

TMBA 381

### [Chapter 381 III Shut You Out](#)

"I'll be straight with you," Xavier started, in answer to Carlos' question. "You have amnesia, so you don't remember how you used to spoil her. I'm just doing my job. It just so happens I'm also a friend of hers. Oh, and Piggy's godfather," he added, giving Carlos a mysterious smile.

Carlos couldn't think of a thing to say, as he took all that in.

Debbie sighed helplessly and wondered, 'Does everyone know Carlos? They act like friends. What a coincidence!

Yates, Xavier...Even Ivan told me last time that he liked Carlos.

Why didn't they tell me this before I came back here?'

Stephanie fixed her eyes on Debbie, lost in her own thoughts. 'I hate to admit it, but she's good. And she's assembled the best. Her uncle Curtis, the president of some college. Yates, the boss of a secret organization of A Country. Xavier, top lawyer in M country. Ivan, the CEO of Wen Group, son of some high-ranking official in Z Country. Not to mention she's Jared's best friend. He's the vice general manager of the Han Group and the CEO's son. Who else does she have on her side? And do they have even more power?'

After answering the phone call, Yates came back to the ward and waved his phone. "Hey guys, something came up. I have to go back. I'll be in the air in an hour. Xavier, take care of Debbie. If you need help, call me. Carlos, the only thing you need to do is get back with Debbie."

When she heard that, Stephanie fumed with rage. 'How ballsy! Right in front of me!'

Carlos' face darkened as he said coldly, "Frankie, see our guest out."

"Yes, Mr. Huo. Mr. Feng, this way, please." Frankie gestured for Yates to leave. Yates didn't mind at all, and left the ward after bidding goodbye to his friends. His bodyguards followed after him.

Debbie had been busy preparing songs for her new album. She had no time to wait for Megan to leave the operating room, and she didn't care about her either. "Xavier, let's go. I don't want to breathe the same air as a certain person," she said.

"A certain person?" Xavier flashed a cunning smile as he teased, "You mean Carlos?"

Debbie rolled her eyes and cursed inwardly, 'Come on! Don't say it out loud!'

Carlos was in a bad mood

bie at all.

Two months later, Debbie went to the offices of recording label with her new album.

Listening to the original tape, Ruby gave Debbie a thumbs-up. There were ten songs on the demo. Surprisingly, there were two cheerful songs.

The name of the album was "Lost and Found." Star Empire invested a lot in promoting her. There were billboards, magazine ads, TV spots, a release date announcement, full concept teasers including the date, teaser pics, and music video teasers. Not to mention the company was putting together a live showcase. A million albums were going to be released on July 7th.

The albums would be sold online and at each major bookstore.

A million! That number made Debbie rather nervous. Normally, two hundred thousand was an appropriate number. 'What if I can't sell that many?' she thought.

She was told that Carlos was behind the decision, so she sent him a text message saying, "Mr. Huo, please reconsider the number of albums. A million is a bit too much. After all, I only just signed with Star Empire." It wasn't that she didn't believe in herself, but the number was a bit scary.

She didn't have to wait too long for his reply. "I have confidence in the person I chose."

She wanted to reply to this message and tease him by saying, "Is that because of my talent or because you like me?"

But she didn't do it. She had exhausted herself preparing the new album over the past two months, and she needed a break.

### [Chapter 382 Three For Supper](#)

What happened on July 7th was beyond belief. Every copy of Debbie's albums, a million all told, was sold out on the day of release. An aggressive promotional cycle including hourly Twitter and Instagram updates fueled a number of pre-orders. Most of the physical products, which contained limited edition posters, signed photos, and a DVD of the music video never made it to the shelves.

When Ruby told Debbie the news, she thought she was lying to make her feel better. "Come on! If all of my albums were really sold out in one go, I'll hold twenty concerts in a row to thank my fans," said Debbie.

Ruby handed her iPad over to Debbie. She could clearly see the sales figures on the AMOLED screen. Debbie's heart skipped a beat when she saw Ruby's serious expression. 'So she's telling the truth?' she wondered.

Debbie took the iPad from Ruby, and the screen was filled with small, closely-written figures. She scrolled the screen all the way to the end. It showed that a million albums had been sold out in a single day and the sales had reached \$17 million.

"Know what, Deb? You're the most popular singer now!" Ruby was practically in tears; she was so excited. Debbie was number one among all the singers with the best album sales.

Debbie clenched her fists without uttering a single word. Her head was spinning because of the figures on the iPad. She had only one thought, 'That's a lot of money!' Of course it wasn't all going to her, because the company needed to be reimbursed for its efforts. The promotional cycle came to \$500, 000 easily, and that wasn't chump change. But neither was how much Debbie would be getting.

Of course, when Debbie held a concert here before, she was already a popular recording artist.

Maybe she was both excited and exhausted. She slept for 32 hours straight, alone in her apartment, after being notified of the album sales. After that much sleep, she felt better. She hopped in the shower and went through her morning routine before heading to Curtis' house to take Piggy back to her own apartment, planning to spend the rest of the time with her.

At dusk, Debbie went downstairs, holding Piggy in one hand and Harley's leash in the other. She decided to go to the garden of the apartments, and that was where she ran into Carlos.

Last time she saw him at the hospital, she had decided to  
e raised his head and his eyes met hers.

He frowned at her red eyes. 'Why is she crying?'

Debbie immediately looked away when their eyes met. She wasn't ready for that yet. She opened the lid and put the noodles in the boiling water.

Twenty minutes later, she came out with a bowl of beef and noodles. She placed it on the dinner table and went back to the kitchen to fetch the wontons. "Time to eat, old man!"

Then she came to the kitchen to wash some fruits. Piggy looked at Carlos quizzically. "Why does Mom call you 'old man?'"

Carlos stroked her hair and answered, "Because I'm older than your mom."

'That is a good question. I'm not that much older than her, ' he thought, confused.

Shaking his thoughts away, he went to the bathroom to wash up. Then he held Piggy's hand and led her to the dining room. "Evelyn, don't you want any?"

Piggy shook her head. "Uncle Carlos, I'm full. Just eat! The wontons are yummy!"

There were two bowls on the table, one for beef and noodles and the other for wontons. Carlos found the layout rather strange. 'No veggies?'

Nevertheless, he picked up the chopsticks and began to eat the wontons.

The wontons were small dumplings, with a shell of thin dough, and minced fish inside. Piggy hated meat, but she would sometimes eat fish if Debbie insisted. The wontons were mainly for Piggy, so the girl at least got some kind of meat in her.

'I love this!' Carlos praised in his mind.

He polished off the wontons in just a few minutes and even slurped up all the soup. He wasn't full, though.

### [Chapter 383 Godfather](#)

Looking at the empty bowl in front of Carlos, Piggy said cheerfully, "Uncle, you like wontons?"

Carlos nodded, "Yeah. It's yummy." Then he started on the beef and noodles.

Debbie walked out of the kitchen in an apron, holding a plate filled with a variety of sliced fruit. "Here, Piggy, have some fruit with Uncle. I bought your favorite cherries."

"Thanks, Mommy!" Piggy got to her feet and shot towards the bathroom to wash her hands.

Placing the plate on the table, Debbie followed Piggy into the washroom. "Hold on, honey. Mommy turns on the tap."

Watching their retreating figures, Carlos couldn't help but smile.

Piggy was the first one back to the dining room. She took a cherry from the plate, stood on tiptoe and raised it to Carlos' lips. "Uncle, eat this. It's my favorite."

Debbie just entered the dining room. Knowing about his obsession with cleanliness, she rushed over to stop Piggy. "Piggy, give it to Mommy. Uncle is eating noodles. He can't eat cherries while eating noodles, right? You can save some for him."

Piggy stared at her mom in confusion. "Noodles and cherries. Eat both. You do."

Debbie was lost for words. She didn't expect Piggy to have such a good memory.

As she was trying to come up with another excuse, Carlos raised Piggy's hand, lowered his head and ate the cherry. After eating it, he gave Piggy a thumbs-up. "Wow, it's so sweet! Thank you, Evelyn. You're a good girl."

Again, Debbie didn't know how to respond. 'So is he not a clean freak anymore? Or is that just for Piggy?'

After devouring the noodles, Carlos returned to eating cherries with Piggy. Debbie went back to the kitchen to clean the dishes.

Piggy suddenly asked Carlos, "Uncle, you have kids?"

"Nope." Carlos picked up a strawberry with a fruit fork and put it to Piggy's lips. Somehow, he loved feeding her. In his eyes, Piggy was the most adorable kid in the world. How he wished he could have a daughter like her!

"Uncle, may I call you Daddy? I have a Daddy Ivan and Daddy Yates," Piggy asked with a hopeful expression. She really liked Carlos

o the door."

Piggy nodded and blew on her lips. "Mommy, are you okay now?"

Debbie was almost moved to tears. She stroked Piggy's chubby face and coaxed, "Honey, I'm okay now. You're amazing."

"Mommy, where's Uncle?" Piggy glanced at the door to the bedroom.

Debbie bit her lower lips and stammered, "He...he'll be out soon."

'Thank God! Piggy's just a kid and knows nothing, ' she thought.

After calming down, Carlos walked out of the bedroom. Piggy was waiting for him at the door. Upon seeing him, she raised her head and said with a broad smile, "Uncle, stay?" The little one pointed to another bedroom. "There. Daddy Ivan was there."

Debbie was rendered speechless.

'When did Ivan sleep here?' Carlos flared up at Piggy's words and cast a murderous glance at Debbie. He squatted down and looked at Piggy. "Evelyn, did your daddy Ivan sleep with Mommy? Or did he sleep alone?"

"Leave her out of this, you pervert!" Debbie snapped.

"Shut up!" Carlos snapped back. If Debbie and Ivan had slept together, he swore to himself that he would punish her so hard that she wouldn't be able to get out of bed tomorrow.

Debbie pouted her mouth and thought, 'He's so mean! When his memory comes back, it'll be payback time!'

Piggy looked at Carlos and answered honestly, "Daddy Ivan is a man. A man can't sleep in the same bedroom with a woman. Didn't you know that?"

#### [Chapter 384 Stay Overnight](#)

Carlos heaved a sigh of relief when he heard Piggy say that. Piggy added, "I'm a kid. I can sleep with Uncle Carlos. Stay?"

Debbie chipped in, "Piggy, Uncle Carlos needs to go home now."

"Sure, Evelyn. You're so adorable. How am I supposed to even say no? How about this? Let your mommy bathe you first. I have to go home and shower. I'll come back to keep you company after that. Okay?"

Debbie rolled her eyes and wondered, 'Come on! I'm the mom. Don't I get a say in this? He can't spoil Piggy like this!'

Piggy was thrilled, jumping up and down and clapping her hands. Then she ran towards Debbie and held her hand saying, "Give me a bath."

"Okay." Debbie had no other choice than to do as Piggy said.

Carlos looked at the dumbfounded woman and said with a meaningful expression, "You should probably grab a shower too. Get ready."

"What?" She didn't get his point.

Ignoring her confusion, he said goodbye to Piggy and left the apartment.

As soon as he was out of sight, Piggy practically dragged Debbie to the bathroom pulling her by the wrist. Debbie almost lost her balance. "Mommy, hurry up!"

Sighing in defeat, Debbie felt like she should talk with Piggy, because she didn't want to lose her one day. While drawing water into the bathtub, she told Piggy, "Honey, listen. We used to sleep in the same

bedroom. If you and Uncle Carlos sleep together, where do I sleep? I'm a woman, and I can't sleep together with a man, right?"

Sitting on a small chair in the bathroom, Piggy tilted her head to look at her mom and said, "The other bedroom." She even consoled Debbie, "We'll be close. If you're scared..." She thought for a while and offered, "Uncle Carlos can sleep with you after."

Debbie was rendered speechless. 'Piggy, you know what? That just gave me a great idea.'

In the apartment on the sixth floor

When Carlos entered, Stephanie had just come back. She took his suit jacket from him and asked with concern, "Did you eat, Carlos?"

"Mmm hmm," he simply answered.

Stephanie hung the jacket on the hanger. Then she saw something on it. She hadn't remembered the jacket having any adornment.

She took a closer look and found it was a sticker of Peppa Pig. She pulled some water before going to bed.

The moment she left the bedroom, someone grabbed her wrist. "Argh!" She was startled at first. Then, she used her free hand to fight back.

There was no light in the living room. By the light of the bedroom, she recognized the person—it was none other than Carlos. But by the time she figured it out, he had grabbed both her hands and pressed her against the wall.

Debbie's heart raced. She rolled her eyes and snapped in a low voice, "Carlos Huo, are you nuts? You scared the shit out of me!"

'I thought he left. Did he stay here just to scare me?' she thought.

Carlos gathered both her hands with his left one, and closed the door to the bedroom with the other.

He had decided to do this before he had left for his apartment to take a bath. He had been trying hard to deny his desires the whole time he was playing with Piggy. Now that he and Debbie were alone and Piggy was asleep, it was time for him to stalk his prey.

With intense passion, he kissed her, while his free hand ran over her clothes, hurriedly pulling them from her. Although she wanted to resist his advances, she couldn't. She bit her lips so that she could hold back her moans.

After what seemed like an eternity, she got up from the couch, got dressed and picked up her purse.

She took out a bill from it, threw it on him and complained, "Thanks for your service, but honestly, not that impressed. A hundred dollars is all you get. Take it and leave."

[Chapter 385 What Are You Afraid Of](#)

Carlos' nostrils flared and his expression darkened. He was like an angry bull responding to the color red. He picked up the bill, crumpled it, and said through gritted teeth, "You asked for this."

'Holy crap! Why do I have to tick him off?'

She regretted having said that and ran towards the bedroom as fast as she could. But she was a little wobbly from the sexy time. Before she could open the door, he pulled her into his strong arms.

"Hey lighten up. A hundred dollars is all I can afford..." Tears streaked her gaze. "Carlos...Mr. Huo...come on." It felt just like old times—he banged her hard as if he never knew fatigue. He never slowed down, never cared if she was enjoying herself. He'd waited too long and would not be kept waiting.

Debbie really wanted to slap herself. 'I shouldn't have said that.'

"I have to prove myself to you," said Carlos. Any man would be humiliated when his woman said he wasn't good at it. Carlos was no exception. It was worse for him, because he was proud. He must be the best at everything.

"I'm sorry, old man. Please... Mmmph..." He kissed her hard, passionately, and she was unable to say another word.

That night, he did it again and again and pushed inside her harder and harder.

Outside, it was placid. The moon was high in the night sky and lit up the whole world. It was a tender night; the moonlight, diffused by the shades, shone on their entangled bodies, glowing with love.

Stephanie finally got to Carlos' bedroom at 11 p.m. She knocked, but got no answer.

She pushed the door open and was greeted by darkness. The lights weren't on. She flipped the switch, only to find the bedroom empty. Carlos wasn't here.

She caught a glimpse of the tidy bed, with its 100% long-staple cotton sheets, 270 thread count. It hadn't been slept in. That was when she grew suspicious.

'When did Carlos leave? Where is he?'

Unlocking her phone, she called him, but it went straight to voicemail. It must be off.

'I wonder when he'll be back?' she thought.

Debbie didn't know what time Carlos finally stopped and how she got to bed. The sun was high in the sky when she finally woke up. Piggy, who was

go! I have a meeting. Don't be a stranger." Piggy was going to Lucinda's kindergarten next month.

Colleen also planned to send Justus there as well. In order to give the two kids a better environment, Curtis poured some money into improvements.

"Got it. I'll take Piggy to see you when I have time," Debbie said with a laugh.

After hanging up, she decided to call Sasha. "Hi Sasha, where are you now?"

"Y City. Debbie, I'm screwed. I got pregnant! What should I do?" Sasha yelled.

Debbie was taken aback by the news for a while. Then she laughed out loud and answered, "Why are you so upset? Congrats! Does Jared know?"

Jared's and Sasha's parents knew about their relationship and wanted them to get married as soon as possible. But Sasha wanted to focus on her career first.

She hadn't expected that she'd get pregnant now.

"I haven't told him yet. I'm not sure if he'll be happy or if he even wants the baby." They'd never discussed children before. She didn't know how Jared would react.

Debbie rolled her eyes. "You can't just abort the baby because he doesn't like it.

Send him a text message or call him. See what he says."

"Okay." Then Sasha added, "Deb, why are you calling?"

"I'll visit your mom tomorrow. Are you coming with me?"

After a short pause, Sasha said, "How about I come home with you first? I'll tell Jared about it after that."

Debbie was confused. "Okay, but what are you afraid of?"

#### [Chapter 386 As Handsome As A Giraffe](#)

"I... I'm still young, and I've just started working. I really don't want my career to end like this," Sasha complained. How she wished she could be a star as popular as Debbie!

"Aunt Lucinda keeps saying that I'm silly. I think you are even sillier than me. Do you value your career over Jared and your baby?" Debbie asked.

"Of course not! Jared and our baby take the priority over everything else," Sasha answered without hesitation.

"That's it. You already know what to do. Just follow your heart, Sasha. If Jared ever says that he doesn't like the baby, just tell me and I swear I'll beat him to a pulp!"

"Deb, you're as rude as ever. You're a mother now, remember? You should set a good example for Piggy," Sasha said with a warm smile. She was so grateful to Debbie for her timely advice.

Debbie rolled her eyes at Sasha's remark. "All right. Remember to keep me updated."

"Sure."

After hanging up, Debbie played with Piggy for a while. Piggy had been living apart from her father, so Debbie tried her best to make up for the loss by showering Piggy with all the love she had.

When the thought of Carlos crossed her mind, she remembered something and immediately sent him a text message. "Old man, thank you for what you did for the Mu Group. I love you. Muah."

Just as she had expected, there was no response from him. She didn't mind and rode the merry-go-round with Piggy.



The next day, Debbie paid a visit to the Mu family's residence. While Lucinda was playing with Piggy, Debbie and Sebastian talked in the study. After about two hours, Debbie walked out and saw Jared standing in the hallway, pacing about restlessly. When he saw her, Jared rushed to Debbie. "Tomboy, I need your help!"

"What's wrong?" Debbie asked as Jared dragged her to Sasha, who was now playing with Piggy.

Pointing towards Debbie, Jared told Sasha, "Please! Let's go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and register our marriage. I swear I'll be loyal to you and care for you for the rest of my life. If I break my promise, you can ask Tomboy to beat me up."

Debbie was rendered speechless. She almost laughed out loud.

Piggy raised her head to look at Sasha. "Aunt Sasha, men are all liars," she said with absolutely no expression on her cute little face.

Debbie, Sasha and Jared were d

security guards at the gate were all strangers.

But upon seeing her, they were excited. After all, she was one of the most popular singers in the world now. Many of them were her fans. They opened the gate for her quickly.

As she drove into the manor, she glanced around. The scenery was the same too.

The music and yoga studios had been demolished, and the area had been converted into a garden with various types of plants.

She guessed that it must have been James who had demolished the building.

Carlos stood at the entrance of the villa in his pajamas, waiting for them both. Frankie was standing right behind him.

Debbie stopped the car in front of the villa. Frankie walked over to open the door for her. Then he unfastened Piggy's seat belt and scooped her up in his arms.

When Piggy saw Carlos, her eyes brightened and she struggled out of Frankie's arms. She ran towards Carlos with a wide smile.

"Uncle Carlos!"

Carlos' cold expression was replaced by the warmest smile. He squatted down and opened his arms to pick her up. "Evelyn," he called out softly.

They both hugged each other tightly in a warm embrace.

Debbie opened the trunk to take the suitcase out. When she saw Carlos and Piggy hugging, her eyes brimmed with tears.

Frankie took the suitcase from Debbie and walked towards the villa.

Debbie stood still; she was not planning on going inside. The smile on Carlos' face disappeared.

"Debbie," he called out coldly.

Debbie said, "Thank you for taking care of Piggy for me."

### [Chapter 387 Time Will Tell](#)

Carlos' face darkened when Debbie refused to step inside the villa. "Don't you want to know what kind of place your daughter will be spending her next three days at?" he asked. The irritation in his voice was evident.

However, she didn't respond. As she stared at the villa, she remembered the black and white funerary couplet hanging on each side of the doorway and Carlos' black and white portrait in the living room.

The vision was so... terrifying.

The memories of what had happened three years ago returned to her in waves—the music studio Carlos had built for her, their dog Hum, the sunflowers they had planted together... And then James' vicious face popped into her mind, saying, "Debbie Nian, Carlos is dead! Ha-ha! He is really dead!"

Many nights, Debbie had woken up screaming, troubled by the nightmares of James' evil face and disgusting voice.

Some nights, she used to wake up crying after dreaming of Carlos' tender smile.

Other nights, she saw Carlos' cold gravestone in her dreams and used to wake up sweating.

She was in a strange state of mind as she stood in front of the villa where they used to live together happily.

Her face went pale and her legs became weak. She staggered, almost falling to the ground. Luckily, she supported herself by clinging on to her car hastily.

Seeing her distressed state, Carlos put Piggy down and coaxed her, "Evelyn, go find Uncle Frankie. I'll join you soon."

"Okay." Piggy looked at her mom, wanting to say something. But when she saw Carlos walking towards her mom, she turned around and ran into the villa.

Carlos held Debbie's arm to steady her footing and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

Debbie's eyes were shut. After a few seconds, she opened her eyes and pain could be seen so clearly in them. She grabbed Carlos' arm tightly. "Carlos..." She held his arm tighter as if she was confirming that he was really alive. "You are not dead..."

'Carlos is alive! This is not a dream!'

Debbie cried and then laughed, which confused Carlos. In between sobs, she said, "I wanted to kill myself to give you company in death. But I had Piggy in my belly, and I couldn't..."

Before she had left Y City three years ago, she had been diagnosed with depression.

Every time she dreamed about

gently. "I'm head over heels in love with you. Have always been." She could never accept any man in her life other than Carlos.

"If you loved me so much, then why did you have Piggy with another man?" he asked in a cold voice. He really couldn't understand that part.

Taken aback by his question, Debbie stood still for a moment and then slid out of his arms. She looked away from his eyes and said, "Time will tell."

Once she exposed James' true colors to him, she would tell Carlos the truth about Piggy.

"Tell what?" Carlos asked again.

"Um..." She couldn't tell him yet that Piggy was his daughter.

"Tell me!" Carlos didn't know why, but he had a hunch that Debbie was hiding something very important from him. He was dying to know.

Debbie took a few steps back. "I should go."

"No!" He grabbed her by the waist, pressed her against the car door and kissed her on her lips. Debbie's eyes widened.

He was always like this—bossy and non-negotiable.

After what seemed an eternity, Carlos let her go. Debbie was finally able to breathe freely.

Drops of sweat began to form on Carlos' forehead as he tried to suppress his desire for her. He pulled out his phone from his pocket and called Frankie. "Stay in the villa and play with Piggy." Then he hung up.

Debbie stared at him blankly. 'Did he just call Frankie? Why? What is he planning to do now?' She looked into his dark eyes for an answer.

Carlos didn't explain. He opened the rear door and pushed the confused woman into the car.

### [Chapter 388 Hes A Great Guy](#)

Carlos wore Debbie out in the car.

Did she make a mistake by coming to his place?

Debbie flew out to A Country early the next morning. The fans, having gotten wind of her arrival, had packed the exit of the airport, the crowd spilling onto the pavement outside. When she got off the plane, she was greeted by legions of fans. Upon seeing her, they screamed and jumped and waved excitedly while pushing forward to see her. Soon, the situation became chaotic.

The airport had to double the security detail. Guards were called in on their day off.

The huge crowd surprised Debbie. She hadn't expected to have so many fans. Were they all there just to see her?

Normally, it only took three minutes to leave the gate and get outside. But today, it took her half an hour.

A car was waiting for her outside. Her phone had been buzzing. Debbie didn't hear it until she got in the car. "Yeah, Debbie speaking," she said.

"The house James bought overseas is for Stephanie. It's worth 200 mil."

'Stephanie? Why is James so nice to her? Just because she's going to be his daughter-in-law? Something fishy here, ' Debbie thought to herself.

"Cool. Keep an eye on James, and keep me posted."

"Sure."

"Thanks, bye." After she was off the phone, Debbie conferred with Ruby about her itinerary for the next two days.

Later, they checked into the hotel they had booked. Debbie wasn't in the mood to go outside. She stayed in the hotel and dialed someone up. "Hey, handsome. I need a favor."

"A favor? Uh-oh, I have a bad feeling about this." The person on the other end was nervous. What was she going to ask?

Debbie smiled and said, "I need you to chase a woman."

"What kind of woman? Hey, I'm a nice guy, not a womanizer," he said seriously, no hint of a joke in his tone.

Debbie rolled her eyes. "You going to help me or not? If you turn me down, I'll tattle to your brother."

When he heard this, the person smiled smugly. "Yates is taking a vacation with his wife. He's not even in A Country."

"That's okay. I've just arrived in A Country. Let's have dinner together. My treat," Debbie said happily as she stood by the window, enjoying the view.

"I just got wind of your arrival. You're even hotter than me now. I don't know whether to be impressed or jealous! Maybe a bit o

ie widened her eyes in incredulity. 'That doesn't sound like Carlos.' "That's not Carlos. He's a great guy."

"Bwahaha!" Kinsley laughed so hard one might mistake him for a lunatic.

Debbie was unhappy. "I'm serious. A couple saved his life, and he took their daughter in and has been fostering her for years. Doesn't that mean anything? That girl is Megan Lan. You know her, right?"

Having the cigarette in his mouth, Kinsley replied, "First time for everything. This is the first time I've heard someone say Carlos Huo is a nice guy. Listen, Debbie, he's only kind to you. That Megan girl is doomed if she pushes his buttons."

"Wait a minute. Why are we arguing about Carlos? Let's stay on track. I want Stephanie Li out of the way. Just do me this one favor and hit on her, all right?" Debbie picked up an abalone and put it on Kinsley's plate.

Kinsley snorted. He didn't touch the abalone. Nor did he speak.

Debbie went on, trying to persuade him, "Not bragging, but Carlos used to listen to me back when we were still married. I can keep him from going after you. I can tell him to call you 'Brother, ' because I do. How does that sound?"

"Well, sounds great. But since I'm a month older than him, he should call me 'Brother.'"

"He ever call you that?"

Kinsley Feng fell into silence. Of course not. Because he wouldn't do that without good reason.

"So, please, Kinsley, just help me this once. I'll put in a good word for you and ask Carlos to fund your plays," Debbie begged, refilling Kinsley Feng's glass.

### [Chapter 389 She Doesnt Behave](#)

"But..." Kinsley continued after pondering over Stephanie's looks, "I'm not interested in her. High-flyers tend to be boring."

"That's not true. I mean, she could be different. You can't judge a person just from their status in the society. What if you find her attractive?"

"Then I will have to turn you down right away. If I fall in love, then I'll have to get married. No way!" Kinsley rejected hastily. A wise man had once said that marriage is the grave of love. Kinsley was only thirty-one. He was not ready to step into the grave yet.

Debbie rolled her eyes. "Just give it a try. To see if your charm works on her, okay?"

"What if Carlos really cares about her? I heard that they were getting engaged in two weeks."

"That's why time is pressing. You have to charm Stephanie away from Carlos before their engagement ceremony. Seduce her. Woo her. Do whatever it takes to make her fall for you and give up on Carlos." Then Debbie turned to Ruby, who had been eating silently. She asked, "Am I sinking too low?"

Ruby knew a little about Debbie and Carlos' past. Shaking her head, she replied, "She stole your love life. She doesn't deserve your pity. Don't be soft."

Ruby's words worked like a spell. Debbie's guilt disappeared instantly.

Kinsley sighed when he heard Ruby's words. He raised his glass and said to Debbie, "Drink with me."

Although he didn't say it, Debbie knew that he had just agreed to do her the favor. Her mood brightened. "Yes! Let's drink to the brink!"

As a result of that, Debbie made headlines once again.

In the manor, Carlos stared glumly at his phone screen, which was displaying the latest entertainment news.

The headline read, "Kinsley and Debbie on a date. Their relationship is finally public."

Below that were nine pictures. Some had been snapped when they were entering the restaurant, and the rest as they were walking out together. According to the pictures, they had entered the restaurant

separately, yet when they left, Debbie's arm was wrapped around Kinsley's waist, and the man had his arm around her neck. They looked intimate.

Actually, he was too drunk to even get into his car, and Debbie was supporting him.

Yet, the reporters carved a hell of a story out of it. Kinsley was a superstar in the show business, and gossips around Debbie never stopped. So, the news about t

a pricey doll.

They had shown up in a Disneyland amusement park. Carlos was holding the little girl gently, with so much care that many women were attracted to him even more now.

Although Carlos had tried his best to be inconspicuous, reporters had noticed them due to his outstanding presence. Everyone was curious about the girl in his arms.

The media tried to find out who she was, but nothing came up. Some of them intended to dig deeper than the others, but Carlos' assistant sent them a timely warning, so they had to stop.

Some casual readers gave it a try as well. Unfortunately, all they could see in the photo were her clothes and that her face was round. Her features were a mosaic.

Some of the visitors in Disneyland had recognized Carlos too and had snapped some pictures. But before they could post them online, Carlos' bodyguards had forced them to delete all the pictures.

Soon after the news came out, James called Carlos. "Carlos, who's that lovely girl in your arms? I've never seen her before," he asked, feigning a casual tone. He was actually sweating nervously. 'Is she Debbie's child? What should I do if she is?'

Recalling Debbie's warning about James, Carlos answered casually, "A client's daughter. He's busy with some work. So, I'm looking after her for a few days."

Wiping the sweat off his forehead, James said, "I was wondering if you had a child outside marriage." He laughed awkwardly. "Carlos, it's time for you to have a child with Stephanie. I'll take good care of my grandchild," he urged, like a normal father.

### [Chapter 390 Back Inside The House](#)

Carlos took the receiver from his ear as he regarded the child. His gaze softened. He finally got back on the phone. "How could I have a kid out of wedlock? I'd rather let nature take its course."

"Okay, I'll butt out. Have fun. Bye," James said.

"Bye."

After the phone call, both father and son had something to think about.

James clutched the phone tightly, shaking. He should have gotten rid of that child 3 years ago. 'It must have been a moment of weakness,' he thought. 'It's a time bomb. If Debbie leaks to Carlos that the child is his, it'll ruin everything. This is one time I hope I'm wrong, and that the child he's playing with is not Debbie's.'

The woman has changed. She has far more influence than when I met her. I have to stop Carlos from knowing he has a kid.' He called his assistant in. A man walked in and bowed deeply. James didn't stop to greet him. He simply said, "Go to Z Country and find out if Debbie gave birth three years ago. If so, bring the child to me."

"Yes, Mr. James Huo."

After the assistant had left with his orders, James was relieved.

Around the same time, Debbie called Carlos to ask him about their trip to Disneyland. She joked, "You paraded my daughter around in public. Just make sure she stays safe, okay?"

"Uh huh." Debbie didn't have to tell him that. Carlos loved that child. He wouldn't let anything bad happen to her. She knew him. He'd protect her with his life.

Debbie didn't mind his indifferent tone. "Where is she now?" she asked.

Silently, Carlos swung the phone around to focus on Piggy. She was sitting on the edge of Carlos' bed, playing. "Hi, sweetie," Debbie said excitedly when she saw Piggy. 'She's so cute!'

Piggy looked up when she heard Debbie's voice. She smiled, baring her white little teeth. "Mommy, Mommy, new toy!"

she said, raising a half-assembled set of LEGO bricks, which Debbie had never seen in her apartment before. Carlos must have bought that for Piggy. 'But isn't LEGO for older kids? Can Piggy put all that together? And what about the choking haza

number.

When his phone rang, Carlos checked the screen. Recognizing the caller ID, he picked it up.

Face to face, looking at each other, they talked on the phone, one in the parking lot, the other on the second floor of the house, staring out the window.

"Um, Mr. Huo, I came to pick up Piggy. Thanks for taking care of her. Could you please have a servant take her downstairs?" Somehow, Debbie resisted going inside the manor.

It was too depressing a place for her. She didn't want to find out who or what was waiting for her.

Carlos wasn't in the mood to indulge her request. "Come inside," he said. He hung up and walked away from the window.

Debbie grappled with her emotions in the car. She sat there for a few minutes, trying to muster up the courage to enter the manor.

The place brought back too many painful memories. She didn't know how to face it all.

Eventually, she killed the engine and stepped out of the car, shopping bag in hand.

She rang the doorbell, and a housemaid answered. She didn't know Debbie but was smart enough to understand that whoever could pass the guards at the gate was Carlos' guest. "Hi, Miss. Mr. Huo is upstairs. Please come in."

"Thanks." Debbie changed into slippers and walked inside.

The paintings, plates and the paneling were exactly the same as she remembered them, but the furniture was different.