

TMBA 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

paused, and then pulled out his phone. He asked, "Anything else?"

"Hotpot..." They had seldom eaten hotpot together. Carlos was not a fan, but Debbie loved it. She was not even full, yet the dinner was ruined by her fight with Jared.

"Durian pizza, hotpot and...?" He looked Debbie in the eye.

Stumped, she propped her hand against her chin and murmured, "There would be no pizza in hotpot restaurants. And pizza shops don't serve hotpot. I like hotpot more, so I'll go with that." Carlos hated

food with durian, and that was why she chose hotpot. It didn't matter what to eat. She just wanted Carlos' company.

"Hmm..." Carlos dialed a number. "Prepare a hotpot and some durian pizza. And make some snacks and desserts too. I'm on the way."

'Really? A restaurant which has both hotpot and pizza?' Debbie wondered.

When they arrived at their destination, Debbie saw that the restaurant was called "Home Cuisine." Staring at the old-fashioned plaque and dimly lit courtyard before the restaurant, Debbie asked curiously, "This restaurant serves both hotpot and pizza?"

Carlos grabbed her hand and led her in. "Yeah. The owner is my friend."

As soon as they entered the yard, someone came over to greet them.

Debbie turned around to leave when she saw Curtis walking towards them. But Carlos stopped her. "Don't avoid him. He did nothing wrong."

[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

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"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.

ersity?

That must have cost a fortune. Mind blown.' She looked at Carlos and asked, "So why is he paying for all this?"

Carlos didn't know how to respond. It was not like he was poor. He could probably support a dozen Debbies if it came to that.

"Why did you allow him to buy me an apartment? Aren't you always jealous? Why didn't you stop him?"

Both Carlos and Curtis

were dumbstruck. This wasn't the reaction they were expecting.

Instead of taking the keys, Debbie gulped down another slice of pizza angrily. Carlos comforted her, "He's your uncle, he's family. Besides, I don't want you to sleep in the dorm. If you take the keys, we can live there together."

"He's not my uncle. I didn't say it, you did. So he's your uncle, not mine." Debbie rolled her eyes at Carlos.

"Well, my uncle is also yours," he retorted.

"No, he's not. If this gift were from anyone else, then I'd take them."

"What about Gus? He's family too." Gus was the same age as Debbie, but since he was Curtis' brother, legally, he was Carlos' uncle-in-law too. Carlos felt frustrated at the thought.

"Of course not. Don't even try that, Carlos. You just like Curtis' money. Mr. Lu, I appreciate it, really. But I can't." On one hand, the present was too much. On the other hand, she didn't want anything to do with her mom, the woman she had never met.

Curtis didn't mind her reaction. He said with a smile, "It's okay if you blow off my apology. Take the keys. Consider the apartment a late wedding present for you and Carlos."

Hearing this, Carlos took the keys for Debbie and said, "Thank you, Mr. Lu."

Debbie glanced at her husband and scoffed, "Dammit Carlos, where's your dignity?"

[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.

"When you get there, you will be on your o

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ows, doesn't he?" she asked directly.

"Yes. And Mr. Huo is sending me off to Southon Village. Please help me, Mrs. Huo." Emmett wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. He was relieved that the call had finally been connected. He had been trying to get a hold of her for so long.

"Okay. I'll try my best." Debbie hailed a cab and gave the address of the house Curtis had bought for her to the driver.

She had asked Carlos about it the night before. And her husband had almost seen through her plan.

Carlos' phone had rung several times before he finally answered it. She began with a giggle, "I knew you would be busy, but I also knew that you would insist on seeing me off at the airport. I didn't want to waste your time. That's why I left quietly."

There was no response from the other end.

Debbie knew what she had done was wrong. She went on, "I had a safe flight. And see? I'm calling you right after the plane landed. Also, I'm heading for the house...er... Mr. Lu bought for me, just as you told me, all right?"

Carlos only grunted slightly.

"Fine. I apologize. What I did was wrong. I'll wait for you in England. Come as soon as you can, okay?"

Still not a word from Carlos.

Since coaxing wasn't working, Debbie changed her strategy. "Old man, you suggested that I study abroad yourself. Why are you angry about it now?"

"I suggested it, but I didn't ask you to leave alone," Carlos finally spoke.

[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.

Carlos rubbed his throbbing temples. Before she hung up, he said, "Okay, okay. He's not in hot water anymore. Happy?"

"Debbie said joyfully, "Thank you, honey. Muah!"

Carlos let out a silent sigh. "And don't think you can get away with this again. You know this pisses me off!" he warned.

"No problem. I promise I won't do it again. Honey, you're the best." Her voice was sweet as candy.

After hanging up the phone, Debbie turned to look out the car window. The scenery was so different than in China. All sorts of things

sking her meaningless questions.

Her update had racked up more than two hundred likes. But still, there was no trace of Carlos.

'He must be busy. He'll comment later,' she comforted herself.

Looking at the food on the table, French fries, roast steak, beef pie, roast chicken... suddenly, she understood why Carlos had hired Ethel Mei to take care of her.

She didn't feel so hot right now. Her stomach just didn't seem to like this kind of food. It was okay to eat it once, maybe twice, for a change of pace. But to eat it every day would kill her.

'Carlos is so thoughtful. He is so good to me,' she thought happily.

She picked up her phone to check the comments, and then she saw something from Carlos!

Her eyes were glued to the screen, hands holding the phone tightly—she didn't want to miss one single word. "Mrs. Huo, you're waiting for me to eat junk food with you?"

'Junk food?' Debbie stared at the fries. 'Never mind. He doesn't have much time to comment, because he's so busy.' Then she replied to his comment, "Yes, if you love him, take him to eat junk food."

In his office, Carlos smiled at her words. Zelda, who was doing a report, was confused. 'I'm talking about something serious and irritating. Why is Mr. Huo smiling? What's so funny?'

She checked the file from beginning to end but found nothing amusing.

"Um, Mr. Huo..." Zelda said cautiously.

Instantly, Carlos' smile was gone. He looked at her with a poker face and said, "You're in charge of this project. Now that there's a problem, it falls on you guys to make it right."

"O-Okay, Mr. Huo," she replied nervously.

[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.

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

She 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 slept at the company and worked more than ten hours a day. The long hours, stress, and lack of sleep eventually damaged his health.

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

Worried, Debbie made him go to the hospital by coaxing, ordering, and threatening him all at once.

Even so, she still didn't believe that Carlos would take his pills like he

. Taking two days off meant that he could only go to England two days later.

"But you..." Carlos checked the time in his watch and asked, "Shouldn't you be in class at this hour? Where are you?"

"Um... I... I'm in my classroom, of course," Debbie lied.

"Oh really? Tell me, which university classroom has a big tree inside it?"

Caught in the act of cutting class, Debbie looked up at the cheating tree and giggled, "I was too worried about you to stay focused in class. I had to call you."

"If you skip class again, I'll consider becoming an instructor in your university until you graduate, just to supervise you," Carlos warned as he walked into his office lounge.

Debbie stood up and dusted the dirt off her butt. "Mr. Huo, God has endowed you with the ability of being an extraordinary CEO and to make money to boost the world's economic development, not to become an instructor in some university. That would be a waste of your talent."

Carlos put his phone aside and started taking off his suit jacket. "An instructor can cultivate more capable minds for the country. In that sense, being an instructor is more meaningful than pushing forward the world's economy."

"Wait, Mr. Handsome! Why are you taking off your clothes?" Debbie had been running towards her classroom. But when she saw Carlos stripping himself, she stopped in her tracks, not being able to take her eyes off the phone screen.

[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.

It had been a month and a half since she had 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 past. She came to a few solid conclusions.

She had been too hot-tempered. Carlos had been nothing but good to her. No matter how busy he was, he always made time to keep her company. He provided the best for her. Why couldn't

VVIP inpatient department was always quiet. So, the whisper of the two nurses in the hallway could be heard pretty clearly. "I thought she wasn't Mr. Huo's wife."

"No, she is only his niece."

"Then, what's with the hugging? She's not a child. She should have some boundaries."

Debbie heard every word. 'Even strangers know that Megan should keep her distance from Carlos. But she acts like a little girl around him.

' Too focused on their gossip, the two nurses only nodded to Debbie as she walked past.

Debbie heard the sobs from inside the ward even with the door shut.

With one hand on the doorknob, she took another deep breath and pushed it open.

Megan was crying in Carlos' arms. His face was pale. His shoulder was bandaged. One of his hands lightly patted the weeping girl in his arms.

At his bedside were Damon and Zelda.

Zelda, who was the only one facing the door, saw her first.

"Mrs. Huo," she greeted Debbie in a surprised voice.

All eyes fell on her at once. Even Megan raised her head to look at Debbie with her red, swollen eyes.

The look of delight was so obvious in Carlos' eyes when he saw Debbie. But then he asked with a frown, "Who told you? Why didn't you tell me that you were coming back?"

He had specifically asked Emmett, who was close to Debbie, to not break a word to her. How did she know?

[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

and had almost become someone else's."

"Don't talk nonsense."

Debbie didn't respond. She didn't think she had said anything wrong.

Carlos moved aside to make room for her. Then he pulled her onto the bed and said, "Sleep with me."

"I don't need any sleep," she objected.

"Yes, you do," he insisted.

With Debbie in his arms, and the familiar scent of her around him, Carlos fell asleep soon.

Debbie was tired too. But the scene she had witnessed earlier kept her awake.

Assured that Carlos was fast asleep, she got out of his arms and left the bed quietly.

She wanted a word with Megan.

Megan was sitting on the bench outside the ward, playing with her phone.

Seeing Debbie, she put her phone away and smiled without saying anything.

"I'll take care of him. You can go," Debbie said coldly.

Immediately, the expression on Megan's face changed. Before she could say a word, Debbie warned, "Save your crocodile tears for someone else. People might actually think that I'm bullying you. Your masquerade won't work on me."

Even so, Megan pleaded quietly, "Aunt Debbie, I'm really worried about Uncle Carlos. Can you please let me stay here?"

Debbie wouldn't buy it. "If you really cared about him, you wouldn't have let him get shot twice because of you. There's nobody else here, it's just you and me. Cut the crap and level with me. How long do you plan on pestering my husband?"

[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. A

smiling, because Debbie wasn't hurt. He had stuck up for Megan before, but only because Wesley and Carlos were his buddies. But he much preferred Debbie to Megan.

Carlos sat on the bed silently, lips dry and pale. If you looked at him you could feel the temperature drop.

It was Damon who finally broke the silence. "Did you come back to see Carlos or hurt Megan?"

Debbie cast him a sideways look and scoffed, "Yeah right. Because I wanted to hurt Megan. See how important she is to me? I even flew back from England for her. Spent 10 hours in a flying tin can. It cost a pretty penny though. How about reimbursing me for my trouble?"

"Are you high? How could you even talk about that right now?" Damon stared at her with widened eyes. It was obvious he was furious with her.

"Why not? Just think, if I hadn't come back, you wouldn't have had the chance to rush to her rescue. Megan's guardian angels," she mocked. Her tone was exaggerated to make it sound dramatic. Damon's anger grew.

Curtis adjusted his glasses and cleared his throat. "Guardian angel? Hardly. Well, maybe for Colleen."

He sounded impartial. But Damon could tell that he was actually on Debbie's side. 'Curtis spoils her too much. Almost like he's her brother,' he thought.

At this point, Carlos fixed Damon with an icy glance, and warned, "You've stared at my wife long enough." He had been silent not because he was angry at Debbie. He was simply thinking about all the drama she caused. He had only slept for a short time, and she'd already gotten into more trouble.

[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.

Without turning to look at him, Debbie moved her hand away from Damon before speaking. "I wanted to give your

e facing Wesley and they had more chances to be together now.

Wesley gave him a contemptuous glance and chided, "You're a mature adult. Can you stop being so childish?"

Damon wasn't in the mood to argue with him. He stretched out his right hand in front of him, palm up, as if he was asking for something. Wesley coldly squinted at his hand and joked, "What? You want me to cut your pinky and sell it? Is it worth anything?"

Damon was furious and he flared his nostrils in anger. He touched his chest to suppress his anger. "You're a mature man too. Can you stop being this snarky and sharp-tongued every day? Forget it! I don't want to bother myself arguing with you at the moment. Where's your pistol? Give it to me now. You remember our bet, right? You see how Carlos spoils his wife now? Even we don't blame her for anything anymore. So you know who the winner is, don't you?"

At the beginning of Carlos and Debbie's relationship, Wesley and Damon had made a bet. Damon believed that Carlos would become a slave to his wife, but Wesley didn't think so. Now, the result of the bet was obvious, judging from how Carlos didn't dare blame Debbie even after she hurt Megan.

Even as Debbie's husband, Carlos didn't think to teach her a lesson, let alone Wesley or other friends of his. They could do nothing but turn a blind eye on whatever Debbie did.

Wesley used to stand by Megan's side whenever she had a conflict with Debbie. But recently, he had started feeling that something was wrong with Megan. She had become unpredictable and had taken the initiative to provoke Debbie time and again, which of course, made it even more impossible for Wesley to blame Debbie.

[Chapter 270 Lets 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!" Th

allow my anger. I couldn't put up with her affronts anymore. But it was out of her own carelessness that she lost balance and hit the bench. It serves her right, anyway!"

Carlos was rendered speechless by her last sentence.

"She's gotten to be grateful that she only suffered a slight wound in her forehead, while my husband got two gunshots for her sake. She's really lucky. If her parents weren't your life savers, I would've already returned her four gunshots!" Metaphorically, the first shot had been fired, and going forward, Debbie swore, Armageddon had come. What other incentive did she have left to entertain Megan?

Basking in the glory of the moment, she couldn't help but smile, flashing back on how after she had hurt Megan, the four men just watched helplessly. Were they not the same people Megan thought would protect her from Debbie if push came to shove?

Before, she had heard a rumor that a man had once accidentally knocked Megan down onto the floor, breaking her knees. At that time, all four of them worked together to put that man into jail on charges of attempted murder. While the accused man was rotting in jail, Megan must have thought Debbie would know better not to mess with her. Girl, she was wrong! Had any of the four men even dared as much to touch Debbie?

For a moment, when Debbie saw Megan being wheeled into the emergency room, she had been mentally prepared for a big fight with Carlos as well as his friends. But unexpectedly, they all let her off the hook so easily. 'Didn't they care about Megan's tantrums anymore? What will they tell her when she wakes up?' Debbie wondered.

As for Carlos, he knew Debbie was sometimes rebellious and wayward, but she wasn't a cruel woman. On the contrary, she was kind-hearted; and he'd swear, she never wanted to hurt anyone. But why was she always picking a quarrel with Megan? Was there something that he didn't know?

Although he didn't agree to her ways of handling Megan, he had no choice but to give in again. After all, he loved and spoiled Debbie. Sighing inwardly, he pulled her into his arms and reassured, "You're my wife. Just do whatever you want. I won't repeat the same mistake of dragging you into the river. It won't happen again."