

TMBA 501

[Chapter 501 Mr. Huos Woman](#)

Decker was angry, but at the same time, he felt amused. He witnessed Carlos' childish side with his own eyes, and that was something new to him.

Looking at the little girl who was quietly eating her food, he pointed at her with his chopsticks and asked, "Don't I treat you well? Why did you have to tell on me, to your daddy?" "What if Carlos gets angry and decides not to give me the shares from the Lu Group and his talented employees? If so, then I'll have to strive for a few more years, ' he thought worriedly.

Evelyn widened her eyes and pursed her lips as she complained, "No, you don't. You wanted to throw me out." During the past few years, to hide his true identity and pretend to be a good-for-nothing creep, Decker had deliberately bullied and mistreated Evelyn. When Evelyn was about one year old, Decker used to snatch her toys away, fight against her for food, call her a bastard child, and even threatened to throw her out of the house. In her eyes, he was the vilest uncle that did a lot of terrible things to her.

However, now the tides had turned. Decker would never have expected that what he had done in the past would come back to haunt him one day. Now he was having a taste of his own medicine.

The consequence of offending Debbie, Carlos, and their child was to do all of the chores around the house. Decker found himself washing the dishes, cleaning the table and kitchen as well as other tedious jobs like that.

When the family requested fruit to be sliced up while they were watching TV, it was Decker's job to do it. Then he was expected to wash the plates afterward just like a homemaker would do.

He hated doing housework, more so, serving others. When the three of them went to bed, he was still up mopping the floor in the living room.

Finally, he was fed up and couldn't stand the degradation any longer. He tossed the mop angrily aside.

Who would imagine that a gang leader with more than a thousand subordinates was forced to act like a homemaker by Carlos? He couldn't tolerate it anymore. So without hesitation, he grabbed his coat and left the apartment. He didn't even bother to tell any of them that he was leaving.

According to the wedding custom of this country, the bride would return to her mother's home on the third day after the wedding. So on the day that Kasie came back to Y City, Debbie finally got the chance to invite her, Jared, and Dixon, out for a reunion dinner.

Since Debbie was a celebrity, they had booked a private room for discretion at a high-class hotpot restaurant. They didn't expect that they would run into another old friend there. It was as if fate had brought them all together again.

By the time Debbie arrived at the restaurant, Jared and Dixon were already sitting in the private room, wai

husband to you. This is Layne Hang."

Debbie and Dixon exchanged shocked glances, because Kristina's husband looked more than ten years older than her.

Kristina didn't mind their shocked expressions. She continued with the introductions. "Honey, this is my friend, Debbie Nian. She's the singer that I love the most. I told you about her before." The truth was, last time when Debbie held her first concert in Y City, Kristina had secretly bought a ticket to see the show. But she deliberately chose a seat that was at the back of the stadium, far away from the stage so she wasn't seen.

Kristina remembered the moment when Kasie had walked onto the stage and sang a song with Debbie. She had been sitting alone in her seat, but she hummed the tune along with them between tears and laughter.

Layne Hang and Debbie shook hands with each other politely. He was also in the business circles, so he had heard of Debbie. "I know her. She's Mr. Huo's woman," he commented.

Debbie smiled bashfully and asked, "You know Carlos?"

"Everyone in business knows of him. I had the honor of meeting him once," Layne Hang replied, emanating a charming aura from a mature businessman. Debbie wondered if that was the reason why Kristina had married him.

After Debbie and Layne Hang had exchanged some pleasantries, Kristina finally turned to look at Dixon, who was standing next to Debbie.

Even though Kristina avoided extended eye contact with him, she could sense the significant changes in Dixon. He looked outstanding. He had a confident, elegant, and distinguished vibe about him now. No longer was he the ordinary poor guy. He stood out in the crowd. She tried to compose herself and make her voice sound as calm as possible as she said, "Honey, this was the most excellent student in our class, Dixon Shu. Dixon, this is my husband, Layne Hang."

[Chapter 502 Hes Thirteen Years Older Than Me](#)

The two men shook hands politely. Layne thought he recognized Dixon when he spied the man earlier. Now, after Debbie's introduction, he suddenly remembered who the guy was. "Dixon Shu... So you're the new secretary general of ZL Group?"

He didn't know Kristina knew him. It had never come up.

Dixon smiled politely. "Oh yeah. I'm lucky Mr. Huo hired me. It's an honor."

After a few pleasantries, Layne took off. Debbie held Kristina's and Dixon's hands as they walked into the private room they booked. Jared already ordered. "Hey, you guys finally... Wait... Kristina?!"

Before he could finish his complaint about the long wait, he widened his eyes in shock when he noticed who was with Debbie.

"Hi, big guy. Long time no see," Kristina said to Jared, smiling gleefully.

Jared shot to his feet. He strode towards them rapidly and asked in disbelief, "Ain't that the truth? Tomboy went AWOL three years ago, and then you ghosted us too. Kasie and I were left alone here. We wondered if you ran off with Tomboy."

Right on cue, Kasie chimed in, "Inside voice, dude. What the hell... Oh my God! Kristina?"

Kasie had a similar reaction to Jared. Finally, the five old friends were reunited. It felt like a lifetime had passed since they were all together last. The girls kept hugging each other, and being happy that they finally saw each other face to face. They didn't sit down at the table until the two men persuaded them to. Not only that, they didn't care how loud they were being, either.

During dinner, Kasie discreetly shifted her glance between Dixon and Kristina. She didn't want to re-open old wounds, but she had to know. She whispered, "You're married now, right? When did that happen? What does your husband do? And more importantly, why weren't we at your wedding? I sent you chat requests on WeChat, but you didn't answer back. I was hoping you'd come to mine."

Kristina looked at the beer in her glass. "I'm sorry. I dumped that account a long time ago. My husband got transferred to Singapore. He just got back this year. He's thirteen years older than me."

'Thirteen years older...'

the other friends all exclaimed in their mind.

Kristina didn't want to hide anything from her old friends. She continued to fill them in on what happened since they last saw each

a bank like Carlos someday. When you grow up..."

"When I grow up? Blow me! Maybe if Damon and I saw eye to eye, we'd be doing better." Jared felt annoyed thinking of his brother. Jasper had given the company to the two brothers to run. Everything went well except that the two brothers could never agree on anything. Every employee of the Han Group knew the two brothers always solved their problems with their fists. Rarely did a brother emerge from a meeting without torn clothing, a black eye, or bloody lip.

The room erupted in laughter. They joked and bantered with each other like they used to do. After a while, their topic focused on Debbie again.

Debbie was putting a slice of pork tripe into the hotpot when Jared suddenly asked, "Your husband has a bodyguard tailing you. To make sure James doesn't try anything, right?"

"Yeah." Debbie didn't even bother to raise her head. She was drooling over the delicious food.

"You've got him dead to rights though, right? Why isn't he in jail?" Jared asked, obviously confused.

Debbie picked up a slice of duck tongue. When she was about to eat it, she thought of something and lost her appetite. She put down her chopsticks, glaring at Jared. "Why did you have to bring him up? Carlos had someone deal with Glenda and Stephanie last time. He donated one of Stephanie's kidneys. To stop Carlos from donating her cornea as well, James knelt in front of me and apologized."

Kasie was confused. "Didn't James do everything? Why did your husband punish Stephanie instead?"

[Chapter 503 Have You Let Go Of The Past](#)

Debbie didn't hide their plans from her friends. She said honestly, "Stephanie is James' biological daughter. He's evil, but he's a father. Carlos tortured her in front of James, so that his pain would be doubled as he watched his daughter suffer. Then, when he was on the brink of a mental meltdown, we began to torture him physically. We'll torture him bit by bit. After all that mental and physical punishment, we will trot out solid proof and lock him behind bars."

The four of them were stupefied. Jared had already put down his chopsticks. Debbie's narration about how Carlos had tortured Stephanie was far more interesting than the delicious food in front of him.

Kristina was the one who knew the least about everything that had happened. She asked in a weak voice, "Did Stephanie do something unforgivable? What did she do to you?"

Debbie lowered her voice because what she was about to say was absolutely confidential. "She made someone undergo plastic surgery to look like me and asked that person to kill Megan. She wanted to frame me for the murder. And at the seaside resort last time, Carlos and I were shipwrecked at sea. Stephanie was the one who had planned the accident. We were lucky to have survived it. Otherwise, I wouldn't be having dinner with you guys right now."

The four got goose bumps all over their bodies.

It sounded like some sort of horror story.

Kasie muttered, "I never expected Stephanie to be such a cruel woman. She had disguised herself so well. I actually thought that she was a nice person when we were at the seaside resort, except that she was aloof to the people there. It's true that you can't judge a book by its cover."

"Yes." Debbie was hungry now; her appetite had returned to normal. Taking a bite of a fish ball, she continued, "I thought that Stephanie and Megan were on good terms, but they weren't. Stephanie had even hired someone to rape Megan. Two men! Can you believe it? I'm not slandering her. I have proof to support all these claims."

They nodded, believing whatever Debbie said.

Debbie was pleased to see that her friends trusted her. "That's all we know so far. There must have been some other feuds between them, but only they know." She raised her head, and ran her eyes over them. "Hey! Remember that all this is confidential. Only Carlos, Frankie, Tristan and I know. And you guys. Don't let slip it to anyone else."

The four nodde

bitterly. Even back when he was in a relationship with Kristina, his mother had been sick. She had been depending solely on medication to stay alive. But Kristina knew nothing about this.

He'd done several part time jobs after school. Every month, when he got his salary, he would wire three-fourth of the money to his parents, and he used to live on the little money that was left.

When he began to go out with Kristina, most of the remaining money would be spent on her.

There was a time when he was too poor to even have his basic three meals a day. Carlos had given him a VIP card to the fifth floor of Alioth. Dixon had always secretly gone there to buy himself a bowl of noodles using that VIP card. On a few occasions, he would order a bowl of rice or a simple dish to keep himself a little fuller.

Gradually, he had become familiar with the managers of Alioth. They were kind people and sometimes would give him a free dish.

This was the first time Debbie had heard Dixon talk about his mom's health. She asked worriedly, "Is your mom's condition severe? You have a stable job now. You can take your mom to a better hospital in the city."

Dixon shook his head. "It's not that severe anymore. When I began my studies abroad, Mr. Huo had arranged for a doctor to send the necessary medicines to my parents' house every month. Even though Mr. Huo had lost his memories later, the doctor continued to send the medicines as usual. My mom's health is much better now. Tomboy..." He paused and pushed his glasses up. Then he continued in a sentimental tone, "I owe you and your husband too much."

[Chapter 504 Its Good To Work For Mr. Huo](#)

Dixon poured out his heart to Debbie. He was so grateful. If he hadn't met her, then he'd never have come across Carlos, who recognized his talent and gave him the tools to change his life.

Debbie was stunned for a while. She didn't want him to feel too much pressure, so she said purposefully, "Don't say that. Carlos knows talent when he sees it. He's smart too, which is why he gave you the job. You're working hard to pay him back, right? But of course, if you still feel like you owe him, then..." She paused, looking at him mischievously.

"Then what?"

"Then you can give yourself to him. Bwhahaha..." She began guffawing.

Amused, Dixon also laughed out loud. He felt as if a heavy weight was being lifted off of his shoulders. He echoed her joke, "If I give myself to Mr. Huo, then won't you get jealous? Will you be his wife or his mistress?"

"I'm the wife—you're the mistress. Lucky you're a guy. If you were a woman, I'd be mad." Yes, if Dixon were an intelligent woman, sponsored to study abroad by Carlos, it would look like that Dixon was a mistress.

Dixon always felt helpless at the weird ideas in this old friend's mind. He shook his head and rebuked, "What's all that about? I wonder how Mr. Huo puts up with you."

"Hey, what do you mean? You mean I don't deserve him?" Debbie snapped, sounding angry.

Dixon sighed gloomily. What did he say? Why did she twist his words like that? But he didn't know what to do about it. "I didn't mean it that way. You're a lucky woman. He's the only one who can put you on a short leash."

His explanation only added fuel to the fire. Debbie wasn't happy, and besides, she had drunk too much wine tonight, so she began to make a fuss. Glaring at him, she confronted, "What did you say? A leash? Like an animal? A tigress?"

"And not like that either. But you do have a bad temper." Dixon didn't have to work tonight, and Carlos was quite far away, so he wasn't in any rush. He didn't mind throwing down and arguing with Debbie over stupid things.

"Bad temper? I think I've been remarkably tolerant of you trash talking me. I'm better than I was four years ago," she retorted and glared at him, unconvinced by his judgment.

Holding back his laughter, he provoked her calmly, "You're glaring

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.

rious about what Dixon's apartment looked like. She wanted to go upstairs and have a look. This made Carlos jealous. But she got what she wanted. Holding her hand, he asked Dixon to guide them to his apartment.

ZL Group definitely took care of its employees. Dixon's unit was about eighty square meters, full equipped, with two bedrooms and a living area, more than enough for a single man. After taking a tour around his apartment, Debbie couldn't help but marvel, "Wow, this is some crib. It's so good to work for Mr. Huo." Yes, you could hardly find such a generous boss anywhere.

Dixon served two glasses of water for them. Nodding his head in agreement, he joked, "Yes, I agree. Mr. Huo treats the staff well. We're both his staff, Tomboy. Be a good singer, and return our boss's generousness."

"Oh! You just reminded me. I'm also working for Mr. Huo now," Debbie said seriously.

Carlos grinned. "You want a promotion?"

"A promotion? To what position?" she asked, confused. She stood in front of the window, looking over the city.

"The CEO's wife."

Debbie was left speechless. He spared no opportunity to talk about marriage. But she wouldn't give in so easily, so she answered stubbornly, "My career comes first."

Dixon carefully observed Carlos' face. Her blunt refusal didn't piss him off. Instead, he still kept gazing at her with tenderness in his eyes.

The old saying was right. Even a hero could be defeated by a beauty. The cold CEO had surrendered to the beautiful singer.

[Chapter 505 Youve Become A Bad Boy](#)

Dixon, who was single, didn't want to see the couple showing their affection for each other in front him, so he tried to send off his guests. "Tomboy you drank quite a lot tonight. Why not call it a night and sleep it off?"

Debbie showed him the half-empty glass in her hand. "I haven't even finished my glass of water yet. Why are you driving us away so soon? Aren't we welcome here? Or you don't want your boss here?"

The mischievous woman tried to cause trouble for her friend.

Unflappable, Dixon said with a smile. "You misunderstood me. I just didn't want to delay the romantic moment between you and Mr. Huo."

Carlos was satisfied with his reply while Debbie was quite annoyed. She clenched her teeth and spat, "You've become a bad boy now!"

While holding onto her waist, Carlos urged helplessly, "Stop kidding around. Let's go." If he didn't take her home now, she might end up spending the whole night talking with Dixon at his apartment. Carlos wouldn't let anything ruin his chance to have a sweet moment with his wife.

As soon as they left Dixon's apartment and settled in the car, Debbie instantly felt sleepy, because she couldn't play jokes on the boring man who was sending messages to the senior executives on WeChat.

She raised her head to look at Carlos and yawned. Then she lay in his arms and slowly closed her eyes.

Carlos had a wicked grin when he looked down at her sleeping in his arms. That was what he wanted. She was drunk and sleepy. It was the perfect opportunity for him to have sex with her.

His plan had worked. Debbie slept the whole way back to the manor. When she woke, she was lying naked in bed with Carlos passionately kissing every inch of her body.

In a hazy state, she still tried to warn Carlos who was already making love to her. "You...If you...dare to touch me, I'll...file charges against you...tomorrow. Hmm..."

Her voice trailed off. All her protesting words were replaced with moans of pleasure.

The next day when Debbie woke up, she immediately felt an ache between her legs, and she cursed Carlos under her breath again and again.

Naturally, Debbie wouldn't let Carlos get away with it. For the next two weeks, she didn't allow him to see her even once. She refused to answer his calls or reply to his messages. She would even secretly sneak back to the manor to see Evelyn without letting him know.

After two weeks of not seeing his beloved Debbie, Carlos went to his study in the dead of night. Feeling lonely, he lit a cigarette. He couldn't sleep. Whenever he closed his eyes, all that he could see in his mind was how sweet and hot Debbie was.

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u don't get out on your own, I'm afraid I need to carry you out on my shoulder again. Are you sure you want to go into the Civil Affairs Bureau that way?"

"Carlos Huo, you..." Her words were choked out by anger.

"I know, I know. You love me, right? Shush! Say it inside the bureau." He put his index finger on her lips to silence her.

Debbie was pissed. 'Who says I love you? What a narcissistic man, ' she thought, sulking.

Deep inside, she had imagined such a day. She knew Carlos would take a tough measure in the end, but she didn't expect that he would include the media.

She took a deep breath to compose herself. She had always wanted to remarry Carlos. Since there were so many reporters there, she didn't play the stubborn card again. Meekly, she followed him out of the car.

Now it was Carlos' turn to be shocked. He didn't expect that Debbie would cooperate so easily. Although he felt butterflies in his stomach, he held her hand and escorted her towards the gate.

From the moment they got out of the car, the sea of people surrounding the Civil Affairs Bureau had been exclaiming loudly, "Look, that's Mr. Huo and Debbie Nian!"

"Oh, Mr. Huo, Debbie, we love you couple!"

"We're your biggest fans!"

Debbie smiled gracefully at the flashing lights of the cameras, and drew closer to Carlos.

He held on to her waist, and they lovingly walked into the bureau.

As soon as they set foot in the hall, Debbie turned to him and said, "I think that's a little too high-key."

Carlos smiled and replied, "Yeah. That's my style of loving you. I need the whole world to know that I love you, Debbie."

She pursed her lips, pretending to be angry. It seemed that his EQ had improved quite a lot after he got his memory back.

[Chapter 506 Were Officially Remarried](#)

Carlos had already prepared all the necessary materials and papers for registering their marriage. All Debbie needed to do was sign her name on the license.

They went through the formalities smoothly. In a few minutes, they got their marriage licenses and walked out of the hall, with the blessings from the staff there.

Carlos got what he wanted the most, and all he cared about now was to escort Debbie back to his car and ignore all the reporters. However, Debbie had other ideas. She snatched the licenses from his hand and showed them off to the reporters. Smiling proudly, she said, "Thank you all for your interest in our marriage. We're officially remarried now. Thank you for your support."

Carlos felt that something wasn't right.

Nonetheless, he went along with her and kissed her cheek, showing off his love for her. Debbie smiled affectionately and gazed into his eyes. Everyone could see the love and affection that they had for each other when their eyes met.

Suddenly a big round of applause erupted from the adoring crowd. They cheered and called out their blessings to the happy couple. Carlos then cautiously escorted her to the car, and they sped away from the crowd and the Civil Affairs Bureau.

Once they were in the car away from the prying eyes of the crowd, a surge of mixed feelings coursed through her body as Debbie looked at her marriage license. She had been waiting so long for this day. After overcoming so many difficulties, she was finally the legal Mrs. Huo again.

She could feel how much Carlos loved her. That was the reason why he couldn't wait any longer and forcibly took her to the Civil Affairs Bureau to get remarried.

Debbie snuggled into his arms, bathing in his warmth and love. She felt guilty to torture him anymore.

'No, no... Debbie, don't forget the pain and grief that he caused you.' She reminded herself not to forgive him so easily.

Carlos kissed her forehead and asked tenderly, "What would you like to eat now? We'll dine together."

Debbie sat up straight and slightly pulled away from his embrace. "No need. I'm not hungry. I have work to do this afternoon."

Carlos sensed that she was trying to put a barrier up again. He slowly moved closer to her side as he said, "But I'm hungry. You need to come with me."

"You're not a kid. Why do you need me to go with you for a meal?"

"I need my wife's company."

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

"No..." Before she knew it, his lips were on hers. Then he threatened her in a low husky voice, "If you don't come with me, then I'll make love to you right here."

Debbie bit her lower lip in anger. 'You brazen jerk!' she cursed in her mind.

Given the alternative, Debbie agreed to have lunch with him. They dined on the f

't have been wounded, and I wouldn't have been caught by Carlos."

The hostage had fallen unconscious and was lingering on his last breath of life. He couldn't even react to James' cruel and relentless whipping.

"Carlos won't let me go, and I won't let you off the hook either!" James thrashed his whip at the hostage's limp body again. This unfortunate man made a mistake by letting slip the whereabouts of James to Carlos' men.

After he vented out his anger on the man for quite a while, a woman suddenly barged in, interrupting him by shouting, "James, bad news!"

Frowning, James looked up to see that it was Glenda.

In an urgent tone, she continued, "Our bank accounts have all been frozen. Someone is investigating the money you've transferred out!"

The news shocked James to the very core, and his face had drained of all color. He was depending on that money to fight back against Carlos. "It must be Adolf Yin. That asshole sold me out!" he barked. Adolf Yin was one of the managers of ZL Group. When James was the CEO, they ganged up together to embezzle a large amount of money from the company and accept bribes.

"What can we do now? What can we do?" Glenda planned to live out her aged life abroad with that money.

Suddenly, the blood had shot to his head, and James' face turned dark purple. Carlos didn't give him any chance to fight back. He meant to root him out completely. "Give me the money that Angus has given you. I'll hire some people to kidnap Carlos, Debbie, or even their kid." As long as he had either one of them, then he would have the chance to turn the tables around.

Glenda shuddered at his words. She didn't want to hand over that money, but in the end, she had no choice but to nod. "Okay."

The weather in Y City was terrible these days. It rained a lot, and it was cold and humid.

[Chapter 507 My Boots Will Get Dirty](#)

Debbie had extra leisure time recently, and seeing that it was raining outside, she decided to go to the ZL Group and pick Carlos up.

When Evelyn heard that she was going to get Carlos, she insisted on going along with her mom.

Debbie pointed to her pink boots and said, "It's raining cats and dogs outside. Your boots will get all dirty if you go out."

Evelyn shook her head defiantly and said, "I'm not afraid. I miss Daddy."

Debbie sighed helplessly and took Evelyn with her.

When mother and daughter reached the floor where Carlos' office was, Tristan was the only one there. Debbie greeted him and pointed to the closed door of the CEO's office. "Is he busy inside?" she asked.

Tristan shook his head. "No, Mrs. Huo. Mr. Huo is at a conference in the meeting room," he said with a smile.

Upon hearing that, Evelyn turned around and walked towards the elevator. Debbie caught up to her and asked in confusion, "Wait! Evelyn, where are you going?"

After they got inside the elevator, Evelyn pointed to the buttons and said in her cute little voice, "The meeting room." Debbie finally understood and pressed the button for her.

Inside the meeting room

Carlos slammed a stack of files on the desk and asked in a cold voice, "So this is the business plan they're offering? Who's in charge of this? Did you take a look at it yourself?"

The senior executives were scared stiff. One of them mustered up the courage and stammered, "I-It's me. Mr. Huo, I did. I checked it. These were the best terms that they could offer."

Upon hearing the last sentence, Carlos banged his fists on the table and shouted, "Replace them, or I'll have you replaced! And—"

Before he finished speaking, the door to the meeting room suddenly opened from the outside. All eyes were on the door, and Carlos frowned turning to see who dared interrupt his meeting. A little girl toddled in calling out in a cute voice, "Daddy! Daddy! It's raining. Mommy and I came to pick you up."

The senior executives then looked at Carlos. He immediately transformed from a furious CEO to a gentle and caring father. His eyes were full of tenderness as he looked at his daughter.

Dixon looke

rsuade their daughter. "Evelyn, you need to practice walking."

"Daddy, I don't want to walk. Mommy said my boots would get dirty."

Debbie raised her eyebrows in surprise. 'Seriously? This little girl is so cunning she even knows how to make an excuse, ' she thought, stunned.

"It's okay if your boots get dirty. Our housemaid will wash them, or we can buy a new pair of boots," Carlos said, trying to coax her.

Unexpectedly, Evelyn kissed her father on the cheek.

Carlos' heart melted immediately, and instead of persisting in putting her down, he hoisted her up onto his shoulders. Much to Evelyn's delight, her fake tears had turned into giggles.

Debbie stood behind them and shook her head in disbelief.

'Really? He gave up that easily?'

She trotted towards them and called out, "Hey, old man!"

Carlos turned to look at her. "What?"

"You said you wouldn't like to have a daughter. Remember?"

He furrowed his brows, confused and asked, "When did I say that?"

"A long time ago! When Megan asked you whether you would prefer a son or a daughter, you said you wanted a son," she said, looking him in the eye, waiting for his answer. Back then, Debbie had been afraid that he wouldn't love their baby if she gave birth to a girl.

Carlos didn't know how to answer her. He remembered that he did say that. After a short while, he said, "I'll tell you when we're home."

'Why is he acting so mysteriously?' she wondered.

[Chapter 508 Kidnapping](#)

After Carlos had a shower and climbed onto bed, Debbie couldn't hold back her curiosity anymore. She snuggled up to him and asked, "Old man, now that we're alone, you can tell me why you preferred a son to a daughter back then."

Carlos put his arm under her neck, pulled her closer to him and started to explain. "Back then, you were a rebellious teen. You drank a lot, played truant, and fought with others. I was afraid that if we had a daughter, she would be the same as you. It's not that I wouldn't love her. It's because I wouldn't know how to discipline her, whereas boys are different. If it was a son and he defied me, I could just beat him whenever he stirred up trouble."

In the end, Debbie gave birth to a daughter, and Carlos was right. He could do nothing to Evelyn.

Evelyn was like a queen, and he was like her slave. He would provide her with the best things that money could buy, and all of her heart's desires were granted.

"Carlos Huo! Are you saying that if we had a son, you would beat him as you wish?" Debbie asked, raising her voice. Now that she knew what Carlos would do to discipline their son, she felt relieved that they had a female child.

Carlos chuckled and whispered in her ear, "No, no, no. Of course, I'd be nice to our son. After all, beating him would break your heart."

Little did he know that what he just said would come back to haunt him in the future.

His warm breath made her ear itchy. She rubbed it and said, "I hope you'll keep your word."

"Of course."

Debbie adjusted her position to make herself comfortable, and then she realized that she was rather hungry. During supper, she had been preoccupied with why Carlos had preferred a son, and she had eaten very little pondering over it. 'I'll get fat if I eat something at this late hour,' she thought. For the sake of maintaining her lovely figure, she decided to go to sleep. "Hey, I want to sleep. Tell me a bedtime story."

Her rumbling stomach made Carlos chuckle. "All right. I have an interesting story," he said with a cunning smile.

"Hmm."

"Once upon a time, there was a young swordsman. He left his home, hoping to make a name for himself."

Debbie's stomach grumbled again, and she held her waist. The hunger pangs were torture.

Carlos raised an eyebrow mischievously and continued, "One day, he entered a restaurant and ordered braised beef, spicy diced chicken, sweet a

guard. "Want to live or die?" he asked in a cold voice.

The bodyguard's right hand was on his waist. He answered vigilantly, "We want to live."

"Throw your weapons out!"

The bodyguard hesitated for a moment, evaluating what options he had. Sensing that the masked man had the upper hand, he threw his gun and dagger out.

Debbie quickly opened her bag to show the man that there was nothing dangerous inside but some cosmetics.

The man gave a slight nod to the side, and then another several masked men suddenly appeared from nowhere. They reached out their arms and roughly dragged Debbie and her bodyguard out.

Both of them had guns pointed at them. Debbie and the bodyguard looked at each other, but there was no fear in their eyes.

Two men approached them and tied a rope around Debbie's upper body and then the bodyguard's. They were only able to walk without moving their arms.

Debbie's bag was thrown onto the floor, and her phone rang at that moment.

One of the men pulled her phone out and switched it off without looking at the screen.

Debbie counted five men in total, and two of them shoved her and the bodyguard forward. She walked as slowly as she could, trying to stall them.

The man behind her became impatient and yelled, "Fuck! Hurry up!"

Debbie lowered her head to look at her high heels and then blinked innocently at him. "I want to hurry up, but I'm in high heels. What if I sprain my ankle or stumble and fall? It'll hurt, and then I'll slow us down even more."

She said it so charmingly that the man's heart softened and he didn't say another word.

[Chapter 509 Watch The Show](#)

Another kidnapper, however, knelt down and tore off Debbie's high heels. He threw them away.

Before he could stand up, Debbie winked at her bodyguard. He immediately got her point, and they flew into action side by side.

She raised her leg and kicked the kidnapper in the jaw.

Caught off-guard, the kidnapper was sent flying backwards, and he let his gun go. It skidded across the floor.

The bodyguard kicked another thug's gun, and it flew away and landed about five meters away from them.

Now that they were both disarmed, it was a free-for-all. Who would get a gun first? Debbie rushed towards the nearest one.

She was a fast runner, so she got there first. The young mother kicked the weapon to the corner of a wall. Then she stomped on it at just the right angle, and the gun flew upwards. Before it landed on the floor again, she raised her leg and punted the piece.

Wyatt, on the other hand, was searching for Debbie and her bodyguard. He heard the sounds of fighting on the 16th floor, so he immediately contacted Carlos.

It was after 8 p.m., and most of the employees had already gone home. The 16th floor contained meeting rooms.

From the 13th floor to the 19th floor, the middle of the building was hollow, and the roof was on the 19th floor. The gun kicked by Debbie flew to the hollow part, and dropped onto the 13th floor.

The kidnapper was furious when he saw it. He raised his hand, about to slap Debbie in the face. But something stopped him. He had enough time to turn his head, only to have something hard strike him in the skull. It was the gun kicked by the bodyguard.

"Fuck! Assholes! I'll kill you!" The kidnapper continued cursing nonstop and picked up the gun from the floor.

He pointed it at the bodyguard and squeezed the trigger. The gun had a silencer, so the bullet quietly left the gun and sped toward Debbie's bodyguard.

Luckily, the bodyguard was quick enough to dodge. "Run, Mrs. Huo!" he yelled.

Debbie, however, didn't listen to him. She raised her leg and kicked the kidnapper in the knee. "Ouch! I dropped my phone while he answered her. "Watching the show!"

Debbie rolled her eyes and shut her mouth.

Carlos dialed someone up and asked curtly, "Where are you? Well, move your butt! I'm a busy guy."

After about ten minutes, Debbie heard a roaring behind her, getting louder. A car squealed to a halt. The young singer saw a person in white rushing and pushing his way through the crowd.

When she finally got a good look, she recognized him—Niles.

He seemed to have rushed out in the middle of surgery, as he was wearing a surgical gown inside his white overcoat. He held a first-aid kit in his hand and stood before Carlos, panting. "Carlos Huo! You want to punish James Huo... or me? I'll be no good to anyone if I'm exhausted. You ass!"

Carlos smiled cunningly and patted his shoulder. "You like a good show, right? Walk over there and wait for us," he instructed, as he pointed to a small hill near the ocean.

The only thing Niles could figure out was that Carlos was going to deal with James, but didn't know how. Although he hated being treated like this, he could do nothing. He did as he was bidden by Carlos.

Everything was ready.

Carlos called someone and ordered, "You can start now."

Debbie looked at the place where they held James. Two bodyguards escorted him to a car.

It was not an old car, but its windows had been busted out.

[Chapter 510 Wolves](#)

"Why are the windows broken?" Debbie asked curiously.

Carlos played with a cigar in his hand and raised an eyebrow answering, "It'll be more exciting."

'What does he mean by that?' She was even more confused.

The bodyguards forced James to sit in the driver's seat and started the engine for him. Then they said something, which made his face pale.

At that moment, an animal howled in the distance and Debbie shivered when she heard it. She recognized that sound from when she had taken Evelyn to the zoo. It was a wolf! She held Carlos' arm tightly and cried, "Carlos, there's a wolf!"

Carlos, on the other hand, wasn't afraid at all. He patted her hand reassuringly and said in a soft voice, "Relax. You'll be safe here."

"How can you be so sure?" When Debbie saw the cynical smile on his face, she realized something. "You arranged this!"

Carlos nodded his head.

Soon, a man came into view with a few Russian wolves behind him.

'James. A car without windows. Wolves.'

Debbie was perplexed. 'What is Carlos trying to do?'

When the wolves pounced at the car, she instantly realized what was going on.

"Aaargh!" James was frightened to death by the wolves approaching and stepped hard on the accelerator. The car sped off like a bat out of hell.

The car raced along the mountain road at maximum speed while the wolves ran after it. Whenever James slowed down a bit, the wolves would catch up to him.

Even though James was quite a distance away from them, they could still hear his agonizing screams in pain echoing through the mountains.

When the car was almost out of sight, a bodyguard came to them and handed Carlos two pairs of binoculars.

Carlos gave Debbie one and said, "Go on enjoying the show."

Debbie looked at James' car through the binoculars and asked, "What if someone on the road gets hit by the car or gets attacked by the wolves?"

"That's impossible. The place has been cleared ahead of time," Carlos assured her.

"So you've been planning this for a while?" she asked.

"Mmm hmm."

"Why did you give James the car?" she asked curiously.

"Well, if I didn't, then h

daughter. His daughter had gone insane because of Carlos. James couldn't afford to see Lewis get hurt as well.

"Let him go? Okay, but what about my wife? After all that you've put my wife through, I must get back at you today." Carlos grabbed Debbie's hand and led her to stand before James, who was still lying on the ground.

"I've already apologized to her. Isn't that enough? What do you want?" James spat.

"Huh?" Carlos sneered. "Before we came here, we ran into several assassins. Don't tell me it has nothing to do with you."

James clenched his teeth and cursed inwardly, 'A bunch of idiots! I spent so much money, yet Carlos hasn't gotten a single scratch on him.' "Is there any way that you would let me go?"

"Let you go? Will you do as I say?" Carlos asked, his face deadpan.

"Yes, I will!" James nodded without hesitation. 'Where there is life, there is hope, ' he thought.

Too lazy to expose his true thoughts, Carlos said with a raised eyebrow, "Kneel and apologize to her!"

"What?" James instantly flared up, his face as red as a tomato. Even his eyes were red as if he was going to explode.

"If you're not willing to, fine, then—"

"I'll do it!" James sat up and swore in his mind, 'How dare Carlos force me to kneel before that trollop! I swear one day I'll chop his legs off!'

Debbie stared coldly as James knelt before her.

Then he opened his mouth to say, "Debbie Nian..."