

TMBA 341

### [Chapter 341 Jogging Together](#)

'Apologize? For what?' Curtis was confused. He casually glanced at his wife and son before answering, "We'd love to. What do you want to eat? When will you be available?"

"How about lunch tomorrow? Would you be able to reserve a table for us? I haven't been here for years," Debbie said.

"No problem. Is this your number? I'll call you tomorrow."

"Yeah. See you tomorrow, Uncle Curtis."

"See you."

Excited, Colleen asked Curtis, "How's it going? Debbie wants to treat us to dinner, huh?"

Curtis nodded with a smile and sat on the edge of the bed. "She said she wanted to apologize to us face to face. She asked me to bring 'Aunt Colleen' along."

"Apologize? What did she do wrong?" Colleen was also confused.

Curtis shrugged. "I don't know what's on her mind. Let's see what she's going to say tomorrow." Then he pinched his son's chubby face and told him, "Boy, Daddy will take you to meet Debbie tomorrow."

The boy was more than twelve months old, and was just learning to speak. Upon hearing that, he stuttered, "De...bbie..."

Colleen kissed him on the cheek and said cheerfully, "Honey, you're so smart! I love you."

Curtis pulled her into his arms and said, "When we see Debbie, don't tell her that Carlos is going to get engaged to Stephanie. Okay?"

"Debbie's already been here. She must have already heard the news. What I can't understand is why she had insisted that Carlos was dead. And all the news posts about her three years ago. Were they true?"

Curtis sighed helplessly and said, "I know. James lied to Debbie, telling her Carlos was dead. He said it was to test her integrity... Before Debbie went missing, she called me and told me that all the scandals about her were true. Nonetheless, I still don't know exactly what happened and I don't think things were necessarily what they seemed. I think Debbie was hiding something back then."

Damon and Wesley, who didn't know Debbie as well as Curtis did, believed what James had said, and they hated her very much. They even blamed Curtis for protecting her.

Colleen asked worriedly, "Did Debbie really.

her feelings to herself.

"I'm good. I don't always stay here." It was James who had insisted that Carlos live with Stephanie. James wanted Carlos and Stephanie to have a baby, and Carlos, for the life of him, couldn't figure out how to turn James down.

During Carlos' first night staying with Stephanie, they had slept in the same bed together. He realized that he wasn't remotely attracted to her—most especially not physically. By midnight, he had already transferred to another room.

Debbie was a little disappointed at Carlos' answer. She then offered, "Where else do you live then? I can move there."

"East District Manor. So you plan to build a manor there too?" he taunted.

Debbie was silenced. She couldn't afford to build a manor there.

They had already gone around and back twice. Carlos wondered to himself, 'She seems strong. We've probably already run a thousand meters and she doesn't even look tired.'

"Old man, why are you jogging? To lose weight?" she asked.

"No," he answered coldly.

"Then you must want to be fit." She approached him and said excitedly, "I have a way to help you lose one kilogram instantly. Give it a try?"

Debbie's ideas weren't exactly reliable—Carlos knew this so he simply snorted and ignored her.

Debbie knew that Carlos had always been a man of few words, so when he didn't say anything, she pressed on, "Are you not curious?"

#### [Chapter 342 Kabe-Don](#)

"Nope," Carlos answered coldly. He was not the type to be curious about everything.

Despite his answer, Debbie still chose to continue. While jogging along with him, she said, "The easiest way to lose weight is... to give your heart to me!"

Debbie herself burst out laughing at her joke as if Carlos was ready to give her his heart and soul.

Her breathing rhythm disrupted by laughter, she began to pant.

But she still laughed some more. Maybe it was to conceal her embarrassment. By the look of it, Carlos was impassive.

Unknown to her, he was thoroughly enjoying her lively company. Her smile was a ray of sunlight, working its way through his hitherto cold heart.

He slowed down and then came to a halt, staring at her with unrelenting, lustful eyes.

Debbie stopped as well. His intense gaze made her feel awkward. She scratched the back of her head and stammered, "I...I'm going back home."

All of a sudden, he took a step forward.

Startled, Debbie instinctively stepped backward. They repeated it a few times until her back bumped into a big tree. She had to walk past the tree if she needed to avoid him.

So she turned right in an attempt to walk past the tree, but he stretched out his arm to press on the tree and blocked her way.

Left with no choice, she turned left. Then again, she was blocked by him.

'Is this a Kabe-don?' Her mind flashed back to the study at his manor, where among other books, there were also a couple of Japanese poetry works. In wistfulness, she wondered how much better they'd have done together for all the three years she was away. Gradually, her heart began to race, her cheeks flushing with love.

She raised her head to look at him. "You... I..." She was lost for words.

He lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

An intense, passionate kiss from a man long starved of love. 'He kissed me again!' She savored the moment, feeling electrified in his warm embrace.

'Oh my God! We are in public, and there are many people passing by!' she thought to her mind you calling me 'Uncle.' But you have to call her 'Aunt' as well. Otherwise, people will mistake her for my niece as well." Seeing sense in what he said, Debbie protested, "That's not gonna happen!"

With a playful touch, Colleen pinched his arm, to which he smiled pleasantly.

Watching the peaceful couple, Debbie envied their love and commitment to each other.

After so many years, Colleen and Curtis were still head over heels in love. Debbie had never seen them have a disagreement.

In contrast, she and Carlos had disagreed almost every day.

Shaking off her thoughts, Debbie let go of Colleen and walked up to Curtis, who was holding a little boy. "Who is this handsome boy?" she asked. She lightly pinched his chubby face and smiled broadly.

It was the first time that she had seen her little cousin, who was even younger than her daughter. She reached into her clutch-bag and took out a chocolate bar for him.

The boy happily grabbed the bar and put it into his mouth, trying to bite, with the wrapping paper still on.

Debbie scooped him into her arms, unwrapped the bar for him and played with him, enjoying his excited gurgling sounds.

"Sweetie, what's your name?" she asked.

"He is Justus Lu," Colleen answered.

"Justus. Sounds good." Curtis held the chair for Debbie as she sat down with the boy in her arms.

[Chapter 343 I Have A Daughter](#)

Curtis said in a soft voice, "The name 'Justus' means upright and just. I don't expect him to be perfect. All I'm hoping for is that he will be a man of integrity." As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on his son, his eyes full of affection.

Upon hearing that, Debbie gave him a thumbs-up. "Wow! You're such a good father. Most parents would put all their expectations on their children. They want the world for their children—high-paying jobs and being CEO of a company. But you're not like that."

As if Colleen had thought of something, she rolled her eyes and said, "Debbie, I actually wanted to name him 'Leonardo' after Leonardo DiCaprio since I'm a huge fan. But your uncle Curtis didn't want me to."

Debbie burst into laughter. "I can understand Uncle Curtis. He's so possessive of you."

While listening to their conversation, Curtis just smiled softly. He dismissed the waiter in the private booth so that they could talk freely. He poured the two women each a glass of juice.

Colleen held her son's hand and told him, "Jus, this beautiful girl is your cousin. This is Debbie."

Looking at Debbie with his round eyes, Justus called out in a small voice, "Debbie."

Debbie pinched his face and said playfully, "Jus, you're so handsome. I think I'm in love with you!"

Colleen guessed that Debbie wasn't used to holding babies so she took Justus over. "Jus, do you like Debbie? She's so pretty, huh?"

Debbie straightened Justus' clothes and said to Colleen, "Why did you take Jus? I still want to play with him. How about this? I'm available in a few days. Let me take care of him for a couple of days so that you and Uncle Curtis can have a few days just to yourselves."

Colleen answered with a smile, "Come on! You must be kidding. You don't know how to take care of babies."

Debbie's smile froze. It was not until then that she realized that she had told Curtis she had aborted her baby three yea

girl, and she's more than two years old. Her nickname is Piggy. A friend's mom is taking care of her for me. I cannot let Carlos know she exists. I will take her back to Y City after he gets his memory back."

"Piggy? Come on! She's a girl! How could you name her Piggy?" Colleen looked at Debbie in disbelief.

Debbie sighed helplessly, "She doesn't like meat. I started calling her Piggy because I wanted her to eat some meat and gain some weight. She still doesn't eat meat but the name stuck. Don't worry. Her real name's Evelyn Nian."

"Thank God. But why don't you tell Carlos about Piggy? Maybe he'll get back together with you if he knows you have a baby with him." Colleen thought it wasn't wise of Debbie to keep Piggy a secret from Carlos. Piggy was Carlos' daughter and he might get back together with Debbie for the sake of their child.

Debbie shook her head. "I don't think Carlos will want to get back together with me just because we have a child together. Besides, James is still in the picture. He'll try whatever he can to break us up. If

Carlos and I fail to get back together and James gets a hold of Piggy, I'll never forgive myself. Piggy is my daughter. These past three years, I've leaned on Piggy for support and love. I can't afford to lose her."

#### [Chapter 344 Why Not Take Piggy Back](#)

"Debbie is right. If James is determined to separate her and Carlos, he will probably threaten her with Piggy. She can't take the risk. Debbie, you must think thrice before acting. After all, James is an old fox. Not only do Wesley and Damon trust him, but Carlos is also loyal to him," said Curtis. He had seen with his own eyes how loyal Carlos was to James.

He didn't think Debbie could win against James.

"I know, Uncle Curtis. I've hired a private detective to look for the evidence of the crimes he had committed. Besides, I have to clear my name. I don't want Piggy to be laughed at because she has a notorious mother," said Debbie firmly. She was not the old Debbie anymore.

She wouldn't go soft on those who dared to hurt her and her family again.

The three of them had a nice lunch, chatting and laughing.

During the lunch, Curtis suggested, "It's not appropriate to have your friend's mom take care of Piggy all the time. How about this? Why not take her back and let her live with Jus? We have two babysitters. I believe Jus will like Piggy very much."

Colleen nodded, "That's right, Debbie. After all, Carlos is in Y City, while Piggy is in Z Country. You can't always fly between the two places, can you?"

Debbie was tempted by their offer. If Piggy was in Y City, she could have more time with her. She really missed her a lot. But...

Curtis sensed Debbie's hesitation. He pushed his glasses up his nose and assured her, "Colleen and I don't live in the Lu family's house anymore. We have our own. The Lu family rarely visits so you don't have to worry about them. As for James, Carlos and I rarely see each other and I don't have any business with James."

'That sounds great, ' Debbie thought to herself. "Aunt Colleen, don't you need to go to work?" she asked.

"I quit. I'm a housewife now. Your uncle Curtis is well paid, and he can support me and our child. We even want to have more children." Colleen turned to look at Curtis and gave

t. Debbie, are you joining us?"

Debbie had nowhere to go too, so she nodded, "Sure."

Before Damon could say something, the three women had already left.

Stephanie, whose arm was still linked through Carlos', felt a bit isolated and embarrassed. She felt like an outsider.

An awkward silence rung in the air when Curtis took a few steps towards Carlos and offered, "Carlos, Damon, do you have anywhere you need to be? We can go to the Orchid Private Club if you like."

Damon shifted his glance to Debbie's disappearing figure and complained, "She just came back and she's already stealing my wife away from me. She's still so annoying. I guess nothing's changed. Anyway, yeah, I'm free. What about you, Carlos?"

Carlos nodded and then turned to Stephanie. "I'll have the driver take you to the office."

"All right. See you tonight." Stephanie bid Carlos and the others goodbye as she headed for the elevator.

Curtis, Damon, and Carlos were now left alone. Damon looked at Justus, then turned to Curtis. "Are you sure you want to take your son to the club?"

Curtis was a bit irked, and snapped at him, "Of course not. I don't want my boy to follow bad examples. My son will be a loyal boyfriend and husband in the future, not a playboy like you. Let's go. I'll ask the babysitter to pick him up."

### [Chapter 345 I Will Remarry Him](#)

Damon wasn't the least bit offended when Curtis called him a "playboy." He came over and asked, "Why were you with that woman again? Don't let yourself get fooled by her. She may be your niece but you can't just take her side because of that. Carlos was really weird too. He kept on defending that woman no matter what I said. He even said that Debbie was nice and that she didn't deserve to be hated. Must have been bewitched or something. You know—"

"Damon!" Carlos raised his voice cutting Damon off.

"I didn't say anything wrong. I just called Wesley up when I went to the men's room. He said you'd never get rid of that woman," Damon said angrily. He would never talk about Debbie in front of Stephanie. He and Carlos only talked about Debbie whenever Stephanie wasn't there.

Earlier when Damon went to the bathroom, he had apparently called up Wesley. He told him that even though Carlos had lost his memory, he still found Debbie to be a nice person. Damon was upset because he figured that Carlos and Debbie still might end up together.

Curtis hadn't been able to hang out with his friends as much during the past three years.

He'd been staying in A Country for about two years. He only came back to Y City when Colleen was already about to give birth to Justus. Carlos, Wesley, and Damon had been noticeably cold to him for a while now, especially Wesley and Damon. They hated Debbie because they thought she cheated on Carlos, and they, in turn, were angry at Curtis for not hating Debbie and even defending her.

Curtis didn't mind this at all. Now that Debbie was back, he, in fact, hoped that he could spend more time with his friends.

That was why he invited them over to the Orchid Private Club. Luckily enough, they didn't refuse to hang out with him.

Even if they did, Curtis wouldn't take it against them. He was already used to it.

At Orchid Private Club

Carlos, Damon and Curtis entered

held the two women's arms to show that she needed support.

"Of course. I'm on your side," Colleen said firmly. She too hoped that Debbie and Carlos would get back together.

"Me too," Adriana said. She also liked Debbie better than Stephanie.

They left the shoe department and went to the children's clothing department.

There, they bumped into Wesley and Blair.

"Hi, Colonel Li, Blair!" Adriana waved at them.

The moment Wesley met Debbie's eyes, his face twisted as if out of disgust.

'If there weren't so many people, he might've killed me by now,' Debbie thought to herself.

"Debbie?" Blair was surprised to see Debbie. She hadn't seen her for a long time.

Debbie nodded and greeted her, "Hi, Blair."

Blair ran towards Debbie, in an attempt to hug her, but Wesley stopped her. He grabbed her by her collar, which made her stop so abruptly she almost fell.

"Ha-ha!" The other three women burst out laughing.

Wesley said coldly, "Stay here. Why are you acting so excited? Don't do that. You should let your guard up around some people."

Debbie rolled her eyes and wondered to herself, 'Damon and Wesley talk the same way. Are they biological brothers or something?'

Blair turned around and said angrily, "Let go of me! Debbie's my friend."

### [Chapter 346 Come In](#)

"Good friends?" Wesley jeered at Blair, giving her a contemptuous look. "As far as I can remember, the two of you have never even interacted with each other that much at all. How would you be friends?"

Obviously, Blair felt so upset about it, but Wesley was only telling the truth. There was no way for her to deny any of that. With a soft smile on her face, Debbie tugged her a bit closer.

"We should actually be thanking you for being the reason why the two of us became friends, Colonel Li. You acted as the bridge. It seems to me that you don't really know much about women. We can become friends as long as we enjoy each other's company, even if we've just met. Isn't that right, B?"

And on cue, Blair instantly nodded and added, "Certainly." Then, she went ahead and told Wesley, "Adriana and Colleen are also here with us. Why don't you just leave us alone?"

Giving her a sullen look, Wesley couldn't do anything else but warn her, "Make sure not to let your guard down. Try not to fall for her tricks. Contact me if ever anything happens."

"Alright, alright, just go ahead and find the others," Blair insisted. Wesley had been keeping an eye on her as though he had been so anxious that she might end up flying away, much like a bird would. Seeing

this as an opportunity for her to spend some time for herself, she did whatever she could to make sure that it was going to happen.

"They're still at Orchid Private Club right now," Adriana promptly informed him.

"I know. I'm gonna be heading there right away." Niles had actually told him about that on the phone already. It was just that he was still hesitating to leave Blair to herself. For that reason, he had been playing for time before he went to the club.

Be that as it might, when he was least expecting it, these three women had appeared and presented Blair a reason to be away from him for the time being. 'Oh, you bet I'm going to make her pay for this tonight!' Wesley thought.

Upon giving Blair one last good hard look, he exited the mall carrying a couple of shopping bags in his hands. Blair had been surrounded by the three other women.

Finally, she was able to let out a sigh of relief the moment Wesley had gotten out of sight. There weren't really many chances for her to go out on her own these days. So, she tried her best to grab onto the opportunity the second it presented itself. The other girls actually felt a bit sorry for her after seeing it personally.

"Blair, has Wesley always been like this? I mean, is he always keeping you in check?" Colleen asked her directly.

Heaving a heavy sigh, Blair replied in complete honesty, "Yes, he has always been like that, poking his nose into all of my personal affairs. It feels so suffocating. To tell you the truth, I've actually attempted to run away several times already. Sad to say, he found out about it and since then, he has gotten even stricter, wanting me to always be within his watchful eyes. As a matter of fact, he won't even let me go shopping on my own, let alone with other people. I have to wait until he's free to come along with me. Being an officer in the military and all, he always has his hands full with something and rarely has any time to go shopping with me, if at all. For example, I've had to wait for more than a month before we could visit the mall today."

Truth be told, Blair had been so desperate to talk to someone and vent out all of her

his made Debbie feel so downhearted. Even Harley was so down because Millie wasn't there to play with him. He kept on spinning around restlessly. Bringing her phone out, Debbie searched for Carlos' contact details and was about to dial his number when all of a sudden, a car rolled up and pulled over close to them.

She realized that it was Carlos' new Emperor. The driver promptly opened the back door for the passenger, and Carlos stepped out of the vehicle.

"Old man!" With all enthusiasm, Debbie waved at him as she sat on a bench.

Shifting his gaze over to the woman waving at him and her pet dog, Carlos politely nodded and paced toward the elevator.

Watching him head straight for the elevator, Debbie ran over to him, with a tight grip on the leash. Of course, it should go without saying that Harley ran quite fast as well. "Wait a second!" Debbie called out to him before the elevator doors closed.

Carlos held the elevator for them, As soon as they stepped foot into the elevator, it began ascending. Upon noticing that Carlos had loosened his tie a bit, "Are you going to come downstairs to take Millie out for a walk?" she asked him softly.

"Yes," he briefly answered. That was the reason why he had returned much earlier than he usually did.

"Oh, that's great. Then, Harley and I will wait for you to get ready."

"Alright." He didn't seem to have any problem with it.

Moments later, the elevator arrived on the sixth floor and the doors slid open. Carlos and Debbie proceeded to get off one after the other.

With the fingerprint scanner, Carlos opened the door to his apartment. But before coming in, he recalled that there was someone behind him.

He turned his head to check on them. Both Debbie and Harley had their gazes fixated on him. Given that he didn't have it in him to leave them there and keep them waiting outside, he was left with no other choice but to say, "Come in."

"Okay, thank you," she replied gladly. That was exactly what she had been hoping to hear him say.

The second she entered his unit, Debbie was astonished as she discovered that in spite of living within the same building, Carlos' apartment was much too different.

It was significantly more spacious compared to hers, probably about three times as huge.

### [Chapter 347 Her Fragrance](#)

As soon as Carlos entered the apartment, Millie ran to greet him with excitement. Harley barked at her as if to complain about being neglected.

Millie then turned back to play with Harley. When the dogs were entertaining each other, Debbie scanned the room and did a quick observation.

"Isn't your...girlfriend home?" she asked Carlos, who was taking off his coat.

Every time she spoke of his girlfriend, Debbie felt as if she and Carlos were sneaking around.

"No, she isn't. Make yourself comfortable." With that, Carlos walked into one of the bedrooms.

'Of course, she isn't home. If she were, I bet he wouldn't have let me in, ' she reflected.

How strange things turned out to be. Never had it occurred to Debbie that one day she would walk into Carlos' home and feel like an awkward guest.

They were once the closest and dearest lovers who used to live together. Carlos' amnesia had turned her into a stranger to him even though she knew him so well.

Carlos walked out of the bedroom while Debbie was looking at photos of Stephanie. He had changed into a casual white outfit that made him look years younger.

Now he looked to be in his early twenties rather than thirty-one years old.

Carlos noticed that she was staring intensely at him and asked, "Is something wrong?"

"Yes," Debbie said with a nod. "You look dashing."

Carlos was left speechless.

He put the leash on Millie and made his way to the door. Debbie quickly did the same with Harley and followed him out.

They came downstairs together and walked their dogs along the footpath outside of the apartment buildings.

Before long, they came across Blair.

She had been looking for Debbie. "Good evening, Mr. Huo," she greeted. Carlos responded with a nod. "I've been looking all over for you. I don't have your phone number," Blair said to Debbie.

"What's wrong?"

"Have you told Mr. Huo?" Blair came closer to Debbie and whispered in her ear.

"Sorry. I forgot." Debbie slapped her head, remorsefully. "I'll tell him now."

"Okay, go ahead." Blair gave Debbie a slightly harder push, and because Debbie was caught off guard, she had lost her balance and began to fall towards Carlos with a shriek.

Blair held out her hands and tried to grab Debbie. "Wow! I didn't think that company." She winked discreetly at Blair when she was finished.

Taking the hint, Blair gave her a thumbs-up when Carlos wasn't looking.

'This girl can make an excellent negotiator. She knows that Carlos won't agree to go upstairs and spend the night with her. That's why she laid down that condition. That way, Carlos would have no other option but to help us.'

Carlos glanced at them both and then started to go home with Millie.

When Carlos had returned to his apartment, Stephanie was about to go out again. Once she saw him come back, she asked gently, "I was about to go downstairs to look for you. Didn't you plan to have dinner with Mr. Li? Why did you cancel it?"

Carlos took the leash off Millie and answered vaguely, "Because I didn't want to go." He only wanted to come back to walk the dog.

Stephanie was surprised by his reply. 'That sounds willful.' "But we could stand to make a ten million profit from our cooperation with him."

"So? He's a scumbag. I don't want to do business with him." Carlos seemed disinterested in the conversation and went to feed Millie.

Stephanie stood gaping and was left speechless. 'Mr. Li is indeed a freak, and he did time a few years back, but is that a reason to refuse to do business with him? Besides, he wouldn't dare try and pull the wool over Carlos Huo's eyes.'

Even though Stephanie didn't understand Carlos, she decided not to push the topic any further. "I gave the cook the night off. I wasn't expecting you back for dinner. Shall we eat out?"

#### [Chapter 348 Dinner For Four](#)

"I have an international video conference later. Didn't you say you wanted a manicure? I can ask Megan to go with you." Carlos took out his phone and started to dial.

"Carlos, can you go with me? I can wait till your meeting is over so we can have dinner together," Stephanie suggested.

"It's going to be a long meeting. I was planning to have my dinner delivered." He proceeded to call Megan anyway despite Stephanie's reluctance.

Stephanie wasn't very pleased with his tone. "It's fine if you don't want to go with me. But why are you making my decisions for me? Did you even ask what I wanted? What if I don't want a manicure anymore? What if I don't want Megan to go with me?" Women tend to be capricious. One minute they want one thing, the next, they don't. Carlos never tried to communicate with Stephanie. He just decided things for her without a care for what she really wanted.

Carlos frowned at this but the person he was calling had just answered. "Hi, Uncle Carlos," came Megan's voice.

"Megan, Stephanie's going to get a manicure. I was going to ask if you could keep her company. I'll send the driver over." Again, Carlos decided for Stephanie.

Stephanie was pissed. She picked up her purse on the sofa and left the apartment with a grim face.

"No problem. My class just ended. I'm about to go home." Megan sounded upbeat.

Carlos looked at the door closed after Stephanie. "Okay. Bye."

After hanging up, Carlos went to the study. There was indeed an international video conference tonight, but he could easily bow out of it if he wanted to.

Upstairs

Blair was playing with Harley. Debbie took out some food from the freezer and asked her, "How about one soup and four dishes? Do you think that's enough?"

"Four dishes? There are only the two of us. Two is enough." Blair wanted to help her prepare the meal, but Debbie refused.

Debbie craned her head from the kitchen, giggling, "I forgot to tell you. I have a big appetite."

"Okay then. I'm not a picky eater. I can't wait to eat!"

"Okay, four dishes and one yummy soup coming up." Debbie cooked the soup first. While it was boil ask him for help? He's completely unreliable, '

Debbie regretfully thought to herself.

Debbie didn't want Blair to starve so she went inside her bedroom, making sure to close the door.

Blair had heard every word they said at the dinner table. When she saw Debbie, she helplessly said, "He won't leave, and I have to go outside eventually."

Debbie looked at her sympathetically. "I feel for you, sis. But you can't starve yourself. Come on, let's eat."

A few minutes later

The two women sat at the table. The four of them ate in silence. They all wore strange looks on their faces, but the atmosphere wasn't all bad.

Wesley had come here with the intention of taking Blair back. But who would've thought that the night would end like this? Him sitting with the three of them to have dinner. Debbie thought how this all happened.

Carlos had come to her rescue, but she couldn't believe that he was just sitting and having dinner. A dinner that she had cooked.

Carlos and Wesley finished their dinner before Blair and Debbie did. As if out of manners, they both put their chopsticks down and started to watch the women eat. Wesley looked at Blair and Carlos looked at Debbie.

It was strange, to say the least.

Finally, Debbie broke the silence. She looked at Carlos and said, "If you let Wesley take Blair back, you have to stay and spend the night with me. Tonight."

"Okay," Carlos agreed.

### [Chapter 349 The Making Out](#)

Both Debbie and Blair were stunned by Carlos' reply. At the same time, they envied Wesley's friendship with Carlos. In this corrupt and selfish society, it was hard to find a friend who cared about you enough to be willing to sleep with someone for your sake.

Blair realized that she would have to leave with Wesley that night. After dinner, she walked out of the apartment with Wesley. "Debbie, I live in New District. Come and see me some time. And when you and the others go shopping, call me too. And don't forget to tell me when you hold a concert next time. I'll come and support you!"

"Okay, I'll bear that in mind. Now, go home," Debbie said.

"Okay, see you around." Blair turned to leave, but she halted and ran back to hug Debbie tightly.

They held on to each other for quite some time, unwilling to part. Wesley lost his patience. He grabbed Blair's hand and dragged her towards the elevator as she waved goodbye to Debbie.

Debbie waved back to her and pitied her by how she was being dragged along by Wesley. 'No wonder he hasn't closed the deal with Blair yet. Can't he try and be a little softer to her?'

Huh! Blair, I'll pray for you."

When she got back to the living room, her eyes fell on the man sitting casually on the couch.

Debbie ran to him and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Old man, are you really going to sleep with me tonight?" she asked naughtily. Her eyes roamed through his taut body as if she couldn't wait to strip him naked.

Carlos sighed. 'Seriously though... Why did I marry such a lustful woman?'

But he didn't say it out loud. If Debbie had heard his thoughts, she would have had a hundred ways to prove that she had learned from the best.

Unaware of what was on his mind, Debbie played with the buttons of his shirt.

Carlos pushed her away. "Since the issue is solved, I'm going home."

Saying that, he stood up from the couch. Surprised, Debbie looked at him and said wistfully, "Men are such liars. You said you would spend the night with me, and now you are leaving. Go. I'll just pretend that you were never here."

"Fine," he replied, as if he didn't sense her disappointment at all. He walked towards the door.

Debbie ran after him. "Hey

eyes were glued to something—someone ahead of them.

Jared and Kasie looked towards what she was staring at and saw a man and a woman kissing passionately, standing next to a black Emperor.

This was nothing out of place in a club. They had seen juicier stuff.

Jared snorted. He didn't think of it as a big deal. He was about to laugh at Debbie, wondering why she was making a fuss about it. But then, when he took a closer look, he realized who that man was.

'Shit!' To make sure he wasn't mistaken, he took a few steps forward. He got a clear view of the man's face. Carlos.

And the woman he was kissing was Stephanie.

Before anyone could say anything to diffuse the situation, a familiar shocked voice called out, "Aunt—Debbie Nian?"

Megan stared at Debbie with widened eyes. She was on the phone with someone when she saw Debbie.

The couple stopped kissing when they heard the noise. Carlos pulled away from the woman and turned to look at what was happening.

He saw the group standing not too far away from him and Stephanie. Among them was a woman in a black dress, staring at him

with a pasty face.

Carlos felt guilty and ashamed for reasons he couldn't fathom. He moved away from Stephanie and straightened his tie in annoyance.

Debbie stuck her fingernails into her palms as they formed tight fists. It hurt, but it was nothing compared to the pain in her heart. For the first time ever, she had seen Carlos making out with another woman.

### [Chapter 350 I Want His Heart](#)

Debbie had seen Stephanie kiss Carlos lightly on the lips. Totally different from the passionate kiss she had seen a minute ago.

Ironically, Carlos had kissed Debbie passionately too in her apartment earlier the same night.

It was awkwardly quiet. Nobody dared to break the silence.

Stephanie seemed drunk. She kept throwing herself at Carlos. Every time Carlos pushed her away, she would hug him tightly again. "Carlos, I don't feel well. Can we go home?"

Debbie remembered she used to talk to Carlos like this too. Instead of his name, she would call him honey or old man.

She couldn't believe that another woman was now calling his name, hugging him, and being spoiled by him just like how it had been between them before.

The happiness she had felt from their shared moment earlier vanished.

Maybe, men were born liars; they were just incapable of faithfulness.

Debbie watched Carlos hold Stephanie and put her into his car.

Tears welled up in her eyes. She leaned her head back to keep them from falling. She could feel pain enveloping her entire body, her heart shattering into a million pieces. She could feel her whole world collapsing before her. She could cry all she wanted and she could mope around all day if she wanted, but now was not the time. She clenched her fists, gathered herself, and turned to Megan. Her face twisted into what she intended to be a smile. "Miss Lan, I haven't seen you in so long. Why, what have you been busying yourself with? Still being a home wrecker?"

Three years had passed. Megan was still the same Megan. She frowned at what Debbie had said and tried to explain, "No, I think you have it wrong. It was me who called Uncle Carlos. I asked him to come and pick up Aunt Stephanie."

'Aunt Stephanie...'

It seemed like a regular thing to say, but it hit Debbie like a truck.

Debbie used to be the person Megan referred to as her aunt, but now it was Stephanie.

Debbie already braced herself for Megan, but nothing she did could prepare her for realizing that she wasn't anyone in Carlos' life right now. No one referred to her as aunt because she

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.

Jared opened the menu and threw it onto the table. "Fellas, it's my treat tonight. Order anything you want. Don't be a stranger."

"Have you ever seen that movie?" Kasie asked Jared.

"What movie?"

The rest of the group looked at her in confusion.

"The Big Shot."

Before anyone could realize what she was saying, Kasie put her hands over her mouth and shouted, "Everybody, Mr. Han's picking up the tab tonight!"

"Wait, wait, wait..." Jared tried to stop her, but it was too late.

A lot of people had already heard her. The DJ even reenacted the scene from the movie by playing music that pumped up the crowd and shouting in the mic, "Mr. Han's footing the bill tonight! Cheers!"

That specific line from the movie had stuck with everyone — hoping that it would happen to them in real life.

And it was happening now. The club was ringing with cheers, laughter, and shouts.

Jared pointed at Kasie, who was wearing a smirk. His hand was trembling and his lips quivering. He enveloped himself in Sasha's arms and complained, "Sweetheart, Kasie's bullying me!"

Sasha merely blinked at him and said, "Well, you deserve it. Kasie paid hundreds of thousands of dollars last time for what you did, remember?"

It was a long story but basically, Jared was drunk and got into a fight. The man he'd been brawling with ran into a coffee house. To catch the guy, Jared managed to destroy the cafe.