

TMBA 471

[Chapter 471 Nice](#)

What made Debbie uncomfortable was that Carlos was rather calm this time.

He didn't call her, nor did he deal with the news posts online. Previously, whenever she was trending online, he would do damage control by deleting the comments and news posts. But this time, he did nothing.

After the topic had spread like wildfire for five hours, one of the "victims" finally gave an interview—Stephanie. The reporters had many questions.

"Miss Li, what do you think about Mr. Huo and his ex-wife falling in love again?"

"Miss Li, why did you choose to be with Mr. Huo in the first place? Do you love him?"

"Miss Li, I heard that Mr. Huo broke off your engagement. Is that true? Did he do it to get back with Debbie Nian?"

The reporters bombarded Stephanie with questions. She could hardly answer one before another question was headed her way.

Stephanie's eyes were red and swollen, like she'd been crying hard before the interview. She still managed to smile politely for the cameras. "Carlos and I love each other very much. Don't believe everything you hear. And I can understand why she'd be hugging my fiance. She can't bear to move on. He's a good man. Anyway, Miss Nian and Mr. Wen are about to hold their wedding ceremony soon. I think congratulations are in order. And don't mention these rumors around them. That would be quite rude."

"Wow! Miss Li, you're such a wonderful woman."

"I'm impressed, Miss Li. You're the only one good enough for Mr. Huo."

Stephanie's smile grew wider at the reporters' compliments. They were positively sycophantic, falling all over themselves to fawn over her. And why not? She presented an elegant figure.

Another reporter chimed in, "I heard that the rumors were leaked by your assistant, Miss Li. Is that true? Did your assistant post this stuff online?"

"What? Miss Li's assistant? Did you start these rumors to get back at Debbie Nian?"

"Mis

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.

Weibo and play along. Bye!" Then she hung up immediately.

What happened next was beyond belief.

Carlos consented to an interview to clear up the rumors. He held it in one of ZL Group's many conference rooms. He projected a dapper and gallant appearance, in a custom-designed black suit, a black shirt, and a silver tie. Rounding out the outfit was a pair of luxury shoes.

With no PR team or a draft for his speech, Carlos started with a serious expression on his face, "I broke up with Stephanie Li for several reasons. The most important reason is that I'm still in love with my ex-wife, Debbie Nian. I had amnesia from that car accident three years ago. But I couldn't help falling in love with her again. She is sincere and caring, and the only one I love. Even though I don't remember her, she's been trying her damndest to bring back the love we had. I'm greatly moved by what she's done for me. Three years ago, someone made up vicious rumors about her. She was cyber-bullied by so many people for something she didn't do. She was even forced to leave Y City while pregnant. She gave birth to our daughter in a foreign country and raised her all alone. She'd been waiting for me the whole time. Maybe I'd been waiting for her too, but I didn't realize it then."

[Chapter 472 I Owe Her An Apology](#)

Debbie slumped back lazily on the sofa as she watched the news. What Carlos was saying made her tense. She sat up abruptly and focused her full attention on the screen and hung on his every word. He stood there, dashing as ever.

There were no tears on his face, nor did he look sad. However, his words touched every listener. "I lost my memory and oppressed Debbie. Heartbroken, she finally gave up on me and left. During her absence, I was miserable and started reflecting on my acts. I'm not proud of what I did, and I regret every bit of it. Even though I want my ex-wife back, I have never cheated on Miss Li, because she was never my girlfriend. After I had lost my memory, she worked with someone else on a scheme against me, posing to be my girlfriend. This was only her role in the scheme that they had concocted together. So she is not the victim here. Debbie is. From three years ago up until this moment, Debbie has been suffering too much because of me."

Debbie gaped in shock and put her hand to her mouth. The tears flowed freely down her cheeks like a broken dam. Then her phone began to ring incessantly from people who were concerned about her, but she hung up without answering each time. How could she possibly speak on the phone in this condition? She had lost all sense of composure and could only hold her bleary eyes fixed to the screen on Carlos.

He was clearing her name in front of everybody. He was declaring his love for her to the world. Every word he said warmed her. Once her heart was broken, but now she felt that she was whole again.

Unable to contact Debbie on her phone, Ruby ran over to Debbie's office instead. She wanted to tell Debbie to watch the news. But when she walked into the office and stopped to catch her breath, she saw that Debbie was already watching it. Ruby was relieved. She handed Debbie a tissue and consoled her. "Debbie, don't cry, although I feel like crying too. What Mr. Huo said is so touching," Ruby said choking on the words.

Debbie wiped her eyes silently, but it was no use. Each time she did, the tears would just roll down her cheeks again. If Carlos were by her side now, she would hug him tightly and wail in his arms. She would tell him how much she loved him and that her love for him had never stopped and never would.

Carlos went on, "I had loved and treasured Debbie. In the past three years,

Once she entered the car, Carlos took her into his arms, and she leaned against him.

They sat quietly like that until the car reached the gate of Carlos' manor.

"Stop!" Debbie suddenly said, sitting up.

Frankie hit the brakes.

"Carlos, get out of the car," she said, turning to him. Then she opened the door and got out herself.

Carlos said nothing and followed her out of the vehicle.

"What's wrong?" he asked, smiling.

Debbie gazed at him and smiled. Gently she began to straighten his tie. "I think you have regained your memory, although I can't prove it. If you don't give me an answer now, I won't enter the manor."

Carlos knew he had no choice but to tell her.

"Why did you tell me that you got married to Ivan?" he asked. It pained him to think about how she put on a wedding gown for another man and how he carried her into the wedding car himself. He even walked her down the aisle and handed her over to another man.

When he recalled all of that, it hurt him so much. However, it turned out that it was all just one of her tricks. She pulled it off so well that everyone had been convinced. Carlos had to applaud her, though his heart ached. As for Ivan, Carlos hated him so much that he wanted to kill him.

"You didn't love me. What did it matter whom I married?" she asked in an innocent tone.

Carlos pinched his forehead in frustration and explained, "You should have understood me given the circumstances."

"Well, too bad! I didn't!"

she retorted bluntly. "Fine. Let's drop that. Why did you tell me that you had sex with Ivan?"

[Chapter 473 Good Buddies](#)

'He knew Ivan and I never slept together? Ivan must have told him everything, ' Debbie thought. Then she replied in a wronged tone, "When we were on the island, I was horny, but you wouldn't do anything. So I said that Ivan and I did it to piss you off."

Carlos stared at her intensely.

The fierce look in his eyes made her nervous. "Don't look at me like that. I thought you didn't want me anymore. I'm the one who should be mad," she added.

'How could I not want her? I was just trying not to cause problems, because she was married,' Carlos thought.

"And why didn't you know my marriage license was fake? People are always saying you're so clever..." she continued.

Carlos didn't know how to respond to that. He had tried to lay a guilt trip on her, but she turned it around, made everything his fault. 'This woman is really savvy.'

Debbie was glad that he didn't talk back to her. "I've answered your questions. Now it's my turn."

Carlos' heart fluttered. He knew what she was going to ask. She figured it out faster than he thought, and he smiled resignedly.

"Do you have your memory back or not?" she asked, her face betraying no emotion. What he didn't know was that underneath that stony expression, her heart was pounding.

Carlos looked her in the eye and took her in his arms. "Mhmm."

What a simple reply. But it was powerful enough to open the floodgates. Instantly, tears gushed from her eyes.

Before he could say or do anything to console her, she lifted her foot and kicked him hard in the leg.

The moment her pointed-toe stiletto hit his leg, a sharp pain seized him. He endured it silently. As the moments fled, the pain had dulled to an ache.

Damon and Kinsley had talked him into pretending he still had amnesia. Carlos decided he was going to kick those guys' asses.

During this time, Frankie sat in the car. Bored, he got out to smoke and happened to see Debbie giving Carlos a kick.

"Ha—" he burst out laughing. Since it was dangerous to laugh at Carlos, he stopped himself.

He couldn't believe his eyes. The mighty Carlos Huo—kicked by a woman! This was awesome!

And he wasn't supposed to see it. Quickly, he got back in the car. He was so afraid his desire to smoke went o

on flashed a goofy smile when he thought of his wife. "Yes. I'll be thrilled if I have a daughter half as lovely as Evelyn," he flattered.

Carlos also was in a better mood when he thought of Evelyn, but not by much. "How far along is Adriana?"

"Three months," Damon giggled.

"Three months..." Carlos murmured. Then he pulled out his phone and called someone. "Send in ten women," he commanded.

Damon was surprised. "What are you doing? Are you going to cheat on Debbie? Dude, don't do that. Everyone saw you say you love her—"

Just then, the door was pushed open, and ten hot women walked in.

As Damon was trying to figure out what was going on, Carlos stood up and told those women, "Serve Mr. Han well." Then he said to Tristan, "Get two bodyguards in here. They'll watch Damon and make sure he keeps his hands to himself."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

Only then did Damon realize what Carlos was doing. The sly man knew that he hadn't had sex in three months. She hadn't felt like it, so he had to do without. Now Carlos was using that to punish him. He asked those women to seduce Damon, but at the same time, he ordered the bodyguards to keep him from getting any.

'Carlos, you son of a bitch!' Damon cursed inside. Carlos turned to leave. "Don't do this! Get these women out of here! You can't do this to me! Adriana will kill me!"

Carlos paused, turning around. "Relax. I won't tell. And nobody else will either," he said calmly. "Tristan, remember to take pictures."

[Chapter 474 Jailed](#)

"Yes, Mr. Huo," Tristan remarked.

Damon was desperate. "Damn you, Carlos! How could you do this to me? Come back!" he denounced.

But as soon as Carlos left the room, those women surrounded Damon. "Mr. Han, I've heard so much about you. You're indeed a handsome man."

"Mr. Han, I'm Mitzi. I'll take good care of you."

Damon raged, "Take good care of my ass!"

Mitzi was dazed for two seconds. Then she articulated with a goofy smile, "Of course, I'll take good care of that as well, Mr. Han."

Damon was rendered speechless.

On the sixth floor of Building two of Champs Bay Apartments

Stephanie was sitting on the living room couch, smoking, as she watched the news on TV. The reporter was saying, "Not very long ago, our correspondent informed that Mr. Huo, Debbie Nian and their daughter were seen outside his villa and they went inside together. It looks like the rumors are true..."

"Oh, shut up!" Stephanie turned off the TV angrily. She put out the cigarette and ruffled her messy hair restlessly. Carlos had regained his memory! It was not a part of their plan. Dr. Zhu had told them that there was no way Carlos would regain his memory, not as long as they didn't miss the regular injections. 'Liar! They're all liars!'

Furious, she smashed the lighter against the tea table.

Debbie had used a fake marriage license to set up James, but Stephanie got screwed over too. Now, both her and James' reputations were ruined, all thanks to Debbie.

Hate gnawed at her as she thought of what Debbie had done to her.

Just then, her phone rang. "What?" Stephanie asked impatiently when she saw the caller ID.

Angus Li, her father, sighed from the other end of the line. "Stephanie, your mom has been arrested. You're in Y City, aren't you? Head to the police station right away. I'm on my way there," he said in a rush.

Stephanie's eyes widened in shock. "Arrested? For what?" She abruptly stood up from the couch.

"The police who called me said that she was sued for slander, assault and attempted murder."

"Attempted murder?!" Stephanie raised her voice at the absurd accusation. "That's ridiculous!" Glenda was too much of a coward to do so

Id have known he had gotten his memory back.

From his message, Carlos could tell that James was still pretending to not know that he remembered everything; he was trying to maximize the benefit of his identity as Carlos' father.

Frankie replied, "On the surface, it might look like he's doing nothing unusual. But he has been secretly transferring his assets overseas. Some of them have been transferred into Glenda's relatives' names."

'Transferring assets?' Carlos lit a cigarette and observed sarcastically, "He has cheated many people off their wealth. Isn't he worried that it might break his arms?"

The bribes James had taken from many and the money he had embezzled had reached billions of dollars, which was enough for him to squander for the rest of his pitiful life.

"Glenda has filed for a divorce. She must have done it to be with James. Mr. Huo, what should we do next?"

Carlos fell silent. He was thinking about Angus Li.

Glenda was evil, but Angus was an honest and decent man. He had never done harm to anybody. Despite suspecting that his wife was having an affair, he had been pretending to be ignorant of it for so many years, all for their children's sake. That was the only reason why the Li family had always been so peaceful in the past.

"We won't interfere in their marriage. Glenda's bail issues are not up to me." With that, Carlos picked up the file on the table. He was ready to set off to meet a client.

[Chapter 475 Debbie Went On A Date](#)

Carlos' decision was to be expected. Glenda was an outsider and an enemy to him. He wouldn't upset Debbie for her.

Debbie knew what Glenda did to her at the cafe the other day wasn't serious enough to get her locked up for a long time. So several days after Glenda was sent to prison, Debbie compromised with her. She agreed to withdraw the charges on condition that Glenda apologized to her in person.

Left with no other choice, Glenda conceded.

One week in prison had dramatically changed Glenda's appearance. When she walked out of her cell, there was no way of telling that she was a first-class lady. Her long curls tumbled over her shoulders in a tangled mess. Her clothes were dirty, and her face was smudged. She looked ten years older than she was.

When Stephanie saw her mother in that state of disarray, she vowed to herself that she would turn Debbie's life into a living hell.

As Stephanie and Glenda walked toward the entrance of the police station, they noticed Debbie watching them with a proud and cold demeanor. She was leaning against a ten-million-dollar stretch limousine, custom-made by the ZL Group exclusively for ladies only.

Stephanie shot her a venomous look. It reminded Debbie of James. 'Like father like daughter,' thought Debbie to herself.

The sun shone brightly, and the day was pleasantly warm. Debbie was in a pretty good mood. "Glenda, jail time must have been tough," she said, rubbing salt into her wounds.

Hearing her deliberate provocation, Glenda lifted her head abruptly and glared at Debbie. She wished that she could pounce on her and snap her neck like a twig.

"You bi—" She managed to keep her anger in check before the word "bitch" flew from her lips. Taking a deep breath to compose herself, she asked, "You want my apology? No problem. Leave Carlos!"

Debbie scoffed, "What makes you think that you could ask me to do that? What are you to Carlos?"

"If it weren't for you, I would be his mother-in-law!" Glenda asserted. 'This bitch destroyed my daughter's happiness.

James and I have worked hard fo

the ZL Group had made, and she looked ravishing. The point is, she was with a gorgeous guy!"

"What makes you think she was on a date?" Carlos put the lid back on his pen. He couldn't focus on his work anymore.

"She told me so,"

Niles replied. Carlos stood up, grabbed his coat, and darted toward the door. "Where?"

"Where what? Oh, they were at the sushi shop diagonally opposite this building."

'A date at a sushi shop?' Without further ado, Carlos walked out of his office. He called Debbie before he got in the elevator.

When Debbie answered his call, his brows unknitted. "Honey, what are you doing?" he asked gently. The sightseeing elevator arrived. Carlos stepped in and scanned the scenery outside.

"I'm eating sushi." She was telling the truth.

Her reply collaborated with the location Niles had said. Carlos pinched his forehead and said, "Honey—"

"Don't call me that!" Debbie interrupted him coldly.

Carlos didn't get mad. Instead, he chuckled, "No matter what you do, I won't give up on you." Giving up wasn't in his nature.

For a moment, Debbie didn't know what to say. The man sitting opposite her was enjoying his food. Looking at him, Debbie replied in a cold tone, "What do I care?"

Since the place they were in was close by, Carlos didn't drive his car. After getting out of the elevator, he strode straight toward the sushi shop.

[Chapter 476 Lunch For Four](#)

When Carlos walked into the sushi shop, he was still on the phone with Debbie. Around that time, she was nibbling at a meat floss sushi. "Why aren't you talking?" she asked, when she noticed his silence.

The man sitting opposite her choked when he saw Carlos walk in. He kicked Debbie under the table and winked at her as he gulped down his glass of water.

Debbie turned around to look directly at the man. Carlos ended the call and put his phone into his pocket. He looked at the man at the table and asked coldly, "Kinsley, what are you doing here?"

Carlos nudged Debbie, motioning her to move over.

Kinsley quickly swallowed a mouthful of fish eggs and explained, "Please don't misunderstand. I'm flying to Z Country this afternoon and will be staying there for the next three months. Me meeting Debbie here was a complete coincidence!" That was a lie. He had called Debbie to have sushi. He was curious about what was going on between Carlos and Debbie.

To his utter surprise, before he could ask her anything about their relationship, Carlos had called Debbie right at that moment.

He wondered if Carlos would believe his blatant lie. The man just glanced at him and remained silent.

Debbie was surprised that Carlos had found her so quickly. She looked at the haughty man, who was now drinking her juice, and queried, "Niles told you, didn't he?" It was the only possibility she could think of.

A waiter came along with a menu card and handed it to Carlos. He ordered a few dishes and said, "He dropped by." He didn't deny it.

"Yeah, right. What a coincidence!" Debbie observed sarcastically. Niles had seen them together earlier. When she and Kinsley had just gotten out of their cars in front of the sushi shop, Niles, who was waiting at the traffic signal at that time, happened to see them.

He waved to them and shouted, "What are you guys doing?"

Debbie had answered with a stony face, "Da
appease him. He didn't care.

That evening, Debbie was invited to a celebration dinner for the completion of a movie. She looked perky and innocent in her green flowy dress.

Her bodyguard secretly took a picture of her and sent it to Carlos. When he saw that, Carlos dropped whatever he was doing and asked Frankie to drive him to the hotel where the dinner was taking place.

The dinner wasn't over until past nine o'clock. Debbie had her arm around a male co-worker's as she walked out of the hotel. The man saw Carlos' car and let go of Debbie frantically. "Gotta go." With that, he ran away.

'Huh?' Debbie didn't realize what was going on until she saw Carlos step out of the car.

Under the public gazes, he walked towards her with a tender smile, put his arm around her and led her to his car.

Inside the car

Carlos pressed his body against hers and lifted her chin to make her look directly into his cold eyes. "Can't you just stay the hell away from other men?" he asked grimly.

Debbie wasn't afraid of him. She retorted, "Mr. Huo, what am I to you? Why are you meddling with my life?"

Carlos said through gritted teeth, "Let's get remarried right now!"

"It's late. The Civil Affairs Bureau is closed now."

"It'll be open if I want it to be open!"

[Chapter 477 Carlos' Retaliation](#)

'Could this man be any more overbearing?' Debbie shook her head silently. She then wrapped her arms around Carlos' neck and said in an extremely tender voice, "Mr. Huo, it hurts, doesn't it? I had lunch with Kinsley earlier, and now, I just walked arm-in-arm with another man. Imagine how I felt when I watched you kiss Stephanie and get engaged to her."

Carlos realized that she had done all those things to get even with him, just as he had anticipated. The look in his eyes softened. He bowed down his head and kissed her on the lips.

The space inside the car was filled with passion and lust. But Debbie pushed the horny Carlos away and snickered, "Mr. Huo, we should stop here. I got my period today."

Carlos was frustrated. 'She is determined to torture me.'

They rode to the manor to see Piggy. When they arrived, Miranda welcomed them in.

She smiled at Debbie and said, "I just finished reading to her. She fell asleep. Do you want to check on her?"

"Yeah, thanks," Debbie replied.

She pushed the door open without making any noise. The light in Piggy's room had been dimmed to a perfect glimmer. If it were to be too bright, she would have difficulty falling asleep; if it were too dark, she would get scared. The little girl was sound asleep now.

Miranda went to her room to get some sleep. Carlos leaned on the door frame, looking at Debbie and Piggy tenderly.

Before he found out who Piggy really was, he had envied her parents so much. But it turned out that he was her father after all.

He was grateful to Debbie for giving him such a lovely daughter. He wondered when she would forgive him. If she did, the three of them could live together every day. How great that would be, he thought.

Debbie walked over to him and whispered, "I'm sleeping with Piggy. Good night." With that, she shut the door on his face.

He heard the lock click from the inside.

She was avoiding him, he realized.

While he was in the study, Carlos got a call from Frankie. "Mr. Huo, I found out." He had been expecting this call.

"Shoot."

"Miss Nian and Mrs. Miranda Huo had come up with the plan together."

Carlos wasn't surprised.

Frankie continued, "Mr. Wen had a part to play too. They worked together to make Miss Nian marry Ivan. On the one hand, it would stop Ivan's mom from pressuring him to get married and on the other hand, it would make you jealous

he won't be able to survive without me."

Carlos chuckled, "You talk about your girlfriend like that behind her back? Aren't you worried that she might hear you?"

"She is sleeping in the bedroom and I'm in the living room."

Just then, a soft voice came from behind him, "Wesley..."

Startled, Wesley choked on the smoke and coughed violently.

Blair wasn't loud, but Carlos heard her clearly. "Take care, buddy!" he said to Wesley and hung up with a smirk.

Wesley was stunned. He didn't know what to say to her.

"Do I look that useless to you?" Blair asked him with a pained expression. She knew that she wasn't the smartest person in the room. Otherwise, she wouldn't have failed time and again to run away from this man.

But it still hurt to hear him talk about her like that to others.

Wesley put out the cigarette and walked to her. "I was just joking around with Carlos," he explained with an awkward look on his face.

"Oh," Blair responded. He knew that she wasn't convinced, but he didn't know how to comfort her. It was all Carlos' fault. If he could, he would make that hateful man run a hundred kilometers with a twenty-kilogram load on his back.

Before Ivan's wedding, news that the ZL Group was going to take over the Wen Group was spread everywhere. Nobody knew why or if it was true.

Only very few people knew that it was all because Carlos was enraged. So many of them had already suffered under his rage. And it was all for Debbie.

Ivan was very busy dealing with the issues at hand. It was true that Carlos was about to buy out the Wen Group.

[Chapter 478 Call Me Honey](#)

So while preparing for his wedding, Ivan had to work overtime to cope with the trouble Carlos made for him.

Numerous times, he cursed himself late at night why he had been dumb enough to have chosen Debbie, out of all the women, for a sham marriage. After all, he had many other female friends to choose from. If he hadn't made the wrong choice, Carlos wouldn't have been angry with him and giving him a hard time now.

However, just as he was busy solving problems, Carlos suddenly stopped progressing with the purchase.

Just as he felt relieved and thought Carlos had let him off the hook, Ivan found that someone was buying his company's shares at a high price and selling them low.

Ivan was on the brink of having a nervous breakdown.

He was so miserable and helpless that he had to call Debbie for help. "Debbie, I raised Carlos' child for more than a year. Does he have to be so heartless to me?" he complained once she answered the phone.

"What's wrong?" Debbie was puzzled. She knew nothing about Carlos' recent acts of revenge on Ivan. Ever since that press conference that Carlos held, she had been swamped with commercials.

Then for the first time in Ivan's life, he broke down and started confiding in a woman about the cruel and callous things another man was doing to his business, which were taking a great toll on him.

Debbie was completely taken by surprise. "I'm sorry, Ivan. I didn't know he was doing that. It's all because of me. I'll try and talk to him."

"Please speak to him soon. The company is in utter chaos. I didn't even have time to accompany Kasie to pick out her wedding dress. My mom had to go with her instead. Because I had to sort out the mess Carlos created for me. At times I have been so depressed I wanted to kill myself. Please, Tomboy, call him now." The day Kasie and Ivan went to the bridal shop to pick out a wedding dress, Ivan was just about to try on a suit for himself when he got an urgent call and had to rush back to the office.

Before

t. "Yes. She came to see Piggy and then left quickly. I guess she didn't want to see you."

She didn't sugarcoat her words at all, and Carlos felt hurt.

Miranda continued, "I plan to live in Y City. Your father will come back as well in two years. In the long run, it won't do for us to live with you and Debbie. So I'm going to have the old residence revamped, and move in there with Evelyn. You can come and see her when you miss her. And if you're busy, you don't have to worry about her."

Carlos and Piggy looked at each other as Miranda spoke. "You've got a point. There is another villa available behind this one. You and Evelyn can live there."

Miranda joked, "You just want your daughter to be as close to you as possible, don't you?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Okay then, I'll have it renovated. Once it's done, Evelyn and I will move in." Then she turned to Piggy, who was eating breakfast. She asked in a soft voice, "Evelyn, you and I are going to live in the next house. Would you like that?"

Evelyn swallowed her food and asked, "Can I see Daddy every day?"

Carlos felt warm inside when he heard that, and smiled happily.

"Of course you can, and you can see your mommy too."

"Okay," Evelyn agreed in her sweet little voice.

"What an adorable girl! She's as easy-going as Debbie," Miranda commented.

[Chapter 479 Beyond My Reach](#)

'As easy-going as Debbie?' Carlos shook his head. "I don't think so. It must be my genes. Debbie isn't an easy-going person at all," he said curtly. She was a hard nut to crack. If she were easy to handle, he would've already had her by his side. It was way more difficult to coax her than to snag a one hundred million contract.

On the contrary, he would easily surrender to her as soon as she gave herself to him.

The ever-aloof Miranda was amused by Carlos' childish words. A rare wide smile crept across her face as she said, "Your genes? What would Debbie say to that? If you were easy to handle, she wouldn't have had to suffer so much in the past months. See how angry she is with you now."

Carlos couldn't find a word to say. He was stumped. It was a scoff from his biological mother.

When he said nothing in reply, Miranda changed the topic and asked, "How are you going to deal with James and Stephanie?" The smile on her face was replaced by a serious look.

Carlos drank the remainder of the juice that was left in Evelyn's glass before answering calmly, "There's no hurry."

He wouldn't let them die peacefully. He wanted to torture them slowly, inch by inch, and exhaust them physically and mentally.

"Uh huh. Fine, I'll leave them to you. But be cautious, James is cruel and heartless. He'll probably try to get his hands on Evelyn. It would be wise to tighten the security around her. She needs more armed bodyguards," Miranda suggested. As she thought of the possibility of danger, she decided to stay in the manor for the time being until Carlos finished off James and Stephanie for good. She would then consider whether she should move out or not.

"Yes, I will do that."

Carlos didn't need to do anything much to deal with Stephanie. Because ironically, it was now her turn to become the target of cyber-bullying. As arrogant and proud as she was, Stephanie could hardly endure the negative comments on her. She was already devastated.

Debbie received Carlos' messages every day since she had flown to France. Today was the seventh day of her stay there. When she finished her work and returned to the hotel at midnight, she received his text again. "Honey, did you miss me today?"

Lying on the bed, she typed, "No."

Carlos didn't mind her cold reply. He continued to text her. "You should stop lying to yourself. You miss me. You can tel

her embrace.

However, she didn't.

Debbie squatted there, embarrassed, as she watched her daughter gracefully walk towards her with the doll in her hands. Debbie was still in a daze as Evelyn walked up to her and gave her a hug. "Mommy, I miss you."

Debbie wanted to cry and scream. 'Why is my dear baby becoming as cold as her dad? She's only three years old!'

Kids, they say, are easily influenced by the adults whom they spend most time with. Evelyn had been staying with Miranda and Carlos for a while and now, she had become as aloof as those two.

She scooped her daughter up and pecked a kiss on her cheek. Then she turned to her friend and introduced, "This is my daughter, Evelyn. Baby, say hi to Uncle Davis."

The foreigner greeted Evelyn cheerfully, "Hi little girl, my name is Davis. Nice to meet you!"

Evelyn smiled politely and waved her hand at him. "Good evening, Uncle Davis. Good to see you too."

Both Debbie and Davis were shocked by how fluently the three-year-old girl spoke English.

Debbie knew that Piggy could say a few simple English words. But so fluently? She had no idea.

Davis was excited. "Wow, Debbie, your daughter is amazing. She's cute and clever!"

As Davis was speaking, a tall figure came over and embraced the mother and daughter. Carlos planted a kiss on Debbie's cheek and said in English, "Honey, I've missed you." Before she could react, he looked at the man who was still very excited by the scene in front of him. The two gentlemen shook hands. "Thank you for taking care of my wife. Sorry, we should get going now."

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Debbie wanted to say something to Carlos to stop the man from addressing her as "honey." But Davis wouldn't shut up. He was so excited and animated. He cut in, "You're welcome. Your daughter is amazing. I really should get a wife and have a son right now. That way, when he grows up, I can have him court your daughter."

As he finished speaking, he clearly saw Carlos' emotionless face gradually fall.

Awkward silence engulfed them. In the end, the stone-faced man told the foreigner icily, "First, you need to get on the Forbes Billionaires list; second, marry the most beautiful woman in the world—she should have good genes; third, give birth to a son that is older than my daughter, and make sure he knows how to handle your money, not to mention make more. So, if you do all that, your son can date my kid."

Debbie's jaw dropped as she listened to Carlos' standards on their future son-in-law.

She couldn't believe her ears.

'Forbes Billionaires list? Some billionaires don't make that list. It starts at 40 billion dollars! Does he think anyone can do that?

And marry the most beautiful woman? For good genes? So he means Davis' kid needs to be rich, powerful and handsome enough to be worthy of Evelyn.'

But what drove Debbie nuts was his third requirement. A son older than Evelyn? That was impossible. Carlos had to be joking. The cap to a list of impossible demands, so the guy would give up on the idea of his son marrying Evelyn. Of course he'd want a mature, stable man as a son-in-law, but this was over the top.

Carlos had clearly given him a picture of his ideal son-in-law: powerful, rich, handsome, considerate and caring.

Carlos took Piggy from Debbie's arms. Holding his daughter with one arm, he wrapped his other arm around Debbie's waist and led her away.

The foreigner was still in a daze after hearing what the CEO said. He stared blankly at the mother and daughter who were waving goodbye to him. The mother smiled apologetically while the daughter wore a sweet smile.

After pondering over Carlos' list for a while, Davis somehow figured out what exactly was on the CEO's mind.

It sounded reasonable. If he had such a wonderful daughter, he'd strive to give her the best things in life.

So how could he do this? How could he have a son who measured up? 'Forbes Billionaires list? The most beautiful woman in the world? A son older than Evelyn?' Davis recalled Carlos' words once again in his

lly weren't friends at all. They pretended, to keep up appearances. Stephanie hired someone to rape Megan, but Megan didn't have solid proof, so she didn't tell us. But she was planning her revenge." But unfortunately for her, she was brutally cut down before her plans could come to fruition.

"Her diary? What else was in there?" Debbie asked, genuinely curious. She wanted to know what the drama queen thought of her three years ago.

Carlos gave her a long glance and squeezed her hand before apologizing, "I'm sorry. I've been a bad guy. I want to make it up to you."

"Why?" she asked, confused.

"Megan said in her diary that she hated Wesley and me a lot, because her parents died for us. After her parents died, she wasn't happy, so she aimed to make us suffer as well. She drove a wedge between you and me. She stirred up trouble between Wesley and Blair, even Curtis and Colleen."

'What a nutjob!' Debbie thought, shaking her head. "But Uncle Curtis didn't have anything to do with her parents' death. Why bother them?"

"Curtis is a good friend. She figured if she made his life hell, then Wesley and I wouldn't be happy either. Anyway, she'd try anything to make us sad."

Debbie felt a chill run down her spine as she heard Carlos talk about Megan's diary. She never knew Megan was like that.

"If you're interested, you can read her diary after going back home. It's pretty heavy stuff, and she wrote a lot. But enough about them. It's been too long," Carlos said unhappily. He had brought their daughter here to reunite with his wife. Life was too short to dwell on criminals who would do them harm.