

TMBA 411

[Chapter 411 Are You Okay](#)

Debbie was practically backed into a corner. Her dagger flashed, high, low, overhand. She slashed these men with the dagger again and again. Left, right, forward and backward, she sprang and slid, hacking and slicing. Bodies clashing. The sound was quite appalling.

Aldrich walked over to Kasie and pulled the rope, lowering Kasie to ground level.

Tied, unable to move, she could only watch Debbie fight against a group of ferocious men. Her face stung from the warm tears.

But the man wasn't interested in watching them fight. He really just needed this over. Suddenly, Aldrich held the knife to her throat and shouted, "Debbie Nian! One wrong move and she gets it!"

'Damn it!' Debbie cursed. She leaned backwards to dodge a bodyguard's attack. His meaty fist swung in front of her, narrowly missing her face. The bodyguards stopped attacking and watched their leader breathlessly.

Panting, she glared at Aldrich and bellowed, "Come at me! Let her go!"

Aldrich snorted, "I can't. Not until you divorce Ivan!"

"Okay! But you have to promise you won't harm Kasie," Debbie compromised.

Just then, a commotion was heard at the entrance. Soon, Ivan walked in with a black eye and a swollen face.

He didn't know martial arts and had taken a beating as he tried to get in. "Who's responsible for this?" Aldrich yelled at his bodyguards when he saw Ivan's features marred by bruises.

But since he didn't look masculine at all, he wasn't menacing even in his rage.

Pointing at Debbie and Kasie, Ivan demanded, "This is between you and me. Let them go."

"No way! Only after you divorce her," Aldrich said, his eyes fixed on Ivan's face. Though bloody, bruised and smudged, that face was still as attractive as ever to him.

Yet his hands shook uncontrollably as Ivan walked towards him. Debbie's heart was in her mouth. He still held the knife, and Kasie was still in danger. Quietly, she reached for the lipstick weapon in her pocket and aimed it carefully. She pressed the button and fired the dart. It sped toward Aldrich's hand.

"Ah!" The dart buried itself in Aldrich's phalanges. The man screamed

"No. Why are you here?" she said, shaking her head, still unable to believe that Carlos had come to her rescue and was standing right in front of her. This was like something out of the movies.

"Why didn't you tell me about the kidnapping?" he reprimanded.

If he hadn't had her secretly followed by bodyguards, he would never have known she came here.

Debbie didn't know how to explain. "He—"

"Right. You're Ivan's wife now. You don't have to tell me anything," Carlos smiled wryly. When he heard she was here alone, he ducked out of an important meeting and immediately climbed into his sports car. He raced all the way there, pedal to the metal, putting all his driving skills to the test.

He had tackled all the sentries posted outside without a sound. When he stepped inside, the first sight that met his eyes was Aldrich drawing a bead on Debbie.

He had been so nervous that he could hardly feel his heart beat. But she was another man's wife. Her husband was with her. What was he doing here? Now, he realized how ridiculous he was acting.

Without waiting for an explanation, he turned around and made his way to the entrance.

Debbie was left speechless.

'He calls the cops and zooms here to save me. Then, he makes sure I'm okay, and just...leaves?' she thought.

She didn't have much time to think about this, though. Ivan had been shot, and she needed to make sure he was safe.

[Chapter 412 Me Again](#)

After the paramedics carried Ivan into the ambulance, Kasie walked over to Debbie and hugged her. "Debbie, I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

Debbie's voice was choked. "No, it's mine. You were kidnapped because of me." Aldrich knew he might be able to overpower Debbie, but not both her and her bodyguards Carlos had hired for her. So his best bet was to get at her through Kasie.

With red eyes, Kasie held her tightly, unwilling to let go. "I was so scared. But you fought them off. Can you teach me? Then next time, things will be different."

Before Debbie could respond, they were taken down to the station for a statement. The police wouldn't be kept waiting.

Debbie had been at the police station way too many times. She started to think that she must have been jinxed or something.

Once they had given their statements and were allowed to leave, Kasie asked her parents to go home, and she accompanied Debbie to the hospital.

At the hospital

Ivan was still in the ER. The doctors were doing their best to save his life. They had the bleeding under control and washed the blood away from the wound, and several blood packs were brought in to replace blood lost from limbs and vital organs. Debbie and Kasie waited outside.

Debbie took her phone out of her pocket. The screen had been broken during the fight, but it still worked well enough. She found Carlos' number and texted him. "You saved my life. Thanks, old man."

She got no reply.

Debbie sighed. 'He must be mad at me.'

Several hours passed. Finally the sign above the door of the ER was turned off. The doctors walked out. "Doc, how is he?" Debbie asked one of the doctors.

The doctor nodded wearily. "Thank god we got to him in time. The bullet's out, and now we wait. "

Both Debbie and Kasie were reassured by his words.

They moved Ivan out of the ER shortly after the operation. Debbie and Kasie rushed over to the hospital cot as soon as they saw him. He was still in a coma.

When they were in the ward, Debbie let out a huge sigh of relief. This mi

e got a message from him. A brief one—"take a hike!"

"Okeydokey, bye." Debbie put her phone down with a smile. When she gazed at Ivan, who lay there quietly, she was seized by mixed emotions.

Should she tell Ivan's mom? Would Ivan get mad if she did? Stumped, she called Irene for advice. "Where are you?" she asked her.

"I'm in Milan for an MV. You should be making an MV on Jeju Island. Is it nice there?" Irene asked cheerfully.

Debbie sighed. "I've been so busy. My name has been cleared, but your brother was hurt. Work is stacking up."

"What happened to my brother?" Irene's voice was thick with worry.

"He was shot, but he's in stable condition. I wonder if I should tell...Mom and Dad about this." Debbie was about to say "your parents." Then she changed it to "Mom and Dad."

Since she was married to Ivan, his parents were now hers.

"Shot?" Irene's volume went noticeably higher. "What happened? Tell me."

Debbie said after a moment's hesitation, "Maybe you should ask your brother when he wakes up. Think I should tell Mom and Dad?"

"Nah. Just wait. Didn't you say his condition has stabilized? I'll check on him in a couple days. Mom hasn't been well the past two years. I'm afraid the news will stress her out."

"Okay."

"I'll have my assistant book a flight. I'll be out there ASAP."

"Talk to you then," Debbie said.

[Chapter 413 Bring Two](#)

Debbie was preparing to go to dinner with Elmer Xue. She thought about getting a caretaker for Ivan while she was gone. Then Kasie walked in.

She pushed open the door and walked quietly into the ward. "Debbie," she called.

"Kasie." Debbie put her phone away and stood up from the chair to greet her friend.

Kasie brought a lily bouquet and handed it to Debbie. While Debbie scrambled to grab a vase, Kasie said quietly, "This is for Ivan. Thank him for saving my life. The bullet was meant for me."

"Why are you telling me? You know our marriage is in name only," Debbie said.

Kasie looked at Ivan thoughtfully and shook her head as she replied, "You're still his wife. And I've seen you two together. You care about him."

Having been unable to find a vase, Debbie put the bouquet on the table beside the bed. She said casually, "Oh, come on, the only reason we got married was..." The rest of her words stuck in her throat. She wasn't sure she was quite comfortable with it.

Kasie had moved to the head of the bed, staring at Ivan, lost in thought. She couldn't stop thinking that she should have taken that bullet instead of him.

'Oh no!' Debbie cried inwardly. 'Is Kasie falling for Ivan?'

Emmett had been dead for three and a half years. She was madly in love with the man when he passed, and grieved heavily. In that time, she'd never looked at another guy the way she was looking at Ivan now.

'Wow. Will she be surprised... to find out he's gay?'

Debbie was flustered. She said hastily, "Kasie, have you been to Emmett's grave recently?"

She knew Emmett's name would make Kasie sad. Not wanting to look Kasie in the eye, she lowered her head, pretending to arrange the flowers.

Sure enough, Kasie came to her senses when she heard Emmett's name. The expression on her face was back to normal. She secretly pinched herself. 'Kasie, what were you thinking? He's Debbie's husband!'

"N-not yet. I'm thinking going there in the next few days. Why?"

"Do you want some company? Since I'm here." Debbie feigned a casual tone. 'Sorry to bring Emmett up, but I didn't want to see you

erve. It's divine, like nectar of the gods. I'd like a bottle of that."

'Private reserve?' Debbie had never had a glass. Nor did she know anything about it. But since Elmer had asked for it, she didn't think it mattered, as long as Elmer was happy. "Bring two," she said to the waiter.

The liquor was brought to the table quickly. Debbie filled Elmer's glass and said, "Mr. Xue, please have a taste."

Elmer touched his potbelly and smiled faintly, "I've had more than a few glasses over the years." It meant he knew damn well how it tasted.

Debbie forced herself to smile. "Right. What was I thinking? Mr. Xue has been around the world. Of course you'd know." She raised her glass. "To your health, Mr. Xue."

They clinked their glasses. Elmer gulped his liquor down.

Debbie only sipped a little. She hadn't come for drinks but to make sure he wouldn't terminate the contract. If it took some alcohol, so be it.

"Since you're so sincere, I'll be honest. If you weren't a singer of Star Empire, or Mr. Huo and Mr. Wen's friend, I would have fired you on the spot."

Debbie smiled awkwardly. 'Why can't he just say he signed me because I sing well?'

She felt frustrated because she didn't want people to think that she relied on men.

Debbie drained her glass sullenly. Then she refilled Elmer's glass and said, "You're right. Mr. Huo owns Star Empire, and takes care of his employees."

[Chapter 414 May I Have A Discount](#)

Elmer drained his glass again. Debbie didn't pay much attention to it. She only assumed he liked drinking alcohol. But man, that guy could drink. After refilling his glass, she pointed to two dishes she had ordered and politely directed his attention to them.

Elmer took a bite. "So how do you know Mr. Huo and Mr. Wen?" he asked out of the blue.

Debbie was surprised. 'Men can be gossipy too, ' she thought.

She swallowed her food and smiled, "I thought everyone knew about my relationship with Mr. Huo. I'm his ex-wife. Mr. Wen is my friend and a mentor. He helped me get my singing career off the ground. Thanks to him, I signed with Star Empire."

Almost no one knew she and Ivan were married.

Actually, Elmer knew about Debbie and Carlos. Everyone in Y City knew about them. Carlos had once bought an extremely expensive watch at an expo to apologize to her. Elmer was there and had seen it all.

He had asked to see how truthful she was. It turned out she was honest. Brownie points for her. "Why did you two split up?" She lost her smile for a moment. "Please, don't be offended. I'm just curious. Mr. Huo is a great guy. And you seem nice too. What went wrong?" Elmer pursued.

He was actually thinking, 'If those two get back together and Debbie's still endorsing our products, that'll be a serious moneymaker.'

"Personal reasons. I don't feel like talking about it. Let's talk about something else." The truth was as wild as the rumors that dogged her. She didn't know Elmer that well and her personal life was private. She wouldn't share it with just anyone.

"Okay, let's drink," he said with a smile.

'And another? How many glasses is this guy going to down?' Debbie realized that they had been drinking nonstop.

Elmer told her he only had twenty minutes, but their dinner lasted three hours. When they were done, they'd finished one bottle of the private reserve. The other bottle went unopened. To make him happy, Debbie gave it to him as a gift. He grinned ear-to-ear, and cradled the diamond-studded gold and sterling platinum bottle in his arms.

After seeing him off, Debbi

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t Ivan's wound, Debbie went to the privacy room to video chat with Piggy.

While they were talking, Elsie stuck her face in the frame. "Debbie, what are you and Ivan up to? Why aren't you on your honeymoon?" She could feel something was wrong.

Debbie's heart tightened when she heard this. "I've been getting ready for my tour. There're lots of things to do to put on a concert. And Ivan's company is expanding. He has agreed to be on the ticket, though. Mom, don't worry about us."

"Okay. Take care of yourselves. I want a granddaughter as cute as Piggy." To avoid Piggy hearing it, Elsie had taken the phone somewhere else and whispered.

Debbie understood she wanted to spare Piggy's feelings. Elsie was great to her and Piggy. Yet she and Ivan had been lying to her about their marriage. She felt bad. But what could she do? "I know, Mom. Thank you for taking care of Piggy."

"Don't mention it. Piggy is my grandchild now." Elsie had always liked Piggy. Now that the cute little girl had become her granddaughter, she couldn't be happier.

Tears welled up in Debbie's eyes. "Thank you, Mom," she said.

She had only ever called two women Mom—Tabitha and Elsie.

Tabitha didn't talk to her anymore. She was institutionalized. Debbie had been mulling over visiting her. She had once been nice to her after all, no matter how briefly. And she had given her the family heirloom—the bracelets.

[Chapter 415 I Think I'm In Love](#)

Debbie had returned the bracelets to Tabitha. And Tabitha had accepted them, which meant that she no longer thought of her as a daughter-in-law.

Elsie was amiable and caring. She had helped take care of Piggy whenever Debbie needed a favor. Now that Debbie and Ivan were married, she could truly call her "Mom."

"I can't reach Ivan. Can you have him call when he gets home from work?" Elsie asked.

"I will," Debbie promised.

"Okay. It's Piggy's naptime. Talk to you later."

"All right. Bye, Mom. Bye, Piggy."

Piggy waved at Debbie happily. "Mommy, bye-bye."

Debbie blew a kiss to Piggy before hanging up.

'Little one, sorry, Mommy can't spend time with you right now, ' she thought sadly.

When she arrived back at the ward, she sat beside the bed. To her surprise, a moment later, Niles walked in. She had forgotten he worked at this hospital.

"Hi, Little Pepper," he said to her quietly.

Debbie raised her eyebrows. "Why do you call me that?"

Niles replied, "Damon calls you Pepper Nian a lot, so I guess it sounds natural."

"Why does he talk about me? He doesn't like me, so I bet he bad-mouths me a lot," she wondered, one hand cupping her chin.

Niles shook his head. "No. He's a hothead, but he's okay. He likes you, you know."

Debbie laughed. "Oh, come on. I'm not dumb. Why are you here? Don't you have some rounds to make?"

"No. I heard you were here, so I came to see you. Don't worry about Mr. Wen. He is expected to recover quickly."

"Thanks."

Niles stole a glance at Debbie as he adjusted Ivan's IV. Then he asked in a whisper, "But you like Carlos. Or am I missing something? Why did you marry Ivan?"

He had been curious about this for

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no time for me."

Irene was mad. She wiped her eyes and turned to Niles. "Hey, you! Quit trying to break them up! It makes you less cute."

"Fine. I'll go. Bye."

Irene thought about it for a second and then asked, "Hang on. What department are you in?"

"Why?" Niles wondered.

"If you don't tell me what department you're in, how am I supposed to know what's wrong with me?"

Debbie was speechless at her words.

Niles was amused. He laughed and told her, "You don't need an appointment. I can give you my diagnosis now—lovelorn."

Irene rolled her eyes at him and waved her hand with a wry smile. "Off you go."

Niles shoved his hands into the pockets of his uniform and flipped his tongue to make a noise to draw her attention. "Listen up. I'm part of the surgical department. Niles Li."

Irene winked at him. "Got it. I'll come see you."

Debbie asked her, "Did you come to see your brother or to hit on hot doctors?"

Watching Niles' receding figure, Irene giggled. She put her arm around Debbie's and said with an charmed expression, "Debbie, help me. I think I'm in love."

Debbie was lost for words.

[Chapter 416 My Brother Is Lucky](#)

'Fallen in love? Seriously? You just met Niles, ' Debbie thought, massaging her aching temples. She murmured to Irene, "Don't fall for someone so easily. Let me tell you this—in a relationship, whoever falls in love first, suffers more."

Irene hadn't dated anyone yet, so she didn't have much experience in love. But she said confidently, "Debbie, you know me. I always get what I want."

Debbie shook her head helplessly and patted Irene's hand. "Focus on your career now, okay? You haven't held a proper concert yet. I know that you are not worried about money, but at least do it to feed your passion."

"Debbie, when will my brother wake up?" Irene quickly changed the topic.

"Hopefully by tonight..." Debbie said with a sigh.

And just as she had predicted, Ivan woke up around seven that night. Irene was playing on her phone and Debbie was sitting in a chair, texting Decker. "Decker Lu, what the hell have you been doing these days? Are you alive or not?" she wrote.

"Debbie..." Ivan called out weakly.

Debbie swiftly looked up to find Ivan awake. She smiled and walked over to his bed. "Ivan, you're finally awake."

Irene put her phone away in a hurry and walked to his bedside too. "Ivan, how are you feeling now? I'll call the doctor."

She pressed the nurse-call button and told the doctor that her brother had woken up. Soon, a doctor and a nurse came in to give Ivan a full check-up. "He's okay now. Just need some good rest to recover."

"Thank you," Debbie said, relieved.

After seeing the doctor and nurse off, she grabbed a cotton bud, dipped it in a glass of water and rubbed it on Ivan's lips to moisten them, just as the doctor had advised.

Seeing how carefully Debbie was looking after her brother, Irene couldn't help but marvel at them, "Deb, you're so good at this. My brother is really lucky to have you as his wife!"

The fake couple exchanged glances with each other, and then burst into a fit of laughter.

Of course, they weren't happily laughing because they were glad to have each other in their life. They just found Irene cute and pure. The girl had no idea that their marriage was a lie.

Misunderstanding their laughter, Irene giggled innocently. She was still thinking how lucky Ivan was.

She even pictured how wonderful it would

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since it was kept in a thermos container. Her hand was swollen red already.

When he noticed that Kasie had scalded herself, Mason gasped. He grabbed her hand to check it. "Are you okay? Are you hurt, Kasie?"

Kasie nodded, biting her lower lip to suppress her cry. Then she walked to the bathroom and placed her hand under the cold water to relieve her pain. After that, Mason took her to the nurse station to apply some ointment on it.

By the time they came back, a cleaner had already changed the quilt for Ivan. He was eating the soup which Mia had poured for him. Seeing Kasie and Mason at the door, he asked with concern, "Kasie, how's your hand now?"

"Nothing serious. Thank you." Kasie forced an embarrassing smile and sat down on the sofa.

As he drank the soup, Ivan talked to Mason about business. Mia would chip in occasionally and say something about the Zheng family. Kasie was sitting on the sofa, silently texting Debbie. "When will you come back to the hospital?"

But Debbie didn't reply.

Ivan finished the soup, but Debbie still hadn't shown up. Mason checked the time on his watch and looked at his daughter. "Kasie, stop playing with your phone. Your mom and I need to head home now. Since Debbie isn't here yet, you stay and take care of Mr. Wen until she comes."

"Okay," she nodded.

After the old couple left, Kasie and Ivan were left alone in the ward. Awkward silence filled the air. Kasie smoothed her hair and tried to diffuse the tension. "Mr. Wen, do you need to get some sleep?"

[Chapter 417 Dont Be Afraid](#)

Ivan shook his head and smiled at Kasie. "No, I've had enough rest. I'm not sleepy yet. Could you please hand me a book from there?"

He pointed at the tiny bookshelf in the corner of the ward.

Kasie turned around, following his finger and then nodded, "Sure. Which book would you like to read?"

"Just pick one. I'm fine with anything."

She picked up a novel at random, and handed it to him before she sat down on the chair next to his bed. "I hope you have fun reading. I'll keep an eye on the infusion bottle."

Ivan nodded and politely said, "Thanks."

"You're welcome." Kasie tilted her head and smiled.

Ivan sprawled across the bed, flipping through the pages of the book.

Silence filled the air again. Kasie exchanged text messages with Debbie for a while to pass the time. Later on, she started to feel a little sleepy as drowsiness got the better of her. She cast a short glance at Ivan, who was immersed in the book, and leaned over to the edge of the bed. Finding it difficult to keep her head up, she buried her face in her arms and drifted off to dreamland.

A few minutes later, when Ivan took his eyes away from the book, he found Kasie in a motionless state. He could hear her breathing steadily and he called out her name softly, but she didn't respond.

'Is she sleeping?' He lifted the quilt and got out of the bed to check up on her. Indeed, she had fallen asleep.

Clenching his teeth in pain, he slowly walked to the hanger and took his coat. He carefully draped it over her shoulders.

Kasie moved a little, as if she had felt the weight of coat on her shoulders. But she didn't open her eyes.

Staring at her blissful face, Ivan recalled the first time he had met this girl, even though admittedly, he had only met her a couple of times. The first time was at Debbie's concert and then the second time was, oddly enough, at his wedding with Debbie.

Ivan knew little to nothing about Kasie—Debbie's closest friend. The only thing he knew was that she made investments in some businesses and opened a shop of her own after graduation. As strange as it sounded, it was Debbie who inadvertently mentioned her to him.

However, the first time he began to notice this girl in a different light, was on the day of his wedding. She secretly approached him without Debbie's knowledge. With tearful eyes, she warned him, "I don't care whether you love Debbie or not. Since you've decided to marry her, you must treat my best friend like a queen. Or else, I will make you wish you hadn't met me!"

Ivan was amused by her vigor. Like the saying goes, "Birds of a feather flock together." Debbie was short-tempered, and so was Kasie.

Faced with her threat and finding no choice but to surrender himself, Ivan obediently nodded his head in agreement

She decided not to throw a birthday party for herself. After all, her daughter was already three years old.

She took Piggy back to Y City and left her under Curtis' care as usual, because she had to take care of some work at Star Empire.

By the time she got back to Champs Bay Apartments, it was already half past nine at night.

She parked her car in the underground parking lot and then entered the elevator. When the elevator reached the ground floor, the doors slid open, revealing a man standing outside with his eyes to the screen of his phone.

He was dressed in a dark blue designer suit, with a tie to match, and a pair of dark brown leather shoes.

Debbie's heart began pounding inside her chest when she recognized who it was. It was the same man she had successfully avoided thinking about for the past few months.

Immediately, she lowered her head, nervously touching the mask and sunglasses with her hand as she pulled her cap down to cover her face. She quietly took a few steps backwards to hide herself in the corner hoping not to attract his attention. She wasn't ready to face him yet. It had only been a few months since they separated and she wasn't interested in making awkward small talk with him.

The man strode into the elevator and casually pressed the number six, as if he didn't notice her presence.

'Did he recognize me? Maybe not. Otherwise, why wouldn't he at least greet me? Perhaps he just doesn't want to talk to me anymore?' she wondered.

A faint smell of alcohol permeated her nose. 'Has he been drinking again?'

Debbie pursed her lips. 'Isn't he still taking his pills? Why is he so stubborn? Huh! He can't even take care of himself now!' she thought angrily.

Soon enough, the elevator reached the sixth floor. Once the doors opened, the man walked out of the elevator without saying anything.

[Chapter 418 Listen To Me](#)

The elevator doors slowly closed. But the air still reeked of alcohol. Debbie heaved a sigh of relief after Carlos walked away, but meanwhile, she felt sadness digging deep into her heart.

She wondered if she and Carlos would be like strangers from now on.

That was not her goal. Things were not going the way she planned, the way she hoped. 'Did I lose Carlos forever?' she thought gloomily.

The elevator arrived at the seventh floor and she walked out, heading for her apartment. Unexpectedly, she saw a familiar figure standing by the door to her apartment, like a bum as usual. Debbie set her luggage by the door and asked coldly, "What are you doing here?" Decker hadn't replied to any of her messages for the past few months. She wondered if he was dead.

Decker said nothing, just stared at her.

Suddenly, another important question popped into her mind. "How did you even get in here?" she asked. Champs Bay Apartments was one of the most high-end blocks in the city. No outsiders could enter without permission. Back when she was actively trying to get close to Carlos, she pulled some strings to enter this neighborhood. It wasn't easy, and random people couldn't just go strolling in.

Debbie didn't think her unreliable brother would know any big shots here—or anywhere else for that matter.

Barely moving, he merely cast her a glance and demanded in a husky voice, "Open the door now."

A hint of blood reached Debbie's nostrils. Worried, she quickly took off her sunglasses and scanned Decker up and down. His face was drained of all color. His T-shirt was stained a deep red. It looked slick and wet.

It was a bloodstain! "My god! You okay?"

Decker leaned against the wall to support his body. There was a pained look on his face. Covering his waist, he closed his eyes and repeated, "Open the door!"

Worried about him, Debbie quit asking questions and quickly opened the door to her apartment. Decker immediately staggered inside and closed the door behind him.

In a split second, as if drained of all energy, he slumped onto the floor at the doorway.

He was not a good brother, but Debbie couldn't bear to see this. She shook her head resignedly and went over to help him up. "What the hell have you gotten yourself into now? Who did you piss off this time?"

Wearing a deathly pale face, Decker managed to get to his feet with Debbie's help. "Medicine..." he said in a weak voice.

Debbie got angry. "What medicine? Are you nuts? This looks serio

brows deeply at the sight of each other.

"Eckerd?" That was the last person Carlos expected to see. How did Debbie know him? Why would he go straight to her place after getting hurt? Hundreds of questions popped up in Carlos' mind.

Decker heaved a sigh. He scoffed, "Mr. Huo, what do you want by creeping into a woman's apartment at midnight? Imagine what the tabloids will say."

Carlos sniffed the air. Blood. Instead of answering Decker's question, he asked, "Yates' men around?"

"Don't...know." Decker turned his body, trying to hide his wound from Carlos.

Carlos wasn't interested in his grudges with Yates anyway, so he stopped asking. "Why are you here? Who's Debbie to you, anyway?"

"That's...ugh! That's for me to know, and you to...find out." Decker smiled mischievously.

Carlos' face fell. He took out his phone and called Frankie. "I need a background check on Eckerd." Carlos continued, rattling off details over the phone like height, weight, approximate age, and known aliases.

Decker was dumbfounded. This man was so damn efficient.

Carlos didn't know much about Eckerd. All he knew was that Yates hated him, and the feeling was mutual. Last time when Carlos dined with Yates, Eckerd's men started a fight with Yates' retinue. It ended up with shots fired.

"Get...out of here. My home." Decker tried to drive him away. But he wasn't in any position to make demands.

Carlos was possessed of a legendary cruelty. He even outdid Yates when someone crossed the line. 'Why would my stupid sis fall for an a-hole like that?' he thought to himself.

"Your home?" Carlos raised an eyebrow. "What would Ivan say about that?"

[Chapter 419 I Dont Know Him](#)

"I've got nothing to do with Ivan. Why would I care what he would say?" Decker snapped. Indeed, he wasn't lying because he hadn't had any interactions with Ivan yet.

Carlos leaned against the closet and stared him down. In a cold voice, he said, "So, you're another one of Debbie's admirers?"

"Damn you!" Suddenly, Decker hurled a photo frame towards Carlos.

Carlos swiftly dodged it without much effort as the photo frame hit the closet and landed on the floor.

He straightened his coat and glared at Decker. "So, it seems like you have a death wish?"

Decker gnashed his teeth and stayed on the bed. "Yeah, so kill me now, if you have the balls."

Much to his surprise, the defiant look in Decker's eyes suddenly reminded Carlos of Debbie. This wounded man somewhat resembled Debbie, especially in terms of his personality. The most common quality would be their audacity to stand up to him.

Unfortunately for Decker, however, he wasn't Debbie. Carlos might have excused this if it were Debbie, but he wasn't going to let this man walk away after disrespecting him. He strode towards the bed and grabbed Decker's arm, ruthlessly yanking him off the bed.

"Ahh!" A pained groan escaped Decker's lips as the sharp pain shot through his arm the moment he fell to the floor.

'Damn you! Carlos Huo, you pathetic wretch!'

Carlos stomped on his hand, possibly crushing a few bones, leaving behind an impression of his leather shoes. "If you somehow manage to get out of this room alive, you win!" The cold look in his eyes suggested that he wasn't joking.

"Aargh...you..." The searing pain from his hand was unbearable and Decker let out a might wail in hopes of releasing some pain. Carlos watched with a deadpan expression on his face as Decker writhed in agony.

Decker's face was white as a sheet. Just as his vision faded and he was about to surrender himself to the arms of darkness, the loud shrill sound of Debbie screaming from the doorway kept him awake. "Carlos! What are you doing?"

Immediately, Carlos froze on the spot. He drew his foot away and shot a sharp glance at Debbie's worried face. 'Why is she so worried about this man?' The mere thought of it filled his heart with anger.

Debbie dropped the bag on the floor and rushed towards them. She reached down to pull Carlos' long legs away from Decker. "Brother, are you okay? Please look at me!"

'B-brother...'

Carlos' facial expression changed dramatically.

"Decker, wake up!" Debbie kept calling out, but her brother didn't respond to her cries. In a fit of anger, she sprang up to her feet and glared at Carlos. "What is the matter with you? Did you do this to him?"

Carlos didn't respond, but hi

ed closer to her brother, cupping his clenched fist in her hands.

Sensing the touch of her hand, Decker opened his eyes and took a deep breath. The sight of his sister's worried face forced a tear to drop from the corner of his bloodshot eye.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Debbie seemed puzzled, trying to think who it could be. Carlos asked her to open the door and said, "It's Niles."

'Niles? What's he doing here at this hour?' she wondered.

She let go of Decker's hand and ran to open the door. It was indeed Niles, standing outside, with a big medical box in his hands.

"Hi, Little Pepper, where's Carlos?" Niles asked, gasping for air.

Debbie pointed at the bedroom door with her finger. Niles quickly took off his leather shoes, and rushed to the bedroom without even changing into slippers.

Niles heaved a deep sigh of relief upon seeing Carlos sitting there, safe and sound. "Hey, man. You look all right. I thought you were hurt."

"Cut the crap and take it from here." Carlos felt at ease and immediately stopped stitching the moment he saw that the man, who was more capable of fixing up people's wounds, had arrived.

Niles took a glimpse at the patient on the bed. Having realized that he wasn't acquainted to him, he turned to look at Debbie and asked, "Who is he?"

Niles grabbed the suture kit from Carlos' hand and continued from where he had stopped.

His hands moved even faster than Carlos'. After all, he was the doctor. This was his home turf.

After a brief pause, Debbie answered, "I don't know him."

Yes, she didn't know the Decker in front of her. From what she could recall, he was just a good-for-nothing creep. But what he did today completely changed her impression of him, leaving her to doubt whether she even knew him in the first place.

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Debbie even doubted that she had mistaken him for someone else. She never knew that Decker had such a brave, strong side. 'Is he really my brother?'

Niles was rendered speechless. He then turned to Carlos and asked, "Did you give him anesthesia?"

Carlos shook his head.

Shocked, Niles stared at Decker, his mouth agape. He gave him a thumbs-up and without wasting any more time, he continued to stitch the wound.

After washing his hands, Carlos asked Debbie, "Is dinner ready?"

"Hmm, on the table." Debbie absent-mindedly raised her arm and pointed to the direction of the dining table.

Carlos grabbed hold of her raised arm. "Let's eat together."

"No, I—"

Before she could decline, he dragged her all the way to the dining room.

Carlos frowned when he saw that they were going to have only instant noodles and sandwiches for dinner.

Debbie sat down in her chair. Sighing helplessly, she told him, "Don't complain. You know I haven't been home for months. I have no food here, and the supermarket is already closed. Lucky that we at least have instant noodles. See? My brother is pathetic as hell. He's a patient and he can't even eat noodles."

Carlos didn't say anything. He sat down, took his chopsticks and began eating.

Even though it was just instant noodles, since it was cooked by Debbie, it tasted different from the ones he had eaten before. It tasted good. Like she had added some sort of special ingredient in it. An invisible ingredient that affected his mood, which aroused his appetite. He even ate the sandwiches and kebabs she had prepared.

By the time they wrapped up their dinner, Niles had finished suturing Decker's wound and put him on a drip. Decker was exhausted from the pain and fell asleep soon after.

Niles put the medical tools back in his case and carried it out of the bedroom. When he saw Debbie cleaning the dining table, he asked in disbelief, "I was busy saving a patient in there, and you guys were enjoying dinner?"

Carlos nodded, "Yes."

Niles scoffed, "Don't you think you're being a little unfair?"

Debbie shook her head and teased, "Nope."

Niles gaped at her in disbelief. They had ganged up on him! 'Fine, whatever. After all, they used to be a couple.'

After instructing Debbie on how to take care of Decker and his wound, Niles left. Carlos went to the balcony and called Yates to ask him about Eckerd's information. Eckerd was a

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.

ext door. It was purely because she was married, and he was engaged. She believed that Carlos had his principles.

And she had guessed right.

After kissing her passionately for a few minutes, he let go of her.

While she was still panting, he hugged her tightly once again. 'She's here.' He felt her warmth against his body.

Debbie grinned playfully. She lifted a finger and stroked his chest flirtatiously. "Mr. Huo, we're having an affair right now," she teased him purposely.

Carlos said in a low growl, "You're cheating on your partner, but I'm not."

"How come?" She blinked in confusion. Besides, even if she was having an affair, it was him who had seduced her.

"Because I'm not married yet." He broke free from her.

Debbie pouted angrily. She retorted, "You're engaged, aren't you?"

"Yes." He tidied his clothes and added casually, "So, don't try to seduce me again."

'What? When did I seduce him? I didn't do anything!' she screamed in her head. She scoffed at him, "You were the one who seduced me. Get out of my bedroom now." She pushed him to the door.

Carlos didn't retort. "Go to bed early." With that, he strode out of her bedroom and left the apartment.

Debbie shook her head, unable to comprehend the man's behavior.

No sooner had Carlos closed the main door than her phone rang. It was Ivan. "Hey," she said.

"Hi Debbie, are you free now? I'll be spending a few days in a seaside resort with a few friends the day after tomorrow. Would you like to join us?"

Debbie didn't want to. But she couldn't bring herself to turn him down, so she nodded, "Okay."