was only logical. They were causing traffic to back up behind them, so the best thing would be to get off the road. Debbie got back in her car, followed the Emperor to a parking lot, and pulled over.

Carlos never left the car. Frankie was the one who talked to Debbie about the accident.

"Miss Nian, the repairs will total more than a million. I'm afraid I need you to accompany me to the garage. While time is money, Mr. Huo will let it go this time," Frankie said, a little embarrassed to mention a price to Debbie, since he knew Debbie and Carlos knew each other.

"More than a million..." Debbie uttered desperately. She didn't have that kind of money.

She had spent most of what she did have on some pretty important things.

"Carlos is in the car, isn't he?" she asked Frankie, pointi

en that didn't work, I tried saying that because you banged each other many times was a good enough reason to forgive the repairs."

Debbie always knew what kind of man Yates was, but his vulgarity still shocked her.

With the problem solved, Debbie was relieved. She drove her car to a nearby 4S shop and then checked into the hospital.

As her concert date approached, she had to do something about the red mark and the swelling of her forehead.

As soon as she registered for the surgical department, Ruby called. "Debbie, great news! Your latest concert is sold out. More than 20, 000 tickets in less than a second!"

she said excitedly, as if seeing money flying into her pockets.

Debbie came to the surgeon's office. There were a few people in front of her. She had to wait in a chair. "I guess I have friends with deep pockets," she said to Ruby. For example, every time Debbie held a concert, Ivan and Irene would buy a lot of tickets and then give them to their friends and ask them to go and support Debbie.

"Nah, you're wrong this time. Mr. Wen didn't buy a single one. You're pretty well-known here, so..." Ruby left out the last part of her sentence.

Debbie understood. She used to be Carlos' wife, the apple of his eye.

Then they all thought she betrayed him. There would probably be plenty of malicious fans at her concert and she had to get ready for whatever the angry fans might do.

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"Good. I emailed you the setlist. Please inform the sponsor and make sure the backing tracks and light shows are ready. I'm not fussy about the clothes, so I'll try them on then before the concert," Debbie said.

Ruby nodded although Debbie couldn't see it. "How's the new album coming along? Done yet? Maybe we could make a special pressing for the concert?" she asked.

"Not yet. I've been depressed for a bit. So no new songs yet." Leaning back in the chair, Debbie closed her eyes wearily.

"What? Never mind. I'll be in Y City tonight. Catch you later."

"Okay, bye."

Debbie hung up and opened her Weibo app to check the comments. She wanted to know what her fans were saying. She had a lot of followers on Weibo. Most of them were stans of her music. But like any industry, she attracted a plethora of haters as well.

Some of the comments were vicious. And the commenters had been at it for quite a while, with threads literally thousands of comments long. Debbie couldn't stand it anymore. It was high time the truth came out. The concert was her big chance.

When the nurse called her number, Debbie quickly came to the exam room, where a friendly doctor greeted her with a smile. It was Niles. Small world.

"We meet again!" Niles observed. Even in the plain white uniform, he looked upbeat and attractive.

Debbie sighed inwardly. "I was in a car accident and got into a headbutting contest with my steering wheel. So I'd like to find out if there's anything to be worried about."

The doctor nodded, agreeing to her request. After a few questions, he reassured her, "Nothing serious. I'll prescribe some ointment. When you get home, you can roll an egg on it, or an ice pack. It'll help with the pain and swelling."

"Got it. Thanks." Debbie was about to leave the office and head straight to the cashier's to pay the bill. She reached out her hand to pull out her patient's card and the registration receipt, but Niles put his hand on the card and asked, "Does Carlos know?"

"Yeah, he does," she answered casually. "It was his car I crashed into."

"You did what? With all the heavy traffic on our roads, you just crashed into his. What a coincidence!

excited the audience. But Debbie's loyal fans whispered amongst themselves, "Mr. Huo is here. Are they back together?"

The fans who hated Debbie said, "Dammit, how are we gonna throw the eggs? What if Mr. Huo gets in the middle of it?"

Next, the fans were going to request songs. This was a rare thing that gained popularity in recent months.

So rather than try and defuse a delicate situation, or inadvertently bring a hater up onstage, she chose Kasie as the lucky fan.

Kasie raised her hand. Debbie pretended not to know her. She smiled at her and asked, "Miss, what song would you like to hear?"

A mic was passed to Kasie. As Debbie's best friend, she climbed onto the stage excitedly. "Debbie, we've been friends for a long time, but this is my first time at one of your concerts. I'm so sorry."

The whole venue quieted down. Debbie hadn't expected Kasie to say that. It was spontaneous.

Kasie thrust the lilies she was holding into Debbie's arms. Her eyes were red. "We haven't seen each other for three years. I wasn't a good friend. This is your first concert in Y City and I have to be here for you. I want you as a friend forever. I love you, Tomboy!"

They hugged each other. "I love you too. You guys might recognize this one. It's called 'Miss You in Winter'..." Before Debbie could finish her sentence, screams rang throughout the venue.

She smiled, "Yeah, this song is about my best friend. Kasie, this song's for you."