

TMBA 441

[Chapter 441 I Have A Husband](#)

Carlos held on to Debbie's waist. "Want me to throw you out of the room?" he spat. 'You're the only woman that can climb into my bed. Isn't it obvious I love you?' he thought angrily while staring into her eyes.

"I wouldn't if I were you. You'll be lonely," Debbie said playfully, tracing a finger down his nose, and wrapping her arms around him.

Her sweet smile turned him on. His breathing came in short gasps. He gritted his teeth, trying hard to stop himself. After a while, he cursed angrily, "Fuck! I really want to bang you now!"

Debbie was stunned. This was the first time she had heard Carlos say such vulgar words.

"Don't, Mr. Huo. I have a husband."

Carlos tightened his grip on her waist. Did she try to make him suffer? Was she doing this deliberately?

He sneered and tried to scare her. "So? You think that'll stop me?"

"No. But you won't do that now. I'm a star, and I'm married. We'll both be in trouble if anyone finds out we're having an affair. Think of your reputation."

Carlos smirked coldly. "We're still in trouble. We slept under the same quilt. Nothing happened, but no one's gonna believe that."

Debbie was lost for words. He was right. People would judge them no matter if they had sex or not. Their relationship looked too fishy.

She blinked naughtily and a sly smile crept across her lips. "So what should I do? Go to the press? And then you take care of the rumors?"

Carlos pinched her cheek. "Cut the crap. I can't bang you, but at least, help get me off."

Debbie was confused.

'How?'

After a long while, Carlos went to the bathroom to take a second shower. Debbie brushed her teeth, wincing. Her arms were sore and aching.

Looking at her hand, recalling what just happened moments ago, Debbie blinked her eyes innocently. She hoped that Carlos wouldn't get mad at her once he found out her marriage to Ivan was a sham.

She was impressed. He'd held off, even after she tempted him.

The next morning, when Debbie woke up, Carlos wasn't in the bedroom. She guessed he might be downstairs, playing with Jus and Piggy.

After freshening up and changing into a proper outfit, she came downstairs. Carlos was helping the two kids with their breakfast.

Debbie kissed the two cute g

I fiancée before dropping that bombshell.

'A real fiancée...' A woman's face popped up in his mind.

"Okay. That's settled," Debbie nodded understandingly.

But Ivan added, "Hey, I have a way out of this. But I need your help." Debbie looked at him quizzically. "It's about a girl," he added.

"You talking about Kasie? So is it love?" Debbie blurted out outright.

Ivan frowned. "Am I that obvious?"

"Well, you kissed her. How much more obvious could you be?" Debbie tittered under her breath.

"She told you?"

"Yeah she did. She cried a lot and apologized. Poor Kasie. She doesn't know about our arrangement. How do you really feel?" Debbie wouldn't help Ivan before she figured out everything. She wouldn't help him if Kasie was just a fling.

He turned his body on the couch. "How do I feel? At first, I thought it was just sympathy. I felt bad for her having to bury her lover. But then I realized it was something more than that. I...I think I love her. I want to find out, but she won't do anything because we're married."

"Okay. Tell you what: I'll hook you up after I get back home. Ivan, just remember, treat her right. She's suffered a lot. She deserves to be happy."

Ivan nodded, putting his hands under his head. Staring at the ceiling, he assured her, "Of course I will. But I want to do this right. That's why I need your help. You know why my mom insisted that we stay overnight? She wants a grandkid. Ending our marriage will make it easier to give her one."

[Chapter 442 The Party](#)

"No problem. Leave it to me." Debbie turned to look outside the window, eyes sparkling with happiness. She sincerely hoped that Kasie could fall in love with someone again. And Ivan would be a wonderful choice. Kasie was irresponsible, where Ivan was careful, methodical, and good at taking care of people. Debbie remembered how he took care of Piggy, and the care he showed as a single man.

At the paternity testing center of Y City

This was the second time Carlos had been here. For the first, he took Piggy here to do the DNA test. The second time, he came with Frankie to get the results.

Wearing a surgical mask and gloves, a lab tech handed the report to Carlos. "As per your instructions, I conducted the tests all the way through. No one else was involved."

"Good job," Carlos nodded, looking at the folder full of papers, his face betraying no emotion.

Frankie was expecting Carlos to open the folder and read the report right there, but the cold man stood up and left the center, report in hand.

Then Frankie drove him back to the manor. "Mr. Huo, remember Miss Nian's flight is due to touch down at 4:41 p.m.," he reminded.

"Mmm hmm."

When Carlos walked into the villa, Piggy was playing with the nannies. Seeing him come back, the little girl clumsily trotted towards him like usual.

He scooped the little girl up with one arm and held the folder with the other hand. As he walked towards the staircase, he told the nannies, "I've got her. Don't come up here without my say-so."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

After carrying Piggy to his bedroom, Carlos set the little girl down on the floor. Piggy ran towards the bed, and climbed up onto it herself. "Uncle Carlos, sleepy."

"Okay. Let me help you with the blanket."

"Thanks," Evelyn said in a meek voice.

Carlos sat on the edge of the bed, fixing his eyes on Evelyn's lovely face. As time marched on, she began to resemble Debbie more and more.

Because she felt safe with him, Piggy fell asleep in no time.

After checking to make sure she was sound asleep, he opened the folder with the DNA result, deep in thought. His heart raced a bit faster as the nervousness set in. Two minutes later, he opened the report and flipped to the last page.

He wanted to know what it said.

Debbie stayed with Ivan's mom for two days. The older woman wanted her to stay a little longer, but Debbie's excuse was that she was worried about

ter falling in love with Sasha. I'm so glad..."

Someone pushed open the door to the private room. It was Carlos, Evelyn in his arms, and Kasie, who happened to arrive at the same time.

While the manager greeted the new guests, Debbie was hugging Jared and pouring out those emotional words about their friendship. Jared faced the door, but Debbie had her back to it.

The door opened quietly, and Debbie was so immersed in the touching moment that she didn't know what was happening. But Jared got a good look at who entered. 'Oh, crap!' He tried to struggle out of her arms.

Debbie thought that Jared wasn't used to her sentimental side, so she patted his back and said, "Don't move. Just listen." She was still so moved when thinking of their friendship.

"No, Tomboy..." Jared saw the icy-cold look in Carlos' eyes. If he didn't push Debbie away as soon as possible, he would be dead meat.

"Don't interrupt me. Let me finish, okay?" Oblivious to the situation, Debbie thought Jared was just trying to ruin the atmosphere. "From now on, don't call me Tomboy anymore. Sasha's my family, and you will be too. So maybe 'Sister'? I'd love it if you called me that.

"No problem. But can you please let go..."

"Sshh! Don't interrupt. Jared, I really miss the old days. We fought and skipped classes, and..."

"Debbie..." Blair called out in a hushed voice, winking at her.

Debbie stuck her head out and asked, "What's wrong with your eye?"

Blair was speechless.

Debbie was taken aback when she heard a cold and familiar voice coming from behind her. "Happy Birthday, mother of Evelyn."

[Chapter 443 A Gift Of Roses](#)

Flustered, Debbie quickly took back her hug and pushed away from Jared. Tears still welling in her eyes, she slowly turned her head towards the voice. Carlos held Evelyn in his arms, and Kasie stood near the door, a gift in her hands. How long had he been standing behind her? She couldn't say. But one thing was for sure—he wore a dark expression.

She felt like a kid again, caught stealing candy. But pretending innocence, she wiped her tears and kicked Jared in his shin. "Bad boy. Where's my gift? See? Tears? Why did you do that? Sasha will be jealous."

Sasha shook her head, explaining, "No, I'm not..." 'Jealous? I know you guys are just friends. I was actually moved to tears, too!' Sasha thought.

Debbie flashed an embarrassed smile, and cut in quickly, "Don't lie, girl! I know you're jealous. Ah well, moving on." She turned to her daughter. "Oh, Piggy! You're here. Mommy missed you so much."

Carlos put Piggy down, and the little girl ran to Debbie, saying excitedly, "Missed you too." She hugged Debbie's legs as hard as she could and, Debbie bent down to hug her too. Then, she looked up at Ivan and greeted, "Daddy! Missed you."

Ivan stretched out his arms to Piggy and said tenderly, "Hi little one, come here and get a hug." Ever since Debbie and Ivan got married, Piggy started calling Ivan "Daddy," just as if he were her real dad.

Ivan scooped the little girl up in his arms and played with her. They both laughed happily.

Carlos sulked silently as he watched them, his expression sullen. But no one knew why. They figured he was still jealous of Debbie hugging Jared.

Frankie was standing behind Carlos with a large gift box in his hands. The angry man walked up to the birthday girl and called out, "Hi, mother of Evelyn."

Debbie furrowed her brows in confusion on hearing how he addressed her. 'Mother of Evelyn? Why does he address me this way all of a sudden?' she wondered. It sounded so strange.

Nevertheless, she didn't think much and forced out a smile. "Hi, Mr. Handsome."

Carlos opened the big box Frankie held and said, "Happy 25th birthday!"

The whole room brightened as soon as the box was opened. Everyone stopped to gape at the gift, trying to see what was inside.

Jared exclaimed, "Huh! All I can see is money."

Kasie teased, "Sure you can hold it by yourself?"

Sasha echoed Kasie's joke, "Maybe I can help Debbie carry it to my house."

Blair said, "I wonder how much it's worth."

Ivan held his chin and guessed, "Let's see into his arms and blew out the smoke into her face.

"Ugh..." Debbie coughed, choking on the smoke with tears in her eyes. "You jerk!" she cursed. She struggled to open her eyes, and fumbled for the pack of cigarettes and lighter on the table.

She then skillfully nipped a cigarette between her fingers, lit it, and took a drag. She then blew a smoke ring, which diffused when it hit his face.

Carlos wasn't choked by the smoke. But he was shocked by how expertly she was smoking. His bushy eyebrows crooked in anger. 'When did she learn to smoke?'

She was still doing smoke tricks. She took a long drag and kept it in her mouth, then blew smoke through her nose and two sides of her mouth. She looked like a fire breathing dragon. In a fit of anger, he suddenly snatched the cigarette away from her fingers and gripped her chin tightly, making her look at him. "Who lets you smoke?" he dropped the words one by one between gritted teeth.

Feeling pain in her jaw, Debbie pounded ineffectually at his chest. "Let go of me. You're hurting me..."

Seeing her face scrunched in pain, he loosened his grip a little and said in a loud voice, "Answer me."

Debbie stopped attacking him and spat out, "My husband!"

"Damn you!" Carlos flared up, eyes fuming in anger.

'Husband, her husband!' Hearing her call another man as husband made him feel even angrier. He had an urge to find Ivan and kill him.

Debbie smiled happily at his glum face. His jealous reaction made her feel so good.

Her smile added fuel to the fire. Carlos put out the cigarette in the ashtray. In a swift move, he pinned her down on the couch and began kissing her passionately.

[Chapter 444 By Asexual Reproduction](#)

Last time they were here, Carlos and Debbie had sex in this very booth. That memory rose unbidden in Debbie's thoughts.

She believed he'd do the same right here and now. Carlos was making his intentions plain as he put his hand under her dress. Just at that moment, they heard a tiny voice. It was obvious it belonged to Piggy. She stood at the door to the bedroom inside the private booth and asked curiously, "Uncle Carlos? Mommy?"

Carlos and Debbie were enjoying their passionate kiss, and were startled by her voice.

A bit ago, Piggy complained of being tired, so Carlos had taken her to the bedroom and sung her to sleep. Debbie and Carlos were too focused on the fireworks between them to think about Piggy once she was asleep. Piggy, who just woke up, rubbed her eyes and stared at the two people on the couch with wide, innocent eyes.

Carlos sat up and straightened his shirt, which had been wrinkled because of his recent close encounter with Debbie. He then looked at Piggy with a soft smile. "Your mom had a stomachache, and I was rubbing her belly to help her feel better."

Debbie was at a loss for words.

"By kissing Mommy? Only mommies and daddies kiss," Piggy said with a serious expression.

This was what Debbie told her a long time ago. Debbie didn't expect her to still remember it.

Carlos came over to her and scooped her up in his arms. "Piggy's right. Only mommies and daddies kiss. Won't happen again," he coaxed her.

"Okay. Say sorry."

Carlos was shocked. He pulled a long face and apologized to Debbie reluctantly, "Sorry."

After giving Carlos a look of triumphant satisfaction, she pretended to be kind and generous. "You're good. Just don't do it again."

Looking at Debbie's smug smile and Piggy's innocent eyes, Carlos felt outmatched by the mother-daughter team.

When they left the club, Carlos suggested taking Debbie and Piggy to his manor. But Debbie had to work early the next day, and the manor was pretty much out of the way. She turned him down.

So Carlos asked Frankie to drive Piggy
ad?"

Carlos then looked at Decker and answered seriously, "Yes. I'm her biological father."

'Because of Debbie, my daughter has to call Ivan "Dad!"'

Whenever he thought of it, he couldn't help but get angry at the woman in his arms.

"Dude! Seriously? Go home, Mr. Handsome. You're really drunk," Debbie slurred. She put a hand to the car to steady herself. "Piggy's mine," she added. She didn't know that Carlos had already had a DAN test done, and was still trying to fool him.

Carlos snorted, "Who's the father? You had her by asexual reproduction? She just formed a bud on your arm and fell off?"

"Yes... Er, no. Hayden's the dad." Debbie was panicked at the fact that Carlos already knew Evelyn's true identity. Her plan was unravelling, and things were going faster than she wanted.

"Hayden?" Carlos sneered. "You know what? I already asked him."

"What?"

"Yeah, he said he didn't know who the father was." What Carlos didn't tell Debbie was that he used the Gu Group as leverage. If Hayden lied, he would have to deal with an unfriendly corporate takeover. A long time ago, Hayden had claimed he was the father while they happened to meet at a restaurant. That turned out to be a lie.

Hayden was a clever man. This time, he guessed that Carlos must know something, so he didn't try to mess with his head. He simply said he didn't know.

[Chapter 445 Marry Me](#)

"Hayden doesn't know, because...because..." Debbie stuttered, not knowing how to sound more convincing. She was not only flustered, but also drunk to boot.

Too drunk to make up a story, she hemmed and hawed, but a fit of dizziness came over her.

Upon seeing her reaction, Carlos chuckled and said, "Let me tell you why, Evelyn's mom."

"Er... Okay."

"It's because Evelyn is not Hayden's daughter. Her toes, teeth and ears look exactly like mine when I was little. So again, who's the father?" Evelyn looked a lot like her mom. She could be Debbie's "Mini-Me."

But if you looked closer, you'd see Evelyn's toes looked identical to Carlos' toes when he was younger.

Carlos hadn't noticed this before. When he saw the DNA test report and knew she was his daughter, he felt cheated. She didn't look like him at all. He even studied each part of Evelyn carefully, and compared her and himself through a mirror.

Not only so, but he also sent photos to Miranda and asked her whether they looked like each other.

After receiving the text, Miranda picked up the phone and called him back immediately.

Before he could say anything, Miranda told him, "Evelyn's definitely your daughter. Superficially, she looks like Debbie. But just look at the toes, the teeth, even the ears. Thanks to James, you haven't been able to see your daughter for two years. That has to hurt."

'It does. Debbie must have suffered a lot.

But at least she's raising her right, ' Carlos thought, feeling both frustrated and pitiful.

Upon hearing Carlos' words, Debbie tried to deny it. "Yeah, right."

Carlos sneered, "Why are you still being so stubborn? What are you afraid of? Think I'll take Evelyn away?"

He was right. That was the money shot. She was afraid that he would take her daughter away from her and that she would never see her again.

Decker sprung up, landing on the h

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.

heart skipped a beat as she immediately grabbed hold of Carlos and coaxed him, "Carlos, just go home. Evelyn is still waiting for you. What if she misses you and starts crying?"

Carlos cast a warning glance at Decker before straightening his suit. He told Decker coldly, "I can do good things for you. I can calm Yates down and you two can be partners in crime, so to speak. He has operations in more than one country. I can also be a powerful enemy. Think about it. All you have to do is talk Debbie into marrying me. It's the only way she'll be happy. I can make you happy too, if you do as I ask."

Debbie's words froze in her throat. 'Seriously? He's trying to buy my brother off!' she thought.

'Is it a bribe or a threat?' Decker wondered.

Of course he knew how powerful Carlos was. Yates seldom did anyone a favor, yet he was good friends with Carlos. And a mob boss was the same. When Carlos said he could give him foreign influence, Decker knew he meant it.

Carlos placed his left palm gently at the back of Debbie's neck and forced her to look at him. Despite Decker standing right there, he kissed her on the lips and said, "Watch your brother, but not too closely. He's not a good guy. You don't want to be a part of what he's into."

[Chapter 446 Happy Birthday](#)

Decker and Debbie were shocked into stunned silence when Carlos said Decker was not a good guy.

After kissing Debbie goodbye and cast a warning glance at Decker, Carlos got into his car and drove off.

The siblings walked into the elevator together. Instead of acting in a devil-may-care way, Decker walked a little slower, frowning, lost in thought.

When the elevator reached the seventh floor, the doors slid open, and they saw a woman waiting there. She wore a hat, a mask and sunglasses.

"Debbie, Decker..."

she called out, her voice trembling.

Debbie had no idea who it was until she heard the voice. That was when her face changed dramatically.

'I know I've heard that voice before,' Decker thought. 'Wait! I remember now! She floated me a ton of cash!' He turned to look at his sister, who was obviously not in a good mood now, and asked, "You know her?"

Debbie didn't answer.

Ramona took off her hat, mask and sunglasses, revealing a pretty face. However, Debbie saw more wrinkles on her face.

She looked a lot like Decker, as a matter of fact.

Debbie looked like her father, while Decker got his mother's looks.

Decker's eyes went wide when he saw her unmasked. That face was unmistakable. He'd seen her on TV a lot. She was the famous singer, Ramona Lu.

She was also their mother.

Decker's face darkened. Without saying a word, he turned around and entered the elevator.

"Decker!" Ramona panicked and followed after him.

Decker, however, pushed her out of the elevator without mercy. He used so much force that she fell onto the floor outside the elevator car. He pressed the button, leaving her there.

The doors closed and the elevator descended.

Staring at the woman on the floor, Debbie clenched her fists and asked coldly, "What do you want?"

Ramona supported herself against the wall and struggled to her feet, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Happy birthday. I have a gift for you."

She was surprised to see Decker here, and she was thrilled she could even catch a glimpse of her son.

In an icy voice, Debbie said, "Keep it, and get out."

After saying that, she walked towards the door to her apartment

to put a stop to this romance many times, but to no avail. Ramona and Artie married behind the old man's back, and she even gave birth to a son—Decker.

Elroy flared up and took Decker away from Ramona. He changed the baby's name to Decker Lu, and sent him abroad to let Debbie's grandfather know how it felt to lose someone close to you.

A year later, Ramona gave birth to Debbie. Elroy once again ordered his men to take Debbie away. Ramona begged her father again and again to let Debbie stay with Artie. And Elroy finally seemed to give in to her cajoling. But he had a condition—Ramona had to divorce Artie and leave the Nian family. Left with no choice, she did as she was told.

Because of the two kids, the Nian family also hated the Lu family very much. Elroy forbade his daughter from ever visiting her children. Of course, Ramona refused at first. She would never publicly go against her father, but instead met Artie and Debbie in secret. But Elroy found out. His men abducted Ramona and held her captive. He even tied her up and flogged her until she bled from many wounds.

From then on, Ramona didn't dare mention the Nian family again.

When Decker was five years old, he was left in front of an orphanage. Elroy kept his whereabouts a secret from Ramona and the Nian family. He even tried his best to make sure Decker would never amount to anything.

The Nian family mounted a search for Decker, but came up empty-handed.

[Chapter 447 The Past](#)

Debbie's grandfather searched for Decker until his dying day. He failed and died in sadness. Later, Artie fought bravely against a terminal illness and also died. Huge medical bills bankrupted the Nian family. Debbie was the daughter of wealth and power until she was ten. But after that, she lost everything.

After hearing the whole story from Ramona, Debbie said nothing, lost in thought.

She didn't expect that the story about her past would be so...sad. Sad and annoying.

"You're strong enough to know the truth and do something about it. You and Mr. Huo..." Ramona's voice trailed off. After a short pause, she added, "Now that Mr. Huo is in your camp, Elroy can't do anything to you. Curtis is also on our side. But Elroy has never tried to mess with Curtis, so he can't do anything other than stay away."

Now Debbie understood why Curtis had always been so nice to her. It was not just because he was her uncle, but also because he felt bad for her.

When Debbie sat there silently, Ramona sighed helplessly. She picked up the gift bag she brought over. "I've seen many mothers and daughters wear the same clothes. I want to do that with you. Happy birthday, Debbie."

She placed the bag in front of Debbie, and took one last look at her before heading to the door.

Debbie didn't ask her to stay, nor did she say anything.

She just sat there for a long while. Finally, she picked up the bag and pulled the dresses out to look at them. There were several dresses of different styles, which suited young women quite well. Designer labels, too. These were certainly not cheap.

'She must have the same dresses,' she thought.

Debbie lay in her bed, staring at the ceiling. It was past 2 a.m., but she just couldn't fall asleep.

'Should I forgive her? It doesn't sound like she had much of a choice.'

And there's more to Decker than meets the eye. There's something he's not telling me—'

The doorbell rang and derailed her train of thought.

She frowned and

ay! I'm outta here!" Impatient, Decker put his hands up to push her away.

Debbie took a step back to avoid him. "Don't want to talk? I can't force you. But listen to Carlos. He's tighter with Yates than I am. Wouldn't it make more sense to work with him than against him?"

"How are you and Yates related? Why didn't you mention him before?" Decker asked with a frown.

"Why would I even bring him up? I bet you didn't know he went to one of my concerts."

"I had no clue," Decker answered. He didn't even know where he was at that time. Or what he was doing.

"Forget it! Go back to bed. Otherwise, I'll have Carlos look into you," she said.

"Oh, give it a rest, sis. I'm not afraid of him," Decker said angrily.

Debbie shrugged and said, "Don't know, don't care. Go to bed."

"You!" He didn't know how to answer back.

"Good night!" she said and then went back to her bedroom.

Decker, who was left in the living room alone, felt helpless. 'Ugh! She's impossible!' he cried in his mind.

Ivan, on the other hand, opened the door for Kasie to climb into his car. They were both all smiles after leaving the Orchid Private Club.

Kasie was in a good mood this evening, and drank a lot with Debbie. She hadn't seen her friend in a while, nor had she remembered the last time she'd laughed this much.

[Chapter 448 Mom, You Are So Nice To Me](#)

With her eyes shut, Kasie rested her head on Ivan's shoulder and murmured, "I'm sorry. I feel so bad for you."

Ivan cast a sidelong glance at her and said, "Why? I'm good."

"Wow! You don't even know it."

Anything Ivan was about to say was stuck in his throat.

After a while, he pulled her into his arms and asked softly, "Where do you live?"

Kasie didn't resist. Instead, she settled herself in his arms easily. "I don't know," she grumbled.

'I'm sure Debbie knows, ' Ivan thought. 'I'll call her.' But he decided against it. Debbie was with Carlos now, and he didn't want to disturb them.

He pinched Kasie's nose softly and said playfully, "Then I'll have to take you home with me."

"Okay," she stammered.

Ivan didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

He also lived in the same apartment complex as Debbie, though his apartment was in Building 5 and Debbie's was in Building 2.

The reason he chose to live in the Champs Bay Apartments was that Debbie was right there if his mother suddenly came by to check up on him. It would be easy to grab her and maintain the fiction of a happy marriage—at least until his mom left.

When his car reached Building 2, Ivan asked the driver to stop.

He opened the car window and had a couple cigarettes before he finally saw Carlos' car approaching. He saw Debbie and Carlos emerge. Then Decker also sauntered over.

Despite his playful suggestion, Ivan had planned to take Kasie to Debbie's apartment and have her crash there. But things had gotten complicated.

After Carlos' car pulled away and Debbie and Decker headed for Building 2, Ivan directed the driver to Building 5.

He got out of the car, scooped Kasie up in his arms and walked into the elevator. Then he set her down, draping one of her arms around his shoulders for support. After he made sure she wouldn't fall over, he pressed the button.

Kasie opened her eyes and saw Ivan through blurry eyes. "Ivan, it's you!"

"Yeah, it's me." Ivan sighed helplessly.

"What's wrong with me? Why are you holding me up? Why
and asked, "What are you doing?"

"I want to kiss you." Somehow, Kasie looked incredible in his night gown. It was really turning him on.

She didn't turn him down. "Just kissing, nothing else."

"Sure." He pressed his lips against hers.

After a while, Kasie complained, "Hey! Slow down! I said nothing else. Why did you take off my gown?"

Ivan said with a smug smile, "I didn't take off your gown. I took off my gown."

Kasie didn't know what to say to that. He made sense.

Debbie, on the other hand, picked up her daughter from Carlos' manor and dropped her off at kindergarten. Lucinda was waiting there in the classroom. Actually, it was well into the semester, so Piggy was a late addition.

At kindergarten

Her classmates liked Piggy a lot. They gave her gifts and always wanted to play with her.

Debbie hid outside the classroom so she could see how it went. Piggy was not used to so many people around, and she wasn't having fun. When a boy touched her dress, she even pouted her mouth.

'Did she pick up any weird personality quirks from Carlos? Oh no! She's a neat freak too, ' Debbie thought.

Luckily, what Piggy did next made Debbie feel relieved. She accepted one of the gifts and thanked the giver softly.

She then started taking gifts from the other kids and thanked everyone. "Mommy will buy gifts. Tomorrow," she promised.

[Chapter 449 She Thought You Were Dead](#)

"Hi Evelyn, I'm Queenie. Let's be friends," said a girl.

"I'm Zack Wan. You're pretty. I want to be friends with you too. Monica, look at Evelyn! She looks like a real princess," said a boy.

The classroom was abuzz, thanks to Evelyn. The noise level rose appreciably, because everyone wanted to talk to the new girl.

Evelyn pointed at Zack Wan's face and said, "Dirty. Go Away. Monica, Queenie...friends."

Debbie, who kept hidden so she could see how Evelyn's first day went, covered her face with both hands. 'Oh God! She's a clean freak just like her dad.'

The next afternoon, Debbie went to kindergarten to pick up Evelyn. Lucinda conferred with Debbie. "I can't explain it. Everyone in class was so clean. Some even had new clothes. I think it's Evelyn. She doesn't like dirty kids. Ha-ha! Kids are so funny."

The story amused Debbie. At the same time, she felt a little helpless at Evelyn's obsession with cleanliness. "Did she behave?" she asked her aunt.

Lucinda cast a sidelong glance at Evelyn, who was hand in hand with Monica Yu, and said in a whisper, "Well, yeah, but she doesn't want to be friends with everyone. And she isn't too shy to say so. You should have a talk with her about being nicer. Anyway, she's a polite girl."

Debbie didn't know how to respond. She knew Evelyn pretty well. Evelyn clammed up around people she didn't like. Debbie had talked to Evelyn about this before, and Evelyn promised that she would be friends with every kid. But the truth was she would still act the same.

"Got it, Aunt Lucinda. I'll talk to her," Debbie said.

"Okay. Hey, if you're busy, you don't have to pick her up every day. I'll just take her to my place," Lucinda offered. She liked Evelyn a lot, and she thought it was perfectly normal for the kids to love her too.

"Sure. Pi— Evelyn, time to go. Say goodbye to Lucinda," Debbie called out. She wanted to call her Piggy at first, but then thought of what Evelyn had told her last night. Last night, she told her that she was Evelyn in public.

"Monica, bye! Going home. Lucinda, bye!"

"Bye, Evelyn!"

At ZL Group

Carlos had just hun

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.

Carlos walked into a private hospital in the city, flanked by Frankie and two bodyguards.

Since the car accident, Carlos had been getting treated at this hospital. He still had to take pills every day and injections every three months. They explained it was to get his strength back after the coma, and he retained the same doctor. This had all been pre-arranged by James.

Carlos entered the doctor's office with a calm expression.

"Good morning, Dr. Zhu," Carlos greeted the doctor.

The doctor looked fifty years old if he was a day, and was the assistant director of the hospital. He had excellent medical skills, and had acquired no small amount of fame. He had quite a few patients, and an even longer waiting list.

When he saw Carlos, the doctor stood up and walked towards him. "Mr. Huo, you're here! I've already prepped the syringe. We can start now, if you like."

He knew a CEO like Carlos was quite busy and had almost no time to wait for him, so he got everything ready an hour before Carlos was due to arrive.

As usual, Carlos followed the doctor into the exam room.

The doctor took out a small bottle of medicine. He plunged the needle into the stopper, drew the liquid out with a syringe and pressed the plunger to clear the air from it.

Carlos rolled up his sleeve. When the doctor was about to administer the injection, Carlos grabbed his wrist and stared at him with murderous eyes.

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The doctor's face became a mask of fear. "Mr. Huo?"

Carlos twisted the doctor's arm behind his back. This caused a surge of pain, and the doctor whined and dropped the syringe.

Frankie carefully picked the syringe up, took a pair of miniature pliers from his pocket, removed the needle, and threw it into the discarded needle bin. He then placed the syringe into his bag.

When they heard the sounds of struggle inside, the two bodyguards burst into the room, caught hold of the doctor and brought him to the floor.

"Mr. Huo? Wh-what's going on?" the doctor cried.

Carlos stood up and straightened his shirt. In a cold voice, he ordered, "Take him out."

Inside the doctor's office

Carlos took out a cigarette, lit it and took a drag before he made himself comfortable on the couch. He needed to be alert for this, and felt that relaxing would help free his mind.

The bodyguards dragged the doctor in and forced him to kneel before their boss.

Carlos sat there quietly, glaring icily at him. The doctor shuddered with fear.

While Carlos shed the cherry from his cigarette with a tap, Frankie walked back into the room. He had just handed the syringe to an aide, who would have the contents analyzed. "Dr. Zhu, what were you planning to inject Mr. Huo with?"

"Mr. Huo... He's not strong enough yet. His memory hasn't recovered. The medicine... is...memantine. It treats memory loss, confusion, and problems with...ugh...thinking and reasoning..." The doctor was on the floor, both bodyguards sitting on him. One of them, a large-framed man, looked at Carlos, who merely nodded. The big man took one of the doctor's arms that was already behind his back and twisted. With a sickening snap, the bodyguard dislocated the man's arm. "No! What are you— Aaagh!"

Tears fell. Drops of sweat began to form on his forehead and his face was as pale as a sheet. "M-Mr. Huo... p-please!"

Carlos flicked the ashes from his cigarette and remained silent.

Frankie warned the doctor, "We know what you've done to Mr. Huo, Dr. Zhu. Now tell the truth, quickly. Mr. Huo is a busy man, after all."

The doctor bit his lips and closed his eyes before saying, "It's...the truth."

Out of patience, Carlos threw the cigarette butt into the ashtray and stood up. "Bury him alive," he ordered

name to Evelyn Huo. He didn't tell you?"

'Seriously? He changed my daughter's surname without asking me! What an asshole! I have to teach him a lesson, ' Debbie thought. "Now I know. Gotta go, Aunt Lucinda. Bye!"

After hanging up on Lucinda, Debbie took a deep breath to calm herself and then called Carlos. "Carlos Huo!" Her voice was as cold as ice.

"Ah. Calling me to let me know you'll divorce Ivan?" he asked.

"In your dreams! Carlos Huo! How dare you change my daughter's last name! Did you ask me first? You are impossible! You always do what you want, and who cares about other people?" Clenching her fists tightly, she took deep breaths to keep from losing her cool.

Carlos explained in a patient manner, "She's also my daughter. You hadn't done the household registration for her, so I did it for you. Anything wrong?"

"You changed her last name!"

"So?" Carlos didn't see anything wrong. It would be helpful for her to have his surname. He had a lot of influence, so he figured having his last name wouldn't hurt.

Debbie closed her eyes and told herself, 'Easy, Debbie.' "Fine! Since you're her father, I won't argue with you this time. And I'm not divorcing Ivan, because I don't think you love me at all. Goodbye!"

"Debbie, you got me all wrong. Debbie?" The call was disconnected. When he called her again, he found that she had already blocked him.

Carlos was confused and frustrated. 'Why is she so angry? She was too busy to do it herself, so I did it for her. I thought she'd be grateful.'