

TMBA 41

## CHAPTER 41 I'M A MARRIED MAN

A sudden flash of lightning lit up the dark room for a second, and Debbie caught sight of the man sleeping in bed.

Her feet tiptoed on the thick carpet, and she walked up to his bed silently.

3... 2... 1... She got there! "Ahhh!" Before she was able to celebrate, she was shoved face down onto the bed.

With her hands pressed against her back, she tried her best to turn her head. Finally, she managed to squeeze out a few words through her gritted teeth. "It's me, Debbie. Let go of me, Carlos."

Carlos shook his head to sober himself up and then released her hands. "What are you doing in my room at this hour of the night?"

If he had a gun, he would have pointed it at her head.

Debbie heaved a sigh of relief when she was released. 'Oh my God! Is he always so jumpy even when he's asleep?' "I... I wanted to check if you were asleep."

She made an excuse, turned over to lie down and looked at the man who was now sitting on the bed.

"I was asleep," he said impatiently.

"Uh... Go back to sleep." Debbie closed her eyes and lay still.

Carlos looked at her in confusion. 'Shouldn't she get off the bed and leave my room? Why is she still lying here?'

"Well, are you implying that you want to sleep with me?"

His straightforward words made her cheeks blush red with shame. She immediately covered her chest with her hands and argued, "Don't talk nonsense! I was just... I thought you'd be afraid to sleep on your own, so I came here to keep you company."

Debbie was too proud to admit that she was the one who was afraid of sleeping alone.

Carlos was amused by her lame excuse. 'I'm afraid to sleep on my own? Are you kidding me? Why can't you just admit that you want my company?' "I'm not afraid of sleeping alone. I'm only afraid of being raped by you," he teased.

"Hey, watch your tongue! Don't flatter yourself. I'm not interested in you at all. I'm just sleepy. I need to

sleep now." Just after she said that, she sat up straight.

Carlos thought she was leaving, but actually she lay back and tucked herself in.

Baffled, he demanded, "Out!" He wasn't used to sleeping with another person in the same bed.

"No! I must accompany you!" Debbie was resilient.

He rubbed his arching brows and explained, "I'm not used to sleeping with others."

"You're lying. I know it. You just don't want to hurt Olga's heart."

'Olga? Who's she?' he thought to himself. After pausing to think for a moment, Carlos finally realized that she was referring to Olga Moran. "She has nothing to do with this," he snapped.

"Is she not your girlfriend?" Debbie scratched her head curiously. After all, she had seen Carlos and Olga together a couple of times.

"I'm a married man. I'm not interested in having a mistress," he answered.

Debbie snickered with pleasure as she sat up again and approached him. "You didn't even blush after lying. Last time in Shining International Plaza, you bought her so many things. Now you are telling me that you are not interested in her. Boss, are you giving yourself a slap in the face?"

"Should a man not pay the bill when he is shopping with a woman? Yes, I bought her many things. It didn't mean that she is my mistress." Carlos shook his head in disbelief. 'What the hell was she thinking?'

'His words do make sense. Besides, he is Carlos, the richest man in Alorith. It's not unusual for him to pay millions of dollars for women,' Debbie mused.

"Alright then. Good night!" This time, she pulled the quilt over her head. She was so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyelids from shutting.

In less than a minute, the man slid under the quilt and pressed himself against her. As if he was expecting her to scream, he pressed her lips with his. On top of her, he pinned her hands to the bed. His lips were firm, demanding and his fingertips were on fire running over her soft skin. Her eyes widened as she wasn't expecting things to turn out this way.

'I'm here to sleep, not sleep with you.

Yes, we are a couple, but only in name. I never wanted to be married to you. I certainly did not plan on having sex with you,' she thought inwardly.

His wet lips glided to her ear. She shivered and came back to her senses. She grabbed his hand and

stopped him from caressing her breasts. "Carlos, I'm not here to sleep with you. Don't get me wrong," she gasped.

Carlos paused to look at her and said, "It's too late." His loins were burning and he needed to put out the fire.

He began to plant feather-like kisses across her cheeks, her chin, and on the corners of her mouth. Fear flooded her system and she pleaded, "Please... Please don't... It's all my fault. I was afraid of sleeping alone, so I came here."

Carlos looked at the woman doubtfully and asked, "What were you afraid of? You were not in the cemetery anymore."

Debbie gave him an embarrassed smile and explained, "It has been thundering like crazy. I'm usually not afraid of it, but ever since you left me alone in that cemetery, I haven't been able to sleep on my own..."

She finally acknowledged the truth and heaved a sigh of relief. She believed that he should be held responsible for the whole thing.

Carlos sighed and shook his head in disappointment. 'I shouldn't have punished her like that. I thought she was afraid of nothing. But turns out, she is just a girl. Damn it! I made my bed, and now I must lie on it.'

He let go of her and lay beside her quietly to calm himself down.

Debbie felt relieved when Carlos let her go. 'Oh, shame on me! I'm always pretending to be fearless in front of others. But whenever Carlos comes into the picture, I'm not the same person anymore. What is wrong with me?' She buried herself in her thoughts.

After several minutes, when Carlos finally calmed himself down, he opened his mouth to say something, but soon realized that his wife was sound asleep.

The next day, in the Economics and Management School, one of the multimedia classrooms was overflowing with students. There were still more students outside the door trying to come in.

The boys looked at the girls enviously; the girls entered the classroom one after another, while the boys were stopped by Debbie and Jared.

Some boys couldn't keep silent anymore. "Debbie, why won't you allow us to attend Carlos' class? We want to get in as well!"

The classroom door was being guarded by Debbie and Jared. With her back leaning against the wall, she crossed her arms and said indifferently, "There are too many students who want to take Carlos' class. We're here to maintain public order. You are boys. Can't you be generous enough to let these adorable

girls take his class?"

A girl, who was about to enter, overheard their conversation and turned around. She cast a scornful glance at the boys and said, "Exactly. Be a gentleman, okay?"

All the boys were rendered speechless.

Jared flung his arm around a boy's shoulders and announced in a loud voice, "Guys, what a lovely, sunny day! I'd like to treat you guys to a game of golf this morning. And we can grab lunch right after."

Very few people were able to resist temptations of such degree. Moreover, even fewer people were brave enough to turn Jared down.

As a result, Carlos was caught by surprise when he entered the classroom. The classroom smelled strongly of women's perfume, and there were almost a thousand girls present. Carlos was the only man in the classroom.

Baffled, he put his stuff on the desk and swept his eyes over the crowd. When his eyes caught sight of a girl who was wearing a proud smile, he immediately realized what was going on.

Instantly, he figured out that this was all a part of Debbie's revenge.

Without further ado, he turned on the projector and started the class. "Good morning, everyone. Class begins now. What I'm going to talk about today is the current situation of financial technology industry..."

No wonder countless girls fawned over Carlos.

Watching the handsome man carry out his work in a diligent manner rendered the girls breathless and made their hearts skip a beat.

#### [Chapter 42 He Is So Handsome](#)

Like the other girls in the classroom, Debbie was so deep in thought that she hadn't been paying attention while Carlos was giving a lesson. 'Wow! He is so handsome. His voice is so sexy and charming. He's got a perfect body. He looks like a prince...'

"Well, I'd like to have a student sum up what I've just said," Carlos stated.

Most of the girls couldn't contain their excitement. They raised their hands and waved at him to draw his attention.

Everyone but Debbie was hoping that they would be the lucky one.

"The first from the left in the 8th row. Please stand up and tell us what you've learned so far." His attractive voice had hardly faded when the girls whipped their heads to look at the area he was pointing at. To most, the girl whose name got called was favored by fortune.

When they saw who the lucky dog was, they started gossiping amongst themselves.

"Isn't she the girl who was guarding the door before the class started?"

"Exactly. She is Debbie Nian from Class 22."

"What? She is Tomboy? She is so pretty. No wonder she is so popular."

Meanwhile, the girl everybody was talking about was still lost in her own thoughts.

She thought of the night when she slept in the same bed as Carlos, and she blushed red like a spring rose with an awkward smile on her face. After a few seconds had passed and there was still no response from Debbie, Kasie, who was sitting next to her, nudged her back to her senses.

"Um? What's up?" asked Debbie. 'Why is everyone looking at me like that?' she wondered in confusion.

Kristina, who was sitting next to Kasie, said in a light voice, "Tomboy, Mr. Huo wants you to answer his question. You need to sum up what he has just said."

Debbie's heart leapt into her throat. 'What he has said? But I wasn't following anything...'

Embarrassed, she stood up slowly and flipped open the book in front of her on the desk. But she was unable to utter a single word.

"Since you've failed to answer my question, come here and stand on the platform," Carlos demanded in a calm voice.

'What? Stand on the platform?'

Despite the confusion in her mind, Debbie left her seat and stepped on the platform.

Carlos, with a straight face, pointed to a corner and said, "You need to stand there and listen to my lecture until the class ends."

Debbie's eyes flew open as rows of heads turned to face her.

The spot Carlos was pointing to was only three meters away from the screen. If Carlos stood on the left of the pl

os had said.

'Mr. Huo will teach them alone?!' How they wished they could have the opportunity to spend some time with him alone!

90% of the girls were envious of Debbie and Kasie because they also wanted to spend time alone with Carlos. As for the rest, they were straight-A students and wanted to be instructed by him, because he was a really good teacher.

What happened next was beyond Kasie's imagination. Excited, she held Debbie's arm and entered Carlos' office, but was dismissed by him immediately.

"Kasie Zheng, you've listened to me carefully. So there's no need for you to stay here. You may take your leave now," Carlos said with a friendly smile.

Still in a trance, Kasie nodded and said, "Okay."

She turned around and left the office obediently, as if she were hypnotized by him. Soon after, the sound of the closing door coming from behind her brought her back to her senses.

'But I didn't listen to a single thing he said in class! What's more, Debbie's still in there...'

At this moment, Tristan, Carlos' assistant, walked up to Kasie. Pushing up his glasses, he smiled, "If you don't have anything else to report, you may go back to class now."

"But Debbie is still in there," she answered anxiously.

"I believe it will be good for your friend to be taught by Mr. Huo alone." Tristan was simply implying that Carlos wouldn't be too happy if Kasie knocked on his office door now.

Kasie was not witless and she understood his point immediately. Despite her fear of Carlos, her concern for her friend prevailed. Thinking about the conflicts between Debbie and Carlos, she asked, "Will Mr. Huo do something to Debbie?"

#### [Chapter 43 Im Your Husband](#)

Tristan was amused by Kasie's question, but he tried his best to maintain a serious face. 'First of all, Mr. Huo is a gentleman who will not force women to do anything they don't want. Second, Debbie is his wife. It wouldn't be inappropriate if they did end up doing something,' he thought to himself. "Don't worry. What Mr. Huo is doing is for Miss Nian's own good," he reassured Kasie.

Tristan didn't know what his boss would do to Debbie, but he knew it would do him best to stay away from their matters.

Kasie, however, still felt worried about her friend, for she remembered what Kristina had told her before -- Carlos intended to bury Debbie alive the last time. "How about I get in and stay with Debbie? I swear I'll just sit there and listen to Mr. Huo. I won't make any noise," she pleaded.

Tristan shook his head and thought, 'If I let you in, Mr. Huo will be angry with me. I don't want to be punished by him. I should take warning from Emmett's example.' He cleared his throat and said, "Miss Zheng, I assure you that Mr. Huo won't do anything to Miss Nian. Would you please stop worrying about your friend?"

Kasie had no choice but to leave because she realized that Tristan would not let her pass by any means. As she walked to the classroom, she couldn't stop getting worked up about Debbie.

In Carlos' office

Carlos placed a folder on the desk in front of Debbie and said, "For the rest of this semester, you will need to take these classes -- Yoga, Dancing, Piano, Etiquette... You also need to take part in the post-graduate entrance exams, so I will be your teacher for English, Advanced Mathematics and Financial Economy."

"Stop, stop!" Debbie interrupted, as her eyes widened at the sight of the countless classes listed.

She leaned forward to get close to him and said, "Old man, who gave you the right to arrange so many classes for me?" "Did you ever ask for my opinion? Did I ever give you my consent?" she cursed in her mind.

'Old man? Am I really that old to her?' Carlos knitted his eyebrows and answered in a low voice, "I'm your husband."

His voice was so captivating and attractive that Debbie got caught in a trance. It took her a while before she came back to her senses. Feigning a calm disposition, she cleared her throat and retorted, "Yes, I'm not denying that. You are just my husband, but what you've done to me only makes me wonder if you're treating me like I'm your daughter."

Carlos' face soured when he heard what she had said. As hurtful as they were, there was truth in her harsh words.

All of a sudden, he reached out to pull her into his arms and forced her scornful glance at her phone as if she were looking at Kasie in person.

"Debbie, Mr. Huo must have a thing for you. What are you waiting for? Go to him and make him your man!" Kasie yelled.

'What the fuck?! Are you kidding me?' Debbie was shocked by her friend's suggestion. She snapped back, "Kasie Zheng, are you my friend or not? Since when did you become my pimp? How dare you ask me to... to go to him and..." Debbie was too shy to utter the words, "make him my man".

Why did Kasie give in to Carlos' handsome face so easily? Debbie couldn't believe what her friend had just told her.

"Come on! If I weren't your friend, I would have gone to him myself. He is Mr. Huo! Do you know what that means? If you become his woman, do you know how many women will be jealous of you? Tomboy, you'll be a real-life winner!"

Debbie was rendered speechless.

On the other hand, Carlos was really efficient and reliable. The next morning, the dance teacher arrived at the East City Villa by 8 a.m.

As Debbie's first class in the university started at 10:30 a.m., she was still sound asleep when the teacher arrived. Julie came to Debbie's bedroom and gently woke her up. When Debbie squinted her sleepy eyes at her, Julie told her that the dance teacher was waiting for her in the dance room.

After readying herself, Debbie entered the dance room. The moment she saw the dance teacher, her eyes lit up and she became enthusiastic about taking lessons.

The teacher was about Debbie's age. She had a pretty face, and most importantly, a perfect figure. Debbie could tell from the way she dressed that she was a soft and gentle girl. Debbie was almost drooling over her, firmly under the impression that most men would fall for her at first sight.

[Chapter 44 The Dancing Class](#)

The dance teacher walked up to Debbie elegantly with a friendly smile on her face and said, "Good morning. You must be Debbie."

Debbie smiled back and nodded. "Good morning."

They shook hands and made a good first impression on each other. The dance teacher introduced herself, "I'm Teresa Xu, and you may just call me Teresa. Although I have just graduated from university, I've been learning how to dance for almost twenty years and teaching others for almost four years now."

"Wow! Teresa! Your parents must be a fan of Teresa Teng, huh?" Debbie's curiosity was piqued.

A smile appeared on Teresa Xu's lips and she answered, "Yes, you're right. My mother is a Chinese teacher and my father is a professor of Chinese literature. They are both Teresa Teng's loyal fans." Apparently, she was very proud of her parents.

After making small talk, they began the class. Teresa Xu was indeed a soft girl, and even Debbie, who had always been a tomboy, became softer while she was with the dance teacher.

Since Debbie had been practicing martial arts for more than ten years, it wasn't long before she had mastered the basic skills of dancing.

The class lasted for almost an hour and a half, but Debbie was not tired at all.

When the class came to an end, Teresa Xu changed her clothes and walked towards the gates of the villa, followed by Debbie. "I had a great time, Teresa," said Debbie.

"I appreciate it. See you next time, Debbie." Teresa Xu waved her goodbye.

"Bye, Teresa."

After Teresa Xu left the villa, Debbie went back to the living room and threw herself on the couch. She needed to go to the university soon. There was no way she was going to risk missing Carlos' class in the afternoon. How she wished she could just play truant like she had done before! She was both physically and mentally exhausted because of him.

'I assumed time was money for the likes of Carlos. I've heard that he makes around hundreds of millions of dollars in just one minute. I wonder why he chose to waste time on our school. I really don't understand it, ' Debbie thought to herself.

In the afternoon, Debbie went to a Haagen-Dazs shop and bought two scoops of ice cream. With her books in one hand and the ice cream in the other, she made her way to the classroom. It was Carlos' class, and she didn't dare to cut it. Otherwise, the man would come up with a plethora of ways to punish her.

Lost in various fancies and conjectures, she walked slowly across the maple grove of the university, not realizing that the bell for her class had already rung.

Between her and the building where she was supposed to attend her class, was a massive playground. She decided to walk



voice, "No!"

Debbie was rendered speechless.

Tristan, who was standing not too far away, witnessed the whole incident as it unfolded before his eyes.

He could barely keep the smile off of his face as he watched Debbie's reluctant expression. 'What a silly girl! She thinks that she was made to stand there alone and buy all her classmates ice cream as punishment, when in fact, she was enjoying her ice cream in the shade of the tree while the others were standing in the sun during class. Besides, the money she would use to buy her classmates the ice cream is from Mr. Huo.'

However, Debbie wasn't aware of that fact yet. Since she had been living on her own in the past three years, she didn't realize that she was using Carlos' money.

After paying the bill with her credit card, Debbie felt like someone had squeezed the life out of her.

Several salesgirls followed her to the university, attracting the attention of many passers-by. All the while, she wasn't sure whether to cry or to laugh. Why was Carlos such a ruthless man?

Debbie sat under the big tree watching her classmates as they happily stuffed their mouths with ice cream. Some of them were very excited as they had never tasted such expensive ice cream before.

Strangely, many girls surrounded Carlos and expressed their thanks to him.

'Hey, I was the one who bought the ice cream. Why are you thanking him instead of me? It would make sense if they knew that he is the one supporting me financially. But they don't know that!

Wait! Am I stupid or what? I didn't realize that I was using his money!' Debbie thought to herself.

As soon as she came to that realization, she jumped to her feet and ran towards Carlos.

"Get out of the way!" She pushed several girls aside and stood in front of him.

#### [Chapter 45 An English Class](#)

Carlos looked at the girl standing before him, and said nothing.

Debbie approached him and whispered in his ear, "Hey, are you stupid or something?"

His face soured almost immediately at what she said. He cast a warning glance at her and said in a cold voice, "Are you sure you want to offend me?"

Debbie immediately shook her head and replied with a flattering smile, "You asked me to buy my classmates ice cream. But the money was yours. Technically, it was you who bought them the ice cream. Why would you do that?"

"You were late for class," he said indifferently.

"What did it have to do with---" Before she could utter the words, "buying them the ice cream", she shut her mouth. In truth, she didn't understand his motives.

'What was he trying to say? That there was nothing wrong with me eating ice cream, but I shouldn't have been late for school? Was he trying to imply that?

Actually, I didn't run eight kilometers nor was I the one who paid for the ice cream. So basically I never received any punishment.

Seriously? Is he really such a nice guy?' she thought to herself, while eyeing Carlos from head to toe in disbelief. She was not accustomed to being treated well by Carlos. When she noticed Carlos' ramrod straight posture, she asked curiously, "Have you served in the army before?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then why did you quit the army? You prefer being a CEO?" She could imagine he must have been the most handsome soldier in the army.

Debbie believed that if he were wearing the military uniform right now, she would literally be drooling over him. 'What a pity!' she sighed.

As if Carlos understood what she was thinking about, he flashed a naughty smile at her and whispered in her ear, "If you really want to learn more about me, why don't you come and see me this evening? We can have an in-depth exchange."

What? In-depth exchange?

If he had only mentioned "in-depth exchange", she would not have been lost in various conjectures. Why did he stress "this evening"? Was he implying something else? Men would never tire of telling dirty jokes, and Carlos was no exception.

When Debbie realized what he was implying, she flushed scarlet with shyness. She coughed once and cleared her throat. "No, thank you. Bye!" she answered simply, before turning to leave.

The man said something behind her back that made her stagger.

She steadied herself and turned around to say something, but the man was not there any more. He had already left to instruct the students in training.

'Did I mishear him? No, that ca

part of his firm, chiseled chest. Debbie felt somewhat thirsty at the sight of the handsome man smoking before the window. She swallowed hard and wished for this peaceful moment to last a bit longer.

Carlos saw her come in through the reflection in the window. He walked towards the desk and killed the cigarette butt in the ash tray. "Sit," he demanded briefly.

Looking around the study, Debbie believed that the couch would be the most comfortable place, so she went towards the couch and made herself comfortable.

Carlos followed and sat next to her. They were so close, she could feel the warmth of his body.

In a low, tantalizing voice, he asked, "How's your English? I'll need to assess that before we can continue. We are going to communicate in English this evening."

Debbie was slightly taken aback. 'Communicate in English? Seriously? I've never passed any English tests before. I can only speak a bit of English. I had learnt it before I had to travel abroad.'

"First of all, you need to pay..."

Carlos opened his mouth and English words poured out of his mouth like a waterfall. Debbie didn't know what he was talking about, but she could tell that his accent was of that so-called Received Pronunciation. The only words she was accustomed to were words like "first of all" and "you need to". She had no idea what he was trying to tell her.

When Carlos finally stopped talking, Debbie sat up straight, cleared her throat and answered, "Good night... H-How much..." The more she said, the deeper he frowned.

After she finally finished speaking, he gripped the book more tightly. He tried his best to calm himself down and not make her feel intimidated and discouraged.

#### [Chapter 46 The English Lesson](#)

Debbie winked at Carlos gloatingly, without the slightest awareness of his gloom, while he stared at her with a poker face. "I'll teach you from now on," he said in English.

Despite being clueless of what he said, Debbie nodded after a transient daze.

Carlos thought she understood that sentence, so he continued, "Next, follow me."

Debbie hesitated a little, and then she nodded again.

Carlos tapped his index finger on the book and said, "Are you a fool?"

'Fool? Sounds familiar, but I've forgotten what it means.'

This time, without hesitation, she simply nodded, because she found that so far nodding had not brought her any trouble yet. Therefore, she assumed that no matter what he said, nodding would be the proper response.

Carlos sighed and closed his eyes hopelessly. He took out his phone, and typed, "Are you a fool?" on a translation APP, and showed her the translation.

Debbie stared at the screen with surprise.

She realized that

she had nodded at him back then.

'Calling me a fool? He is a fool, an old fool at 28.'

Ashamed and infuriated, Debbie pushed the book away and stood up from the couch before she declared, "I quit. You're making fun of me."

When she was about to leave, Carlos grabbed her hand and pulled her back onto the sofa. However, the force of his pull was so strong she fell off the sofa.

"Ah!" she cried out, before her body hit the floor. Without a conscious thought, she desperately grabbed his shirt.

Carlos quickly wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her into his arms.

Annoyed, Debbie raised her head and glared at him with fury. The next thing she knew, apart from the meeting of their eyes, his lips had somehow found their way to hers. She didn't realize they were so close. Embarrassed, Debbie's blush seared through her cheeks and for a minute she thought her face was on fire.

Although the little episode surprised Carlos as well, it only sent him into a three-second trance. Before she knew it, he quickly made their accidental kiss official.

Debbie intended to turn him down, but when she recalled what he had said to her on the playground, an idea popped up into her head. She mustered up the strength and pushed him onto the couch.

Lying there, Carlos looked at her in d

sleeping with you and making you incapable of getting out of bed for three days," he said.

"You... you... you are shameless! I won't give you a chance!"

"Then I won't give you a chance to get a divorce," Carlos responded casually.

Debbie wanted to make a snappy comeback, but she failed. After a while, she said, "I'm going to bed." She couldn't bear to spend another second in the same room as him.

When she got to the door of her bedroom, Carlos spoke again. "Give your classmate's money back now. Stop looking for a job. You won't have the time for a part-time job and university."

"Were you eavesdropping on my private conversation?" Debbie got even angrier.

'How could he? This is unacceptable.' Debbie wanted to wrap her hands around his throat and strangle him, but she knew better than to pick a fight she wouldn't win.

"Eavesdrop? I was just passing by your door, which by the way, you left open, when I overheard you talking to someone on the phone."

'Ah!' Debbie screamed inwardly. She wanted to punch him hard so he wouldn't even recognize himself in the mirror. Breathing in and out, she tried to calm herself down.

Finally, she managed to form a smile on her face. "Mr. Huo, how about I give you ten grand and we get a divorce?"

The man fell into a silence.

However, Debbie realized that ten grand was too little for a rich man like Carlos. It was so little he probably wouldn't bother picking it up if he had dropped that amount on the floor. "One million!" she declared.

### [Chapter 47 You Win](#)

The man remained silent.

"Ten million!" Debbie declared, gritting her teeth.

Again, there was no response from the man.

"Fifty... fifty million!" As long as she could get rid of the bane of her life, she was willing to give him fifty million. It was not like she had that kind of money right now. Suffice it to say, she would have to work extremely hard to earn that amount, but Debbie firmly believed that she would have it eventually.

Fearing that the girl would have a mental breakdown in anger and anxiety if he kept silent any longer, he finally said, "Why don't we talk about this when you actually have fifty million?" For a man like Carlos Huo, fifty million was just the same as fifty bucks; for Debbie, on the other hand, it was another story.

"Fine! Carlos, you win!" Debbie's seething resentment finally reached boiling point, as she stormed out of the study.

In a dramatic display of anger, she slammed the door shut behind her.

Back to her bedroom, Debbie threw all her casual clothes out of the closet and crammed them in a corner of the room. Standing with arms akimbo, she stared at the empty closet, but that was not enough to vent her fiery rage. "Go shopping with me. I'll buy clothes, cosmetics, jewelry, everything," she told Kasie on the phone.

'He wants me to spend money? No problem! Making money might be difficult, but spending money is easy.

Earlier on the playground he said that if I slept with him, he would set me free.

Okay then, just wait and see, Carlos Huo. I'll sleep with you."

Early the next morning, Debbie went to university in the pink laced dress that she had worn on her 21st birthday.

The thought of the look on Carlos' face when he'd seen her in that dress that morning made her want to burst out laughing.

At the dining table, Carlos put on a cold face as per usual, but the amazement was plain in his eyes. Debbie whirled in front of him on purpose and asked, "Mr. Handsome, how do I look?"

'Did he forget that I am a girl? Even pretending to be a man won't be hard for me, not to mention acting like a lady. Do I even need to pretend to be a lady? I used to be a sophisticated girl when I was little. How hard can it be to act like a sophisticated lady?'

With the help of foundation primer, BB cushion, brown eyebrow powder, black eyeliner, and Giorgio Armani Lip Maestro 400 The Red, the tomboy had transformed into a princess.

Once she used to wear her hair in a ponytail or a bun, but now she let it flow elegantly as a princess should. Her long, black hair

about her. In class, whenever Carlos laid eyes on her, she'd wink at him.

What confused Carlos was that before, other women had winked at him constantly, but he had never felt a thing; be it super models, actresses or socialite divas. But when this girl winked at him, he'd lose focus and fail to concentrate.

When the bell rang, some girls rushed to the podium and surrounded Carlos immediately with excitement in their eyes, as if they had finally met their prince charming, even though that was not Carlos' first lesson with them. Debbie strode to the podium, patted on the shoulder of one of the girls and gestured for her to move away. When the girls saw it was her, the joy on their faces evaporated. Debbie could sense their anger in the air and in their eyes. However, none of the girls dared to speak up.

She stood by Carlos' side and watched him put his things away with one hand propped against her chin. All the while, Carlos pretended not to notice that she was there. "Mr. Huo, there are some points in this lesson that I don't understand."

With everything tidied up, Carlos cast her a cold look and made his way to the door without saying a word.

Seeing Debbie slighted, some students started snickering; some even taunted.

Embarrassed, Debbie held her head up high and commented, "Why is he so arrogant? As if I wanted to learn all this stupid stuff!"

Unfortunately, Carlos hadn't walked out of the classroom just yet.

He heard every word she had said. A smile appeared on his lips. Humiliated and angry, Debbie walked back to her seat, took out her phone, and sent Carlos a message. "Carlos Huo, don't come back to the villa tonight. I don't want to see you!"

#### [Chapter 48 Back From Singapore](#)

Debbie waited, but Carlos didn't reply to her message even after her next class had begun.

Meanwhile, an Emperor sped in the direction of ZL Group along the road. The man in the backseat read the message he had received repeatedly, and his heart began to sing with joy.

Tristan, who was in the passenger seat, opened Carlos' schedule and started his report. "Mr. Huo, you are going to Singapore tomorrow for a couple of days. An accident has occurred in one of the factories there, and the problem still hasn't been resolved yet."

In the evening, Debbie lay in bed and paid full attention to every single noise that came in from outside the window. However, it was past midnight already and she still didn't hear the sound of Carlos' car.

'Is he angry at me? Did he really decide not to come home?

Did I cross the line? After all, this is his house and I kicked him out of it.'

With such thoughts running in her mind, Debbie felt troubled and restless.

Then she sent him another message to see how he would react. "Mr. Huo," she simply typed on her phone.

To her surprise, Carlos responded almost immediately, with a single-word reply, "Yes?"

Unfortunately, she didn't know what to say next as she stared blankly at her phone screen. Debby hesitated for a long moment. "Where are you?" she finally asked.

"Office." Carlos had just arrived at the branch company in Singapore and was set to work.

However, Debbie didn't know that he had gone abroad. She thought that he was still in Y City and had decided not to come back because of her message. "Well, about today, in the classroom, I... It was not my fault. You ignored me in front of everyone. Perhaps you should come back. It's okay. I can just avoid you in the villa,"

she gibbered nervously. She felt like she owed him an apology, but she was too embarrassed to go through with it.

Carlos guessed how conflicted she was at that moment as he read her message. 'She is so cute, ' he thought to himself.

Since he couldn't go back right now, Carlos replied, "Go to sleep."

Having noticed how short his replies were, Debbie assumed that he was angry with her. 'After I made the effort of contacting him, still, he doesn't want to come back. How can he be so petty?' She covered her head with the blanket in frustration.

'Fine. Suit yourself. I have apologized anyway.'" Soon after, she drifted into deep sleep.

But the next two

a kick. "Hey, careful with your cute back and forth in front of me, man. I'm all alone here. Otherwise, I'll have to steal your girlfriend one day."

Dixon kicked him back and yelled, "I've been single for more than 20 years. If you dare steal my girlfriend, I'll hunt you down and end you."

Jared felt goosebumps all over his body.

The two boys' conversation had Kristina giggling away. Debbie was too drunk to steady herself. After the song, she got up to sit on the sofa when she accidentally fell into Jared's arms.

Debbie accused Jared of tripping her and the latter complained that she was putting on weight. While they were exchanging pinches and kicks, the door of the villa was opened from outside.

In the eyes of the man at the door, it looked like they were flirting with each other.

When they saw the man's face, Debbie's friends exclaimed, "Ah! Mr. Huo!" They all sprang off the sofa in fright. Only Debbie remained where she was. She brushed her hair and stared at the door, still in a trance. "No, it can't be him," she murmured. She had inquired Philip about Carlos' itinerary. He wasn't supposed to be back until two more days.

'I must be very drunk, ' Debbie thought.

The man was dressed in a black suit and vest, with his jacket hanging from one arm. His eyes swept around the room, and caught sight of the mess in the living room.

Tristan, who was standing behind Carlos, looked at the woman who was staggering to her feet. His eyes widened in astonishment. 'Mr. Huo has rushed back from Singapore and this is what he sees? Mrs. Huo is going to be in a lot of trouble.'

#### [Chapter 49 Having A Headache](#)

Tristan prayed for the students in his heart.

Intimidated by Carlos, they were already half sober when they saw him standing at the door. One by one, they took turns and greeted him politely.

"Good evening, Mr. Huo," said Jared. 'This is creepy. What's Mr. Huo doing in Debbie's home?' he wondered.

"Nice to see you, Mr. Huo," Dixon and Kristina chimed in. Dixon had sensed that Carlos and Debbie had a personal relationship when he had seen Carlos in the dean's office, but he had kept that knowledge to himself all along.

"Mr. Huo?" Kasie couldn't believe her eyes. 'Who am I? Where am I? Why am I seeing Carlos Huo in Debbie's house?'

Then the same question popped up in Debbie's friends' heads. 'Why is Carlos Huo here?'

"Mr. Handsome!" A crisp voice caught the attention of everyone in the room.

'Whhhhhhat?'

Did Debbie just call Carlos Huo Mr. Handsome?'

The living room grew deafeningly silent, while the air was too thick to breathe. Jared's legs were shaking like dry leaves. He felt as if his bladder was about to let go. Even his father didn't scare him as much as Carlos did. Who would believe the man at the door was only six years older than him?

Jared shook his head in disbelief. Nothing else mattered anymore. The most important question in their minds was, 'What is Carlos Huo doing in Debbie's house?'

By this time, Debbie's head was a lot clearer. Carlos glanced at her with a straight face and then walked inside.

The rest were scared stiff. They could feel their hair stand on end. Everyone held their breaths. Before Carlos said anything, they all lined up against the wall. Jared kept his head low, like a horrified turtle.

"Have you been drinking?" Carlos asked. The line of people nodded in unison, like a flock of birds bobbing their heads.

Debbie clutched the corner of her clothes. All she kept thinking was why Carlos had come back unannounced, all of a sudden. How was she supposed to explain their relationship to her friends?

After glancing again at the cans on the floor, Carlos asked, "Did all of you drink this?"

Some of the kids nodded while the others shook their heads.



Debbie was one of the latter. She wasn't dumb enough to admit in front of Carlos that she had drunk a lot.

"Tristan, go buy ten crates of beer. None of them is allowed to leave until they finish all of them," the old be more focused if she studied overseas, where she was away from her friends.

Back at home, when Jared went upstairs, his legs were weak as jello. As soon as he saw his father, Jasper Han, he embraced him immediately, close to tears. "Dad, I swear I won't drink a drop of alcohol in the next month."

When his son hugged him, Jasper Han intended to ask his son to leave him alone, but what Jared said intrigued him. "What's happened?" he asked his son.

"Dad, do you know Mr. Huo?" Jared asked.

"Mr. Huo? Which Mr. Huo? Carlos Huo?"

"Yes." Upon hearing Carlos' name, Jared immediately let go of his father and stood straight. With a towering height of six foot eleven, he looked like a tree.

Jasper Han looked at his son in confusion and asked, "Why did you suddenly bring him up?"

"Because he is... he is a demon. I feel sorry for you old guys who have to do business with him."

When Jasper Han heard his son call him an old guy, he slapped him in the shoulder and said, "You ungrateful lad, I'm your father. Show some respect! Did Carlos Huo give you a hard time? I'm telling you, stay away from him. Messing with him is the stupidest thing anyone can do. He will make sure you will never see the sun rise again."

Despite being frightened, Jared sneered to save face.

When his phone buzzed, he read his WeChat message and his eyes widened like watermelons. "What the hell?"

If nothing had happened tonight, he wouldn't have believed what was written in the message. However, after all of that, he was ready to believe that even fishes could fly.

## [Chapter 50 The Truth Was Out](#)

In the group's chat on WeChat, Debbie said, "Carlos Huo is actually my husband."

Then she added, "But I'm trying to get a divorce."

"Moron!" commented Jared.

He was relieved when Kasie and Kristina pretty much said the same thing. 'Who in their right mind would not want to be Carlos Huo's wife?'

In East City Villa, Debbie was told to clean the living room by herself as punishment. She replied to her friends' messages as she put the empty cans into the bin. "You don't understand. We didn't get married because we loved each other. It's nothing like that. I don't love him and he doesn't love me. I'm still young. Why should I be trapped in this loveless marriage?"

Kasie had jumped out of bed when she read Debbie's first message. Her hands were shaking from excitement. It took a while before she calmed down and said, "Debbie, are you really that old-fashioned? Times have changed! Who cares about love now? Can love keep you alive? Although you don't love each other, Carlos is rich, handsome, and powerful. That's everybody's dream. What else do you want?"

When Debbie sat down on the sofa speechlessly, Kristina said, "I just realized that I have been shopping at the Shining International Plaza with the owner of Shining International Plaza."

Dixon couldn't believe Debbie was married and what shocked him even more was that her husband was Carlos Huo, the man whose face was as cold as an iceberg. "Think it over, Debbie. Divorce is huge. To be honest, I think Mr. Huo is the right man for you. You know, considering your personality. He might be the only one that can take your hot temper down a notch."

Dixon's words made Debbie even more determined to get divorced. She didn't want a husband who would take control of her life.

After a long while, Jared joined in the conversation again. "Debbie Nian, you would be a muttonhead to file a divorce."

Debbie couldn't stand to read her friends' messages anymore. She threw her phone away on the sofa in distress. Why didn't any of them support her in her decision? However, her phone didn't stop buzzing. She knew that her friends were still trying to talk her out of the divorce. "Go to sleep. Since Carlos Huo has been holding back the divorce, what I think or want doesn't really matter."

Instantly, the chat became quiet. Her phone stopped beeping, because no one was talking.

Debbie shook her head in disappointment.

These were her best friends, but none of them was on her side in this matter. 'Not only should I end my marriag

unglasses in the passenger's seat. Judging from her outfit and appearance, Debbie assumed that she was most likely a parvenu.

The woman's clothes were fancy, but the color was gaudy. Her unbound curly hair had been dyed blonde and she was wearing hoops.

The man in the driver's seat was in his thirties. When they heard Debbie tapping on the window, both he and the woman turned to look at her with a confused look on their faces. Without a word, Debbie took several steps back, threw the empty bottle in the air and kicked it into the limo.

Somehow it hit the woman in the head, but Debbie couldn't care less.

"Hey, maybe your parents never taught you anything when you grew up. But just so you know, you deserved this. And if you keep being such a disgusting piece of shit, more people will be glad to teach you a valuable lesson." When Debbie finished talking, there were only three seconds left before the red lights turned green. Allowing the people in the car no time to respond, she returned to her scooter, and sped off.

Meanwhile, Debbie's friends were waiting for her at the entrance of the university. When her scooter appeared, they all walked up and surrounded her.

Kasie gave her a pat on the helmet and said, "Yo, as the powerful Mrs. Huo, don't you think it's bad for your image to drive around on a cheap scooter?"

Debbie took off the helmet and rolled her eyes at her. "You helped me pick this scooter. Don't forget that you liked it too."

"That's because I didn't know your real identity. Otherwise, I would have convinced you to buy a Ferrari, a Lotus, a Lamborghini, a Rolls-Royce, or a Maserati. Anything but a scooter," Kasie protested.