

TMBA 521

[Chapter 521 A Dreamy Wedding Gown](#)

The customized wedding gown was pure white with brilliant diamonds scattered along the sweetheart neckline. The long satin trail had been delicately embroidered with patterns of jasmine. The flower that Debbie loved the most.

The gown was fit for a princess, and the dreamy, romantic style was what many girls would dream of wearing on their wedding day.

As Debbie slowly approached the gown, she was already mesmerized by it. She then quickened her pace and reached out, touching it gently.

The beauty and elegance of the gown took her breath away, but for Debbie, it wasn't just about the wedding gown. Ever since Debbie was twenty-one, she had dreamed of marrying Carlos in such a gown.

Now, she was nearly twenty-seven, and her dream had finally come true.

"Try it on?" Carlos' tender voice rang from behind her all of a sudden, interrupting her train of thoughts.

She trailed her fingers lightly across the sparkling diamonds. "Is the dress..." 'Rented or bought? Or customized?' she wondered.

Carlos read her mind. He wrapped his arm around her waist and nuzzled her neck while whispering in her ear, "My wife deserves the best things in the world. How is it possible for me to buy you anything ordinary? Let alone if it's a wedding dress for you. I hired a famous design team one year ago. They have spent a whole year designing and tailoring it, especially for you. The dress had just arrived here from abroad."

Debbie was touched, and her eyes brimmed with tears. 'So he began to prepare our wedding a year ago?'

He then turned her to face him and gazed into her teary eyes. "You know, before the car accident, I had begun to select the wedding venue. I was preparing everything, but our lives had changed abruptly. So our wedding had been postponed up until now. Honey, I'm sorry that I made you suffer a lot. I won't let that happen again, and I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you."

She saw the deep affection in his eyes, and her tears threatened to gush out at any moment. Debbie quickly raised her head to hold them back, but it was too late. Her tears streamed down her cheeks like a river. Carlos didn't expect that his words would make her so emotional.

Hastily, he pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed away her tears. "Honey, don't cry. It should be a happy thing to try on a wedding dress, right?"

He was right. Debbie quickly wiped aw

to his heart.

Carlos had to swallow hard, suppressing his desire, and nodded, "Yes, you look amazing." Carlos was in a dream, his wife was the most attractive woman in the world.

Debbie was happy to hear his praise.

"Wow! Debbie! You look so beautiful!" Kinsley knew that she had put the dress on, so he came out from the designer office and wanted to have a look.

Suddenly, Carlos jumped to his feet, grabbed Kinsley by his arm, and dragged him out of the room. "Hey, hey. What's up? Carlos Huo, what're you doing?" the idol yelled.

Carlos didn't let go of him until they reached the designer office. He warned coldly, "Only I can appreciate my wife's beauty!"

"What? Your wife will show up at the wedding ceremony with a lot of guests around. Do you forget that?"

Carlos tidied his clothes and said calmly, "This moment, it's for my eyes only."

Kinsley rolled his eyes at him. "Okay, okay. Have it your way. I'll pick out a gown for my girlfriend too. You're not the only one who has a wife. Humph!"

"So off you go!" Without giving him a second glance, Carlos returned to where Debbie was.

She was looking around curiously for him. When he came back, she asked, "Where did you take Kinsley?"

"The designer needed him," Carlos lied.

However, Debbie believed what he said. Then, she lifted the hem of her dress and commented, "It fits me perfectly. I don't think we need to change anything now. What do you think?"

He stood in front of her. "Honey, it's up to you. As long as you feel comfortable with it."

"I feel comfortable. The fabric feels wonderful."

[Chapter 522 You Look So Beautiful](#)

"Okay, the wedding gown is decided." Carlos smiled broadly. The CEO had been smiling a lot these days, probably because he was the groom-to-be and the happy father of two kids.

After that, Debbie picked out a few more dresses for their wedding photo shoot. Carlos proposed to go on a trip to take the wedding pictures, but Debbie decided against it. She was worried about her little baby, Terilynn. She suggested, "The sets in the studio look real and grand. Let's just take our wedding photos here."

Carlos didn't expect that she would turn down his idea. She liked traveling a lot. But anyway, he followed her idea and nodded, "Okay."

The preparations for their wedding were going on in an orderly and smooth manner. Before the car accident, Carlos had selected a six-star hotel as the venue to hold their wedding ceremony. But he changed the venue this time.

Their wedding was to be held on the desert island where they had stayed for a day after surviving from the shipwreck. Carlos had been developing that island since a year ago. The construction was almost

done. It was a completely different place now, not the earlier deserted island anymore. They built a grand wedding hall there and a village with numerous houses for people to live in.

The day Debbie posted their wedding pictures, the Internet fell into utter chaos once again. It was such a hot topic that the Weibo app, along with some other social networking sites, crashed because too many netizens were clicking and commenting on the post at the same time. Unfortunately for the programmers of those apps, their National Day holiday was cut short because of that.

The couple received a ton of blessings from all kinds of people. Celebrities from different fields reposted their wedding photos and blessed them. Their wedding was the topic of conversation in every corner of the world.

The betrothal gifts that Carlos had given to Debbie's family included the Shining International Plaza, 900 million dollars and a few other real estates.

Ramona was greatly taken aback when she came to know about Carlos' gifts, so was Debbie. He did very much love her. It wasn't auspicious to turn down betrothal gifts, so Ramona opted to accept them for the moment. She decided to find a better time to talk about it and try to return some of them to him.

They had a rehearsal ceremony on the day before the wedding ceremony. It was only then that Debbie finally found out that the wedding venue

d a girlfriend." Then he left without looking back at them.

Ramona quietly watched the brother and sister banter. She smiled amiably. Such a warm scene had never crossed her mind in the past. Happiness filled her heart.

Carlos came to pick up his bride in a helicopter, with six other helicopters of the same model flying in tow. On the city road, dozens of red limos drove along in a long row. When the helicopters touched down outside the villa, the limos also reached the gate, and parked in an orderly line.

The spectacle was utterly indescribable. The photographers and reporters who had been following the whole wedding gala were all excited to the hilt.

As the brother, Decker needed to piggyback the bride out. The four bridesmaids in their pink dresses and the four groomsmen in their black suits stood at either side of the first helicopter.

The bridesmaids were Kasie, Kristina and two other pop singers who were friends with Debbie.

And the groomsmen were Kinsley, Xavier, Niles, and Wesley, who had come back from abroad for the wedding.

Carlos escorted Debbie into the first helicopter. The bridesmaids and groomsmen boarded the other six helicopters. With the rumbling sound of the engines, the helicopters rose up into the sky and flew to the island.

When they arrived at the venue, Debbie saw the sea of guests who had already assembled. Besides their relatives, there were also big shots from business or political circles. Gregory, Hayden and Emmett's parents were also invited.

Surprisingly, even Valerie, who was now living out her days in a Buddhist temple, was also brought to the island by Carlos.

[Chapter 523 Congratulations, Mrs. Gu](#)

The wedding venue was decorated in dominant colors of pink and white. It was like a fairy tale wedding; there was a pumpkin carriage and different sizes of shining crystal high heels, pink roses, pianos and other ornaments scattered around the hall. In the center of the stage was a ten-tiered wedding cake. Romantic music played in the background. The overall decoration looked absolutely luxurious and high-end.

A well-known MC walked onto the stage to announce the start of the ceremony. Soon, the two black doors that were three-meter high slowly opened up.

The spotlight was shone onto the doorway. Under the soft romantic melody, the bride, dressed in her magnificent wedding gown, slowly walked into the hall, holding a bouquet of pink and white roses in her hands; a long wedding train trailed behind her as she walked along the red carpet.

Everyone's attention was drawn to her.

Debbie, the day's heroine, wore a graceful smile and elegantly walked towards the dashing man on the other end of the red carpet.

Behind her were the two flower children—Sean and Evelyn.

Evelyn looked at the setting around her, wide-eyed. This was all really amazing and special because she was attending her own parents' wedding.

Sebastian walked Debbie down the aisle and gave her away to Carlos.

The wedding ring Debbie wore that day was the diamond ring which Carlos had given her a few years ago. The one that was almost the size of a pigeon egg! Carlos wanted to buy her a new ring, but Debbie refused. She insisted that she already had enough rings. On top of it all, this diamond ring carried a lot of good memories and reminded her of Carlos' love for her.

In the end, Carlos gave in and didn't insist further.

The wedding ceremony went smoothly. As a traditional rule, the couple bowed respectfully to the elders of the two families and served them tea. The family members gave them their blessings.

The grand ceremony went on for an hour, and it finally came to an end when the couple kissed affectionately, accompanied by a huge round of applause from the guests.

After the ceremony, the guests moved out of the hall. Carlos had arranged a few other programs to entertain their distinguished guests.

They marched over to the seashore to watch the marine life show.

There were dolphins, whales, and other marine life in the show, but they were not trained like those in an aquarium. They were attracted towards the island and they did what they usually did in the sea freely. It was the most natural show, with no harm caused to the animals. Everyone enjoyed it with brig

as long as there was no harm done to his wife. So after toasting to them, he moved on to the next table and continued socializing with the other guests.

The night grew deeper. Back at the manor, Carlos climbed the staircase a bit unsteadily because he had drunk too much. He stood in the corridor on the second floor. His beloved woman was in the bedroom at the other end of the corridor.

It was their wedding night.

Leaning against the wall of the corridor and looking in the direction of their bedroom, Carlos couldn't help smiling.

He smiled goofily, his face glowing with happiness.

Taking a deep breath, he continued staggering towards their room. When he reached the door, he slowly pushed it open. Only the bed lamp was on inside the room. Under the dim light, he saw a figure lying in the big connubial bed. The bedding set was red in color, with dragon and phoenix patterns, according to the wedding custom of the country.

But... Something didn't feel right.

Although he was a little drunk, Carlos was always an alert man. He sensed that there were more than two people inside this room, other than himself. He felt around the wall for the light switch and turned all the lights on.

In an instant, the bedroom was filled with the bright lights.

He vigilantly looked around, but found nothing suspicious.

With his guard on, he strode towards the bed. A woman with long hair was lying in one side of the bed. Half of her face was buried under the thin quilt and her eyes were covered under her long hair. Carlos couldn't see her face clearly.

He stretched out his arm and pulled the quilt away. In an instant, the person sat up, jumped into Carlos' arms and yelled, "Honey, happy wedding to you!"

[Chapter 524 Where Is My Wife](#)

Carlos felt disgusted when he heard the person's voice, because the person in his bed wasn't Debbie, and wasn't even a woman. It was a man wearing a long wig!

In a split second, he broke free from the man's embrace and violently pushed him back onto the bed. "Ouch! Hey, take it easy!" Niles protested, his face contorted in pain. Carlos had pushed him so forcefully that Niles slipped off the bed and fell onto the floor.

Luckily the floor was covered with a carpet, so it was mostly his pride that was bruised.

With a dark face, Carlos stared down at the groaning surgeon and asked, "Where is my wife?"

Niles pointed at the curtain. Behind it, he could vaguely see a figure hiding there. Wasting no time, Carlos strode towards the window and ripped the curtain aside. Again, a person dashed out and jumped into Carlos' arms, saying, "Happy wedding to you, honey!"

Carlos spat out curse words at the man hugging him. Without warning, he gut punched him. Kinsley whined in pain and loosened his embrace at once. He held his stomach, unable to utter another word, gasping for breath.

Carlos asked a second time, "Where is my wife?"

Lifting a trembling finger, Kinsley weakly pointed to the walk-in closet. Carlos was getting irate. He had been hugged by two men now, and wasn't in the mood for a third. He slowly moved towards the closet.

However, before he could get there, a person sprung up from behind the dressing table and did the same thing as the others. Carlos tried not to be too violent. He was afraid he would hurt the real Debbie. Now once again, he had to be hugged by another man and hear him say, "Happy wedding to you, honey!"

Carlos shut his eyes in anger. Without opening them, he grabbed hold of the man's arm and was about to throw him outside. It was Xavier. He knew what was going on, listening behind the dressing table. When Carlos grabbed for his arm, he quickly sidestepped the angry man's attack.

Just in a few minutes' time, Carlos had been called "honey" by three men. He looked like a volcano on the verge of erupting. If he could, he would throw these three men into sea right now.

Niles was dressed in a nightgown. He tore the wig from his head and threw it on the floor. Then, he climbed onto the bed again and lay in the middle. Xavier lay next to him, while Kinsley sat on the edge of the bed, fumbling in his pocket for a cigarette.

Three men were on his bed. Carlos,
ed evilly.

Dixon said, "Your wife..."

Jared filled in the sentence, "—isn't here. She's not even in the house."

'Debbie isn't at the manor?' Carlos frowned in worry.

Ivan looked at his wristwatch and said, "I think your wife is..."

Wesley smiled mysteriously, "She's..."

Niles made a face and laughed. "It's a secret. We won't tell you!"

Carlos was boiling with anger. Now he knew what was going on. His friends were teasing him. They had deliberately gotten him drunk at the wedding party. And now they all crammed into his bedroom, ruining his sweet moment with his bride.

'Fine, you guys have a death wish!' Carlos pulled a chair over and sat down in it. "Okay, since my wife isn't here, I have more time to get even!"

The nine men exchanged glances with each other. They had a bad feeling about this.

Carlos pulled out his cellphone. He was going to start with all the married men here. It was too easy. A phone call to the wife was enough. First up was Ivan. He texted Tristan and got Kasie's phone number.

Then he called her. "Mrs. Kasie Wen, I think you should know something. There's a hot, young model your husband talks to after work. I see them standing outside talking and laughing. Okay, goodbye."

Ivan was shocked by what he had heard. In a few seconds, his phone rang. Everyone looked at him with sympathy in their eyes as he hastily stepped out to answer the call.

The next target was Curtis. Carlos called Colleen. "Aunt Colleen, it's me. Did Uncle Curtis come back late one night? Remember that, about a month ago? He looked pretty guilty to me. I'd ask him about it."

[Chapter 525 Gobi Desert](#)

Women were attracted to a great guy like Curtis. So Carlos knew just how to get back at him.

Curtis was stunned for a moment. He tried desperately to recall what happened. One of his female colleagues fell sick that night and he drove her to the hospital. Was that a month ago? He barely remembered. As he pondered this, his phone rang. Obviously, his wife.

He got nervous even though he was completely innocent. Just like Ivan, Curtis hurried outside as he picked up the phone. Everyone knew that Carlos could easily stir up trouble for them, no matter how good they were. Carlos knew exactly what to say.

Seeing how Carlos dealt with Ivan and Curtis, Damon got frightened. He leaped up from the bed and excused himself. "Oh, crap! I forget to pick up some formula for my son. I should get going now!"

Wesley reminded him icily, "Your son's off formula. He has been for awhile."

Damon nodded, embarrassed, "Yeah, I mean, um, my daughter."

The other men all fell silent. They watched Damon rush out of Carlos' bedroom.

Jared was always afraid of Carlos. And now, even more. He'd been quite the playboy before settling down. If Carlos mentioned any one of his ex-girlfriends to Sasha, she wouldn't go easy on him. So Jared jumped out of bed. When he got to the door, he shouted, "Damon! Wait for me! Can I get a lift?" He zoomed out of the bedroom and caught up to his brother.

Now, only the single men were left in Carlos' bedroom.

Kinsley had a fiancée, but she never made any bones about the women around him. Let Carlos call.

Carlos stared at him with a mysterious smile. "Kinsley."

His smile gave Kinsley goose bumps. He responded, "What?"

"Five years ago...do you remember your brother's wife? Do you remember flirting with her? They weren't married then. You even tried to split them up, told her that he was in love with another woman..."

"Stop!" Kinsley widened his eyes in panic. How would Carlos know about this?

It was just a misunderstanding. But if Yates heard about it, he'd go apeshit. Might even break his legs! "Okay, I get it. I'm gone!"

The bigshot star turned on his heels and left as quickly as he could.

Niles trembled with fear as he saw his friends leave one by one. But what could Carlos do? He had no girlfriend, no wife. What d

king it off. So we didn't really make your bed dirty."

Carlos snorted, "Is this Niles' idea?"

"Yes."

"Huh! You can stop now. Ask the housemaids to come up and change the bedding!" Even if Niles showered all day, Carlos still would think he was dirty.

He stood up from his chair and pushed it back, sighing heavily. Tonight was supposed to be his happy wedding night, but his wife wasn't here. He felt quite alone.

When Decker walked to the doorway, he turned around and blurted out, "She's in the Gobi Desert."

When Carlos finally found Debbie, she was riding a camel in the desert, singing loudly. She wore a hat and sunglasses, but he'd recognize that long, red scarf anywhere. He secured his bandana and goggles, and snuck up behind her. He grabbed the handle on the saddle and climbed onboard as well. He wrapped his arms around her from behind and said, "Hey honey, I found you."

Breathing in his familiar scent, Debbie was stunned for a while. 'Much better than the musk of the camel, ' she thought. Coming back to her senses, she tilted her head and looked at the man behind her. "I just got on this thing. How did you find me so quickly?"

To get to the Gobi Desert, it took her 16 hours on a plane, then a couple hours' ride on a high-speed train, and then a slow-going bus.

However, she had just now gotten on a camel and magically, Carlos was here too. How could it be possible?

"I came straight here in my private plane," he said with a smile. Of course, that would save him a lot of time.

[Chapter 526 Im on Holiday](#)

Debbie pulled a long face when she heard his answer. "Humph! That's so unfair!" Meanwhile, she felt like a fool. Why didn't she think of Carlos' private plane? She wouldn't have had to endure such a long and tiring trip if she had come to the Gobi Desert in his private plane!

Carlos chuckled under his breath. He coaxed, "Don't be upset. We'll fly back home together."

Debbie pursed her lips, her cheeks bulging up in anger. But she could do nothing else about it anyway.

Finally, they made up for lost time in a hotel near the Gobi Desert. Debbie would never forget that night. Carlos was hungrier than ever in bed. She had initially planned to do some sightseeing, but from the moment he showed up, she was too exhausted to do anything but sleep. On the third day of her trip, when she rode a camel, she found her legs trembling terribly due to the strain of the previous night.

She couldn't help wondering if Carlos deliberately did it to punish her. But each time she complained to him, he would shook his head innocently. "No, I didn't mean to. I swear!"

Debbie had no choice but to drop it.

On the fifth day of their stay on the Gobi Desert, Debbie eyed the man up and down. He looked as fresh and clean as usual. She asked gloomily, "Don't you think life is hard out here?"

Carlos kissed her cheek and then answered sincerely, "No. Wherever you are, that's home. I feel so much better with you."

"But what about the company?"

He kissed her again. "What about it? I'm on holiday."

He answered each of her questions perfectly.

On the seventh day, they ended their trip and boarded Carlos' private plane. They flew back home in relative luxury. It did save a lot of time traveling in a private plane.

Evelyn was playing with her little sister at the manor. When she saw her parents come back home, she excitedly darted towards them and called out, "Daddy, Mommy!"

Debbie planted a kiss on Evelyn's cheek and said lovingly, "Baby, Mommy missed you so much!"

"Mommy, I missed you, too!" Evelyn stuck her head out and looked at her father. Stretching out her arms to him, she added, "I missed Daddy more."

Carlos grinned from ear to ear, and scooped her up in his arms.

Debbie unhappily watched the father and daughter talk and laugh amongst themselves. 'Forget it. I have Terilynn, my little baby, ' she comforted herself, and went to see her baby gi

We want to hear new songs. Please!"

A fan commented, "Mrs. Huo, it's been two years and three months and four days since your last album. Your fans are running out of patience. How about a comeback this month?"

Another fan commented, "Maybe you can make it up to us with more pics of Mr. Huo."

"Or the pictures of your two princesses! I want the two little girls to melt my heart!" commented a crazy fan of Debbie's.

Meanwhile, a ton of private messages came flooding into Debbie's new account. Bowing to pressure from her fans, Debbie had no choice but to secretly snap a few pictures of Carlos working in his Western suit. She selected nine of them and posted them on her Weibo page. She wrote, "Look at our husband, girls. He's too busy to pose. Always working! This is candid camera!"

Her post went viral. Like there was any doubt it would.

Judging by the comment section, a lot of young girls were excited. "Debbie is a queen!" they wrote. "She refers to Mr. Huo as 'our husband!' Debbie, I love you. I'll be your fan forever!"

"Does that mean I'm 'Mrs. Huo' too?" some fans teased.

For a time, life was relatively normal. When everybody around them thought that they would just live happily ever after, Debbie seized a chance to secretly escape again, leaving her husband and two daughters behind.

Her plan was quite successful this time. This was longer than her previous attempts, and her whereabouts were well-hidden, which almost drove Carlos crazy. He had sent men to the far corners of the earth, but to no avail. He couldn't find his beloved wife anywhere.

[Chapter 527 Is My Wife Coming Back](#)

The truth was that Debbie had planned everything well in advance. The first step of her plan was to consolidate her position as Carlos' legal wife. That was why she had co-operated with him to register their marriage and had deliberately showed their marriage licenses to the reporters. Then, they held their grand wedding ceremony in a high-profile manner, and she showed off their love in public and online sites every now and then. Because of this, everyone knew that Carlos was deeply in love with his wife. Thus, even after Debbie went missing from the scene, no women dared to take advantage of her absence to try and hit on Carlos.

One month passed, then two...

As time slowly went by, the situation began to change. Three months later, word began to spread that Carlos was seen with another woman.

After that one rumor, more sprung up and spread quickly. Some people even assumed that Carlos and Debbie were already divorced, but were keeping it a secret for the sake of their children.

Debbie had heard from Dixon that Miranda had personally dealt with a woman who had dared to get into Carlos' car.

This was the story. One day, Miranda happened to notice a pair of high heels in Carlos' car—the one he always drove to work. But the heels were neither her size, nor Debbie's.

Miranda remained silent and didn't ask Carlos anything about it.

The next day, she stalked him and saw a woman take those heels from his car.

After the woman had left, Miranda angrily got out of her car and went to confront her son. When Carlos saw her approaching, he asked in a calm tone, "Mom, why are you here?"

Looking at the woman's receding figure, Miranda interrogated, "Did you give those heels as a gift to that woman?"

Carlos shook his head. "No. The night before, we had a business dinner. She had temporarily changed into another pair of shoes and had left those in my car."

"Oh...Is that so?" she said in a drawl, sounding sarcastic. Confused, Carlos looked at her and asked, "What's the problem?"

She smirked. "Nothing. I just wanted to remind you that you're a married man. Please keep your boundaries with other women."

Carlos was left speechless.

What a good mother-in-law she was to Debbie! Debbie was not around, so Miranda was keeping a close eye on him for her. Sighing, he reassured her, "Mom, please rest assured, and assure Debbie as well. I have no interest in any

y were itching to seize the chance to hit on him, but knowing that Mrs. Huo was the sister of the new CEO of Nian Group, they didn't dare to.

In the middle of the party, Decker walked to Carlos' side and said in a mysterious voice, "Carlos, I have a surprise for you later."

Carlos raised his eyebrows in expectation. "Is my wife coming back?"

The smug smile on Decker's face instantly vanished. "Bingo! Why did you guess it so easily? That is so boring," he complained.

Just as he finished his words, there was a commotion at the entrance. A woman, clad in a red evening dress and black crystal high heels, emerged from the crowd. She attracted everyone's attention, including Carlos'.

"Wow! Isn't that Mrs. Huo?"

"Yes, I think so! I haven't seen her show up in public for a long time!"

"Look, she's wearing a halter dress tonight. She looks so hot!"

Under the crowd's fervent discussions, Debbie, who had become even more beautiful now, slowly walked towards the person standing at the other end of the red carpet.

Everyone knew who she was walking to, so they moved to either side to make way for her.

Debbie had easily spotted the dashing man the moment she had entered the hall.

When she was about two meters away from him, Carlos shifted his goblet of wine to his right hand and reached out his left hand to her.

Debbie smiled broadly and picked up her pace, with a spring in her step. She took his hand and put her other hand on his waist. "Honey, I'm back," she said sweetly.

Carlos looked at her affectionately and asked, "Honey, did you have a good time?"

[Chapter 528 Daddy Was Fooling Around With Men Every Day](#)

"Yes. I had a good time," Debbie answered with a smile. But in her mind, she cursed, 'Not at all! I had to avoid Carlos' men all the time. And since I have fans all over the world, I had to hide myself in isolated areas of Tibet!'

Carlos' smile broadened as he stroked her hair. "That's good to hear."

As his hand slid from her head to her waist, his face darkened—she was wearing a backless evening dress. He pulled her closer to his body and whispered in her ear, "Honey, you are being very naughty."

Debbie winked at him with a grin and changed the subject. "Let's go find Decker." She tried to break away from his embrace.

But Carlos held her closer. Ignoring the watchful eyes around them, he took off his suit jacket and draped it over her shoulders. Then, he held her hand and said, "Let's go."

Debbie rolled her eyes secretly.

When they found Decker, Carlos spoke even before Debbie could say something. "We have some urgent business to attend to. We're leaving now."

"Wait! I don't—" Debbie protested. Carlos cast a warning glance at her, which made her swallow the remainder of her words.

Seeing the suit jacket on Debbie's shoulders, Decker smirked mischievously and whispered in her ear, "You'd been gone for several months, and you have finally returned, dressed like that. My dear sister, you're so dead."

"Aren't you going to help me out? What kind of brother are you?"

Decker stepped back to keep her at arm's length. "Do I look like someone who can fight off your hungry husband?" he asked with an evil grin.

Debbie didn't even know how to respond to that remark.

Her appearance at the party shattered the rumor that she and Carlos had already gotten divorced. They were very much together. Carlos was so possessive of his wife that he couldn't let anyone see her naked back.

Even after the couple had left the party, the guests were still discussing them.

Inside the black Emperor car, Carlos pounced on Debbie and tore apart the evening dress in mere seconds.

He stared at the woman beneath him, his eyes dark. "Three months... Honey, how could you be so cruel?"

Debbie's face was red as an apple

as he got out of his car, walked over to her and pulled her into his arms. "Hi, honey."

"Carlos!" Debbie's eyes lit up.

He lowered his head and kissed her lips affectionately.

Inside the hotel, as soon as Debbie opened the door to her room, Carlos pressed her against the wall and asked in a sad tone, "Honey, you shouldn't punish me like this anymore." During the past months she had been away, he had finally realized why Debbie had been running away from him.

Debbie pressed her hands against his chest and drew circles on it. "Why not?"

"I didn't do those things on purpose. You know I had lost my memory, right? Our enemies have been caught and punished. And I will make it up to you for the rest of my life. Honey, you know how much I love you, don't you?"

Of course, Debbie knew Carlos was head over heels in love with her. "Yes, I do."

Carlos heaved a sigh of relief. "Please don't leave me again. I really, really missed you."

"I won't. I missed you too, old man." Since he had realized her intentions, she had achieved her goal and didn't need to leave him again. Besides, she had missed him and the kids very much.

Carlos smiled and leaned on her shoulder. "Honey, can we go to bed now? I'm sleepy."

"No way! Every time we meet, the first thing we do is have sex. Are you here for me or for sex?" Debbie asked, pouting her lips, even though she knew that they would eventually have sex that evening.

[Chapter 529 The End Of Carlos And Debbies Story](#)

"But I'm really sleepy," Carlos said with a secret grin.

He leaned closer to kiss Debbie on her lips tenderly. Then, he slowly moved to her face and neck without stopping. Debbie rolled her eyes and said in her mind, 'Liar.'

"Let me go! I need to take a shower," she protested.

Carlos kept her pressed against the wall, pulled out the bank card from his pocket and gave it to her.

"I've earned around three billion dollars in the past two months. If you sleep with me now, I'll ask Tristan to wire the money to your account immediately."

Debbie almost laughed out loud when she saw Carlos' pitiful expression. She suppressed the giggles and asked, "I took all your money and properties before I left. Are you not angry? Are you sure you want to give me more money?"

"No, I'm not angry. And yes, I want to give you more. As long as you come back home with me, I will give you everything I have," Carlos promised.

Tears welled up in Debbie's eyes. 'Is this the same aloof CEO? He is such a fool!' she thought.

"Honey, why are you crying?" Carlos tensed up.

Debbie took the card from him and put it back into his pocket. She stood on tiptoe to cradle his neck and then gave him a gentle kiss. "Honey, I never used the money I had taken from your account. I just wanted to scare you so that you'd cherish me more in the future."

Carlos kissed her back while saying, "You don't have to explain. You can do whatever you want with it. Just promise me that you won't leave me again. I can't sleep without you by my side." What Debbie didn't know was that Carlos was aware of it when she had begun to transfer his money and properties into her account.

'Silly woman. Did she really think that I wouldn't know about it? I wouldn't be able to run ZL Group if I was so naive,' he thought with a faint smile.

Debbie nodded her head vigorously.

The air between them was tender and warm.

Meanwhile, in Y City, some daily reporters tried to learn about Carlos and Debbie's current status from their friends. When they asked the group whether Carlos and Debbie were divorced and whether she had run away with all his money, they simply smiled and said nothing.

That night, some paparazzi in Bangkok took photos of Carlos and Debbie kissing at the roadside and 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.

it would be a girl!"

Carlos accused coldly, "Looks like you had a lover in your previous life."

Debbie used to say that a daughter was her father's lover in his previous life. She had dug her own hole with that.

When Debbie recovered from the delivery, Carlos had sex with her every night. "What happened to you? Why are you so horny?" she asked in confusion.

He pressed her against the bed. "I want a fourth baby," he simply said.

'What? A fourth baby?' Debbie was shocked. "You didn't even want me to have our third baby. I had to puncture the condoms so that we could have Matthew. Why do you suddenly want a fourth baby?"

Carlos repeated what she had told him before. "I'd like to see how many lovers you had in your previous life."

Debbie cried out as her body was killing her. "Honey, please spare me," she pleaded.

Carlos chuckled. Debbie was his queen, and he was like her slave most of the times. But when they were in bed, he was the undisputed king.

"Will you bully me in the future?" he asked.

"No, no, no. Wait! I have never bullied you before!" she protested.

Carlos leaned against the headboard. "Are you saying that it's just the way you love me?"

"Bingo! Honey, I'm so much in love with you." She winked at him.

Carlos' smile broadened as he said affectionately, "I love you too, honey."

They looked each other in the eye. Then, Debbie threw herself into his arms. "Muah!"

'Deb, I'll love you and dote on you for the rest of our lives!' he swore to himself.

[Chapter 530 Am I A Murderer](#)

Blair had heard about Wesley long before they met. Everyone thought he was a hero. In Blair's eyes, he was a superhero.

Blair was luckier than Wesley's other fans because her uncle was his superior. A few loving words were all it took, and her uncle told her anything she wanted to know about the man she had a crush on.

Even so, Blair had never asked her uncle to introduce her. She believed in fate, and somehow, she firmly believed that they would eventually be together.

Shock of shocks, she was right. She met him not long after.

But their first meeting was not a fun one.

That year, Blair was nineteen years old and Wesley was twenty-three.

Blair was a college student, and her college was in the same city as her home. But she seldom came home. Whenever she did, she always saw her parents fighting.

But sometimes, she had to come home. Just like today.

It was the holidays. Her roommates all went home. Blair stood in front of the villa with a small suitcase. It was a beautiful villa, but hardly warm.

She typed in the code at the entrance. "Beep!" The door to the villa opened.

"Look at you! I'm sick of you! Why did you come back? Get out of here!" a woman shrieked—she was Blair's mom, Grace Ji. Blair sighed helplessly as she realized that her mom was yelling at her dad again.

Judging from her name, you could tell that Grace Ji's parents wanted her to be a graceful woman.

And she worked to live up to that name. Even now, she was soft and elegant in public. Everyone believed that her name reflected her inner beauty.

But she was a totally different woman in front of Jacob Jing, Blair's father.

Blair knew why—it was because of life.

Life had ground her kind-hearted and gentle mom down. She became bitter and angry.

Blair put on her slippers and entered the living room. Before she could greet her parents, she heard a loud bang and flames sprang up to the ceiling.

By the way, Jacob Jing was a Professor of Chemistry, but his degree hadn't made him much money.

The man couldn't stand his wife any longer, and couldn't see any other way out. He decided to destroy himself along with her.

The explosive was homemade. After all, he was good at chemistry. Bl

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Firemen, policemen, EMTs, and their vehicles splashing colored light over the crowd. The villa was surrounded by people.

The fire was finally put out after an hour. The villa had been burnt to a blackened husk. Anyone that was still in there was merely char and ashes.

Adalson Ji, who was in a green uniform, squatted down before Blair. Eyes full of sorrow, he said softly, "Blair, come with me." Standing beside Adalson Ji was a man in a camo suit—Wesley.

Confusion was written all over Blair's face. "Uncle, why did they abandon me?"

The question brought a lump to his throat. That was his sister and brother-in-law, and he couldn't save them. He stroked her hair as if comforting a child. "They didn't abandon you. You're still their daughter, no matter what."

"Uncle, I was in the villa too, but I didn't die." Blair clenched her fists tightly, her face as pale as a sheet. "I couldn't save them. Am I a murderer?"

She watched as her parents died. She was so guilty that she thought she was responsible for their deaths.

Adalson Ji felt rather sorry for her. "No! That's not it. You're still a sweet kid. You had nothing to do with this," he coaxed her.

'I'm almost nineteen. Not really a kid,' she thought.

Adalson Ji got a call over his radio. He stepped away to make a report. Wesley and Blair were left alone.

Wesley passed a bottle of water to the girl, who stared blankly at the ground. "Have a drink. It'll help your throat," he said.