

TMBA 451

[Chapter 451 Tender Only For You](#)

After hanging up, Debbie headed back to the private booth. She was entertaining, after all. The best way to boost her career. She was about to round a corner when she heard some women chatting nearby. One woman said in a voice full of admiration, "You're the luckiest woman in the world, Stephanie. You're about to marry Mr. Huo, and he cares so much about you."

"You're just about as lucky as me. Let's eat out. How about Orchid Private Club? I'll call Carlos and ask him to lend me his private booth," announced Stephanie in a proud tone.

"Really? Mr. Huo's private booth? I can't wait!" the other women exclaimed. Their cheers reverberated through the hallway.

As Debbie listened, they seemed to be getting close. They rounded the corner and were face to face with her. There were about four of them. Stephanie's friends were surprised to see Debbie. One of them whispered to the others, "Wait...isn't that Debbie Nian?"

"The singer? Yeah, looks like her. I hear that she and Mr. Huo..." another woman whispered back, winking at her friend. For Stephanie's sake, she didn't finish her sentence, but everyone understood what she meant.

Debbie's and Stephanie's eyes met. Debbie was mad at Carlos a moment ago for he had changed their daughter's last name on a form without consulting her. But now she flashed a meaningful smile.

Stephanie sensed provocation in that smile. With a frown, she passed by Debbie. Neither of them spoke.

When Stephanie and her friends walked into the elevator, Debbie took out her phone, unblocked Carlos' number and called him.

No sooner had Carlos stepped into the meeting room than his phone rang. He was known as a cold and emotionless man, but a smile crept over his face when he caught sight of the caller ID. He answered the phone and stepped out. "Hi," he said softly. That was such a shift in tone. The rest of the meeting attendees looked at each other in wonder. They had never seen their boss so tender.

"Was that really him? You never hear him sound like that." "Who called? Was it Miss Li?" someone else asked.

"Haha! Right! You ever hear Mr. Huo talk to Miss Li like that?"

"It's gotta be. She's his fiancée, right?"

More than a few of the men there knew of Debbie's recent association with Carlos. They sit e than ten people. All kinds of salads were waiting for them; the bowls covered the table.

Debbie bid a waiter open the alcohol Carlos ordered for them. "Fill 'em up please."

"Yes, miss," the waiter answered politely.

One of the guests, Mr. Li, surveyed the sumptuous room and exclaimed, "Okay, I'm impressed. How did you manage to score Mr. Huo's private booth?"

Debbie smiled, "I'm flattered, Mr. Li. You've been around the world, I bet." Mr. Li was pleased.

He laughed and then asked Debbie in a whisper, "So you and Mr. Huo..."

He didn't finish his sentence, but Debbie knew where he was going with that. "Everything's fine," she answered vaguely. "Please allow me, Mr. Li," she said as she filled his glass.

Realizing she was trying to change the subject, the guests exchanged glances. "Debbie, let the waiters do this. You don't have to," Mr. Li said.

"You helped me a lot. Pouring for you is the least I can do," Debbie replied tactfully.

When they had eaten most of the salad, the alcohol had gone around three times.

During this time, Elmer had been very quiet. "Debbie, I need to go into the office and deal with something urgent. You guys enjoy." He suddenly spoke up.

"Mr. Xue, you have to leave now?" Mr. Li said. "Who knows how long we'll have to wait before we can do this again? It's Mr. Huo's private booth! Besides, we can play golf or pool afterwards. Just enjoy."

Debbie blinked innocently. "That's right. This is for you, Mr. Xue. It's my way of thanking you."

[Chapter 452 A Dinner Of Vengeance](#)

Eager to go, Elmer refused to listen to them. He stood up and made his way to the door. "I'm sorry I really have to go. Hey, next time I'm buying..." His voice trailed off as he reached the exit. The door was pushed open from the outside. Everyone was surprised as the newcomer walked in. "M-m-Mr. Huo?" Elmer stuttered.

They looked at Debbie, who was just as stunned as they were, and then all of them stood up and walked toward Carlos.

"Hurry. Mr. Huo is here," Mr. Li urged the others. "Good evening, Mr. Huo," they greeted Carlos in unison.

Carlos inclined his head slightly and cast Elmer a sidelong glance. "Where are you off to, Mr. Xue?"

"Er...n-nowhere. I... Mr. Huo, this way please," Elmer replied. Since Carlos was here, he realized that he couldn't leave now, so he put on his biggest smile and led Carlos to the table.

Slippery as an eel, he had already regained his composure before they even reached the table. Smiling at Debbie, he asked, "Debbie, why didn't you tell us Mr. Huo would be joining us? We should have waited till he got here."

"That's okay," Carlos said before Debbie spoke. A waiter brought in another chair. "There," Carlos said to the waiter, pointing at the spot next to Debbie. The waiter left the room after placing the chair where he was directed and setting another place at the table, complete with utensils.

'Way to be obvious, old man, ' Debbie thought resignedly.

The guests all gaped at what Carlos had just done.

To break the awkward silence, Mr. Li picked up a bottle of liquor from the table and walked up to Carlos. "Mr. Huo! So glad to see you. Let's have a drink," he said as he filled Carlos' glass.

Another guest echoed, "Right. We're all happy to see you." Then he turned to the waiter and said, "More salads for Mr. Huo. And hot dishes too."

Debbie just sat there, and watched it all unfold.

Originally, this was a thank-you dinner from her. But Carlos instantly became the center of attention. Everyone was fawning over him, and now the reason for throwing this shindig was overshadowed by the cold man's presence.

Debbie watched and was confused and conflicted by the whole thing. Just then, Frankie walked in with four bottles of alcohol in his hands. He put them on the table as a grand gesture and smiled at Elmer. "Mr. Xue, Mr. Huo heard that you had great taste in alcohol, so he asked me to bring these. They are of exquisite vintage, and 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.

Maybe she'd drink herself to death, or choke on a bone or something. She paused for a minute and thought those fates too good for her. She prayed Debbie would be raped to death, drowned, or torn into pieces.

She had always loved Carlos, but all of sudden, Debbie showed up and turned everything on its ear. All her plans, made for nothing. She had his family's approval and everything.

Carlos was so aloof Stephanie was never able to figure him out. His weaknesses, hobbies, and dislikes were all hidden from her. So she hesitated to approach him. She was discouraged, and knew she couldn't win his heart.

Then Debbie came along, and Carlos fell madly in love with her. He fell for her again even after he had lost his memory. He loved Debbie with all his heart and soul. Even Stephanie could feel it. And she wanted that love for herself.

Debbie was just a singer. She had no powerful family, no status, no impressive diploma. She was bad-tempered, petty, selfish, jealous, and feisty. She was nothing.

Stephanie, on the other hand, graduated from a prestigious university. Afterwards, she had studied for two years in a foreign country. The Li family was powerful, and she herself had a head for business that

rivaled many other magnates. She never lacked admirers. From time to time, she'd lose her temper too, but she had always been patient with Carlos, loving the man, caring for him. It was always her calling him, asking about his day. She gave up everything for him, threw away her time, her love, and her pride. She wooed him patiently. But in the end, he gave his heart to another woman.

How ironic!

[Chapter 453 The Certificate Of Title](#)

Everyone thought Stephanie had no clue what was going on between Carlos and Debbie, but Stephanie was no fool. Successful men like Carlos usually took a mistress, sometimes more than one. But a mistress was one thing. She didn't care about that, as long as she would be Mrs. Huo someday.

The waiter's words made her realize how wrong she was.

'I'll kill that bitch! Carlos is mine! No one else deserves a woman like me!' Stephanie vowed to herself.

Before everyone was finished eating, Carlos and Debbie left the private booth earlier than the other guests. His excuse was that he would drive her home.

Elmer was the last one to leave. He had to settle the bill.

Sitting in his seat, he wept when he saw the total—12 million. But it was too late to weasel out of it. Besides, if he refused to pay, Carlos would be offended. Given the choice of angering Carlos or paying a ton of cash, he chose the latter. So Elmer paid the bill with his credit card, still weeping.

He wiped his eyes after the cashier swiped his card. He learned two things tonight: Don't mess with Debbie. Don't take advantage of her, or Carlos would take his revenge in spades.

Debbie missed Piggy, but she was too tired to see her. And she had to get up at 5 a.m. for a photo shoot. The commercial was important, so she asked Carlos to take her back to Champs Bay Apartments.

When she got out of the car, Carlos handed her a file envelope.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Open it when you get home," Carlos replied.

She took the envelope and was about to walk toward the elevator when she remembered something. James had been laying low lately. He was quiet, too quiet. "Did you do that background check on James?" she asked.

"Yeah. Don't worry. I'll handle him," Carlos said.

"Can I ask you something?" she queried.

Carlos stepped out of the car and stood close to her. "Sounds like you can't get enough of me. How about we take this ins

a lesson. No one could bully his woman.

"I didn't use you. You decided to go there yourself," she denied stubbornly.

"That part was true. But how about the booth? Why did it have to be my private booth? Didn't you use me to get back at Stephanie?"

Debbie gave an embarrassed smile. "You knew?"

"Almost immediately after you hung up, Stephanie called right after you did. You heard her plans, and decided to beat her to the punch. Am I right?" Carlos asked.

'He's good, ' Debbie thought. But still she didn't want to admit she did anything wrong. "Yeah. So? You feel bad for her?"

Carlos hugged her and kissed her forehead. "Yes, I feel bad. I feel bad for you."

"Huh? Why?" Debbie didn't understand. She won. Why did Carlos feel bad for her?

Caressing her cheek, Carlos said, "But I'm also happy. You did all that for me." He knew that Debbie only did it to keep Stephanie away from him.

She cared. So even though she tricked him, he wasn't mad. On the contrary, he felt quite happy.

"Such an egomaniac," Debbie commented.

Carlos didn't drive off until he watched her enter the elevator.

Once she was back in her apartment, Debbie opened the file envelope curiously. Inside was a red certificate.

On its cover, it said, "Property Ownership Certificate."

[Chapter 454 Miranda's Visit](#)

'A Certificate of Title? Why did Carlos give me this?' Debbie pondered.

She opened the certificate. It said she was the owner of some property on the seventh floor of Building 2 of Champs Bay Apartments. That was where she lived. So it meant that she owned her apartment now.

When did Carlos buy it? Why didn't he say anything? Didn't she have to be there when the title to the apartment was transferred to her?

But no one had said a thing to her. Carlos had done it so quietly. He was as crafty as he was powerful.

But why did he buy the apartment for her? What did it mean?

She had to know, it was really eating her. So she called him up and asked, "Why did you buy my apartment, old man?"

Carlos smiled and donned his wireless Bluetooth earbuds. "I bought an apartment for my daughter's mom. When my daughter grows up, she'll have a place to stay if she visits her mom. That's all."

"I don't need—"

"It's not for you. It's for my kid," Carlos interrupted firmly.

"But I can afford an apartment now," Debbie insisted.

"You? I said it's not for you. Think how much you'll save on rent. Buy yourself some food or clothes. But you don't have enough to support my daughter. Leave that to me." Carlos knew how much money she had, because the card she was using was issued by a bank owned by ZL Group.

"Huh? Don't be such a snob. I have several million. That's more than enough. Even people who have only tens of thousands can support a kid. Why can't I?" Debbie retorted defensively.

"Do you have the funds to buy your current apartment?"

"Um... no. But there're plenty of high-end buildings. I'll find another one."

Carlos felt resigned. "I'm only going to say this once. The apartment is for my daughter, not for you. You can't say no. Good night."

"Hey. Don't hang up on me. I'm not done yet. Hey Carlos!"

But he had already hung up. She was still irritated. She hung up and threw the phone on the couch.

Debbie looked around the apartment. It must have cost Carlos

ained her composure, she said, "Oh I knew. So what are you going to do? Are you really going to marry Stephanie?" She frowned after asking that last question. "I warned you about her. She's not the woman for you."

"Don't worry. Besides, if you want me to marry the woman who's right for me, you'll help me win Debbie back."

"Huh! She must mean a lot, if you're asking for my help." Miranda smiled. "Don't worry. I'll help you two get back together, but I'm not doing it because of you."

Carlos was stunned speechless. 'Is she really my mom? Why isn't she on my side?'

"Relax. Anything more on Megan?" Miranda asked, looking interested.

Talking about her gave Carlos a headache. "The police are still working on it. They found her diary, but it didn't help much."

Miranda didn't feel bad over Megan's death. "It broke your grandma's heart when she died. She seemed to age overnight. Now she won't leave the Buddhist shrine."

"I'll visit her when I have time in the next few days," Carlos announced. It had been too long since he set foot in New York. It was time for him to visit his grandma...and Tabitha.

For a moment, neither of them spoke. The office was so quiet. Finally, Miranda's phone buzzed. She read the message and then asked, "You must have found out a lot about James. What are you going to do with him?"

[Chapter 455 Carlos Loves You](#)

"That's up to Debbie," said Carlos. However she wanted to handle James, he would support her.

Miranda smiled. She stood up, walked over to Carlos and patted him on the shoulder. A warm gesture meant to comfort. "Carlos, I think..."

"Yes?"

"One day when you have your memory back," she continued, her smile growing bigger, "Debbie's going to get back at you. Boy, you'll be in trouble then."

Carlos didn't know what to say. He had anticipated that, planned for it, counted on it.

After leaving Carlos' office, Miranda called Debbie.

Debbie was doing a clothing commercial. When Miranda told her she was back in the city and was close by, she asked for a break and went to see Miranda in her working clothes.

At a tea house

Debbie arrived wearing a white sundress, setting off her killer figure. Men turned their heads to watch the vision of beauty entering the quiet shop. Women turned green with envy, in some cases scolding their husbands and boyfriends.

"Were you at work?" Miranda asked when she noticed Debbie's makeup.

"Yeah. Why are you back so suddenly? Is this a business trip?" Debbie had rushed over as fast as she could. Thirsty, she gulped down a cup of tea without waiting for Miranda's answer.

Watching this, Miranda frowned and said in a reproachful tone, "You're in public now for God's sake."

Debbie giggled and sat up straight. "Too thirsty."

Miranda just shook her head and decided to drop it. Anyway, that wasn't why she was here. "Why didn't you tell me you had a daughter?" she asked bluntly. They kept in touch, but mostly by phone. They didn't usually have involved conversations. If Debbie kept something from her, she'd have to find out second-hand.

Debbie was a little flustered when Miranda mentioned Evelyn. "You are one of the Huos, and Carlos' birth mother. I was keeping it hush-hush because I didn't know how Carlos would take it. He could easily marry Stephanie and take Evelyn away. I didn't tell Carlos either, but he found out anyway." Debbie sighed heavily.

"What? O ye, o

a was as surprised as Debbie. But she maintained a stony face. Tapping the top of the table, she warned Debbie, "With both you and Carlos poking into his business, that old snake has to know. Be careful. Don't release this right away. Let your trail go cold, then do it."

"OK. Got it."

Debbie turned to look at the city through the window. She felt her spring was coming.

Miranda felt sorry for her. Debbie used to be spoiled by Carlos like a queen. However, James split them up, and she had to flee the country, find work and raise a kid by herself. "I need a couple days to wrap

things up in New York and then come back here. I'll talk to Wesley and Damon. They're Carlos' best friends and James deceived them too. They won't be happy with him when they learn the truth. You, Carlos, Wesley, Damon, Curtis, and me. We'll deal with James together. He'll pay for what he did."

Debbie was moved. Miranda had been helping her ever since Debbie proved her innocence to her. Debbie summoned up the courage to hold Miranda's hand and said, "Aunt Miranda, thank you so much. When all this is over, Carlos and I will take care of you and Uncle Wade."

Miranda didn't like moments like this. Too sentimental. And she wasn't used to holding hands either. But she didn't take her hand out of Debbie's grip. With a sigh, she said, "What can I do? Carlos loves you."

[Chapter 456 Nanna](#)

Miranda was filled with guilt, and she wanted to make it up to Carlos for the past. She would give him anything he wanted, no matter what.

Debbie smiled teary-eyed, and then something occurred to her. She pulled out a tissue to wipe away her tears. "May I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"If...I mean, if for some cruel reason, your mom was forced to abandon you soon after you were born, and then she came back after twenty or so years to beg you for forgiveness, would you forgive her?" Debbie had considered asking Carlos for his opinion about the issue, but she was worried that he might not understand the mother-daughter relationship since he was a man.

Whereas Miranda was a mother and she would undoubtedly enlighten her on the topic.

Confusion clouded Debbie's face. Miranda had only to glance at her to understand what was going on. "All mothers love their children. As a mother, you should know that. Put yourself in your mom's shoes. Think about it. If you had to be away from Evelyn for more than twenty years, how would you feel when you saw her again?"

Debbie was stunned. She had never thought about it that way. If she were Ramona and Evelyn were her... The more she thought about it, the sadder she grew. Bitter, warm tears flowed from her eyes, blurring her vision. She wiped her tears away and said to Miranda gratefully, "Thank you, Aunt Miranda. I know what to do now."

Miranda continued, "Elroy is heartless. I know a little about the feud between your family and the Lu family from when I was in Y City. But don't worry about him. He hasn't done anything to you so far. That only means he's afraid of Carlos. Maybe you should ask Carlos for help?"

Debbie shook her head. "I don't want to involve Carlos in this. He's already swamped. I can handle it myself."

"Okay, if you've already made your decision. I sympathize with your mom. We were both forced to be apart from our children

imals. Despite Carlos' objection, they decorated a private booth for his birthday party at Orchid Private Club.

They didn't care about whom he would invite as long as they could have some fun.

Since the decorations were already done, Carlos invited some friends to the party.

When Debbie and Ivan arrived at Carlos' birthday party, the room was already packed with people. Yates, Kinsley, Wesley, Niles, Damon, Adriana, Curtis, Colleen, Jared, Sasha, Kasie, and Blair were all there. There were also some young people that Debbie had never met before.

Little kids were running everywhere, and Stephanie was invited too. When Stephanie and Debbie ran into each other, the atmosphere between them became awkward.

However, nobody paid any attention. Even Debbie didn't seem to care. As soon as they saw her, Jus, Evelyn, and Sean all ran at Debbie. "Mommy!"

"Debbie!"

"Aunt Debbie!"

they called.

Seeing how much the kids liked Debbie, some envied her, while others were jealous. Niles complained, "They weren't that excited when they saw me, and everybody says I'm handsome. Why do they like you better? Maybe they like beauties?"

Debbie laughed. She crouched down to hug the little ones. "More than that. I'm a mom. How can you compete with me on that?"

[Chapter 457 Thats Not Like You](#)

Evelyn let go of Debbie and hugged Ivan. "Daddy Ivan, I missed you," she said sweetly.

At first, Ivan was surprised to hear her call him "Daddy Ivan." But after a moment's consideration, he got it. She called Carlos "Daddy" now. "You have your real daddy now. Daddy Ivan is sad."

Shaking her head, Evelyn consoled him, "No, I like Daddy Ivan. Won't forget Daddy Ivan."

Ivan was amused. He kissed her and said, "I'm happy. Go play."

Jus, Evelyn and Sean left their parents and they scampered off to play their own games. After mingling with the other guests, Debbie, hand in hand with Ivan, walked over to Carlos and handed him the birthday present. "Happy birthday, Mr. Huo," she said, standing over the couch where he sat.

Carlos glanced at the gift but didn't take it. "Who is it from?" he asked.

"Both of us," Debbie said purposefully.

"Oh." Carlos motioned Frankie to accept the gift and put it over on a table. Far from him.

Stephanie was sitting next to Carlos, and watched the whole exchange, smug and amused.

Ivan smiled, paying no heed to Carlos' cold attitude. He put his arm around Debbie's waist and pulled her into his arms. "Happy 32nd, Mr. Huo!" he said provocatively.

At the sight of the two in each other's arms, Carlos' face grew gloomy. "You doing this on purpose?"

"Doing what, Mr. Huo?" Ivan played dumb.

Carlos got up from the couch and walked over to Debbie and Ivan. "Mr. Wen, It looks like Kasie is here." A simple sentence, but you could tell by his tone it had tons of meaning.

Ivan looked where Carlos was gesturing, and finally saw Kasie, sitting in a corner playing games on her phone. Debbie was also surprised to see her here. She was thinking of calling her to ask where she was.

She wrenched her hand out of Ivan's grasp, walked over to Kasie and asked, "Hey girl! When did you get here? I called you a couple of times on the way, but the line was busy the whole time."

Kasie swayed her phone before Debbie's eyes. "Fifty minutes on the phone

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he looked up at Debbie without talking.

And nobody else dared make a sound. The atmosphere of dread was palpable.

Kinsley and Niles exchanged glances. They wanted to laugh, crack a joke, do something, but the killer look in Carlos' eyes made them lose their nerve.

The silence lasted ten minutes. Carlos changed expressions at the drop of a hat. No one knew what was going on, but the atmosphere of danger he radiated kept them from trying to see if he was okay.

For the first time, Debbie saw so many expressions on his face.

When everybody was trying to figure out what was going through his mind, he suddenly lunged at Debbie, wrapping her in his arms. "How could you marry Ivan!" he said through gritted teeth. "Damn you! Did you just pretend I was dead? Was it easier that way?"

His abrupt rage astonished her. It was like a storm surge ravaging a coastline. "You...you... you were going to marry Stephanie. Why do you get to be angry at me?" She was confused. She and Ivan had been married for a while. Why was Carlos angry at her now?

Her backtalk made Carlos furious. "Then why didn't you stop me? Or yell at me? Why didn't you beat me up and knock some sense into me? Why didn't you chase her off? Why did you give up easily on me? That's not like you."

Everyone was so shocked they were paralyzed into inaction.

[Chapter 458 Divorce Ivan Right Now](#)

Stephanie's face turned dark purple in rage when she heard what Carlos said to Debbie.

Meanwhile, an ominous feeling began to settle in Debbie's heart. 'I don't like the way he looks. Something's not right.' In a shaky voice, she asked, "What do you mean?"

Carlos went berserk. "What do I mean? I tell you. Now. You need to divorce Ivan right now! How many times have I told you that, huh? Come back to me. No more fooling around!"

The atmosphere was no less tense, but it had changed somewhat. 'Wow, he's bossy, ' they thought.

With Miranda's words ringing in the back of her mind, Debbie mustered the courage to reply, "Why? Why should I do that? Because you told me to? Why should I even listen to you?"

Her attitude irked Carlos to no end. He wrapped his other arm tightly around her waist and declared between clenched teeth, "Because no one else can be your husband! Anyone who gets between me and you will end up in one place—hell!"

Debbie's heart pounded faster with each word he spat. 'Does he have his memory back?' she guessed excitedly. That was the only way she could explain his strange behavior.

Seeing the excited and bewildered expressions on her face, Carlos flashed a mysterious smile. "Here's the deal. Make me wait any longer, and I'll immediately purchase the Wen Group, ruin Ivan Wen's career, and tell his mother that he's gay. I'll let the whole world know that he stole my wife while I was suffering from amnesia. And I won't stop there. I'll tie him up and lash him with a whip drenched in acid. Clear enough? For the last time, divorce Ivan now!" Carlos blasted out the threatening words in a single breath.

At this point, he was already plotting revenge on those responsible for his plight. They messed up his life. They took advantage of his memory loss to ruin his marriage, steal everything that belonged to him, force Debbie to marry another man and even make his daughter call another man "Daddy." He wouldn't let anyone involved in this off the hook! Including Debbie. Why did she give up on him so easily? He had to teach her a lesson—keep her on a short leash. She'd be at his side every day until she learned.

Defeated, Ivan touched his sweaty forehead and cut in, "Hey, cut me some slack. I didn't do anything to you."

Niles and Damon couldn't help but burst out laughing loudly. The latter moved to Ivan's side and teased in a low voice, "You had the balls to steal his wife, so it's time to pay the piper. He meant what he said."

A wave of excitement coursed through D

his pack and lit it. "You don't have cigarettes? Then just watch us."

Damon had just taken a drag when Carlos suddenly glared at him. The horrible look in Carlos' eyes sent a chill down his spine. Damon almost choked on the drag he took. "Hey, man... you okay? What's wrong? Quit scaring me."

Out of the blue, Carlos took a step forward and grabbed Damon's collar. Kinsley was taken aback. "Why didn't you do anything to help Debbie while I was unconscious? You even trash talked her! Damon, I did nothing to you. Why did you do me like that?" Carlos confronted Damon in an icy-cold voice.

Damon was shocked, his mouth agape. As a result, the cigarette between his lips dropped onto the floor, embers scattering on the concrete. But he was too busy being scared to care. Kinsley stepped on it to put it out.

"C-Carlos...do you have your memory back?" Damon stammered.

Carlos said nothing, but kept glaring at him.

Yet his silence spoke volumes. Now, Damon was sure that Carlos' memory came back when it looked like he was in pain. He was genuinely happy for his friend. He wanted to welcome the old Carlos back, but it looked he was pissed at him. "Hey, buddy, listen. It was your dad...no...James' fault. He lied to us. It wasn't that I didn't help Debbie. I was cheated by that sly fox too. It's not my fault!"

But his explanation didn't help. Carlos tightened his grip on his collar and spat coldly, "James will pay for what he did. And you, Wesley, Stephanie... Anyone who messed with my wife...bullied her, trash-talked her, you guys are toast." Megan was lucky. She died before he got his memory back. Or else, she would find out there were fates worse than death.

[Chapter 459 Love The One Youre With](#)

It wasn't the first time that Damon had seen Carlos wear a mask of cruelty. It was the same mask he wore when he dealt with his enemies. But that was before he became an enemy. Now, Damon's heart jumped into his throat. In an instant, he played the pity card and pleaded, "No, Carlos, my friend. Don't, please. Wesley and I were tricked. I owe your wife an apology, and I'll make it up to her. I swear!"

Carlos' anger finally subsided a little and he let go of him.

Damon straightened his clothes, pulling his collar taut and wiping his brow. He heaved a deep sigh of relief. When Carlos seemed to have calmed down, Damon suggested anxiously, "Hey, if you really remember everything, I wouldn't let Debbie know. She'll make you pay for what she had gone through."

Carlos looked at him, now perplexed. Damon explained, "Think about it. No matter how badly Wesley and I treated her, she will probably go easy on us once we apologize. But you made the deepest, most painful cuts. She loved you and trusted you, and you hooked up with Stephanie. You disavowed her. You made her marry Ivan. If you were her, would you forgive what you did?"

Kinsley thought Damon's words made sense. "Carlos, he's right. You hurt her a lot. You should treat her well from now on to make things right. When she forgives you, then you can tell her you got your memories back."

Carlos said nothing, mulling over their suggestions.

Inside the room, Niles seized the chance to make fun of Ivan. "Wow, Mr. Wen, I never knew you loved guys. What do you think about me? Your type?"

Ivan squinted at the naughty doctor and snapped, "So Carlos says I'm gay and you believe him. How much does he know about me? Or maybe he's my date?"

"If it's not true, why would he say it?" Niles wouldn't drop the subject.

Ivan shrugged. "He's not the only one with a lawyer. I could file charges for slander."

Niles leaned against the couch and grinned evilly. "Okay, so you're not gay. Got any proof?"

"I got my proof right here." Ivan sprang up from the couch and made his way to a woman sitting at the other end of the room.

Seeing the direction Ivan was walking in, Xavier reminded him, "Carlos is on the balcony. He can still see everything. Don't do anything stupid."

Niles also got worried. He tried to calm him down. "Okay, bad joke. You're not gay. I was just kidding. Don't—don't kiss Debbie... Hey...wait...wow!" The doctor ended his sentence in absolute shock, as he saw Ivan kis

yn with an affectionate look in his eyes while talking to her the whole time. He was sad that he missed three years of her life. He never got to feed her a bottle, hear her first words, or see her walking. That wasn't going to happen again, if he had anything to say about it.

On the other hand, Debbie had been staring at Carlos again. She was sure something was wrong with him, but what was it?

The car rolled up to the manor. As usual, Carlos helped Evelyn bathe and tucked her into bed.

Debbie leaned against the door of the kid's room and watched him. By the time Evelyn had closed her eyes and was sleeping peacefully, she couldn't help yawning. She said quietly, "I have work tomorrow, Mr. Huo. I think I'll turn in."

Carlos silently tucked his daughter under the covers and got out of the bed. He adjusted the thermostat before walking over to Debbie.

He grabbed hold of her wrist and took her to his bedroom. He closed the door behind them.

Looking at the closed door and his huge hand, Debbie suddenly had a bad feeling. 'What is he going to do?'

While she was in a trance, she was pressed onto the bed by the man.

Debbie was confused. But she knew he wouldn't have sex with her before she divorced Ivan, so she wasn't afraid. She gaped and yawned once again. "Mr. Huo, I'm really sleepy. Just let me go to my room, okay?"

Carlos said nothing. He stared intently at her face, eyes full of affection.

This was his woman. The woman he had sworn to love and spoil for his entire life. But she had been bullied and hurt by other people. His heart ached. It was his fault. He didn't protect her when it mattered most.

[Chapter 460 Ivan Loves Men](#)

"Old man... Mr. Handsome, are you okay? Why are you staring at me that way?" Debbie noticed the ocean of mixed emotions in Carlos' eyes and the complicated look on his face. She felt anxious, and her heart pounded hard in her chest.

Carlos kept gazing at her and still said nothing.

All he wanted to do was quietly admire her, hug her, feel her warmth, and kiss her.

That was just what he did. He embraced Debbie, holding her tightly to him and began kissing her tenderly. The kiss was soft, full of love and affection, unlike his usual imperious and hungry kisses. Debbie was taken aback by his show of affection and gentleness.

After the unexpected kiss, Debbie was left breathless. She swallowed nervously and stammered, "Have...have you done anything wrong to me?"

Carlos gazed at her and smiled. He stroked the strand of hair near her ear and said, "Go and bathe now. I'm going to make a call."

"Hmm. Okay!" Debbie nodded. She wanted to take a moment to be alone and calm herself down.

Carlos let go of her. He sat on the edge of the bed and watched Debbie go toward the bathroom. Every step of the way, Debbie kept turning back to Carlos, trying to spot anything suspicious. When she finally entered the bathroom, Carlos returned to his cold self again and left the bedroom.

He went straight to the study and called Frankie.

"Give me the phone number of Ivan's mom." It would have been better for Frankie to call Ivan's mom for him. But now he urgently needed to handle everything concerning Debbie, in person.

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

A few minutes later, Carlos received the number and called Elsie at once. "Good evening Mrs. Wen. This is Carlos Huo speaking. I'm sorry to bother you this late at night."

'Carlos Huo?'

Elsie was suddenly caught by surprise from the unexpected call from Carlos. She hastily sat up on the bed and turned the bed lamp on while kicking her husband to wake up. "Hello, Mr. Huo. It's okay. We aren't sleeping yet. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Yes, there is. It's something very important."

Elsie became tense. "What is it?"

"Mrs. Wen, there's no easy way to tell you this, so please prepare yourself for what I'm about to tell you. Ivan took advantage of my memory loss to marry my wife, but he doesn't love Debbie at all. He loves men. After marrying Debbie, he doesn't treat her well. He's even romantically involved with Debbie's best friend, Kasie. Mrs. Wen, I know all of this because I have seen it all with my own eyes. I'm not telling lies." Carlos cut to the chase and filled Elsie in o

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.

n remarked.

When Piggy's name was brought up, Kasie felt warm inside and said, "No, I'm not like Piggy. My god-daughter is way lovelier than me." Then she sighed and joked, "I'm getting old."

Ivan disagreed. He glanced at her and said, "No, you're cuter than Piggy."

Unconvinced, Kasie said, "I'm flattered. But Ivan, how can you blatantly lie to flatter me?"

"What can I say? I feel good."

Kasie was lost for words and shook her head.

Once they had arrived at the apartment building and parked the car, Ivan held Kasie's hand and led her towards the elevator.

Kasie looked around nervously. She was afraid of being seen by someone. "I think we should part our ways here. I'm not going upstairs." She lost her nerve and chickened out at the last minute. Even if Ivan and Debbie didn't love each other, they were still a married couple. It didn't feel right for her to spend the night at Ivan's house before they got divorced.

Ivan pressed the elevator button. "Relax. Do you know what Debbie is doing now?"

Kasie thought for a second and replied, "She and Mr. Huo should be coaxing Piggy to sleep now."

Checking the time on his wristwatch, Ivan shook his head. "It's past eleven now. Piggy would have been in bed much earlier."

In an instant, Kasie realized what Ivan was hinting at. But she still tried to defend Debbie and said thoughtfully, "No. Debbie told me that Mr. Huo wouldn't bug her for sex until she divorces you. Debbie won't betray your marriage."

Ivan was amused. He wanted to laugh at how naive Kasie and Debbie both were. "Yes, what Debbie told you is right, but that was only relevant before tonight. Now there's no telling if Carlos will keep his promise or not."