

TMBA 391

[Chapter 391 You Are The Best](#)

Beautiful memories came flooding back to her as Debbie stepped on the stairs. Her heart raced.

Since Carlos was in the study, she made her way up there.

She pushed the door open. Carlos was typing something on the computer. He continued with his work, as if he didn't sense her come in.

"Where is Piggy?"

Debbie asked as she looked around the study, but didn't see her baby anywhere.

Carlos stopped working and fixed his gaze on her. "Come here."

She walked over to him and put the shopping bag on the table. "I bought this razor for you when I was in A Country. It didn't cost much, but I hope you like it."

Carlos threw a glance at the bag and then asked, "When will you stop doing bad things?"

"Huh? What did I do?" Debbie was baffled.

"Who drugged my father?" Carlos sneered.

Now, she understood. "Oh, that. I did. Are you going to get back at me for that?"

"You still haven't learned your lesson," Carlos said through clenched teeth.

Debbie simply shrugged with no intention of explaining herself. "This conversation will take us nowhere. Tell me where Piggy is. We'll leave right away."

"Sleeping."

Now that she had gotten her answer, Debbie turned to leave.

Her nonchalant attitude irritated him. "Wait!" he demanded coldly.

Debbie stopped at the door. Turning around, she blinked at him in bewilderment. "Yes, Mr. Huo?"

"You think I'm very tolerant?" "Why else is she taunting me all the time?"

Debbie nodded without hesitation. "Of course. You doted on me and forgave me for anything I did. I was never worried about making trouble, because you would take care of it for me. People say you are cold and ruthless, but for me, you're always the best."

'I only asked a simple question, and she just had to start flatter

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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.

Debbie went back upstairs. Before long, a housemaid caught up with her and said, "Miss Nian, Evelyn's things are in Mr. Huo's room. I'll fetch her suitcase for you."

"Thanks," Debbie replied with a nod and went back to Carlos' room.

She went into his walk-in closet and opened a cupboard. Her mouth fell open in astonishment. Inside the cupboard were all little girls' clothes, hanging in order. Dresses, little suits, T-shirts and shorts in all patterns.

At the bottom were shoes. Slippers, sandals, and princess shoes, also in every pattern.

The clothes she had brought for Piggy in the suitcase were nowhere to be seen.

'Did Carlos buy all these for her?' Debbie thought. Her emotions were all over the place. If that was the case, then Carlos really loved this child.

She was in a daze for a while, at a loss on how to pack or what to pack.

The housemaid came back with Piggy's suitcases. Carlos had bought a cute pink suitcase for her besides her old one.

Debbie didn't want to pack any of the things Carlos had bought for Piggy. Just then, Carlos walked into the room.

He looked at the empty suitcases and then said to her, "All those are for Piggy."

[Chapter 392 Domestic Violence](#)

"This is just too much for her," Debbie argued.

Without a word, Carlos picked out around ten dresses and asked the housemaid to pack them into Piggy's suitcases. Soon, the two suitcases were jam-packed. There wasn't any room for the rest of the clothes, let alone the shoes, which they hadn't even started packing yet.

Carlos went and got a bigger suitcase. He laid it open on the bed and started packing the remainder of the clothes and the shoes himself.

When he was finally done, he closed the doors of the wardrobe. There were only a couple of dresses and some pairs of shoes left.

Next, he opened a drawer and took out a giant box from it. Inside were some accessories he had bought for Piggy.

He carefully placed the box into one suitcase. By now, the three suitcases were crammed. There were some bags too, which had been filled with her toys. The day Debbie had brought Piggy to the manor, she had had only one small suitcase.

Staring at all the stuffed suitcases and bags, she realized how much Carlos had indulged the little girl. A pang of pain surged through her.

The housemaids carried the suitcases to her car, and she and Piggy headed back to her apartment.

In the evening, after Piggy had gone to bed, Debbie got a call from Ivan. "Debbie, my mother is pressing me. I'm about to give in."

"Okay. What do you need me to do?"

"You may need to marry me. But we can get a divorce anytime."

"Okay," Debbie said.

Later, she took Piggy to Curtis'.

It was then that she learned that Carlos and Stephanie had gone to M Country two days ago.

The news struck her hard. After getting back home, she curled up on her bed, with no strength left in her. Accidentally, she saw that Carlos had updated his Moments.

It was a picture of Stephanie on the beach without any captions.

Yet, it was enough to pierce her heart. 'Good job hurting me, Carlos.

You think I'm gonna sit here and do nothing about it?

Well, you're wrong!

If she was unhappy, she was going to let everybody know about it.

The next day, an incredibly hot piece of news caught everyone's attention.

The headline read, "James Huo che

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ce."

"A coincidence, is it? But my bodyguards already informed me that you have been stalking me for more than ten minutes now. I wonder why that is." Kinsley's expression changed into that of pure embarrassment. Stephanie sneered. "Huh! Who would have thought that the famous Kinsley, the youngest son of the Feng family, and the superstar of show business, is a stalker in reality?" Stephanie mocked, ignoring his pale face.

It was only then that Kinsley noticed the two bodyguards nearby. He smiled awkwardly, scratching his hair. "Oops! Busted. But, don't get me wrong. I saw you and just couldn't help following you. I didn't have any ill intentions."

"Were you following me around without any ill intentions?"

She got him there. Kinsley was stumped, not knowing how to respond to her questions. Luckily, he recovered quickly. "I'd like to invite you to lunch to apologize, Miss Li. May I have that honor? There's a nice Western restaurant around here. If my memory serves me right, you fancy French cuisine, am I right?"

"How do you know that?" Stephanie was surprised.

"Of course, I would know. You're my goddess. I paid attention to everything regarding you and bore it in mind, hoping that one day when I see you again, it would help me impress you. Just like today."

Kinsley was handsome, energetic, and funny. Even though Stephanie was a proud and aloof woman, she couldn't keep a straight face any longer.

[Chapter 393 Karma Is A Bitch](#)

Stephanie was happy— though she knew Kinsley was feeding her a line of bull.

Seeing her smile, Kinsley made the next move. He asked in a serious tone, "Miss Li, may I call you Stephanie?"

Stephanie looked him straight in the eye. She saw a look of love reflected in his gaze. "Yes," she conceded.

Kinsley put one hand behind his back and extended the other to Stephanie. "Stephanie, my beautiful muse, would you do me the honor of having lunch with me?"

Carlos never talked to her like this. She was touched. 'It's just a meal,' she thought. "Okay," she agreed.

Kinsley's eyes narrowed with joy as he smiled. It was working so well. "Great. Let's go. It's only a five-minute walk, and there's no parking lot. Got your walking shoes on? If not, I can give you a piggyback ride."

'Piggyback?' Stephanie's heart was filled with warmth, and she swore it fluttered, but she shook her head. "I'm about to get engaged. Boundaries," she reminded him.

Kinsley acted disappointed. The smile on his face faded. "Okay. Shall we?"

Stephanie sensed his disappointment. She thought of Carlos. He didn't love her, she knew. Carlos was always cold to her, never betraying even a hint of affection. 'So why should I hurt this guy's feelings? He's better to me than Carlos.'

That afternoon, when Stephanie got back from lunch, she was in a much better mood than usual. There was a spring in her step as she walked the halls of the hotel. When she passed by Carlos' room, she knocked. A strange man opened the door. "Miss Li," the man said.

"Where's Carlos?" she asked.

The man moved aside to make way for her. "Mr. Huo is working inside."

Stephanie made to walk inside, but on second thought, she decided not to. "Oh, I'll come back later."

"All right, Miss Li."

She went to her own room. No sooner had she put her purse on the table than her phone buzzed. Kinsley had sent her a text. "You back in the hotel?"

She replied immediately, "Yeah, I just got back."

"Today was the happiest day of my life, spending it with you. I can't wait to see you a royal procession, and few would soon forget what they witnessed.

Under pressure from the Internet and the other employees, James resigned. The board voted, and it was unanimous—Carlos was back in the saddle again as the new CEO. He was also made CEO of the New York branch.

All the accusations that Debbie had made were bulletproof. James had no way to fight against them.

He was so pissed that he passed out and was moved into the ICU.

As soon as he came around, Carlos handed him divorce papers and asked him to sign his name. James turned to the last page and saw that Tabitha had already signed hers.

He was mad, but mostly calm, til he came to the clause that said he wouldn't see a penny out of the divorce.

'Won't get a penny?' When he read this, James tore the papers into shreds, tossing them into the air. As they rained down around them, he shouted, "I won't get a divorce. I won't sign my name! I raised you like a son, and you do this! Everyone has turned against me, but you're my kid. I promise I'll be good to your mom. I'll fly back to New York as soon as I get well."

Carlos shifted his sharp gaze from the pieces on the floor to him. "I need to know what you did to Debbie three years ago. What makes her hate you so much?" he asked coldly.

James was stunned when Debbie's name was mentioned. "Didn't I already tell you everything?" he said.

[Chapter 394 Plagiarism](#)

"What you told me isn't reason enough for her to take revenge on you like this," Carlos said. He could sense that Debbie was way too eager to destroy James. 'She must have some other reason for it, ' he thought.

James was reduced to silence.

Carlos didn't rush him. He watched while the old man worded his reply in his mind.

"Okay. I'll tell you everything. You and Stephanie grew up together. Then, you two fell in love. I had already told the Li family that you would marry Stephanie. But then, you married Debbie. You didn't tell us this until three years later. Our son got married, but as parents, we knew nothing about it for three years. Just put yourself in our shoes. You would get angry too, wouldn't you?" James asked.

Carlos didn't deny it. He waited for him to continue the narrative.

James gulped nervously and went on, "So, I hate her. That year, you brought her to New York to meet us. She talked back to your grandma and made her angry so many times. She picked on Megan and made her cry every day. The most irritating part was that she thought you spoiled her, so she disrespected every member of the family with no regard for our feelings. Think about it. Who would have liked her?"

Soon after that, Hayden had come to New York to meet her. They met in a coffee bar; they kissed and hugged shamelessly in public. You knew about it because you were there. You were so mad that you didn't speak to her for days. Unexpectedly, you forgave her.

Just when I thought we could finally have some peace in our family, she seduced Lewis. You beat the hell out of Lewis and moved out with her. Your mother begged you to stay, but you didn't listen.

I hated Debbie even more after that. I wanted you to divorce her. After your accident, I staged your death and told her that you were dead. I wanted to test her loyalty. I wanted to know how much she loved you. And she failed, and then she blamed me for lying to her. Yes, I did force her into signing the divorce agreement, but I did it for your own good. Even though I'm not your biological father, I love you.

It was a shock for me when I found out that she had come back f

was being accused of plagiarizing Tammy's lyrics. It had to be a joke, she thought. And somehow, she knew that there was more to this accusation.

She gave her phone to Ruby, who directed the camera towards Debbie. A tide of compliments flooded the comments section.

"Wow, look at Debbie's figure! She's perfect!"

"The red and white dress looks gorgeous on her. It goes so well with her skin color."

"Her skin looks too good. She must have done Botox for sure."

Others started following that comment and suspected that Debbie had done Botox.

Since more and more comments started flowing in saying the same thing, Ruby took out her phone and declared as the administrator of the broadcast room, "Debbie has never done Botox or had any cosmetic surgery. Her skin is naturally beautiful. She is only wearing light makeup. So, don't start rumors!"

After Ruby's clarification, the malicious commenters shut up for good.

Unaware of any of this nonsense, Debbie was still waiting for Tammy to let her in while she leaned casually against the door.

When Tammy found out that Debbie was broadcasting the whole thing, she opened the door quickly. She was wearing a long blouse. "I'm so sorry. Since I worked late last night, I was fast asleep and didn't hear the doorbell. Come in."

Debbie wondered if she was telling the truth. Tammy's hair was unbound and was a little dishevelled. She looked a bit muddled as well.

Chapter 395 Confrontation

Smiling at Tammy, Debbie tucked a few strands of her loose hair behind her ear and said, "The news reported that I had plagiarized one of your songs. This affects my career in the music industry, so I need to sort this out with you as all our fans watch. Let them see for themselves if I've plagiarized your work or not." She shifted her gaze to Ruby. "Ruby, show Tammy to everyone. She wants to say hi to our audience."

Ruby then aimed the phone camera at Tammy, who was flustered by the sudden attack. But she was a trained on-stage performer. She quickly collected herself and faced the camera. "Hi, everyone! This is Tammy, a singer under Star Empire. Sorry for the confusion, and thank you for your attention on this issue. This might be just a misunderstanding. We'll get a clear picture soon."

The three of them then walked into Tammy's studio. Shortly, Tammy's assistant came in with a pile of documents.

Debbie smiled towards the camera and told her fans who were watching the online live video, "Okay, now that Tammy's assistant is here, I think we can start the discussion."

Ruby kept the camera aimed at them. Tammy's assistant brought the original copy of the lyrics which they had already posted on the Internet as evidence. "Everyone, please look at this. Tammy wrote this song about two and a half months ago all by herself. We also have an electronic copy stored in the laptop. Please wait for a minute."

The assistant then turned on her laptop and showed a copy of the lyrics.

Debbie didn't think that it was convincing enough, so she asked, "Do you have any other solid proof?"

At that moment, the assistant general manager of the company knocked on the door and walked in. "Debbie, Tammy, what are you doing here together?" he asked anxiously.

Noticing the obvious anxiety on his face, Debbie knew that he must have seen the live video. It was no use hiding anything now. "She accused me of plagiarism. So, I have come to confront her."

"But Debbie, I told you that we could solve this in private. I have already asked someone to look into it," the assistant general manager said in a low voice as the camera was still rolling. Besides, he didn't want to offend Debbie. She was the cash cow of the company. Her popularity was boosting and her new album was a hit.

Debbie shook her head. "All that round-about investigation takes a long time. The most efficient way is to solve this face-to-f

ing her entire career.

James kept his cool and suggested, "If she does trot out solid proof, then you must admit that you lied and take the blame."

"What?! If I do that, my career is finished!" Tammy shouted, her eyes wide in shock.

James sneered, "You should have thought about the consequences earlier. It's too late now. You've already accepted my money and promised to do this job. You can't chicken out now. Rest assured, I'll

give you thirty million after this is done. You can take the money and start a new life in some other country." An unknown singer like Tammy could hardly earn a million annually at most. So, she couldn't resist the temptation of thirty million dollars.

Meanwhile, Debbie had calmed down a little. Indeed, she was being too impulsive.

She wasn't feeling guilty about confronting Tammy, but she did feel bad because this would get Carlos involved.

He was her witness. When she had written the lyrics of the said song, Carlos was sitting by her side at her apartment. She had read the lyrics to him that day. If she told everyone this and he acknowledged it, then the public would doubt their current relationship.

But on second thoughts, Debbie wasn't worried much. That was what she wanted. She wanted to put their names together.

While Tammy was in the ladies' room, Debbie quickly came up with the solution to the issue at hand.

When the rumor monger came back to the room, Debbie put aside the proof they had given and stared at her coldly. "Tammy, are you going to tell the truth now?"

Pretending to be confused, Tammy retorted, "I should be asking you that."

[Chapter 396 I Lied](#)

Since Tammy wouldn't admit she was lying, Debbie decided not to waste any more time. She motioned for Ruby to aim the camera at her and told all the fans, "Sorry about this, guys. Tammy claims she has proof I didn't write this song, but I don't think these documents and electronic copies are convincing enough. I have a witness, someone who knows I wrote the song myself. When I came back here, I really wanted to sign with Star Empire, so I auditioned for Mr. Huo. He gave me a chance and asked me to compose a song. But I had to do it all myself. Composing the music, writing the lyrics, arranging it in Pro Tools, everything."

Debbie paused, casting a sidelong glance at Tammy, whose face had gone pale. She continued, "I promised him, because I really wanted to work for Star Empire. Then I cranked out the song that Tammy claims she wrote. She said she wrote it two and a half months ago. But three months ago, I showed the first draft to Mr. Huo himself. I'm pretty sure he'll clear things up."

Debbie looked at Tammy and asked sternly, "You sure you want to go through with this? If he gets involved, then..."

Tammy already understood what Debbie was trying to say.

She shivered in fear. If Carlos found out, she'd be dead meat.

In an instant, she shook her head vigorously, tears streaming down her pale face. "No, no. I lied. I'm sorry! I was so jealous. I worked for years and nothing. Then you came along and shot to the top so fast."

The truth finally came to light.

Debbie stood up and glared at Tammy until the liar couldn't bear it anymore and had to look away. "Expect a letter from my lawyer," she told Tammy.

That was when it hit her that Debbie's lawyer was the famous Xavier Shangguan. Tammy almost fainted on the spot. She felt even worse, now.

After saying goodbye to her fans, Debbie closed the live chat room and locked her phone.

She was now alone with Tammy. She walked over and asked, "Whose idea was this? Tell me and I might not press charges." Debbie was being merciful. She didn't have to give her any chance at all, but she also wanted to get to the bottom of this.

But it didn't matter, since Tammy was completely flustered. She sang like a pigeon. "I don't know. He wired the money to my account and contacted me via phone. I never saw him."

"So it's a him?" Debbie asked.

"Yes."

"How old do you think he is?" Debbie had a pretty good idea who it was. But

he opened her mouth but stopped when she thought better of it. In the end, she chose to sit quietly.

Soon enough, the engagement ceremony started. Carlos was dressed in a blue Versace suit. He walked slowly into the hall, linking arms with Stephanie.

Carlos' fiancée was dressed in a long and white lace gown, a small diamond tiara on her head. It glinted and sparkled under the lights. She looked like an elegant queen about to meet her king.

Carlos kept his hand on her waist the whole time. They looked like a sweet and intimate couple, made for each other.

After they walked on to the stage, an MC began to preside over the ceremony. He told the guests the engagement rings had been carefully selected by Carlos. He had searched for the largest diamond in the city.

The ceremony went smoothly. At the end, the couple kissed, following cheers and a big round of applause.

Megan carefully observed Debbie's every move and expression. When Carlos and Stephanie kissed, she smiled smugly to see Debbie's face go pale. Although she was really scared of Debbie, especially after the raw eggs incident, she couldn't help but scoff. "Thanks for divorcing Uncle Carlos. Now he can marry Stephanie. She's better for him."

Debbie ignored Megan's mockery. She kept her eyes fixed on the couple cutting the cake onstage. She muttered to herself, "Should I just give up?"

Hearing no response from Debbie, Megan felt embarrassed and stopped trying to talk to her.

Before the party ended, Debbie and Ivan left the hotel before anyone else did.

They had a little talk in the parking lot before parting.

[Chapter 397 Give Me Away](#)

After bidding farewell to Ivan, Debbie turned around to leave, but a woman stepped in her way. It was Ramona.

With sympathy in her eyes, Ramona stared at Debbie. "You're sad, aren't you?"

Debbie's heart trembled. She did her best to bury her emotions, hoping her face would betray nothing. She ridiculed the woman. "Why would I be? Because you threw me away, or because you left Dad? Nah, that can't be it."

Her words pained Ramona's heart. She tried to mollify her. "I'm so sorry. Give me a chance to make it up to you."

Before Debbie could reply, an old voice rang out, "Ramona!"

When Ramona saw the old man approach, her face changed abruptly.

Debbie wasn't interested in talking to either of them, and tried to bolt. But Ramona suddenly had a meltdown, shouting, "Dad! You're a parent. You should know how I feel. I haven't seen my kids in more than twenty years. Don't start with me."

Her miserable voice struck a chord in Debbie's heart. It didn't sound like she was pretending to be sad at all. Her anguish sounded genuine.

Debbie froze on the spot. She was conflicted, because she wanted to leave, but not like this. She turned to look at the woman engulfed by sadness. Her whole body trembled. Elroy showed no emotion whatsoever and simply gestured to the bodyguards standing behind him. On command, two of them stepped forward, ready to grab Ramona and take her away.

In response to this, Ramona completely lost control of her emotions. She cried hysterically. "Am I really your daughter? You've tortured me for more than twenty years! Why? When my own daughter is finally in reach, and you do this? Fifty is just around the corner. I don't have much more time. If I can't see my kids, why go on living?"

"Shut up! Take her away!" Elroy barked. Her cries elicited no sympathy from the old man, but instead, they added fuel to the fire.

Standing next to Elroy was Ramona's stepmother, Sybil. The woman just stood there, watching impassively. She made no move to stop Elroy.

As the bodyguards approached Ramona again, she suddenly turned around, rushed to Debbie and hugged her tightly. "The best thing I ever did was marry your dad, but probably the worst thing as well. Remember, I love you, and your brother too. Forgive me. I can't love you anymore."

Debbie was shocked by her emotional words. An ominous feeling

"How are you feeling?" a relative asked.

Hearing all these voices, Carlos broke free from Debbie. He closed his eyes for a second. When he opened them, he returned to his cold self. Instead of responding to everyone, he stared at Debbie and scolded, "You stupid woman!"

Debbie was silent.

Stephanie dusted off his clothes and straightened them as best as she could. She shot an angry glance at Debbie. "Miss Nian, Carlos is mine now. Back off!"

Not giving a damn about Stephanie's cold attitude, Debbie looked at Carlos expectantly. "Did you remember us? Is that why you saved me?"

Everybody around them went silent, each with different emotions in their hearts.

Carlos replied flatly, "Stephanie and I are officially engaged. I hope you can give up on me."

'Give up on you?'

Debbie's heart was shattered into a million pieces.

Stephanie and James led Carlos away, leaving Debbie standing at the spot in a daze.

A few bodyguards had already stepped into the roadway, stopping the cars to make way for them.

When they reached the other side, Debbie suddenly came back to her senses and yelled, "Carlos!"

Carlos stopped. After a little hesitation, he turned around.

"Fine. You win. Just promise me one thing." The man was only a few lanes away from her, but to her, he was far beyond her reach now. It was like he was thousands of miles away.

"Yeah?" He emanated an icy-cold aura, eyes dark as a black hole.

"I'll be married soon. Will you give me away, since I have no father?"

Her resolute voice pierced through the air.

[Chapter 398 Im Tired](#)

Debbie's words shocked everyone. They wondered why she would get married all of a sudden. And who was she getting married to?

But whoever it was, the key point was that Debbie would be married soon.

Carlos and Debbie stared at each other in silence. After what felt like an eternity, he shifted his gaze away from her. Suppressing all sorts of mixed emotions within his heart, he threw out one simple word, "Yes."

'Yes...'

He agreed...'

Debbie cried, tears gushing out from her eyes uncontrollably. 'He agreed to give me away to another man.'

Her heart bled. A voice cried out hysterically inside her head, 'Who can save me now? Who can make Carlos love me like he used to? Please, help me!'

Finally, the farce was over and the others left. Debbie was rooted to the spot, her face drenched in tears and her mind deep in sorrow. Through her blurry eyes, she saw a familiar figure. It was Kinsley.

When there was not much traffic, he crossed the road and ran up to Debbie.

"I'm so sorry, Debbie. I failed to hook up with Stephanie. But they haven't gotten married yet, right? I still have a chance. I can win her over before they get married!" Kinsley comforted her. He didn't want to accept defeat, at least for Debbie's sake.

Debbie shook her head absent-mindedly. She looked towards the side of the road where Ramona was supposed to be, but her depressed mother was nowhere to be found. Maybe she had been taken away by the Lu family.

Looking back at Kinsley, she said, "You don't need to do that anymore. I'm tired."

Kinsley didn't know what to say.

Carlos had already done everything to get back at her. All the pain she felt today was caused by him. After all, she had been pestering him for quite a while now, and had done everything to ruin James, which had resulted in the turmoil within ZL Group. James and Tabitha were almost divorced due to all this. To the amnesic Carlos, what Debbie had done challenged his patience.

And he used the best weapon to get his revenge on her—no violence, no blood, no physical harm. Just mental torture. He knew what she loved and wanted the most, and he mercilessly tore her hope apart and left her disillusioned. He threw her into the abyss of despair and sorrow.

To torture her, he used all means necessary.

But she could do nothing. She ignored his heartlessness and continued to treat
r woman. So, it doesn't really matter who I marry. It's all the same to me now."

Carlos looked at her pain-stricken face without speaking.

When he didn't respond, Debbie asked, "So, when's your wedding?" She didn't hear the MC announce their wedding date during their engagement ceremony.

Carlos felt something churn in his heart. "Not sure yet. I have too much work to do."

That was true. He had been restored as the CEO only a few days back. His schedule was tight, with not even enough time for a proper meal. He almost had to sleep over at the company.

Seeing his weary face, Debbie felt her heartstrings tug. Carlos was always a busy bee. He could hardly spare any time to travel with her back then. She knew that it wasn't because he didn't want to accompany her. It was just that he was too busy. She remembered the time when she was studying in England, he had promised to fly there to accompany her, but he never could make it. In the end, when she got pregnant, he made her stay back in Y City.

Coming back to the present, she reminded him again, "All right. Do remember to attend my wedding next month." After that, Debbie stopped talking and meddled with her phone until he finished eating.

After tidying up his clothes, he looked at Debbie, who was putting away the things on the table. He said coldly, "You don't need to prepare lunch for me anymore. I can have my lunch at my convenience."

Debbie's smile froze on her face. Suppressing the pain in her heart, she smiled bitterly. "If you don't want to see me, I can pass the lunch to Frankie."

[Chapter 399 How About Pork Chop](#)

"No, don't bother." Carlos threw the used tissue into the trash can and asked flatly, "Anything else?"

"No..." Debbie shook her head.

He stood up and straightened his tie before striding out of the booth.

As soon as he left, Debbie listlessly sat back in her seat. 'That man is really ruthless when he doesn't love you anymore.'

Nonetheless, Debbie still persistently cooked for him every day. But like she said, she asked Frankie to hand it over to Carlos instead of waiting for him at the cafe.

This went on for a couple of days on end.

On the sixteenth day, Debbie went to a nearby shopping mall and bought him a gift. She bought two mugs. After returning home, she kept one of them in her apartment and packed the other one in the gift bag. Along with the lunch box, she headed to the company.

It was raining when she arrived at ZL Group.

She stood outside, waiting for Frankie to come down as usual. However, Frankie seemed to be busy that day, so after waiting for a few minutes, Debbie had no choice but to deliver it to Carlos' office by herself. She was afraid that the food would become cold. After putting on her mask and sunglasses, she walked into the building with an umbrella in one hand and the gift bag and lunch in the other.

She called Frankie. With his assistance, she arrived smoothly on the floor where the CEO's office was located.

It had been three years since Debbie had come to this floor. When she walked past the work area, she saw all those unfamiliar faces. That was the place where Emmett, Tristan and the other assistants used to work at.

Same place, different people.

Hearing the sound of Debbie's high heels, an assistant came to greet him with a polite smile, "Hi, are you Miss Nian?"

"Yes, I'm here for Mr. Huo."

"Please follow me." The assistant ushered Debbie to the CEO's office and knocked on the door.

After getting the go signal from inside, the assistant pushed open the door and reported, "Mr. Huo, Miss Nian is here."

As soon as Debbie set foot into his office, she saw Stephanie.

Carlos was sitting in his chair while Stephanie was standing right next to him, holding a document in her hand. They seemed to be discussing work.

Debbie wanted to spin around and run away from there.

She didn't know how much courage she needed to muster before walking in. She was afraid that she might break down and humiliate herself.

Carl

t Debbie didn't reply.

The whole afternoon, while he worked, he kept an eye on his phone. But still, there was no reply from her.

He lost his patience at last and randomly tapped on her WeChat Moments.

He was surprised to find an update she had posted around two in the afternoon. "I can't control my feelings for you. But I won't expect anything from you anymore."

Below the caption were a few pictures of the lunch she had cooked. Fried green peas, fried mushrooms and broccoli, sweet-tea ribs, pearl meatballs and a bowl of fish soup.

He guessed that it was the lunch she had brought for him earlier.

Annoyed, he locked the phone screen and stood in front of the window. He lit a cigarette and took a drag.

It was only then that he noticed it was raining outside.

He checked the weather app on his phone. It showed that it had begun to rain from noon and said it wouldn't stop until that evening.

'Debbie came around one o'clock. She came to give me lunch in this rain?'

He nipped the cigarette between his index finger and thumb without taking another drag.

The cigarette burned out and hurt his fingers a little, which finally snapped him back to reality.

After snuffing it out in the ashtray, Carlos grabbed his coat and left the office.

As soon as he stepped out, Frankie trotted over and reminded him, "Mr. Huo, you have an appointment with Mr. Wang later—"

"Cancel it."

"And... the meeting half an hour later?"

"Cancel everything." Without wasting another moment, Carlos entered the elevator and went down to the parking lot. He got into his car and drove out.

[Chapter 400 Dont Marry Him](#)

The rain came down heavily as Carlos drove the black Bentley out of the parking lot. He accelerated and hurried back to Champs Bay Apartments. After parking the car, he rushed to the seventh floor.

He rang the doorbell, but without waiting for another second, he entered the password and unlocked it. It was quiet inside Debbie's apartment.

He searched the bedroom, her study, the kitchen... But she was nowhere to be found.

When he walked out of the kitchen, he noticed a small notebook on the dining table. "Huo" was written in bold letters on the book cover.

He opened it; the first few pages were full of notes.

On the very first page, Debbie had written, "Carlos' flavor: Light meal, Less meat."

He turned to the second page. It was the lunch menu for the first day she had cooked for him. "Today's meal will be noodles with beef and two kinds of vegetables for Mr. Handsome."

"Second day: Dumplings and egg drop soup with seaweed."

On the third day's menu, she had crossed out the "stewed pork in brown sauce," and had instead decided on "beef short ribs" and three other vegetables and rice.

On the fourth day...

Carlos flipped through the pages. Debbie had planned the whole month's menu in advance.

He calculated the days in his mind and turned to the page to check today's menu. Indeed, it was the same dishes of which she had posted pictures in WeChat Moments earlier.

There was a small note beneath the menu. "To keep a balanced diet, today I will be making one more meat dish for Mr. Handsome..."

Carlos instantly pulled out his phone and called Debbie.

Surprisingly, the call connected soon, but it wasn't Debbie who answered. It was Kasie's voice. "Hi, Mr. Huo. It's me, Kasie."

"Where's she?"

"Mr. Wen is in Y City to see her. She...um...is on a date with him now. But she left her phone at my place," Kasie said nervously.

Carlos thought for a second. "When is she leaving Y City?"

"Tomorrow morning." There was no response from the other end. Kasie mustered up some courage and asked, "Mr. Huo... I have no idea why Debbie has decided to marry Mr. Wen all of a sudden. But how do you feel about it? Don't you feel sad?"

Carlos remained silent.

His silence made Kasie angry. She thought, 'Debbie lost Carlos once. Now that she has chosen to marry another man, maybe she has really made up her mind to give up on Carlos completely.'

So she said sarcastically, "Does your silence mean that you have no feelings for her? Well, fine. Forget it. After all, you love Miss Li so much and you'r

o him. But he didn't say that. She sneered, "I'm sorry, Mr Huo. I'm leaving tomorrow. Ivan and I will be getting our marriage license from Z Country the day after."

"Ivan doesn't love you!" Carlos spat.

"You're wrong. He does. He wouldn't have helped me otherwise," Debbie replied firmly.

Carlos closed his eyes tightly. "Has he ever said that he loves you?"

She answered honestly, "No. But we were not a couple before this. Why would he say it? Besides, does true love need to be proven by mere words?"

He was driven mad by her replies. In a huff, he pulled her closer to his body and pressed his lips on hers.

Debbie was taken aback. Her eyes widened.

He kissed her passionately; she was pressed against the couch. Panting, she reminded him in a hushed voice, "I'm...getting married soon."

"I know."

"And you... have a fiancée..."

"I know," he said again and placed soft kisses on her cheeks.

Debbie was lost.

'You know? Then why are you kissing me?' She tried to push him away, but the man didn't budge even a little. Instead, he became handsy and his hungry lips went down her neck.

Staring at the ceiling helplessly, she warned him, "Carlos Huo, stop now! Or I'll punch you!"

He stopped kissing her and his hands froze. He raised his head, his deep eyes fixed on the panting woman under him.

A jumble of thoughts flooded his mind. He had once felt sympathy for this woman. He remembered when they had met for the first time, she had rushed to hug him and cried hysterically, ignoring everything and everyone around her. It struck his heart. He was shocked by the amount of affection she had for him.

But now, she was going to be another man's wife.