

[Chapter 481 What Happened To Blair](#)

Debbie threw a glance at Carlos. "How did you know I'm staying at this hotel?" she asked coldly. But the moment she asked that, she realized how stupid that question was. It was no big deal for Carlos to find out where she stayed.

He smiled and joked, "We're a couple. I always know what you're thinking."

"Mr. Huo, we aren't married yet. It's not like we are an item now," Debbie scoffed. She thought that he would brag about his influence and say how easily he could get wind of her information whenever he wanted. But again, unexpectedly, he used his chance to sweet-talk her. So once again she wondered if he had really found someone to teach him how to be romantic.

"We will get remarried sooner or later. You can't run away from me for the rest of your life." He squeezed her hand tighter. She tried to break free, but he didn't loosen his grip.

The hotel which Debbie was staying at wasn't too far away from the restaurant. It only took them ten-odd minutes to walk to the hotel. Carlos had earlier called the front desk and had asked them to shift Debbie into a luxury family suite.

There was a kids' room inside the suite in addition to the master bedroom. After laying the little girl comfortably on the bunk bed, Carlos covered the quilt over her and left the room.

Debbie squatted on the floor in the master bedroom, unpacking her luggage. When she saw him walk in, she asked casually, "Is she asleep?"

"Yes." Carlos pulled her up to her feet and wrapped his arms around her. Without warning, he drew his face close to hers and kissed her lips fervently.

"No...I need to... unpack my things..." she said in between their hungry kiss. She was frightened by his burning passion.

He didn't let go of her. With his lips still pressed on hers, he caught a glimpse of Debbie's suitcase on the floor out of the corner of his eye, and kicked it away.

In no time, he pinned her down onto the king-sized bed behind them. Their kiss was broken and they gasped for air. He said in haste, "Leave all that to me. I'll unpack your things later. Now, give yourself to me."

When he was about to kiss her again, Debbie put a finger on his lips to stop him.

He was perplexed.

She grinned playfully. "Mr. Huo, do you really want to marry me again?"

He nodded vigorously, without any hesitation. He desperately wanted to!

"All right then. I'll promise you that I will think about it, but you have to respect my wishes before we get married. You can't keep bugging me for

ther woman either. You love her, so why do you have to torture yourself and her? Why can't you just live peacefully with her?"

Carlos had made some grave mistakes in his own life, but as an outsider in Wesley and Blair's story, he could see their problems clearly. As they say, "Lookers-on see more than the players."

Wesley clenched his teeth and snapped, "I proposed marriage to her, and she said no!"

Carlos sneered, "She proposed to you a long time ago, but you refused her even more mercilessly. Don't you remember that?" His words were like a dagger to Wesley's heart.

He said nothing.

Then the call was disconnected.

Debbie was curious about what Carlos had just said. "Blair had proposed marriage to Wesley?"

He put his phone away and nodded, "Yes. A long time ago. But Wesley turned her down in front of a few hundred soldiers." Blair's uncle was Wesley's superior at that time. He had given Blair the privilege to show up at the troop camp where Wesley was, draped in a wedding dress.

Debbie knitted her eyebrows deeply after hearing their story. Indeed, men could be very ruthless when they didn't love you. Just like how Carlos had been when he was amnesiac.

She asked, "Do you know where Blair is now?"

Carlos nodded, "Yes. She's pregnant and needs care. I sent her to the Li family's mansion in A Country. Wesley's mom is taking care of her now."

'What?! In Wesley's hometown? That's a clever idea. He will never expect that Blair is right beside his own mother, ' Debbie thought. "So, did the Li family agree to keep it a secret from Wesley? Are they just going to sit by and watch Wesley search for Blair everywhere?"

[Chapter 482 Look At The Big Picture](#)

"Yeah. Wesley quit the military. He's planning to study in England. He'll probably drop by before he leaves, saying goodbye to his family. After that, he won't be back for a long time," Carlos said. So, Blair would be safe staying with the Li family. Wesley wouldn't have to know.

Debbie was speechless. 'Poor Wesley. Good luck to you, ' she prayed, shaking her head.

But then, she suddenly realized something. Wesley would be taken in by the same trick, something she'd done to Carlos, too.

As she was thinking, she sensed Carlos' intent gaze. She tilted her head and met his deep eyes. Piggy slumbered in his arms.

"Why... Why are you staring at me?" Debbie uneasily touched the tip of her nose, and leaned her head against the glass window of her car door.

Carlos asked sarcastically, "The whole Li family is keeping a secret from Wesley. Sound familiar?"

Debbie was taken aback. Did he read her mind?

"Didn't think I knew?" Carlos asked a bit angrily. But deep down, he felt happy to see Debbie's frustrated face. She had been ordering him around and giving him the cold shoulder these days. Finally, he had a chance to fight back.

The young mother felt guilty. She decided to pretend to be innocent. "What do you mean?"

He flashed a smile and pulled her closer to him. Looking down at her in an arrogant manner, he scoffed, "Don't play dumb. My mom, Xavier, Yates, Ivan and the others knew your marriage was fake. I didn't. They kept the secret. I was the odd man out, like poor Wesley."

Debbie felt embarrassed. Since Carlos had figured it out, it was pointless for her to hide it anymore. "How did you know?" "But wait... Everyone knew I didn't love Ivan, and my wedding to Ivan was part of my plan to win Carlos back. But not everyone knew the licenses were fake, ' Debbie thought to herself.

"That's not the point. The point is, you're good, aren't you? You had them all charmed—Xavier, Yates and even my mom. You got them to play along with you." Thinking of this, Carlos really wanted to punish her now, but...he didn't dare. He kissed her forehead with force, as if he were protesting how she treated him.

Debbie chuckled. "Hey, don't blame me. Not my idea."

He sighed resignedly. "Blame you?"

Suppressing her laughter, Debbie pretended to be indifferent. "Yes, blame me. You're good at holding grudges. Let

eeding the guy insider news."

Miranda smiled understandingly. "Let me guess. News leaked to them by you?"

"Of course." Carlos smirked. He wasn't going to let that sly old fox outwit him this time. The news he let slip was fake. Now he could get at James and Funk Zhang, or even purchase the Pinsent Group.

After chatting for a while, Carlos went upstairs to check if Debbie was ready. Debbie had just changed into her evening dress and was about to don the high heels.

As soon as he came into the bedroom, he saw Debbie dressed in the pale apricot fishtail gown. Only thin layer of lace covered her shoulders and arms, so her sexy collarbones were revealed.

The color complimented her fair skin and the vintage style made her look elegant. Carlos was smug. He had such good taste.

As he stared at her with passion in his eyes, he began to fantasize. He knew what lay beneath that dress, and he wanted to see it. God knew how much he wanted to take that dress off her and make love to her.

After some wild fantasies, he swallowed hard and composed himself. He dismissed the maids. Then he walked up to Debbie. When she looked at him confusedly, he suddenly knelt on one knee and helped her put on the shoes.

Debbie stared affectionately at the man helping her with her high heels. She was so moved. Ever since he regained his memory, he treated her so well, even better than when they were first together. She told herself to keep him at arm's length, but each time he treated her like this, she couldn't be mean to him. She didn't know what to do.

[Chapter 483 Call Me Uncle](#)

After helping Debbie with her high heels, Carlos opened the jewelry box on the desk and helped her put each piece on one by one, despite her reluctance.

At last, he took out a ring. He held it up to her, displaying the huge heart-shaped diamond, a 3.50ct princess cut. "And now, the piece de resistance," he announced. He was about to put it on her ring finger, but Debbie protested silently with her index finger pointing forward. Her meaning was obvious.

Carlos flashed a thin smile. He obeyed her this time and put the diamond ring on her index finger instead.

After that, she tried to draw her hand back, but he grabbed hold of it again. Staring into her eyes, he declared imperiously, "I'm just going to take your protests in stride. It's normal to fight every once in a while. But no matter what, you'll be my wife. I'm not budging on this one!"

Debbie looked back at him sullenly. In her mind, she thought, 'Do you have to be so possessive?'

Carlos carried Debbie in his arms as they descended the staircase. Her dress was floor-length, and he didn't want her to trip on it. A fall down the stairs could be lethal.

Miranda was on the phone in the living room. Seeing them come downstairs, she smiled at Debbie and nodded her head. She mouthed to her, "You look great."

Debbie felt shy at her praise. Blushing, she returned, "Thanks."

A loving smile hit Carlos' lips when he saw her blushing face. Then, holding her hand, he led her towards the door.

The moment they set foot in the venue, every guest's eyes were fixed on them. Seeing the legendary couple walking side by side with their fingers entwined, a lot of people couldn't help complimenting and blessing them. They looked every inch the aristocratic couple.

Carlos was in a good mood, of course. Everyone was sure about that because they were surprised to get a rare smile or nod from the usually cold CEO.

Barlow was a big shot in business circles. A bevy of distinguished guests and celebrities were invited to his grand birthday party. Debbie and Carlos walked up to him and greeted him. As Carlos and Barlow exchanged some pleasantries, Debbie took a gift from Frankie's hands and handed it to the old man. It was an authentic Chinese painting.

Barlow accepted the gift happily. When his assistant helped him unroll the painting on the spot, the guests just had to get a look. Many of them were astonished at the magnificent piece.

It was a traditional painting with some symbolic elements that meant longevity, such as deer, cranes, pine trees, cypres

unless, Carlos spat, "Money."

Colleen looked at him, doubt in her eyes. "Didn't he wire the money just now?"

Carlos grinned evilly. "Aunt Colleen, Uncle Curtis said that if I called him Uncle even once, he would give Debbie a million. Now that I've said it twice, it should be two million. A deal's a deal."

Colleen was left speechless. It did sound like that.

Curtis smiled bitterly. "Hey, Carlos. Are you twisting my words to rip me off?"

With a nod, Carlos admitted honestly, "Yeah. Cut the crap. Where's my money?"

Sighing resignedly, Curtis scanned the barcode again and wired one more million. When Carlos was about to address them the third time, Debbie hastily reached up and covered his mouth. "Stop. Are you trying to bankrupt them?"

As she said this, she yanked her phone away from him.

The CEO winked at her and nodded.

Debbie put away her phone and scolded him. "God, you're such a jerk."

He smiled innocently. "It's not my fault. He said it, I didn't."

Curtis chuckled under his breath. Patting Carlos' shoulder, he joked, "Carlos, you haven't remarried Debbie yet. Payback's a bitch." He turned to his niece and advised, "Debbie, I've got the perfect guy for you—young, handsome, rich. Unlike this sourpuss, my friend is tons of fun. He'll make you laugh every day. What do you think?"

Pulling a pure and innocent face, Debbie clapped her hands and nodded, "Sounds like my ideal type."

The next second, the unhappy man grabbed hold of her arm and pulled her behind him. Facing Curtis, who was smiling playfully, Carlos warned again, "I said, Debbie is mine for the rest of her life. You want to find another man for her? Let them go through me first."

[Chapter 484 Let Alone Money](#)

Debbie stuck her head out and retorted, "You don't have the final say in this."

Carlos' face instantly fell. When Curtis and Colleen burst into a fit of laughter, Carlos pulled her into his arms and whispered in her ear, "I think we need a talk now."

Debbie pursed her lips. She could sense the warning in his tone, but she wasn't afraid. In a hushed voice, she threatened, "You sure you want a talk now? There's no telling of the outcome."

The great CEO chickened out at once. He couldn't afford to irritate her now.

A few moments later, Carlos and Curtis were invited to a business talk by some other guest. Meanwhile, Debbie and Colleen sat idly at the food section, enjoying the food and watching the guests come and go.

Debbie's phone suddenly buzzed. It was a message from Ruby. As she bowed her head to text back, she heard some people behind her gossiping. "Look, that's Debbie Nian, the woman who separated Mr. Huo and Stephanie Li."

"Isn't she Mr. Huo's ex-wife? Why did she do that? Do you think she wants to remarry Mr. Huo?"

"Of course. After all, Mr. Huo is so rich and powerful. I bet she must have been regretting it every day after the divorce."

Their voices were loud enough to be heard by Debbie and Colleen. The two simultaneously turned their heads around, only to find the gossipers were a group of unacquainted women. They were glaring in Debbie's direction while berating her fervently.

The gossipers were taken aback and caught off-guard when they made eye contact with Debbie, although they didn't flinch nor leave the spot.

With her right elbow rested on the table behind her, Debbie smirked and asked in a raised voice, "Hey girls, are you talking about me?"

Colleen stood up, in a bid to give those women a piece of her mind, but Debbie tugged at her sleeve to stop her.

The group of women remained silent, staring at her warily.

Debbie glanced over their shoulders and saw that Carlos was slowly approaching them. In an instant, a bright smile crept across her face, and she spoke again in the same raised voice. "How did you know that I'm only after Carlos' money? What should I do now? You've seen through me. Yes, Carlos is rich, and I love his money!"

One of the nosy women widened her eyes in disbelief upon hearing Debbie's words. She cursed, "Listen to yourself! Shame on you!"

"Shame?" Debbie blinked her eyes mischievously. "You mean me? I'm shameless?"

She was deliberately provoking the women. She could see that Carlos was standing right behind them and could hear every word that was said

or try to stop them. They were afraid that they might meet the same fate as she did and land themselves in trouble.

Debbie tugged at Carlos' sleeve. "Where are they taking her?" she asked in a worried tone.

Carlos looked at her and gently caressed her head. Sensing her concern, he assured her, "Don't worry." Ever since he had a wife, Carlos wasn't as cruel as he used to be.

Debbie whispered, "Just teach her a little lesson. Don't go too far, okay?" She was angry with that woman's insulting words, so she didn't want to let her get away with it. It was okay to punish her, but she didn't want Carlos to overdo it.

Carlos raised an eyebrow and held her chin. "I know what to do. Don't you trust me?"

Debbie slapped his hand away. "No, I don't!" She had heard a lot about how brutal and merciless Carlos could be. People said that anyone who offended him or crossed his line would end up miserably. So she felt worried about what would happen to the woman.

To set her mind at ease, Carlos took out his phone and called Frankie. He ordered coldly, "Carve a 'bitch' on her face and throw her out onto the street." After putting his phone away, he brazenly pulled her closer to him and asked, "Honey, is that okay?"

Debbie got goose bumps just thinking about the order that Carlos gave. "No, that's too painful. Just punch her a few times."

Carlos didn't listen to her this time. He shook his head and reminded her. "Honey, you need to know one thing. To be kind to your enemy is to be cruel to yourself. If it were a few years ago, I would've had that woman's mouth stitched up. She's lucky that I'm much more benevolent now because my kind and lovely wife has changed me. You're my angel."

[Chapter 485 She Must Die Today](#)

Debbie listened to Carlos silently. His last words surprised her. He didn't miss a single chance he got to flatter her or say sweet words to her. Were those really words from the arrogant Carlos? Taking a sip of the juice, Debbie turned to Colleen, who was also stunned by his words. "Aunt Colleen, Carlos has been acting really weird ever since he regained his memory. He's being sweet to me every day. It's not like him. Do you think there is still some problem with his brain after the accident?"

Rubbing her forehead in frustration, Colleen begged in her mind, 'Don't get me involved in your affairs, Debbie.' But of course, Debbie couldn't hear Colleen's silent voice; she just kept staring at her for an answer. Left with no choice, Colleen replied with a sigh, "You little fool. There's nothing wrong with his brain. He loves you so much and that's why he's acting this way. His romantic side shows up only for you!"

Debbie pursed her lips. "Fine, forget it."

Carlos was very much satisfied with Colleen's answer. He grinned broadly and said, "Carry on with your food. I still have something to discuss with Barlow. I'll take you home after that." With that, he mischievously planted a kiss on her cheek before walking away.

Taken advantage of by the brazen man once again, Debbie flushed, feeling bashful and angry at the same time.

Colleen almost choked. Looking at Carlos' receding figure, she whispered to Debbie, "I'm pretty sure that there's absolutely nothing wrong with Carlos' brain. He has completely recovered. Didn't you see the affection in his eyes when he looked at you? I'm really impressed!" It reminded Colleen of the old days. Three years ago, before he lost his memories, Carlos always showed off his love for Debbie in front of his group of friends. It was the same again. The old Carlos had indeed come back.

Debbie chuckled at her words. Of course, she had noticed the affection in his eyes. A river of happiness flooded through her.

Debbie waited for Carlos at the food section. She thought that he would finish his talks soon, but after waiting for a long while, he still hadn't shown up. Even Curtis had come back after he was done socializing with the other guests.

As they waited, a man ran through the crowd and made his way to Debbie. "Miss Nian, something is wrong. Mr. Huo and Miss Li went upstairs to a hotel room just now." Debbie recognized the man as one of Tristan's helpers. Without a second thought, she shot to her feet and rushed towards the elevator.

Coll

what should Evelyn and I do?"

"I won't be—" '—put behind bars, ' he wanted to say, but Debbie didn't let him finish.

"Yes, I know how powerful you are in Y City. Even if you kill both Stephanie and James, you won't be put in jail. But how do you think I would feel about it? It would haunt me forever if I see you kill a person in front of my eyes! My life would be overshadowed by the trauma! You always say that you love me. Is this the love you have for me? Make me spend my life with a criminal?"

Carlos said nothing.

Curtis couldn't help but let out a chuckle under his breath. Carlos looked like a kid being scolded by his mother.

"You're a grown man, not a kid! Can't you think before you spring into action? Did you even think about your wife and daughter? When Evelyn grows up, people will laugh at her saying that her father is a murderer and her mother an accomplice. Your daughter will be frowned upon by others for the rest of her life! Do you understand what I am saying?" She continued to bombard him with a barrage of tongue-lashing.

Carlos patiently waited till she vented all her anger. He understood her anger. Although he was being scolded in front of others, he wasn't bothered at all. Instead, he hugged her again and tried to appease her. "Honey..."

Debbie struggled in his arms, trying to break free, but to no avail. In the end, she slapped his shoulder lightly. "Don't call me that! I'm not your wife. If you won't listen to me, never say that you love me again!"

"Okay, okay. I heard you. I'll listen to whatever you say from now on. Don't be pissed," he coaxed her again. The last thing he wanted to do was make this woman angry.

[Chapter 486 How Silly!](#)

The others in the room stared at Carlos and Debbie. They thought that they would be witnessing a horror scene with Carlos strangling Stephanie to death, but instead, it seemed like they had ended up watching a romantic movie. Carlos and Debbie were openly showing their affection for each other.

Debbie had calmed down after hearing Carlos' soothing words. She cast a sideways glance at him and asked, "Really?"

"Really! I promise!" Carlos said with a soft smile.

Debbie heaved a long sigh of relief and then said, "You would be doing Stephanie and James a favor if you kill them off so easily. We should torture them first and then turn them over to the police. Let them suffer for what they did." Although Carlos didn't tell everyone that he had gotten his memory back, almost everyone around him already knew the truth, including James. James already had plans in place to deal with the situation if Carlos ever turned against him. He just didn't know when that day would come.

Carlos hadn't planned to deal with his enemies this soon. But Stephanie's actions had pushed his buttons. She tried to drug him.

When Carlos had figured out her intentions, he pretended to be drugged and came to the room with her. Then, he had laid her tricks bare.

"Okay. I'll do as you say."

After soothing his woman, Carlos turned to the others. His eyes were cold again. He looked at Curtis, Colleen and Tristan, and asked indifferently, "Wanna stay and watch the show?"

Curtis nodded with a smirk.

Colleen felt uneasy and tugged at Curtis' sleeve. "Show? Is it gonna be bloody?" she asked, fear evident in her voice. She had heard of Carlos' cruel means whilst he dealt with his enemies, and had just felt his demonic aura a moment ago.

Curtis patted her shoulder. "Don't worry. Carlos is a reasonable man."

Carlos had his men take Stephanie to a Presidential Suite's bedroom. Then he and the rest of the party went after them.

After arranging everything for the "show," Carlos and Curtis sat at an automatic mahjong table in the living room.

A few minutes later, Niles entered, gasping for air. After quickly grabbing a glass of water, he asked, "Carlos, I've been working

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.

n between Debbie and Carlos. He looked away from them and forced a smile. "How rude of you guys! It's so late, yet you called me over to play mahjong."

After he sat down, Carlos pressed a button and the table automatically shuffled the mahjong tiles. "Playing just mahjong will be boring. Wait for a while. We have an interesting show coming up soon," he said.

James had a bad feeling in his gut, but he didn't know what was going to happen. He tried to stay calm. "Really? I'm looking forward to it."

The first round started. While they were playing, no one spoke. The atmosphere was rather tense. By the end of the round, Niles said cheerfully, "I won! Ha-ha! Looks like it's my lucky day!"

After taking the chips from the other three, Niles pressed the button on the table once again and they began the second round.

As if Carlos and Curtis had made some deal beforehand, Niles and James continued to win more rounds.

James became much more relaxed after winning some money. "Niles, you have made a lot of money this evening. You have to buy us something to snack on."

Niles raised his chin proudly and said, "No problem! Order anything you like."

"Ha-ha!" James laughed heartily.

After a while, the doorbell rang again. Tristan went to answer the door. James raised his head to see who it was, and then he frowned deeply.

A bad smell pervaded the room. Everyone in the room closed their noses, overcome with a feeling of nausea.

[Chapter 487 Youll Be Needing A Doctor](#)

Unable to bear the smell, Niles held his nose and asked, "Carlos, what do you want?"

Carlos looked at the mahjong tiles before him and answered casually, "Just enjoy the show."

Debbie covered her nose and mouth with both her hands. It wasn't because she looked down upon beggars; it was because the stench was overbearing.

She looked at Carlos in shock. 'I thought he was a germophobe? How can he be so calm?' she thought.

Curtis and Carlos continued playing mahjong as if they didn't smell anything whereas everyone else had disgusted expressions and struggled to keep themselves from running to the bathroom to vomit.

The bodyguards led the beggars to the bedroom where Stephanie and Glenda were. After the bodyguards whispered something to them, the beggars said in unison, "No problem."

James had his back to the bedroom. He turned in an attempt to see what was going on, but his view was blocked by the wall. He turned back to Carlos and asked, "Who are they? Why bring them here?"

Carlos removed a White Dragon tile and flashed a cynical smile. "There are two women in the bedroom. It's going to be a wonderful night for the guys."

'Two women?'

James' heart skipped a beat. "What women?"

"Mmmph..." James could hear muffled sounds of two women struggling coming from within the bedroom. Their mouths were covered, so he was unable to identify who they were.

Carlos' eyes were as cold as ice. He had every intention of telling James who the women were. "Stephanie Li masqueraded as my girlfriend and bullied Debbie while I lost my memory. She even tried to drug me this evening. Her mother insulted Debbie. I need to teach them a lesson so they won't dare mess with my woman again."

Carlos had already told Debbie and Curtis that Stephanie had tried to drug him. Fortunately, Carlos had swapped his drugged glass of wine with the other glass, and consequently, Stephanie ended up falling into her own trap and drinking it.

James froze. It was not until then that he realized that the women inside the bedroom were Glenda and Stephanie. His mistress and daughter.

The blood immediately rushed to his head,

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plained.

Curtis chuckled and explained to him, "Your brother is busy looking for Blair, and Damon was so angry at Carlos for what he had done that he blocked his number."

Niles cast a glance at Carlos and wondered if he should block his number too.

Carlos knew what he was thinking and shot him a warning look. "If you dare block my number, you'll be needing a doctor!" he threatened.

"How can you bully me like this?" said Niles, pouting his lips.

The three of them argued among themselves as if they were unfazed about what was happening in the bedroom.

James, who had been closing his eyes all this time, opened them and stood up from his seat. "I have to get out of here," he said, walking towards the door.

Carlos smiled and asked sarcastically, "What's the rush?"

Glenda heard James' voice and suddenly cried out loud, "James, help us... Mmmph..."

When James heard her pleas for help, he stopped in his tracks. He couldn't do anything to help them, so he pulled out a small bottle of pills and put a few into his mouth.

He then turned to Carlos and warned him, "Carlos, I can't just sit here and let you do this to them. If you still refuse to let them go, I'm going to call the police."

Carlos exhaled a mouthful of smoke and mocked, "I am your son! Adopted though. The woman inside the room tried to drug me, yet you chose to side with her. James Huo, you value an outsider more than me?"

[Chapter 488 Megans Diary \(Part One\)](#)

'Sounds like Carlos doesn't realize Stephanie's my kid, ' James thought to himself. He was relieved, but he tried not to let it show. Thinking of this, he pretended to be sad and dejected. "Don't even think about it. I didn't raise you to be a criminal. They're just two women. Leave them alone."

'Just two women?'

Carlos flashed a scornful smile.

'Stephanie hired someone to rape Megan, and tried to frame Debbie for Megan's death.

She hired thugs to kill me and Debbie while we were on vacation.

She even put Ivan and Debbie's marriage license on social media, an open invitation to cyberbullying.

She slipped me a mickey to try and have sex with me.

Just a woman? She's a vicious, evil bitch!

Her mother Glenda isn't any better. She's been James' mistress for years! She's the one who wanted me and Stephanie together, and James just gave in to her, '

Carlos thought to himself.

James, of course, saw the disdain in Carlos' eyes, but he could do nothing. He couldn't just come clean to the CEO. That would implicate him. "Carlos, listen to your old man. Just let it go," he pleaded.

"Let it go?" Carlos pressed the button on the mahjong table, and it began to shuffle the tiles. "Let's play a few more rounds. If you win, I'll leave them alone."

James had no choice. He had to sit down and pit his skills against Carlos. This was vital. If Carlos went after these women, they might blow the lid off the whole thing. The other guests started scanning the table, formulating strategies even before the tiles were revealed.

Before this, Niles and James were on top. But now, things changed. Curtis was the victor this time. Niles was already in a bad mood because of the stench. Now that he kept losing, his face grew even darker. "I bet you cheated," he spat.

Curtis smiled and said nothing. He was cheating, after a fashion. Carlos kept giving him the right tiles.

Beads of sweat appeared on James' forehead. The mere thought of his lover and daughter being raped by beggars made his heart ache.

an had written everything down, including how she felt about Carlos and Wesley.

It turned out that Megan got close to Carlos, Wesley, Damon and Curtis on purpose because she swore to mess up their lives. And she could use her feminine wiles to do so.

In order to make Colleen jealous, Megan flirted with Curtis. Megan would be delighted when Colleen and Curtis started fighting over it.

Megan screwed things up for Wesley and Blair. Blair had even gotten engaged to another man.

As for Megan's hatred for Debbie, she had also written it down. It read, "Carlos loves Debbie a lot. She gets all the love and affection he used to reserve for me. He even blamed me and asked me to be nicer to her. Well, fuck him! Why should I be nicer? My parents died saving Carlos and Wesley. I lost my parents, and these guys got off scot-free. Well, not anymore.

They'll pay for the misery they caused me. They'll wish they'd died then and there. I hate them! If I can't be happy, then nobody can. They'll pay. Believe me, they'll pay."

In the diary, Megan had confessed that she had deliberately caused trouble for Debbie in the Huo family's house in New York. It worked—they all hated her. She wanted to screw up everything and everyone in that family. It would be a pleasant surprise if Valerie hated Debbie so much that the old woman died because of it.

[Chapter 489 Megans Diaries \(Part Two\)](#)

Debbie continued reading the diary and became infuriated. It read, "I accidentally hit Kasie, Debbie's friend. Why didn't she just die like that? With Kasie dead, Debbie's life would be hell. If Debbie was unhappy, then Carlos would be unhappy too. I was frightened after I hit her. I bought off someone to eliminate the surveillance video. But Carlos still found out about it somehow. He had his men recover the surveillance video. I was worried that he would report me to the police, so I went to his office and begged him to delete the surveillance video and help me. But he didn't. Ha-ha! So this is the man who swore that he would take care of me forever. He's so cold-hearted.

It was the worst time of my life when I was behind bars. I swear I'll send them to jail one day—Debbie, Carlos, and Wesley. I'll make them pay for what they've done to me."

After reading the diary for a while, both Debbie and Colleen felt that there must have been something wrong with Megan's mental state. They could feel her dark and gloomy thoughts just by reading the diary.

They also found Stephanie mentioned in Megan's diary.

Debbie had always been curious about why Stephanie and Megan got along so well with each other. However, after reading the diary, she discovered that it wasn't like that at all. Stephanie and Megan were also enemies.

Megan had done many things to drive a wedge between Carlos and Stephanie. She acted intimately with him before Stephanie, pretended to be ill so Carlos would come to her place late at night, and so on. She did similar things to separate Carlos and Debbie as well. However, unlike Debbie, Stephanie was extremely cruel and merciless.

She hired people to go to Megan's college and frighten her. They would beat her in the beginning.

Back then, when Debbie got to Megan's apartment, Stephanie was there too. Stephanie had gone there to question Megan why she had done so many things to separate her and Carlos. Megan had even slapped Stephanie before Debbie arrived.

Perhaps Megan was too weak, so there was no palm print on Ste

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.

e me sad." Debbie firmly believed that Carlos was head over heels in love with her.

Footsteps could be heard from outside the office, and then the door was pushed open. Carlos and Curtis came in.

Debbie pulled out her phone to check the time. It was already 1 a.m.

"Honey!" Carlos pulled her into his arms and kissed her on the lips.

With a blushed face, Debbie pushed him away and spat out, "Get away from me. I'm not your honey."

Colleen stood up and walked towards Curtis. "Carlos, if you want to marry Debbie, you'll have to get permission from us first. After all, Curtis is her uncle," she said playfully.

Carlos held Debbie's waist and said, "After my wife has said yes, I'll talk with you two."

"Man, we're not as accommodating as Debbie," Curtis said with a smile.

Carlos raised an eyebrow. 'Debbie is accommodating? You've got to be kidding me.'

Carlos had recovered his memory for quite some time now, but Debbie still hadn't agreed to remarry him. This frustrated Carlos to no end.

On the way to Carlos' manor, Debbie pondered on Megan's diary entries.

Carlos took her hand and kissed it nonstop, which annoyed her. She pulled her hand back and snapped at him, "Enough! You're drooling all over my hand, and it's gross!"

Carlos was taken aback and didn't know how to respond.

He looked at her smooth hand. There was no saliva at all!

[Chapter 490 Let It Go](#)

Carlos sat straight and pulled Debbie in his arms. "Honey, we need to talk," he said seriously.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Our sex life!" He hadn't made love to her for a long time.

Blushing, Debbie stole a glance at Tristan, who was driving the vehicle. She covered Carlos' mouth with her hand, glaring at him, and spat, "Stop talking nonsense, old man! You're not young anymore. Too much sex is bad for your health."

Carlos chuckled at her red face and rolled up the interior screen so they could have some privacy.

Debbie removed her hand from his mouth, and Carlos held her tightly in his arms, refusing to let her go. He whispered in her ear, "Honey, if I wait any longer, I'm afraid that something might happen to my manhood."

Debbie pulled out her phone and started reading updates on Weibo while saying, "Does that have anything to do with me?"

"Of course it does. You're my wife, yet you forbid me from doing my duty as your husband. If I get sick one day because of that, you'll be the one to blame." After saying that, he kissed her affectionately on the lips.

Debbie pushed him away and ignored what he said. "How's Megan's case going? Now that we know the mastermind is Stephanie, what are you planning to do?" she asked.

The mere mention of Stephanie was enough to gross Carlos out. His desire decreased, and his eyes became clearer. "Well, I haven't found the woman who disguised herself as you. Once I find her, I'll sue Stephanie for it."

"What if you fail to find her? Will Stephanie get away with this?"

Carlos played with her hair, and a murderous look appeared in his eyes. "Of course not. If I fail to find that woman, I'll use all means to make Stephanie speak."

Debbie held his hand so he couldn't play with her hair. "How did it go in the hotel room? Did James give himself away?" she asked seriously.

Carlos gave her a reassuring smile and said, "Stephanie is his daughter. All he had done to you was to separate us and make his daughter the hostess of the Huo family. When his daughter and mistress were being raped right before him, of course, he failed to maintain his composure."

James tried his best to appear calm, but his red eyes and

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ok his head. "Tabitha, I want to tell you something. James lied to you. He isn't the man who saved you. I feel bad for you. Tabitha, you should divorce him. You deserve someone better than him."

The mere mention of James' name put Tabitha on alert. She looked at Angus warily and asked, "Who are you? What are you doing here? Where's James? Bring him here. Why doesn't he come to see me?"

Angus forced a bitter smile. How could he tell Tabitha that her husband had been fooling around with another woman while she was suffering in a mental hospital? "Tabitha, we're no longer young. We should just let it go and move on. James won't end up well. Carlos is dealing with him now. It's all because of Stephanie..."

Angus' eyes reddened. That night, Carlos had his men bring him to the hotel, so he knew what had happened.

Carlos had a block booking for the whole floor and didn't close the door to the room. As a result, Angus could hear everything that was happening while he was standing outside the room.

He saw the beggars enter the room with obscene smiles. He also saw James sit at the mahjong table.

He wanted to stop the beggars, but when he thought of everything that Glenda had done to him, he decided otherwise. He hated her. She had been cheating on him for thirty years. The daughter that he had doted on, loved and cherished wasn't his daughter at all, but a product of her infidelity.

Fortunately, he still had a son, his own flesh and blood.