

Mr Carlos 261

Chapter 261 Beat Him

Debbie and Jared started exchanging heavy punches. Kasie, Kristina, Dixon, and Sasha watched helplessly as Debbie pressed Jared against the floor and beat him mercilessly.

Jared cursed, "Tomboy, I'm breaking off all ties with you. We're not friends anymore."

"Oh really? That's exactly what I was thinking. I better beat you to a pulp today so that I don't have to see your dumb face again," Debbie snapped back. She hit him blow after blow. Jared could only cover his face and try to dodge her punches.

Wiping off her tears, Sasha grabbed Debbie's wrist and pleaded, "Deb, don't hit him. His face is already black and blue."

Debbie grabbed Jared's collar with her other hand and said through gritted teeth, "I am not done yet. No one is allowed to bully my cousin. Jared, you are no exception."

Jared's face was killing him. He shouted at Dixon, "Bro, why are you standing still there? Pull this woman off me!"

He and Debbie used to fight against others all the time, and he thought she was pretty cool. But today, he was the one at the receiving end of her anger, and it hurt like hell.

Dixon said casually, "You asked me to let go of you, and I did."

Words failed Jared.

Debbie still refused to let him go. At that moment, her phone rang. Kasie picked it up from the table and saw the caller ID. She heaved a sigh of relief. "Tomboy, it's your husband. Answer it," she said anxiously.

Debbie yelled, "No! Because of him, Dixon and I have to go abroad, and Jared and I are fighting against each other." Saying that, she gave Jared another punch in his face.

Jared cried bitterly, "Tomboy, if it's your husband's fault, then why are you still hitting me?"

Sighing in defeat, Kasie answered Debbie's phone. In a low voice, she said into the phone, "Mr. Huo, we're in Room 2203. Debbie and Jared got into a fight, and we are unable to stop them. Please come quickly."

The phone was disconnected immediately, and within two minutes, the door to the private booth was pushed open from the outside. Carlos' tall figure came into view.

He felt much relieved when he saw it was Jared who got beaten.

"Hello, Mr. Huo."

Debbie and Jared greeted Carlos

"Carlos, you are right on time. Beat the hell
of them

and stroked her hand. "Your hand must be hurting," he said
she
little fat that it
an empty beer bottle. "Here, hit him with this. Your hand won't hurt this way.
them looked at Carlos in stunned disbelief. 'Is Mr. Huo really here to stop them
on the table, and grabbed Carlos' hand. "Never mind. I'm not angry anymore. If I break his head with the
bottle, I will end up in
and his face was swollen.
choice. If you beat me to death, then there
coldly, "I'll
anger rose again. "Tomboy, listen to your husband! He's so cold-blooded that he wants me
her eyes and snorted, "You deserve
pointed to his bleeding nose
Debbie shrugged.
aching cheek and immediately got an idea to get back at Debbie. "Mr. Huo, Tomboy said that she could
the booth any longer because Jared was snitching on her to Carlos.
to the door
yet you want a poor kid like me
"You heard me. Tonight's on you. Sasha,
and murmured, "Deb, you go back with Carlos.
and Jared, and immediately realized that something was off. "Jared, take Sasha back home," she
ordered.
cousin, not mine!"

Chapter 262 Because You're My Uncle

Seeing that Debbie wanted to leave, Curtis smiled with resignation. "Debbie, it's just a dinner. Come on."
Debbie took a deep breath, but her mind was made up. "I'm not hungry anymore," she said stubbornly
to her husband, refusing to look at or talk to Curtis.
Carlos turned around and explained to her, "This is Colleen's restaurant. And it's expensive, to boot.
Let's just eat and let Curtis pay the bill? We can rip him off. It'll be fun."

"Since when do you care about money?" Debbie retorted curtly. The VIP card for the fifth floor of Alioth Building cost a million each. Carlos had given Debbie and each of her closest friends a card like that without blinking. Of course, right now, he wasn't complaining about the cost. He was trying to pull a prank.

With a smile, he coaxed, "Hey, I get it. But you're hungry, right? Since we're already here, let's get something to eat."

Debbie knew Carlos wouldn't let her leave, so she reluctantly followed the two men inside. Nothing would be gained by continuing to resist, so she decided maybe she was hungry, after all.

Curtis led them into a booth. Before they walked in, a waiter had already carried a pot of soup stock inside the booth, and put it on the stove to heat it. A faint delicious smell filled the air when the three stepped inside.

They took their seats. Debbie sat next to Carlos, and Curtis was on his other side.

Soon, the waiter brought in several ingredients so they could finish making the hot pot. There was thinly sliced lamb and goat, beef, egg noodles, bok choy, crown daisy and winter melon, spinach, lettuce, carrots, taro, daikon, and watercress. Not to mention various condiments like soy sauce, garlic, white pepper and XO sauce. The ingredients here were much more exquisite than those she had eaten at other hot pot restaurants she'd tried. This place looked like it catered to an upscale clientele. Which was appropriate since she was here with Carlos.

Assuming Curtis and Carlos were going to eat with her, she didn't stop the waiters from bringing in dish after dish. There was enough for a sumptuous feast.

When the stock started boiling, Curtis picked up some ingredients and threw them in. Debbie didn't see everything he used, but there was definitely some goat and daikon. When the food was ready, Carlos fished it out of the pot with his chopsticks, putting it on Debbie's plate. She ate without complaint and life was good. At least for now.

When there was a lull, she looked around at the two men she ate with, and noticed they hadn't touched their chopsticks. "Why aren't you two eating?" she asked Carlos.

Glancing at the greasy beef rolls he had between his chopsticks, he shook his head and replied, "I already ate."

"Me too. I ate when Carlos did," said Curtis.

Tonight, they had gone to the same dinner and left at the same time. Afterwards, Carlos had gone back to the manor, and Curtis had come to this restaurant.

me company while I eat?' Debbie suddenly felt

Curtis, she couldn't let two men spend their evening making sure she ate well. She smiled. "I came

To whom? Why?" Debbie was

me," Curtis said. "Why did you get pissed
answered in a low voice, "Because you're my
it took awhile before I figured out you were my niece. Never mind. Just eat." Afraid to bring up
something that might
kept eating, and kept a silent vigil at
still crammed with food. Curtis stood up and
Debbie raised her head and stared at it. "Is he
made Carlos want to laugh. 'Isn't she angry at him? Why should she give a rat's ass about
to
it still throbbed. She hated all the Lus. Since Curtis was a member of the Lu family, it jumped right to her
head that he was probably just as bad as her mom and her
through enough, and he decided that she didn't need to be angry forever. Hopefully, this would blow
over. But he needed
sneered, "How? I swear, I never met him before Economics and Management
a total stranger would take her side.
just refused to see it right
come down on me for
wasn't something she wanted to
a moment. 'I guess I can drop it, but
a durian pizza on it. It smelt so good even the thick smell of the hot pot couldn't disguise it. It made
was carrying it, it
eager look in her eyes. Curtis put the pizza down on the table
and
surprised. 'Curtis can
all. Nonetheless, after a moment's hesitation, she picked up the pizza slice

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 263 Leaving Alone

Carlos burst into laughter and shook his head. Putting a boiled shrimp into Debbie's mouth, he said,
"There's no need to be dignified in front of Curtis." He and Curtis had been friends for nearly twenty
years. But he had never expected that Curtis would someday become his uncle-in-law. Debbie felt
stumped when Carlos put the keys inside her bag.

She hesitated for a moment and then decided not to worry about it anymore.

The two men talked business while she ate. When the meal was finished, Debbie touched her stuffed belly, which was the size of a football. "I shouldn't have eaten so much. It's almost bed time. I haven't run or done any yoga recently. If I keep going on like this, I'll become fat soon."

Carlos rubbed her soft belly and said, "Don't worry about that. You might have skipped running and yoga, but you've been engaging in other forms of exercises. With my help, you will stay fit."

"Debbie was confused.

She looked at him and then at Curtis. The grin on Curtis' face had her realize what Carlos had meant. Embarrassed, she pinched her husband's arm without letting Curtis see. "Shut up," she snapped quietly.

"Fine," he responded. And he kept his mouth shut for the rest of the meal.

It started drizzling as they walked out of the restaurant, drowning Debbie's hopes of taking a walk after the big meal.

Carlos took her back home after saying goodbye to Curtis.

When they entered their bedroom, he asked while holding her in his arms, "Are you still feeling too full?"

She shook her head immediately, afraid to admit that she was. She knew how Carlos was in the bedroom. "I'm going to take a bath. You can go and get some work done in the study if you are bored."

"Want me to join you in the bath?"

"No, no. I reek of hot pot. You won't like the stench." With that, she ran into the bathroom. Lying against the headboard, Carlos smiled at her receding back.

The next morning, Debbie woke up after Carlos had left for work. She freshened up quickly and started packing.

At the airport

Debbie got out of the car and her driver handed her the luggage. "Thank you, Matan," she said.

there, you will be on your own. Please take care of yourself.

Thank you. You

"Bye, Mrs. Huo."

"Bye, Matan."

walked

before she could reach the lounge, someone shouted,

check the picture on my phone. Yes, it's her! Hurry!" a second

Mrs. Huo! Debbie

rose behind her. She turned around to find a dozen men carrying cameras running
she screamed in

by reporters came flooding back to her. She certainly didn't want to relive that experience. Besides,
missing her flight was the last thing she wanted. Pulling her luggage with her, she

Huo, please wait! Mrs. Huo..." the reporters cried as they chased her.

and as the best runner in her university, Debbie was not that easy to catch

hid, and she finally got onto the escalator quietly. The heavy luggage was holding her back. She could
have

suitcase, it took her ten minutes to get rid of all

she hid under a staircase to catch her breath.

much trouble. I can't even get on a plane peacefully, ' she fumed.

cap and sunglasses to cover half her face. She even wiped off the candy lipstick she was wearing and put
on a shade of blush

out that Debbie was gone. He had intended to take her out for dinner and

called the house phone in the manor. A housemaid stammered out the truth when she

asked coldly after a short

to drive her to the airport. And she left a message for you, Mr. Huo— 'See

hung up without

later, he called Emmett in and asked calmly, "Emmett, how is the

bought the air ticket for Debbie. Every time his boss called

he knew it. His boss had found out. Pretending to be calm, he answered, "The investment has been
made,

supervise the project. Don't come

Huo, you know about Mrs. Huo's temper.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 264 Mr. Huo's Smile

The driver was British. Debbie was pretty sure he couldn't understand Chinese, so she decided to
continue talking to Carlos in her native tongue. She smiled and cajoled Carlos, putting on her sweetest
voice. "I decided a couple days ago. I was in a bad mood then. Can you stop being mad at me, honey?
You know how much I love you. I'm wearing the watch you bought me."

She was also wearing the ring Carlos got her. Only, she was wearing it around her neck as a necklace,
just like before.

"Are you also wearing the studs Hayden bought you?"

"No. I already mailed those back and blocked his number. Honey, my love for you is as pure as moonlight and as deep as the sea."

At the other end of the line, hearing Debbie's declaration of love, Carlos grinned from ear to ear. "You're set up with drivers, bodyguards, and cooks. I've got a friend you can call if things go south. I'll text you her number later."

"Okay, okay, whatever you say, honey. So can Emmett stay?"

For a moment, Carlos went silent again. She could tell she said something wrong. She was also sure he'd let her know about it. 'So that's what all this is about.'

"Hee hee, Mr. Handsome..." Debbie pleaded with a giggle.

"Debbie!" her husband snapped.

"Yeah?" she replied immediately.

"So it's about Emmett again. Do you remember how many times you've tried to get me to go easy on him?" Every time Emmett made a mistake, she would plead with Carlos for him, sweeter and softer than ever. She wouldn't even do that for herself. But she liked the guy. He was well-meaning, no matter what.

"I just don't want him in trouble because of me. He helped me out. And you didn't thank him but instead plan to exile him to some remote village. That's not fair."

"He deserves it," Carlos said firmly.

His stubbornness frustrated Debbie. "Alright, I won't take up more of your time. Bye, Mr. Huo." Her tone became icy cold.

she hung up, he said, "Okay, okay. He's not in

said joyfully, "Thank you,

don't think you can get away with this again. You know this pisses

problem. I promise I won't do it again. Honey, you're the best." Her voice was sweet

things from farms to little communities could be seen on the drive. Half an hour later, the car rolled to a stop in front of a building in

flats located in the heart of the city center. Close to all sorts of businesses from chains to mom and pop shops, she was truly set if she wanted to step out for a bite to eat or do some shopping. What was more, it was a short walk to a bus

framed by a row of beautiful colonnades, and she'd have to head through an ornate set of double doors of chestnut stain with elaborate glass work. Just when Debbie located the entrance, checking it against the address, and strode to the doors, a plump white-haired Chinese woman happened to be walking

catch up to Debbie. "Excuse me, are you Mrs.

nodded. "Yes, and

and

"Oh, thank you, Ethel."

took her and Ethel to the sixth floor. There were two apartments on

in the other. A glass end table held an ornate lamp, while a coffee table, also with a glass top, stood in front of

rewards, ' she exclaimed inwardly.

a camera outfitted for her. She didn't have to go to university right away. The driver and bodyguards could take her sightseeing for a couple days. The more Ethel Mei talked, the happier Debbie got. She

want a stranger's company, she could go to the tourist attractions without him. But wherever she went, so did

use one either this time. Assuming she'd be exhausted, she spent the first day resting at home and didn't set out until

sent it to Carlos. "Mr. Handsome, the French fries here are awesome. Come and have

she finished the draft, she discarded it.

had been a secret, she had

So she posted what she was going to say to Carlos in the Moments on WeChat instead.

you to come steal a few from my plate," she

words was the picture she had taken. She also sent her location along with

wondered if he'd comment on her post.

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 265 Carlos Is Sick

Debbie had been in England for a few days now. The day she reported to her university, she met someone she was familiar with.

Gus, who had always been an odd egg, ran towards her with a huge smile on his face. "Debbie, long time no see," he said, a complex look in his eyes.

Debbie looked at him and walked past without a word.

'What did I do wrong?' he mused with a confused frown.

But it didn't matter. The thought that he was actually Debbie's uncle put him in a good mood again.

He caught up with her and proclaimed, "Niece, as your uncle, I have come here to keep you company. Are you moved? Come on! Call me 'Uncle'."

The truth was that he didn't want to study abroad at all, because that meant being away from his girlfriend. Curtis had tricked him into coming here.

Making Debbie call him "Uncle" was the only thing he was interested in at the moment.

Debbie stopped and looked at him coldly. "I'm sorry. Do I know you? Get away from me."

Gus was stunned by her rude tone. It was not until then that he sensed there was something wrong about her behavior towards him.

His happy face disappeared. He shouted at her back, "Debbie Nian, I was just asking you to call me 'Uncle', as you rightly should. Do you have to pull such a long face for that?"

Without so much as a pause, Debbie walked straight towards her classroom.

'Damn that Curtis!

Why does he put me on such frustrating tasks every time?' he wondered sullenly.

the eighth day she was in England, Debbie video-called Carlos and learned that

asked Emmett how it happened, and he told her that ever since she had gone to England, Carlos hadn't gone back to the manor even once. He ate and

the third day he had been sick, but he had taken no medicine and insisted on working without a break.

hospital by coaxing, ordering, and threatening him all

she still didn't believe that Carlos would take his pills

sent Carlos a message asking, "Did you take your medicine? Take a picture so that I

got a domestic call

a fever of 39°C. I've tried

It was Megan.

had called her all of a sudden. "Where

the meeting room. He left his phone in his office on charge. I didn't mean to pry into his personal messages. When your

up while Megan was still explaining the

he was in another city on a business trip. She asked him

have high fever. Why are you still working? Do you want me

promise I'll

to see you take your

can't he take

to my office and

doing her homework at his desk. "Did your aunt Debbie call on

Carlos. I didn't mean to read it. Your phone was right there on the desk. I saw the message accidentally.

unplugged his phone silently. Then he said, "The rain has stopped. When you finish your homework, I'll ask the driver

need another ten minutes." Megan continued with

her lowered head, Carlos sank into deep

to Debbie. It was accepted at once. Debbie had been sitting

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 266 Gunshot

Carlos gazed at the big pair of eyes that had widened out of curiosity in his phone screen. "What are you thinking? My suit jacket just got dirty." A female client's perfume was so strong that the entire meeting room had been filled with its scent. Even after she had left, Carlos could still smell the scent on his jacket.

Debbie was disappointed. "I thought you were gonna strip for me."

Carlos picked up a brand-new suit jacket from the closet and put it on. "Wanna watch me strip?"

Debbie nodded excitedly, "Yes, yes!" The thought of his athletic body made her drool.

"Go to class now. You can feast your eyes tonight." Carlos winked.

Debbie nodded at his magnetic voice. "All right. It's a date. Don't back down later." She started shooting towards the classroom like a bullet.

Carlos was amused. "I won't. Bye."

"Bye!"

When Carlos walked out of the lounge, Megan was still doing her homework at his desk.

He looked at her and said flatly, "I'm going back to the meeting room. The meeting won't be over anytime soon. Ask Ashley to call a driver for you and tell him to take you home when your homework is done."

"Gotcha. Go back to your work. Don't worry about me, Uncle Carlos."

"Okay."

Debbie's days in England were pretty boring. Studying took up most of her time. It surprised her that a once hopeless student like her could be studying so hard now.

Without Carlos, her life was sort of like a photocopier. Every day was just a xerox of the other. It was always just class, yoga, and music.

Luckily, she had the weekends off to have some fun. Or she would have gone mad already.

come to England. She had been away from Carlos for forty-five days. During these days, she reflected on what had happened in Y City in the

her. No matter how busy he was, he always made time to keep her company. He provided the

her over Hayden only because he loved her very much and had gotten jealous of her being close to other men. She

things up and then pretended to be a good girl. She pretended

easily fallen into her trap. She had fought with Carlos over Megan. She had forced

she was here... It took only one look at the A4 paper with Carlos' name scribbled all over it to know so indulgent with her.

did

family. But she had refused him coldly. She shouldn't

felt so stupid as she thought about everything that she had messed up in the past. She only

grew up suddenly at some point in their life. It was so

what they had. The process

over a question on the English test paper when her phone rang. The message from Kasie said, "Tomboy, I wasn't planning on telling you this,

she texted back

was trying to save... Megan,"

it in front of me and I

'Megan!

is it Megan again?!' Debbie tried to calm down. She called Carlos immediately, but it was

"Uncle Carlos is still unconscious. But the doctors said that his situation

Anger and anxiety made Debbie roar, "He was shot in the arm last time because of

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean for

tell me

and

to say either. She couldn't really blame Megan, because her parents had saved

bound for Y City in the

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 267 Confrontation

Debbie put her luggage aside and said sarcastically, "If I had told you that I was coming back, I wouldn't have been able to see this moving scene of your sweet niece crying in your arms and you comforting her with so much care. It would have been a pity. Am I interrupting, Mr. Huo?"

Megan stayed in Carlos' arms, staring at Debbie, who had shown up all of a sudden. As if she had entered into some fantasy, she stayed stunned.

'Humph!

Is this bitch trying to provoke me?' Debbie thought.

Damon intended to intervene before things got worse, but he recalled that his wife had warned him to stay out of their romantic entanglements. So, he said, "My son would have woken up. I have to go home and check on him. Bye." And just like that, he left the ward.

Zelda also sensed the tension in the room. Seeing Damon leave, she said to Carlos, "Mr. Huo, I'll go and make sure your lunch is prepared on time."

And then, there was only Debbie, Carlos, and Megan left in the ward. Megan finally came to her senses and got out of Carlos' embrace quickly and explained anxiously, "Aunt Debbie, you have misunderstood me. I was only worried about Uncle Carlos."

Debbie's eyes were fixed on Carlos all the while. Upon hearing Megan's explanation, she smiled, "I didn't misunderstand anything or anyone. How I envy your close relationship with your uncle Carlos. If only I had such an uncle..."

"Megan, give us a minute," Carlos said in a low voice. Megan got up to leave, but Debbie stopped her in her tracks. "If you leave, who is gonna take care of your uncle Carlos? I have to study, so I'll be leaving now."

"Aunt Debbie..."

"Don't you dare call me that!" Debbie bellowed, draining the color from Megan's face.

"Debbie!" Carlos shifted his eyes from Megan to his angry wife. The sharpness in his eyes were gone. There was a tender yearning in them.

Only they knew how much they had missed each other, how many times they had imagined their reunion. But it was never like this; nothing like this.

"Yes, Mr. Huo, what can I do for you?" Debbie looked at him, her eyes full of sarcasm.

Carlos waved to her. "Come here."

luggage and made her way to the

"Debbie!" Carlos snarled.

missed Carlos in England. He had been the first thing in her mind when she woke up and the last thing in her thoughts as she fell asleep. Every song she had listened to reminded

her. And she loved the man. Only love could make her miss him that much. It couldn't have been clearer after they had spent so many days apart from each other. She wanted to hold him tight and never let her suitcase aside, and ran towards Carlos. He was quick enough to spread his right arm to catch her.

This was what their

Megan opened her mouth to remind Debbie of Carlos' wound. However, the couple

like an eternity in his arms, Carlos lay her on the bed and quickly got on top of Debbie, his hand sliding all over her. Realizing what he was up to, she grabbed his

desire for so long. "I don't care,"

straightened her clothes. She looked at him with fake anger and said, "You

a month. After the long kiss, he

Debbie pushed the nurse-call button and asked for the doctor-in-charge.

under a minute, a group of doctors walked into the ward.

said, "Hurry. Mr. Huo

the prank his wife was

doctors who had swarmed in. She looked at Carlos, who was struggling to suppress his urge with his eyes closed. The hopeless look on his face made

the doctor asked in concern,

Carlos snapped, "Get out!"

say anything else, the doctor led

was just the

his eyes and said, "Come here." His

stood to his left

her hand tightly.

"I just want

There's nothing to look at. Why did you come back without telling me?" Not just her, none of his employees in England had informed him of it. 'It looks

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 268 The Huos Did It

The feigned sadness and weakness disappeared from Megan's face. She smiled at Debbie malevolently.

"I love Carlos as much as you do. So how could I leave him alone? Besides, the entire Huo family likes me. They hate you. So it should be me asking you, Debbie, when are you gonna divorce Carlos?"

Debbie wanted to slap her so badly. Carlos' relationship with Megan always bugged her, and every time she was justified. "Um...he's my husband?" It was less a question, and more incredulity that she would even ask. "So what if they like you? As long as Carlos loves me, it doesn't matter if the whole world's on your side."

Megan smiled conspiratorially. "You really think Carlos loves you?"

"Of course." She could feel Carlos' love for her. His every act was drenched in affection for her. Her feelings wouldn't lie. Megan's words couldn't change that.

"If he loves you so much, why didn't he tell you about the birth control pills you took?"

Debbie was puzzled. "What?" Though he'd initially been angry, the two had already made up and put the issue of the morning-after pills behind them. She wasn't the most experienced sleuth, so Debbie couldn't figure it out. Why did she test positive for those pills, when she never took any? In the end, she had thought it was simply because she had a voracious appetite. Maybe she had eaten something that contained the ingredients they tested for. If she ate a lot of it, that would explain the high levels they found.

But now that Megan had brought it up again, not to mention in that weird tone, Debbie knew something was fishy.

"What do I mean? Debbie Nian, you're pathetically naive. Since we're both women, I shouldn't have to tell you that I don't trust men. Carlos may have an open wallet when it comes to you. He may buy you a lot of pretty things. But that's not love."

"Stop!" Debbie interrupted her. "I'm a 22-year-old married woman, you're 18 and single. Why would I think you know anything about men? You're just trying to get between me and Carlos."

Megan was young after all. Debbie could see what she was up to. She'd made it clear plenty of times that her motives were not pure when it came to Carlos.

The younger girl bit her lip angrily and said, "Do you know why the tests came back positive? The pills had been ground up and put in your food. And the Huos did it. Almost every day. As long as Carlos was at home with you in the evening, they made sure you took the pills the next day. He knew it, and said zilch to you. That has to suck."

now, and the world, which had made sense just moments earlier, didn't. 'Carlos' family

few deep breaths to center herself. And finally visibly

but you

what harm it would do. "Deal,"

Debbie's promise, Megan laughed weirdly. "Your so-called

'James and Tabitha.'

clenched them so tightly that

her. Debbie could totally believe James was behind it. But Tabitha? She remembered the bracelets Tabitha had given her the first day they met. 'She was always nice to me. She couldn't do that.' "No way. you forget what she said about you the other night? I haven't... She said you shattered the peace in that the reason she considered moving out of that house. It had taken Carlos a long time to comfort her. She calmed down, but never forgot.

the world indistinct. She grabbed Megan's collar, and the younger girl screamed in fear. However, since this was the VVIP inpatient department, nurses and doctors were not allowed to wander around unless absolutely necessary. It was

forced Megan against the wall, forearm against her throat. "You're just hell-bent on stealing Carlos away stumbled over her next words. "Y-yeah. Everyone deserves to be

sneered, "So? You screw me over just

since you showed up, he's only had eyes for you. It's not fair!" Megan was afraid, but she managed to shout out her thoughts anyway. She was already on thin ice. It wasn't going to do any harm to wound fair?" Laughing, Debbie tossed

to the floor

reached for her forehead and

In the ward

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 269 Your Wife Is Smarter Than You

Damon was unconvinced by Carlos' warning. He still thought that Debbie was cruel and that she was in the wrong. "Enough? Carlos, Megan had just undergone rescue treatment, and there's a deep wound in her forehead. You want to just let it go?" Damon snapped furiously.

Earlier, when Megan had seen the large amount of blood gushing from her forehead, she had panicked, which caused her the asthma attack again. She was then wheeled into the emergency room by the nurses.

"I mean what I said. That's enough!" Carlos said sternly. His anger was on the verge of erupting.

Seeing his angry face, Damon yielded to him at once. He lowered his voice and said, "I should listen to my wife and mind my own business—take care of our baby and work hard to earn more money. I shouldn't have come here to care about others."

Debbie grinned. "Your wife is smarter than you."

Damon gaped at her, lost for words. This woman belittled him all the time, yet at the same time, praised his wife. He didn't know how to handle her.

Deep inside, Damon was actually impressed by Debbie's influence on them. She had hurt Megan, but strangely, none of them hated her for it.

Finally, he gave up. Sighing, he turned to look at the other men in the ward. "Wesley, Carlos, you two take care of Megan yourselves. You fostered her, after all. From now on, I'll focus on being a good dad and husband. I won't meddle in your businesses anymore. And since Carlos has Debbie now, you'd better take the larger part of the responsibility for Megan, Wesley. Goodbye, everyone."

Wesley looked at him disbelievingly. 'I'm a bachelor, so I should shoulder more responsibility? I have a woman to take care of too, you know! Although she isn't my girlfriend or wife yet, she will be, if things goes smoothly, ' he thought to himself.

Damon walked towards the doorway. Debbie followed him and asked, "Where are your wife and son? I want to see them. I haven't had a chance to see your newborn yet."

Damon waved goodbye to her. "You stay here and trouble your own husband. Don't bug my son. You're a bad example. I don't want my son to become a troublemaker like you. That would hurt me so much!"

Debbie went closer to Damon and rested her arm on his shoulder in a sisterly way. But before she could utter a single word, a cold voice came from behind her, "Put your hand away!"

Everyone in the ward knew whom Carlos was talking to.

speaking. "I wanted to give your baby a cash gift. Are

your money to buy a ticket back to England.

mind his rude words at all. Instead, she smiled and opened the door for him while saying, "All right,

just taken one step out of the ward when he froze. He returned in a flash and confronted her, "Hey, hey! Wait a second! Pepper Nian, cut it out. I don't need YOUR cash gift, but I've been waiting for Carlos'! His gift

his wife, "I guess you

"Pepper Nian... Um...I mean...Debbie, please! I was just kidding. I didn't mean to hurt you or anything.

burst out

away shoulder to shoulder, Carlos yelled again, "Come

Damon moved some distance away from Debbie and bade

around to throw a glare at Carlos and then looked away. She

"When did I blame

in the ward. Both Curtis and Wesley were shocked by how much Carlos spoiled Debbie. He didn't blame her senses, Debbie pointed her finger at the sullen Wesley and said in an innocent tone, "But your friend is

was stumped. 'Why get me involved? This is a bicker between you two,

leave my
the ward without any
what she was hearing. 'I hurt Megan, but Wesley just let me
Li, your girlfriend is lovely and very beautiful.
and spat, "She's not my
specifically mention whom I was referring
laughed and shook her

Mr Carlos Huo, She's Your Wife

Chapter 270 Let's Get A Hotel Room

"No way!" Wesley glared at Damon, bearing his anger. In his mind, he cursed Carlos, 'Carlos Huo, I'm so disappointed in you. Aren't you well known as a cold and overbearing CEO? How can you surrender to a woman so easily? You're too weak! Now I lost my bet because of you!'

That blunt reply got on Damon's nerves. He snapped in a displeased tone, "Wesley Li, are you a man or not?"

Stone-faced, Wesley squinted at Damon and teased, "Am I a man or not? You want to check it for yourself?" Then he dropped the F word, in such a casual way, you'd think he was a crackhead from the backstreets.

A chuckle rang in the corridor all of a sudden. But obviously, it was not Damon who had let out this chirpy chuckle.

'Who's that laughing?'

In confusion, the two of them simultaneously turned and looked towards the elevator, where the chuckle had come from. There stood near the elevator was a woman, staring at them with a smiling face that indicated she had stood there for some time, watching them argue. 'Holy cow!' Wesley cursed when he realized it was Blair. "When did you sneak up on us?"

Earlier, they had reached the hospital together and then separated, each one to their own businesses. Wesley had come to visit Carlos while Blair had come to visit her friend. She said there was something she wanted to pick from the friend. They'd agreed to meet later on, and Wesley would drive her back home.

It only happened that Blair didn't take long at her friend's place. Since she had a lot of time on her hands, she had done a little window shopping on the street nearby the hospital and gone to a cafe for coffee until it was time to come here as agreed. For a few minutes, she had tried to wait outside, but it was a little too cold. So she decided to come in and head upstairs where she knew he was. But the moment she stepped out of the elevator, she had accidentally overheard an improper talk that was going on between these two men. Stealthily, she had sneaked up on them, until she couldn't move anymore, without being noticed. She had leaned against the wall only a minute before Wesley snapped

with the profanity that made her chuckle. But immediately she had realized it was a crude remark that wasn't funny at all.

Now seeing Blair covering her mouth, as if she was undecided between amusement and anger at his tasteless language, Wesley asked with a dark face, "Is it funny?"

To which Blair retorted, "It's more thoughtless than funny, if that's what you thought. Such a flat joke, unless the two of you are used to such language from the gutter." Trying her hardest to maintain a calm face, she added, "I never knew... Colonel Li, you have homosexual tendency..."

Damon who had stood and watched her reaction quietly now spoke, taking the chance to throw in wisecrack. In a mock gesture of flirting, he echoed Blair's retort by holding Wesley's shoulders and winking suggestively. "Wesley, let's get a hotel room now."

Unable to hold back her laughter, she laughed and shot back, "Oh, now, that's funny!" Then she noticed Wesley's deadpan face and angry glare. But she didn't care and looked him straight in the eye, as she kept laughing loudly.

Awkward, Wesley softly kicked Damon in the shins and spat coldly, "Get your dirty fingers off my shoulders. I'll be at the barracks later. See me at the camp if you want my pistol!" Then he made two quick steps to Blair, grabbed her by the arm and left straight away.

When Blair saw the direction which he was dragging her towards, she stammered something in surprise and protested at once. "Hey, I need to take the elevator!" she excused herself. 'Is Wesley serious that we are taking the staircase, from right here on the 18th floor!? Jeez! Doesn't he even care that I've been up and down the whole day?' she thought.

However, ignoring her protest, Wesley dragged her all the way to the exit. Blair still struggled, trying to break free, only for him to tighten his grip around her wrist.

floor, Blair clutched the railing of the staircase tightly and refused to go on foot

turned around, staring at the complaining woman. "You've just walked a short flight of stairs,

to join the armed forces. I'm not under some obligation to guard our country or anything like that. Why should my physical form

will derive from a woman who can't even satisfy his sexual needs? Can't you see that I'm

Although she was still young, she could easily understand the subtext of his words. She blushed red all over her face. But after a few seconds, when she realized something, her face went pale, and her eyes became red with tears. Bearing the pain in her heart, she continued to walk

his lower lip in remorse, he picked up his pace in an attempt to grab hold of her wrist.

she shook off his hand at

to hold her close by his side, he grabbed her

she told him off, in a low and stern voice, "I

defeated, Wesley sighed helplessly.

descending a few floors, he suddenly quickened his steps and
broad shoulders and sidestepped him, cursing under her
she walked

new idea. Just as she was turning the second corner after she had turned down his
with her head facing the floor and her body tumbling on his shoulder, began to feel squeamish. It was as
though all of her blood had suddenly started rushing to her brain. Flailing and kicking without success,
she pleaded, "It's uncomfortable.

and with a cunning smile, he asked, "Will you
"No..."

me to piggyback you or
in without a second thought. Miserably, she thought, 'I'd better listen to
of satisfaction beamed on his face as
back and let him carry her the rest of the way downstairs.

when they reached the fifth floor. "What's the wisdom of struggling down the stairs for a whole 18
floors, instead of taking the elevator? And what's more,
is what I find pleasure in," he answered, making light of it.

killer. She wondered why on earth she had previously had a crush on him.

In Carlos' ward

to Debbie and tried to bring up something new, so that she would stop worrying. He
Debbie's face faded. She opened her mouth but hesitated to speak. After a few