

TMBA 431

[Chapter 431 If We Survive](#)

Carlos didn't have much time to think. He made a beeline to the wheelhouse.

The cruiser sailed on against the wind. Waves slammed against the craft, dumping more water on deck. Debbie watched the huge waves in terror. "Carlos!" she screamed.

But Carlos already knew what was going on. "Sit tight. If the boat comes apart, jump into the water. Be careful not to swallow any. Preserve your energy," he told her. Neither of them had a phone, not like it would do them much good. They were a few miles offshore, and out of range of most cell towers. They had to find a way to survive.

Blood drained from Debbie's face. "Don't go," she said.

Another raging wave struck the boat. Debbie was almost thrown out of her chair. She grabbed the chair as tightly as she could. Her hands hurt.

Carlos approached the wheelhouse quickly. But he couldn't get the door open. Someone had locked it.

Just then, a furtive man wearing a straw hat made his way to the stern stealthily and closed the door to the cabin.

Debbie saw him and shouted, "Carlos, that man is locking the door!"

Carlos shot over there to stop the man, but it was too late. The door was locked.

Debbie turned to look at the other end. Luckily, the bow door was still open. "Carlos, that way!"

Hearing her, he rushed over to Debbie and took her towards the front door of the cabin.

They got there quickly, but the man with a straw hat had been just as quick, trying to lock this door as well. He didn't know who he was facing. Carlos kicked the man hard and sent him sprawling onto the deck. The man rolled on the deck in pain, covering his chest with both hands. His straw hat flew away.

Huge waves kept hammering the boat. The water inside the cabin had reached her thigh.

Carlos took her into his arms and said, "Don't be afraid. I'll find something you can hold onto in the water. If things get too dicey, I want you to jump overboard. Look. Two o'clock. There's a small island over t

. Look! Over there! See those clouds? Low-hanging, and steel-gray. That means rain. But don't worry. If it rains, our helmsman will bring the boat back in."

Wesley felt something was amiss. "Go back to the resort. Wait for me. Don't go anywhere before I come back," he told Blair.

"Why not? You're so bossy. We came here on vacation, so why can't I go outside?" Blair complained.

"Carlos and Debbie are in danger," he said seriously.

"What?" She stood straight from shock. "It's just rain. The sailor says the helmsman will bring the boat back to port if it rains."

Wesley was too anxious to explain further. "Be a good girl and go back to the village. I'll be back soon."

"Okay, be careful." He always worried her.

"I will. Inform Kinsley and Niles." Wesley urged Blair about something else before he asked a pilot and some good sailors to take him out. The boat started sailing in a hurry.

The expression on Wesley's face became graver and graver as it rained more and more heavily.

Since Carlos and Debbie didn't have their phones, Wesley couldn't reach them. They might be out of cell distance anyway.

He was sure something bad was happening to them. He grabbed a sailor and asked, "Who was the crew on that boat?"

The sailor shook his head. "I dunno. Never seen them before."

[Chapter 432 Are You Here To Kill Me](#)

"They're new?" Wesley asked. "How new?"

"They started work yesterday," the man answered.

Wesley punched the door furiously. "So you let a couple greenhorns pilot the boat?"

The sailor was frightened. Wesley was intimidating even when he wasn't angry. But now, he was enraged. "It's not like that," the sailor explained hurriedly. "They're qualified. They've got all the required certificates, and they have a lot of experience."

Based on this, Wesley realized that Carlos and Debbie had been set up. The most important thing was to track down their boat and rescue them.

Soon, Blair found Kinsley. He was trying to get Stephanie to take a dip with him. "Hey Kinsley! Debbie and Carlos are in trouble," she told him. "Wesley wants you to grab some boats to find Carlos and Debbie."

Kinsley was holding Stephanie in his arms. When Blair said her piece, he let go of Carlos' fiancée instantly.

As a result, Stephanie fell into the water with a splash. She thrashed around and swallowed some seawater, choking as she spit it out.

She was about to get angry, but she realized the news was about Carlos. She got out of the water, grabbed Blair's hand and asked, "What happened?"

"I don't know. Wesley asked me to find people, have them hop in a boat, and try to find them." Blair didn't stick around to talk with Stephanie. She had to let Niles know too.

Meanwhile, underwater, Debbie tried to calm down. She broke the surface. Finally she could breathe, and the storm had passed over them.

The island Carlos told her about seemed to be closer, close enough to swim to. She swam towards it as fast as she could.

After a while, she had to take a break. She panted hard and put a hand over her eyes to shield them from the sun. The island still looked quite far away, and now she lost track of Carlos.

"Carlos!" she shouted, tears in her eyes. She couldn't even hear an echo. The sea was quiet, and swallowed her words. No one answered her.

She couldn't panic. Carlos had coached her on saving her energy. If she relaxed, she could float. Debbie had to make it to the island.

So she swam and swam. Her legs ached and started cramping up. 'One more, ju

n.

Carlos and Debbie stood in the under-chest-high water and watched. The brutal sight shocked Debbie. "That thing was scary. Why didn't the shark fight back?"

Eyes fixed on the ongoing feast, Carlos explained, "If they're knocked over, they faint. Then they're easy prey. Killer whales know this. Everyone thinks the shark is a powerful killer. It is, but the orca is even more powerful."

His remarks surprised Debbie. "I remember now. There was one at the aquarium when I took Piggy there. I thought he was adorable. I didn't expect it to be so fierce."

"They look cute, but they are dangerous. Just not so much to us. They want to play with us, thinking we're just another mammal."

Debbie was scared. With a pasty face, she started dragging Carlos towards the shore. "Okay, let's get out of here before it decides it's feeling playful!"

Her flustered and lovely demeanor amused him. Instead of leaving, he led Debbie closer to the killer whale, smiling the whole time.

"Are you crazy?" she yelled with fright.

Carlos kissed her on the lips to comfort her. Then he pushed a lock of wet and disheveled hair out of her eye and said, "Don't move."

Debbie calmed down. But what she saw next alarmed her again. Carlos was waving at the fed killer whale! Her mouth went instantly dry from fear. After a hard swallow, she asked him, "Level with me. Did you hire the two men on the boat? Are you with James? Are you here to kill me?"

[Chapter 433 Thank You For Being Alive](#)

Carlos only gave her a long look. When the killer whale swam towards them, Debbie was so frightened she clutched Carlos tightly. "Run! Run!" she screamed, scrunching her eyes closed, too spooked to open them.

She heard water thrashing behind her, but soon it was quiet.

"Open your eyes," Carlos coaxed her.

When everything was quiet, Debbie's fear fled. She opened her eyes slowly. Her jaw dropped when she caught sight of what was right in front of her.

Carlos was stroking the killer whale's head!

"Are... are you crazy? I-I-it's going to eat you!" Fear filled her. She clung to his arm even tighter.

Since they boarded the boat, they'd been through a lot. Her day was filled with moments of terror and danger. She wondered if she would die from a heart attack soon.

For example, right now, her heart was pounding like it would burst through her chest, and she couldn't feel her legs.

Carlos, however, didn't seem scared at all.

Noticing the incredulity on her face, he explained, "About the only people these guys attack are their keepers. They like people."

As if to prove what he had said, the killer whale moved its huge body towards Debbie and butted its head against her playfully.

"Ugh! Help!" she cried. Suddenly, she wanted to be home. She really missed a bunch of people: Piggy, Curtis, Colleen, Kasie, Decker, even her mom. "Boo...hoo..."

Carlos smiled. He gave her a pat on the back and said, "It likes you."

'What?' Debbie stared at Carlos in shock. Cautiously, she looked back. The killer whale seemed to be smiling at her.

Seeing her look at it, the killer whale swam out farther, jumping out of the water and slapping its tail against the surface. Just when Debbie thought it was leaving, it leaped out of the water and dived in again, and sea spray cascaded upwards.

Debbie was impressed by the performance. Her heartbeat steadied. "The dolphins in the aquariums are like this. So adorable."

"Wave to it," Carlos said quietly

and everywhere. Clearly, this island was deserted, and always had been. Each step they took was difficult.

Carlos asked Debbie to wait for him on a flat spot. But Debbie was afraid that some scary creature might be hiding in that small grove. It was at least big enough for a person. She decided to stick close by him.

They found nothing. No people, nor anything that could float in the water.

After making two circuits around the island, they finally gave up. The sun was high in the sky, and the heat was punishing.

Carlos took Debbie to a big tree and sat her down. It provided a fair amount of shade. Then he found two sticks and some dry grass and began to make a fire.

A few minutes later, when she saw the flame, she praised, "Old man, you're my one and only hero." He was her omnipotent superhero.

Carlos smiled, "You must be hungry. Stay here."

After stirring the fire, he walked towards the sea.

But Debbie followed. "Stay here? Where would I go? Let me help you."

"I'm catching fish."

"Catching fish? How?"

Carlos looked around. Then he found a piece of driftwood, and hacked at it with a rock until the end was sharp. Under Debbie's amazed gaze, he walked into the water, wielding it like a spear.

Just then, Debbie pointed out toward the sea and shouted, "Look! Big guy is here!"

[Chapter 434 Who Is The Father](#)

The killer whale disappeared after they had reached the shore. Now it was back.

Carlos got off the rock. The killer whale's bulk was halfway out of the water. When it opened its mouth, Debbie screamed in surprise.

Its mouth was full of marine life such as fish, shrimp, crab, and some other creatures. Many of the creatures were still alive, others were certainly not, or at least unmoving.

"It's bringing us food," Carlos said with a smile.

Debbie threw her arms around the killer whale's head and gave it a big kiss. "Thank you, big guy."

The killer whale opened its mouth and all the fish, crab, and whatnot spilled out onto the rocks. Debbie went to collect what had fallen out, and the orca returned to the sea once more. Carlos gathered an armful and began flinging them onto the beach.

Then Carlos had a better idea. To avoid the fish leaping back into the sea, he decided to dig a hole further inland, and put rocks around the perimeter. Then the fish wouldn't be able to "escape." He dug the hole quickly. While he was placing rocks, Debbie saw something odd-looking. "Ugh! This one's scary. Get rid of it, old man," she said, pointing at the offending fish.

Carlos looked at the fish. It was really a hideous-looking little creature. Grey, lumpy, spines around the mouth, huge, black eyes, and just unappetizing in general. "Throw it back into the water," he said. Debbie didn't even think that it would look good cooked. She danced around it, loath to touch it at all.

"You throw it. Hurry before it dies," Debbie said.

Carlos dropped the rock in his hand and came over. He looked at the fish with disgust obvious on his face. Finally, he picked the fish up by its tail fin and threw it back into the water.

The two decided to waste no time building a fire to cook up their catch.

They didn't have a knife to gut the fish, though. While Debbie voiced her concerns, Carlos found a thin rock and a broken shell of a red scallop. He scraped the scales with the shell, holding it nearly flat against the fish, in long, hard swipes. Starting at the tail he scraped his way towards the head. Then he flipped it over and did the same to the other side. He paused for a minute to rest. This wasn't the easiest work, and the hot sun d

that. "Who told you that?"

That hit him like a slap. Hayden told him so.

"Eww. What the hell, Carlos?" Debbie lay on her back and fixed her eyes on the sky again. "I stopped loving him years ago. Besides, he's married. We still talk because he helped me out a lot after I left the city."

Sea breeze blew on their faces, ruffled their hair. After a moment, she continued, "Now, I married Ivan, but it's not what you think. There's a reason, but I can't tell you right now. So, are you gonna marry Stephanie?"

Her eyes sparkled in the dark. Carlos kissed her hair and asked, "Why? Do you want me to?"

"No!"

Debbie answered simply.

Carlos nodded.

He pulled her into his arms and kissed her. "I won't marry Stephanie. But what about Ivan? He doesn't love you."

"Okay, I'll leave him," she muttered. "But it'll have to wait."

Carlos remained silent.

He was thinking about Piggy. So Hayden wasn't the dad? Ivan? Probably not. Then who was her real father?

Suddenly, something dawned on him.

Neither of them said anything else. They immersed themselves in the moment. But Carlos focused on controlling himself. This wasn't the time or place.

Debbie knew why he went quiet. Panting, she cradled his neck and said, "Old man, I..." She wanted to tell him she and Ivan had never slept together.

But Carlos already let her go and waded into the ocean.

He could swim, but his leg was injured. Worried, Debbie sat up and shouted after him, "Hey! Be careful! Watch that leg."

[Chapter 435 Monsters](#)

They slept in each other's arms, underneath a tree.

The night was cold. To keep warm, Debbie kept snuggling closer to Carlos in her sleep. The touch of their bodies aroused him. But he understood: now was not the time.

Debbie realized too, when he turned over and she saw his erection. "S-sorry... it's really cold," she apologized.

The only thing she had on was a bikini. Of course she was cold. Carlos realized he should have built a lean-to. Then at least they'd be warmer.

Carlos adjusted his breathing and held her tighter. "Go to sleep," he said.

And Debbie, comforted by his touch, drifted off easily.

Carlos removed his arms and got up quietly. Then he took off his swimming trunks and draped them over her, hoping it would be enough.

Since he was already awake, he decided to search for something to create a shelter. Vines, branches, palm fronds, etc. He walked into the moonlit woods to find something that could keep them warm.

Debbie was sound asleep, but her eyes snapped open when she heard Carlos shouting, "Debbie! Debbie!"

Startled, she shook off sleep and got to her feet quickly.

Her eyes were blurry and her head was muddled. Something was moving in front of her. She blinked to clear her vision. Then her eyes widened in shock at what she saw.

There were two monsters! One was moving her way, getting closer and closer! Carlos was fighting off the other one.

This was like nothing she had expected for this vacation. It felt as if she were in a bizarre dream. She froze and forgot how to react until she heard Carlos' voice urging her, "Danger! Run!"

Debbie came to her senses. The monster was taller than an adult. It looked like an orangutan, but it wasn't. With long hair covering its body, green light shining in its eyes, long fangs bared, it was far uglier than a gorilla.

Debbie felt like hurling.

She grabbed a bamboo branch to defend herself.

"Come here! Lead it to me!" Carlos said to her.

Debbie ran over to him. Sure enough, the monster followed her. But now Carlos was in danger. He had to fight two of them.

Carlos intended to attack it with a stick, but he realized the stick was too light. He needed to do more damage. So he threw i

g in the water, which was receding back out to sea. At its height, the sea had reached their shins. Then it retreated, only covering their ankles, and at last, they could see the shore again.

Carlos walked back to her. Together they watched the tide carry the two monsters back out to sea. Eventually, the water was serene again, quiet like a shy maiden.

Afterwards, Carlos and Debbie washed themselves in a small stream. Small streams carry fresher water than larger ones.

"Go back to sleep. I'll take guard duty." Carlos sat against a tree with his left leg outstretched, the right leg bent. He pulled Debbie closer and let her sleep on his lap.

Debbie didn't object. She was afraid that some other monsters might appear. "Wake me up later. We'll switch."

Carlos nodded, "Okay, close your eyes."

The fighting wore her out, and Carlos' scent was soothing. Within minutes, she drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

Then a whisper woke her. She opened her eyes slowly. There it was again... "Debbie..."

"Yes," she responded, her words slurred by sleepiness.

"I want you," she heard him whisper.

"Okay," she smiled in her sleep.

He started to caress her, to nuzzle her neck. His desire grew stronger with every passing moment, but eventually, he stopped.

Watching the woman who was in a light sleep, he clenched his fists to keep his desire in check. He could have her, but he also had to consider the problems she would have to face afterwards.

[Chapter 436 Keeping Hope Alive](#)

At the resort

Wesley didn't return until late that night. Ivan, Niles, and Kinsley had been waiting for him on the shore. "Something bad happened. There's no sign of the boat, or its crew," he told them.

Niles asked anxiously, "How could they just vanish like this? We couldn't find them either. Or their boat. You'd think there would at least be wreckage."

Wesley fell silent. After a few seconds, he said, "Keep calm. I'll dispatch some helicopters tomorrow."

"Get a hold of them now. That way they can be mobilized immediately," Niles urged, scratching his head. He regretted not having gone with Debbie and Carlos. He might have been able to help.

They went back to the village to rest and regroup. Ivan was about to walk into his room when he found a woman hanging out, sitting outside the door.

Kasie.

"Any news?" she asked anxiously once she saw him.

Ivan checked the time. It was already past 2 a.m. "Why are you still up?"

"Debbie is not back yet. I couldn't sleep." Tears streamed down Kasie's cheeks. Yesterday, she and Ivan were kissing, and now Debbie vanished. She felt so sorry. She wondered if it were her fault.

Ivan's face went solemn. He took Kasie into his arms, giving her a comforting squeeze and patting her back. "Everything will be okay. She's with Carlos. He won't let anything happen to her," he said quietly.

Kasie shook her head miserably. "She's my best friend. I can't lose her. Can... can I go with you tomorrow?" She had already lost Emmett. If she lost Debbie too, she wouldn't be able to stand it. Myriad emotions stirred in her heart—anxiety, sadness, and guilt all mixed together.

Ivan looked around. Then he opened the door and invited Kasie in. Closing the door, he hugged her again, consoling her. "Relax. Under Wesley's orders, they'll be sending out search and rescue teams, professionals, helicopters. Debbie and Carlos will be fine."

Kasie rested her head on his chest. They were so close she could feel his heartbeat. His arms were strong and warm. "But I can't sleep. I saw Debbie cry for help as soon as I closed my eyes." She also saw Emmett in her dream. He had called out for her, said her name so sweetly.

to it, "Do me a favor."

Then he took off his trunks, and Debbie pretended not to notice, though she did keep her head turned while he was buck naked. While she busied herself collecting fish, Carlos slit his swimming trunks with a rock and tore a piece off before donning them again.

Then he put the piece into the killer whale's mouth with half of it hanging out. "Buddy, take this to people. Lead them here. Thank you," he said as he stroked the whale's head again.

As if the beautiful mammal could understand him, it made a happy sound and disappeared beneath the waves.

Holding a fish she'd caught, Debbie watched the killer whale disappear. "Will it work?" she asked.

Carlos grabbed the lobster and decided to cook it. "Dunno. Worth a shot." He had a hunch that it would work.

"All right." No matter what, they had to try. They couldn't give up on hope.

Meanwhile, at the resort, some helicopters landed there, along with a rescue team.

Wesley took control of the team, directing them each with the easy demeanor of a man used to being in command. "You, take south. You, go southeast. You, southwest. You, retrieve the boat. They were on a cruiser."

When everything had been straightened out, Ivan and Niles said to him, "We want to go too."

Wesley looked at them and said, "Leave it to them. This is the best rescue team in Y City. They'll find them. Oh, Niles, you should come along. You're a doctor. Ivan, please wait here."

[Chapter 437 A Rescue To Remember](#)

Kasie nervously tugged at Wesley's sleeve before he left for the rescue. "Colonel Li, please. Make sure they come back safe and sound. Please!" she begged, her voice shaking.

Wesley broke free from her grip and assured her, "Don't worry. I will." And that was when Kasie realized she was being a bit foolish. She withdrew her hands, and looked down.

After the search and rescue team left, Blair sat on a bench, chin propped up in her hands as she watched the ship sail away. She prayed in her mind, 'Dear God, please bring all of them home safe...'

Half an hour later, the rescue ship that Wesley was in began to slow a little when they were some miles from the coastline.

Wesley carefully observed the area through a set of binoculars, hoping to find an island or anything from Carlos and Debbie's yacht. He knew he could only see about 3 miles out due to the curvature of the earth, but the digital magnification and enhancement were what he was after. No sign of a yacht or his friends, but he did spot a killer whale leaping out and diving into the sea some distance away. It was common to see killer whales around here, so he paid it no mind. He continued to focus on searching for what he wanted.

Time passed quickly. Still, nothing—nothing but the endless sea that stretched to the horizon. Wesley listened to the reports from the rescue team in the helicopters. "One klick south by southeast, nothing. Over."

"Two klicks northeast, no sign. Over."

Still no good news. Wesley was beginning to think this might be a fool's errand.

Wesley continued to look into the distance through the binoculars. The killer whale came into view again, but this time, it was much closer to the boat. 'I hope that big guy's careful. He doesn't need to get caught by our propeller.'

When he was about to shift his gaze away from the whale, something on its mouth caught his eye. 'Is it hurt, or is that just some fish?' He zoomed in for a closer look, but it dove again before he could figure out what that was. When the thing surfaced again, he got another chance.

Wesley quickly directed the lens towards the killer whale again. It swam closer and closer to them. He got a better look. It was dark blue, and seemed as if it were a torn piece of cloth.

Wasting no time, he told the captain to bring the cutter alongside the killer whale.

When he was close enough to observe the orca without the help of the binoculars, he asked the captain to stop the ship. Magically, the killer whale instantly sprang up, breaking the surface of the water, and made sounds, like it was trying to communicate. It sounded like someone was letting air out of a balloon, deliberately making it squeak.

The whale leapt up, and Wesley was able to pull the piece of cloth from the whale's mouth. 'Did it eat someone? That doesn't sound right. They don't do that, usually, ' he thought. He examined the shred of clothing carefully. 'There! That tag! Mazu Resortwea

e for her, so it covered her from neck to knees.

Bare-chested, Niles wanted to protest, but Carlos shot him a sharp glance, silencing him.

On their way back, the killer whale followed them the whole way, keeping a safe distance from the ship, but close enough to be seen. Seeing its dorsal fin cutting through the surface of the sea, Debbie couldn't hold back her tears. "I'm gonna miss him. Think we'll ever see him again?"

Carlos touched her head and comforted her, "You can come whenever you want."

"But... I'm afraid..." she stammered. She would miss the killer whale, but she didn't want to be shipwrecked again. Understandable, since they had battled not only the natural elements, but supernatural ones as well.

Carlos smiled. Looking at the swimming killer whale, he said, "Tell it you'll come to visit around the bay surrounding the island."

"Why there? Are you afraid people might hurt it?"

He nodded, "Yeah, kind of. We need to protect it."

"Right."

While Debbie was watching the killer whale swimming happily, Carlos radioed land. They were still out of cell range, so it took a little doing to get his assistant Frankie on the line. "Yep, purchase the beach. Launch a public welfare program to protect the marine life around there. Prepare all the needed application forms, materials and submit them to the State Oceanic Administration. And attract some investment. ZL Group will fund 80% of the total investment..."

Finally, they reached the beach. Their other friends were there, waiting anxiously.

When Kasie spotted Debbie, she ran over to her and hugged her tightly, tears welling up in her eyes. "Deb, oh, thank God! You're back. I was so worried about you!"

Debbie hugged her back while comforting her, "Don't cry. I'm fine now."

After confirming Wesley was safe, Blair also ran up to Debbie. "So where did you guys end up?"

"On a desert island," Debbie said. "In some ways, it was bad. In other ways, paradise."

[Chapter 438 III Marry You](#)

Stephanie grabbed a bath towel and draped it over Carlos' shoulders. Looking at him through tears, she said, "Carlos, you're finally back. I was so worried."

Carlos nodded without responding to her. He looked in Debbie's direction instead. Debbie was surrounded by all her friends, who were grateful she was happy and healthy. "Debbie," he called out.

Everyone's head turned in his direction. Even Debbie was surprised.

The other people from the rescue team had already left, so there were no outsiders around. Without taking his eyes off Debbie, Carlos declared bluntly, "Divorce Ivan. I'll marry you."

Dumbstruck, everyone lapsed into silence.

While everyone else was reeling from the shock, Debbie's mind was racing. 'Oh my God! In front of your fiancée? What were you thinking?'

That was not what everyone else was thinking, however.

Kinsley thought, 'Nice move, bud!'

Ivan complained, 'Wow, what about me?'

Kasie sighed, 'Oh man, poor Ivan!'

Niles marveled, 'She's so amazing! Especially if Carlos fell for her!'

Wesley snorted, 'She's got him hooked good.'

Blair exclaimed, 'Good for you, Debbie!'

Stephanie cursed, 'You backstabbing bitch! You'll pay for that!'

After the harrowing experience Debbie and Carlos went through, nobody was in the mood for a vacation. So, they canceled the rest of their plans and made arrangements to go home.

Debbie took a nice, hot bath after she returned home. Then, she slept the whole day in her own bed, too exhausted to do anything else.

However, compared to Debbie's relaxing day, Carlos was running around like a chicken with its head cut off. He needed to, as work had piled up while he was gone.

Without taking any time to de-stress, he asked Wesley, Damon and Frankie to come to his study in the manor. They had a long meeting. In the end, Carlos ordered Frankie in a serious tone, "I need comprehensive background checks. One, on James, and... Evelyn."

'Evelyn?' Confused, Frankie looked at his boss, whose deep, dark eyes betrayed nothing. Carlos explained calmly, "Debbie's child. James claimed she had an abortion three years ago. Find out if that's true."

Frankie fi

ked as she walked into the wardrobe and began putting together her outfit. She felt wonderfully refreshed, so she volunteered to pick up Evelyn and Justus and take them on a play-date at Carlos' manor.

She promised Carlos. What was more, he sent her a message this morning to make sure she remembered.

She had just texted him back, telling him that she was up now. But she hadn't gotten a reply. He was probably busy.

"Mr. Huo is doing a serious investigation on his dad, leaving no stone unturned. He'll know everything by the time that's done. Damon also asked me about all the rumors. Did you abort your kid? Is Piggy Carlos' daughter? He had a lot of questions."

Debbie was surprised. So Carlos did keep his promise. He was just the most wonderful man. But she really wondered about something else. Eyes brimming with tears, she asked, "So what did you tell him?"

"That he was an idiot. Those rumors were all lies. I said you never cheated on Carlos! I wish you could have seen the look on his face. He looked like he had just eaten shit. He didn't know if he could face you anymore. Ha-ha..." Jared burst into a fit of laughter.

Debbie laughed too. But then she let out a long sigh. "Don't count James out yet. He's a sly old fox. I've done my own investigations, too. And when he found out he was being looked into, he was able to have info hidden and cover his tracks. He laughed it all off when he was confronted with it."

[Chapter 439 III Be Your Cousin-in-law](#)

Of course, what prompted Debbie to look into the link between Stephanie and James was something Miranda had said. She told Debbie there was something fishy going on there.

"Don't worry. Maybe Mr. Huo's not as savvy as James, but he's way wealthier, and more powerful. If anyone can dig up dirt on James, it's him," Jared said confidently. He had faith in Carlos.

"Let's not be carried away. Carlos isn't God. He can't do everything. He still doesn't know who killed Megan. Curtis won't do anything about it, but Carlos and Wesley are on it. Even they haven't found anything conclusive."

"I know that, but I don't think you give him enough credit. Oh, did you hear? The cops found Megan's diary. I think Carlos will have that diary soon. What do you think that manipulative bitch... I mean...um..I should respect the dead, right? What do you think Megan had written in her diary?"

Debbie shrugged. "How should I know? I spent more time trying to keep her away from Carlos than I did getting to know her."

And even more infuriatingly, even dead, Megan was still a troublemaker. Someone framed her for Megan's death. 'Whoever that guy is, I want to throw him into the sea and watch the sharks tear him apart!' she swore in her mind.

"Fine, I'll drop it. Doing anything fun for your birthday? I bought something for you. Your birthday is just around the corner—why haven't you said anything? No party?" Jared asked on the other end.

Debbie's lips twitched. "Aren't you nosy today? Is it because you're happy you'll have a kid soon?"

"I guess I am kinda talking your ear off. Sorry. And of course I'm happy. I have a kid on the way, you're going to be vindicated, my dad and Damon don't hate me because of you anymore, and you'll get back with Carlos soon. Why wouldn't I be happy?"

A ghost of a smile played across Debbie's face. She wasn't as happy as he was. "Look, Jared, when Carlos finds out the truth, he'll feel pretty bad about what happened. But that's not what I want. I want him to remember everything about me. I want the old Carlos back. I don't want his pity; I want his love. It will be hard for him at first, but at least he'll get it, and we can make up for lost time. Besides, when he spoils me again as he used to, that'll be the time I carry out my p

mean brother? He's already more than thirty. Does he look that young to Jus?' Debbie wondered and shifted her gaze to the man. 'Well...he does look young.'

Jus nodded and greeted again, "Uncle... Hi."

Carlos touched Jus' head and teased, "Uncle? Debbie's your cousin, and I'll be...your cousin-in-law soon enough."

Debbie got all choked up by what he said. Caught off-guard, she blushed and rolled her eyes at him. "Just eat," she said angrily.

He nodded and walked to the bathroom to wash his hands, still holding Evelyn in his arms.

The manor used to be quiet with almost no one there. Now, the whole house was noisy with children's animated shouting and laughter. You could even hear them on the third floor behind closed doors.

Carlos didn't think he'd get any work done tonight, so he stayed in the living room to play with the kids after dinner.

When it was bedtime, Colleen called Debbie. "Debbie, how's Jus doing? Can you two handle the both of them? If not, I can pick him up if you need me to."

Debbie took a glance at the little boy and assured her, "We're good. Jus is just fine. He just took a bath and Carlos is telling stories to the kids."

"What? Carlos is telling them stories? He doesn't seem to like kids very much. You sure he has the patience for them?" Colleen asked in disbelief. She could hardly picture Carlos with a kid.

"Oh yeah, he's been playing with them after he got home. I don't need to take care of them. He does all the work," Debbie said with a happy smile.

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Being in the room at the time, Carlos heard what she said to Colleen over the phone. Without missing a beat, he glanced at Debbie and raised an eyebrow. He didn't pause at all, still reading to the kids.

His expression seemed to say, "Look! I'm a good man, aren't I?"

Debbie glared at him and walked out to the balcony. "Just have a good time. Leave the kids to us," Debbie said. "We have a ton of maids, and two of them are nannies..." All of which was true. The servants practically ran the household. No one had to lift a finger. Not Carlos. Not Debbie.

"Okay, okay. I get it. The reception here is bad, so no video chat with the kids. Give them my love. Good night," Colleen said.

"Uh huh. Good night."

Walking back to the bedroom, Debbie found that the two kids were still listening with rapt attention to the story Carlos was telling. They seemed so into the fantastic story that they weren't sleepy at all.

She entered the walk-in closet to grab the pajamas that the housemaid had prepared for her. She chipped in quickly, "I'm going to take a bath."

Carlos paused the story and told her, "Go to my bedroom then. There's no hot water in the guest bedroom where you are."

"Okay," Debbie nodded dubiously, but she didn't think much about it. She grabbed the pajamas and walked down the hallway to Carlos' bedroom.

When she finished her shower and emerged from the bathroom, she found Carlos already in there. He was lying on one side on the bed and browsing on his phone. Seeing her come out, he put his phone away and waved at her.

Wiping her hair with a bath towel, Debbie walked over to him. "What? The kids in bed already?"

"Yeah." Carlos sat up on the bed and pulled her over, making her sit on his lap. He inhaled deeply, breathing in the fragrance from her body. "You smell like me."

"Of course. I used your body wash and shampoo."

He gave her a quick kiss. "My turn. Don't move a muscle," he said, getting up and turning on the shower.

After a little hesitation, Debbie decided against it. "No. I'm heading to the guest room to unwind." She didn't mind sleeping in the same bed with Carlos, but after all, she was another man's wife now. There was no good reason for them to do that. What if someone discovered them? What if they talked?

A dash of displeasure flashed in his eyes. "What are you worried about now? You should've thought about this before you came over."

'People talk. It's what they do. You became the talk of the tow

his questions, and this was driving him nuts.

In a huff, he got off the woman and lay down next to her. Covering himself with the thin quilt, he said coldly, "Sleep."

Debbie pouted her lips gloomily. Nonetheless, she felt she had to make him happy. She moved closer and clung to the angry man.

But he removed her hand from his waist and turned his back to her.

Debbie was stunned for a while. Looking at his broad back, she couldn't help but giggle under her breath. He was so childish.

She tried again, pressing her chest against his back, and put her right leg and right arm on his body. She felt comfortable nestling against him when she slept.

Carlos didn't move away this time, yet he didn't turn to face her, either.

Debbie had slept a lot after coming back from the seaside resort, so she was wide awake. Resting her cheek on his back, she asked in a hushed voice, "Mr. Handsome, do you still love me?"

Carlos couldn't believe she had asked such a stupid question. He finally turned his body around, and under the dim light, he stared at her with contempt in his eyes. "What do you think?"

Debbie pouted, "I don't like the look in your eyes. Do you hate me?"

"That's a really stupid question. Ask questions like that, and you'll get the stink-eye."

"No way! The only stupid questions are the ones that don't get asked. And you never tell me you love me, so how should I know?" Debbie retorted defiantly.

Carlos grinned cunningly. "You don't know? Like you said, I'll tell you when you divorce Ivan."

"If you don't tell me how you feel, why should I divorce him? What if I get divorced but you don't love me at all?"