

TMBA 491

[Chapter 491 Tabitha Is Dead](#)

Tabitha threw the beach ball away. The ball was quite light, buffeted by the winds. But what goes up must come down. "Ha-ha! See? It won't fly. Hey, are you James? Tell me why it won't fly?"

She had gone completely insane. Angus sighed helplessly. After a while, he said in a sad voice, "I need to leave. I'm heading back to Y City. Take good care of yourself, Tabitha. Get well soon."

Before he left, he gave the nurses taking care of Tabitha some money and asked them to take excellent care of her. "There's more where this came from, if I find her in the best of health," he said.

Although he knew Carlos would have already shoved tons of cash in their direction, this was the least he could do for Tabitha.

That very evening, Carlos got a phone call from a nurse at the mental hospital. "Mr. Huo, I'm sorry to bother you. I regret to inform you that Mrs. Tabitha Huo... killed herself..."

The news of Tabitha's death

came as a shock to Carlos. He felt like he'd been slapped.

He flew to New York immediately; the other family members came along as well. By the time they arrived, it was the next day.

When they got there, he asked the driver to send Miranda and Evelyn to the Huo family's house. He and Debbie went to the mental hospital first.

Some of the family lived in New York. They were already at the hospital. Tabitha lay in the bed peacefully, covered by a white blanket.

Debbie remembered the first time she saw Tabitha.

It was at the Y City Airport. Tabitha was dignified and graceful as she walked, a woman with a regal bearing. As she approached Debbie, she had a warm and welcoming smile on her face. She held Debbie's hand and said her name softly. She gave her a pair of jade bracelets—heirlooms of the Huo family—and cooked delicious dishes for her.

Only four years had passed, but now she was a mere bag of bones. She didn't look like a woman who had come from wealth and power, but a starved, emaciated beggar.

Debbie raised her head to look at the ceiling, holding back her tears. Carlos could see how distraught she was. He squeezed her hand and gave her a reassuring look to comfort her.

Frasier handed a stack of papers to Carlos and said, "Aunt Tabitha signed the divorce papers together. Live audience, front row seats."

Debbie didn't know how to respond. 'A reality show? It seems like no matter where James holes up, Carlos always hunts him down.'

After hanging up, Debbie put off all her work that night. She was too curious about exactly what was going down. When Carlos came to pick her up, she was waiting for him at the entrance.

He got out of his car, kissed her, and tied her scarf for her, tucking part of it into her pink overcoat. Gallantly, he offered her his hand, and they walked hand in hand to the vehicle.

The car rolled to a stop in front of a hospital. Debbie recognized the place—Niles worked here.

After they got out, Carlos held her waist tightly, ignoring her protests. They went inside the building together.

Debbie snapped at him, "When I first met Niles, I was injured. But someone didn't offer to give me a ride, and didn't even look at me. I was a wreck then."

Carlos knew the guy she was talking about. It was him. Feeling guilty, he kissed her hair and apologized, "I'm so sorry, honey. I swear it won't happen again."

While they were walking to the elevator, Debbie cast a scornful glance at him and snorted, "You're such a liar. I only believe about a third of what you say."

Carlos curled his lips and said, "How about this?"

"How about what?"

"I love you. I love you. I love you. Nine words. Believe a third of them, and that would be three." 'You can believe that I love you.' This was what he meant.

[Chapter 492 Abortion](#)

Debbie blushed at Carlos' love confession, and she felt so happy at that moment.

They reached the twelfth floor, and the whole floor was shrouded in silence. Carlos led Debbie to the door of an office when two familiar voices came from within the room.

"Niles, will you stop talking nonsense? Hurry up and check my kidneys. I feel there is something wrong with them," said Damon.

"Oh, really?" Niles asked nonchalantly. "What's wrong with your kidneys?"

Damon looked at him with a sad look and complained, "It's all Carlos' fault."

"What? Carlos? What did you guys do?"

Damon's answer not only stunned Niles, but also made Debbie giggle.

With a gloomy face, Carlos kicked the door open. When Damon saw Carlos, he was shocked and cowered with fear, blurting out nervously, "Carlos, what are you doing here?"

Carlos cast a scornful glance at him and scoffed, "To have someone's kidney removed."

"Whose?"

"Yours." Disdain was written all over Carlos' face.

Damon covered his waist and rushed towards the door. However, Niles grabbed his collar and said, "Hey, let me give you an injection."

"No, no. I have to keep my kidneys to meet my wife's needs." Damon broke free from Niles and rushed to a corner sitting on the chair, feigning terror.

Carlos stared at him and asked, "Why are you here?"

Damon rolled his eyes and snapped back at him, "Have my kidneys checked. It's all your fault!" Carlos had hired women to seduce him every day. Faced with so many hot women, Damon could do nothing but restrain his desires. As time went by, he felt that he had a kidney deficiency.

Niles opened the door to the examination room and gestured for Damon to go in. "I'll give you a thorough examination," he said.

Then he turned to Carlos. "Everything is ready. You guys go to the operating room first. It's next to this one."

Carlos couldn't be bothered to stay to watch Niles carry out a check-up on Damon. He and Debbie made their way towards the room Niles had shown him.

When he pushed the door open, he saw several bodyguards standing inside. Upon seeing their boss, they greeted him respectfully.

Carlos nodded to them and walked i

o, what do you want?" That was when she realized that her hands were tied to each side of the operating table.

At that moment, Niles came into the room while cursing under his breath, "Damn! Damon is such a coward. There's nothing wrong with him, yet he forced me to do a thorough check-up on him. It was such a waste of my time..." When he saw so many people inside the room, he flashed a broad smile. "Hi, Uncle James. Hi, Uncle James' mistress. Hello, Miss Li. You're finally awake."

'Uncle James' mistress?' Both James and Glenda turned sour.

Ignoring Niles, Stephanie fixed her eyes on Carlos. Unlike her mother, she was calm and composed. "Carlos Huo, you better kill me right here and now. Otherwise, the first thing that I'm going to do after I leave here is report you to the authorities for having people rape me and holding me against my will."

Carlos picked up a scalpel and played with it in his hand. The scalpel shone under the light. After a while, he said mockingly, "Kill you?"

An evil smile appeared on his lips as he shot the scalpel towards Stephanie.

Debbie watched in horror, and a chill ran down her spine.

"Aaargh!" Stephanie let out a bloodcurdling scream.

The scalpel cut her arm and dropped to the floor.

"You think that I wouldn't dare kill you?" Carlos mocked.

James roared, "Carlos Huo, only a coward will torment a woman—" His voice trailed off as he remembered what he had done to Debbie.

[Chapter 493 Kneel And Apologize](#)

"Right. Only a coward will torment a woman," Carlos said sarcastically when he heard James' words.

With one hand in his pocket, he walked up to James, patted the slimeball's cheek, and said, "Be patient. It will be your turn soon. I will not let you down, Dad." He stared the old man in the eye. Without averting his sight, he ordered the doctors, "Since Stephanie doesn't want the bastard in her belly, let's do her a favor— rip it out!"

He had waited for this day for more than a month. Stephanie was finally pregnant. It was showtime! He would make James watch while he paid him back with interest! Then he would know who was crueler between the two of them.

Two doctors held Stephanie tightly onto the operating table, and another one grabbed the tools and started the abortion procedure.

Stephanie's eyes widened in fear. Debbie watched. The operation was being done without giving her an anesthetic. She could imagine how painful it was.

But Stephanie bit her lower lip stubbornly. When the cold equipment was inserted into her body, she refused to scream, no matter how much it hurt.

Even if Carlos hadn't ordered the doctors to do the abortion, she wouldn't have kept the bastard anyway.

James bowed his head and clenched his teeth as hatred filled his heart. Glenda cried so hard that she was on the verge of passing out. She was making too much noise, so Carlos had her mouth gagged again.

Debbie couldn't stand the bloody scene anymore. She turned her head away from the operating table.

But she told herself not to be soft-hearted. Three years ago, James hadn't been merciful to her.

When the procedure was done, everyone thought that Carlos was done with the punishments. But the doctors remained. Carlos glared at James and asked, "Do you understand how Debbie had felt back then?"

His voice was cold, radiating an undeniably dangerous aura.

Debbie gazed at him and saw bloodlust in his sharp ey

right foot and stamped on his chest mercilessly. Looking down at him, she asked, "I'm pushing you? Did you forget what you did to me three years ago? After Carlos' accident, you tied me to an operating table and coerced me into signing the divorce papers. You should have known this day would come."

Overwhelmed by emotions, Debbie raised her voice and yelled at him, "You hit me, forced me to leave Carlos' and my home, staged his death and tricked me to a fake funeral. You ruined my happiness and destroyed my life. You pushed me into severe depression. What do you say about all that?" Debbie's eyes reddened at the thought of her painful past.

Hearing her words, Carlos felt even more guilty.

Debbie removed her foot from James' chest and squatted down beside him. She grabbed his collar and pulled him up into a sitting position. "You're a murderer. I'll sue you and make you rot in jail!"

James struggled a little and smiled contemptuously at her. "You're only doing all this by relying on Carlos. Find some proof on your own, I dare you!"

"I rely on Carlos. So what? He's my husband. We count on each other. I might not be able to find out everything you did, but Carlos sure can. And now that I've seen the pathetic look on your face, I'll smile in my dreams tonight!"

[Chapter 494 Payback](#)

Ever since Debbie knew Carlos' memory had returned, she refused to have sex with him. When Debbie said, "He's my husband. We count on each other", Carlos was greatly comforted by her words.

"Pfft! Your husband? You and Carlos haven't even remarried yet. What a trollop you are to say that! If he loved you, why hasn't he married you yet?" By now, James had figured out that Carlos had fully regained his memory.

Debbie flashed a smile at him. "It's not that he doesn't want to marry me. He carries the divorce certificate and residence booklet around with him every day, just in case I agree to marry him. Your daughter tried everything to get this man, and yet I'm still considering whether or not to give him a second chance."

Her words had amused Carlos. 'When did she find out about that?' he wondered.

Everyone that was present in the operating room exchanged glances with each other. They couldn't believe their ears and looked at Carlos who was still smiling. They were all aware that he was one of the wealthiest men in the world. 'Since when did Carlos Huo have to try so hard to get a woman?' they all wondered.

No longer in the mood to waste time speaking to James, Debbie cast a glance at the bodyguards. Taking the hint, they grabbed James by the shoulders and forced him to kneel down on the broken glass.

"Argh!" His scream pierced the air in the operating room.

Most of the broken glass cut cruelly into his flesh and embedded into his skin. His face was now as pale as Stephanie's.

Carlos ignored his screams of pain and took Debbie into his arms, whispering in her ear, "Honey, there are so many of them watching. It'll be so humiliating if you still reject me. Let's remarry tomorrow and make them all jealous, okay?"

Debbie rolled her eyes at him. 'You think just because my tone softened I would agree to marry you now? Yeah right! You wish.' So she said softly, "I just need some more time."

Carlos was deeply disappointed

and frustrated. Chasing Debbie was the most difficult task he ever h

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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.

guards in casual clothes were arranged around the kindergarten whenever Evelyn was there.

Thinking of Evelyn's safety, Carlos realized that he had to take care of James as soon as possible.

He asked Frankie to set up an emergency meeting the next afternoon. All the high-ranking executives of ZL Group were requested to be present.

"Time for Dixon and the others to come back," he told Frankie.

Debbie had been deep in thought in the car. Upon hearing Dixon's name, she sat up immediately, and her eyes lit up. "Dixon is coming back?"

"Yeah. He's capable enough to undertake some tasks now. I can use his help." Soldiers were trained to be used in a time of crisis. Carlos believed that Dixon wouldn't let him down.

"When is he arriving? I want to pick him up at the airport." Among Debbie's friends, Dixon had been apart from her for the longest.

Kristina had been out of touch. Debbie and Kasie had tried to call her the other day, but her phone number wasn't in service anymore.

Seeing how excited Debbie was, Carlos wasn't happy. He squeezed her hand as a warning and asked, "You're very happy to see him?"

"Of course! I haven't seen him for years. I've missed him!" Debbie admitted, ignoring his warning.

A warning was all that Carlos could do. Despite being jealous, the mighty man cared too much about Debbie to scold her.

[Chapter 495 Take It To Dixon](#)

The entire Y City knew that the ZL Group was going through a period of crisis and was making major changes. The company had held not only a management meeting but also a shareholders meeting and a layoff conference.

Soon after the conferences, five elites who had just graduated from abroad were appointed to be the top executives of the group. Each of them was competent enough to be the CEO of a regional branch.

The arrival of new faces also meant that some of the old employees would be leaving.

Sure enough, eighteen high-ranking managers had been fired in one day. Thirteen of them were sued by the ZL Group's lawyers for embezzlement, taking bribes, cooking the books and other illegal activities.

Three of the five elites that came were appointed as CEOs of the regional branches. Another one became the deputy general manager of the headquarters. The fifth, though, seemed to hold the lowest position among them. He was Dixon. He was appointed as the head of Carlos' secretaries.

The dismissal of the CEOs in some of the regional branches showed that the ZL Group was full of elites and that the company was resolute to put things straight. Those drastic measures brought out the desired effect. Some senior executives that harbored ulterior motives were menaced.

With all the changes that had taken place in the company, Carlos had been swamped at work. Miranda had been taking care of Evelyn, and they became used to not seeing Carlos for a few days at a time.

Debbie stood in front of the office building of the ZL Group and looked up at the logo and smiled.

Four years ago she was still very green and knew nothing about even cooking, let alone other things. However, she was determined to please the most important man in this building, so she learned how to cook and brought the freshly cooked dishes here. Just like she did now, she stood in front of the building, gazed up at the logo and went inside.

Four years ago she and Carlos were strangers. Although now they had become soul mates, the closest a person could be to another.

Debbie's cooking used to be terrible. However, after much practice and determination, she now cooked delicious meals and became an excellent cook.

Carlos had been too busy to eat regularly. He once complained about having a stomachache to Mira

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"d you come over? Have you eaten?"

"Yes, I have eaten. I've got the day off today, but I have to go to a fashion show tonight." Debbie watched him eating, and subconsciously she was planning a reunion with Dixon, Jared, and Kasie in her mind.

"Okay," Carlos replied. He seemed to be enjoying the dishes and ate one wonton at a time.

After staring absently at him for a while, Debbie asked, "When did Dixon come back? He's much more handsome than before. He has the urban look about him and seems capable. What position does he hold now? How much will he make in a year? You'll pay him, right?"

Carlos gave her a sharp look. "Why do you care so much about Dixon?"

"He's one of my closest friends. We've been friends for many years. Of course, I care about him. You eat, and I'll go check on him." Debbie was itching to talk with Dixon.

Carlos abruptly put the chopsticks down and frowned.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I've lost my appetite." He wiped his mouth with a tissue.

"You didn't like it?" she asked. 'That couldn't be the reason because my cooking is much better than before,' she thought.

Carlos sighed sadly. "Instead of enjoying the moment with me, my wife has been thinking about another man all this time. How can I enjoy the food? Take it to Dixon."

Debbie rolled her eyes at him.

"Humph!" She wasn't going to humor his mood.

"Fine. As it happens, Dixon doesn't seem to have eaten. Since you haven't touched these dishes yet, I'll take them to him. You didn't seem to like them, anyway."

[Chapter 496 Reward](#)

Carlos was hurt. 'I never said I didn't like it.' Debbie's career was booming. Sometimes, she was even busier than Carlos. He barely saw her at all. And it had been too long since she last cooked for him. Knowing that she was coming to see him, and bringing lunch, he dropped everything, putting off meetings and appointments, and was waiting for her in his office.

He heard noises outside, so he rushed to the door to whip it open. She was hugging someone else. His heart sank.

Although Debbie had said she was going to take the food to Dixon, she was sitting down. Carlos got up from his chair and sat beside her. Stroking her hair, he said, "Be a good girl. Don't get too close to that guy, or I'm moving him out of the city."

Debbie sensed his jealousy. "Hey, old man. Dixon and I are just buddies. You're the one I love. What are you jealous of?"

'The one she loves.' Carlos was touched by those words. He felt that this was a chance to convince Debbie to marry him. "So when are you going to marry the man you love?" Carlos couldn't wait anymore. If she turned him down again, he would do it his own way. One way or another, he'd get her to the Civil Affairs Bureau to sign that license.

Again, she said softly, "I need more time."

Carlos dropped it and continued to eat.

Debbie smiled and opened the latest issue of her favorite magazine. She flipped through it, looking for the comics liberally sprinkled throughout its pages.

Carlos devoured his lunch and brushed his teeth in the lounge.

When he sat down on the couch again, he dragged Debbie over and sat her on his lap. "Don't I get a reward?" he asked.

"What for?"

"I ate everything in the lunchbox. I think I deserve a reward. Even kids get a little sticker or something." He lowered his head on her belly to smell her scent.

She wore a casual coat, a white cashmere shirt, and jeans. In that outfit, she looked like a college student.

She had been turning him down when the lights were out. But if he wanted a reward... She pecked him on the chin.

Carlos wasn't satisfied. He looked at her. Her rosy lips in

"Wait! Didn't you know that I wasn't close to Eckerd? I'm his sister, but I haven't seen him in forever." That was true. Decker was secretive at best, and Debbie was too busy to waste energy or time on him.

"No biggie. Eckerd will come looking for you. We'll be waiting. And then, my saucy singer..." He left the threat unspoken, but a guttural laugh escaped his lips.

"Haha! She is hot!"

"Delicious!"

The punks leered at Debbie.

Debbie was disgusted. She glanced at them, stretched her limbs, and dropped into a fighting stance. "Think you can take me? Bring it!" she declared.

Her bodyguard used to be the principal of a martial arts school. He was a master of wing chun, having even been instructed in how to wield the traditional weapons of the art. He'd also learned the fundamentals of kickboxing, not to mention wrestling holds.

The sidekicks stepped back, allowing the henchmen to do their dirty work. They came at her, fists raised.

Debbie dodged the first few swings. Then she sidestepped one man's punch, used the energy of his punch against him, and threw him to the ground, using his momentum.

Seeing this, the middle-aged man took out his phone and said to someone on the other end of the line, "She knows tae kwon do. Send some black belts."

As soon as Debbie and her bodyguard took care of those bulky men, around six men with daggers rushed over at them.

[Chapter 497 Decker Comes Clean](#)

Just then, some other cars turned into the alley and screeched into a halt behind them. Debbie had to focus on dealing with the immediate threat. She didn't turn her head to see who the newcomers were.

As she was busy fighting, someone forcefully yanked her away from the battle and pushed her into the door of the car she had come in. Luckily, she was quick enough to steady herself. Otherwise she would have hit the car forcefully and been knocked to the ground.

This couldn't have been Carlos. He wouldn't have been so rough on her.

She looked up and saw that some new guys had joined the fight. The main guy wore a black coat. She recognized him immediately. It was Decker!

Before she could give this any more thought, another car tore into the alley. This time it was Carlos.

He was only wearing a white oxford. He must have been in too much of a hurry to get his suit, and raced here as soon as he got the driver's message. "Are you all right?" he asked Debbie anxiously, caressing her cheek. "Are you hurt?"

He was so tender and caring suddenly she wanted to be pampered by him. She held out her hands and said pitifully, "I knocked six men to the ground. Now my hands hurt."

Carlos took her hands in his own, kissing and rubbing them affectionately. "Let's get to a hospital. We'll have 'em X-rayed."

"Actually, I feel better, now that you're here," Debbie refused hastily. The pain was really not that bad.

Carlos' men joined the fight. After cracking some skulls, Decker turned to Carlos and Debbie, who were embracing. He shook his head resignedly.

'Come on! I'm busy fighting, and he's making out with my sister.'

After a while, Debbie surveyed the conflict and said to Carlos, "Maybe we should help him out." The alley was dark, and there were too many people in the chaos. She couldn't see her brother.

Carlos' gaze traveled over the crowd. After a few seconds, he nodded his head in Decker's direction and replied, "Don't worry. He can handle it."

Debbie followed Carlos' gaze and found Decker. He grabbed one man's hair and smashed his face into a bent knee, punched another in the throat, and knocked the wind out of yet another thug, planting a fist in his solar plexus. With every punk he took down, he got close

t her brother once and for all.

"If you lie to my wife, don't ever tell people I'm your brother-in-law," Carlos suddenly cut in.

Once, during a gang war, Yates managed to take Decker hostage. To save the lives of his men, not to mention his own, he told Yates that Carlos was his brother-in-law. Wouldn't you know it? Carlos' name worked like a charm. Yates let them go. After that, he dropped Carlos' name every time he was in trouble.

And Carlos lied for Decker every time someone expressed a bit of doubt. On top of that, Carlos would also tell whoever wanted to know that he had Decker's back, so they'd better respect him. Over time, Decker managed to work his way up. At first, it was grudging respect, and then it was true loyalty based

on how much the man brought to the table. His men became fairly wealthy thanks to Decker's acumen. He became one of the most influential people in the underworld.

When he heard what Carlos said, his expression turned gloomy. He didn't have the heart to get angry at Debbie. But he was sure willing to mock Carlos. "You keep referring to Debbie as your wife, but last time I checked, you weren't married."

Debbie tried so hard to stifle her laughter she was actually trembling.

Carlos didn't get mad. He squeezed Debbie's hand and retorted, "At least I have a woman. You, on the other hand... But don't worry. She might not be born yet. Or is she still in school? Maybe you should hang out near a school. You'll find yourself a nice girl that way."

[Chapter 498 What Doesn't Kill You Makes You Stronger](#)

Carlos' mockery angered Decker. If he could, he would find another man for Debbie. He believed that any other man would show him more respect than Carlos had.

Debbie tugged on Carlos' sleeve and reminded him. "My brother has a girlfriend."

"When did I..." Decker suddenly stopped mid-sentence recalling that he had once brought a woman with him when he went to see Debbie. "Oh, she's not my girlfriend. Just a cover," he explained.

Debbie rolled her eyes at him and scoffed, "This is my brother who has been lying to me."

Since he indeed had lied to her about many things, he promised, "I had no other choice, but I won't lie to you again." Decker used to think his identity as a gangster would put Debbie in danger. He didn't believe that he was powerful enough to protect her, and so he kept his real identity from her and even tried to drive her away for her safety. However, now that she was back with Carlos again, Decker knew that she was safe. He didn't need to pretend to be someone else in front of her anymore.

"Okay, tell me everything," Debbie said.

Decker reclined on the couch, lost deep in thought as though he was organizing what he was going to say. It took him a long while before he began.

Decker and Yates used to be enemies. Even so, Yates appreciated Decker's capabilities. Therefore, when he found out about Decker's relationship with Carlos, he had reconciled himself with him.

Decker used to build up his force overseas. Since Carlos was in Y City and he could help him a lot, it made more sense for Decker to move to Y City.

However, it was Elroy who had made Decker into what he was today.

Elroy had fostered Decker for a few years before he abandoned him as a boy and sent him to a children's welfare home. Whether Decker survived or died was of no concern to Elroy. He simply didn't care anymore.

Fortunately, Decker did survive. When he was just ten years old, his talent began to show. However, Elroy found out about it as well. The evil man decided to destroy the young boy at any cost.

That year, Decker had entered into a piano competition. While he was at the backstage, he happened to overhear someone warning the judges not to let him win.

Decker realized then that someone was gunning for him, but he didn't know who it was.

In junior high, Decker was one of the top students. Everyone expected him to get a scholarship and go on to an elite high school.

Just like that, he turned and closed the door in her face.

As he thought about all of this, Decker looked at Debbie and decided to tell her how he had truly felt back then. "Debbie, remember the first time that we had met? Even though I closed the door on you, I noticed our resemblance. However, back then, I couldn't even protect myself, let alone you and a baby."

That was the reason why he refused to let her stay with him. However, Debbie was persistent. She kept coming back to her brother's place until he finally agreed to take her in.

Leaning on Carlos' shoulder, she stared at Decker with red, teary eyes when she thought about those days.

She considered herself lucky compared to Decker. At least her father had loved her when he was alive. After her father had passed away, she met Carlos. He held her dear to his heart, but Decker had no one to love and look after him.

Then Decker went on to explain how he got hurt last time. He had intended to take over Yates' turf in A Country, but Yates found out and hunted him down. One of Yates' men had stabbed him, and the reason why he could enter Champs Bay Apartments was that the guards all worked for him.

Decker had become a powerful man in Y City. He told Debbie and Carlos casually, "Next, I'll take over the Lu Group. Elroy wants to let his youngest son Gus run the company. He's grooming him for it, but I'm not going to let him get his wish."

Debbie frowned and was worried. She couldn't help but ask, "You're a stranger to the Lu Group. They might not even allow you in the building. How can you possibly take over the company?"

[Chapter 499 The Haggling](#)

Decker smiled. "Ramona held ten percent of the Lu Group's shares, and she gave it to me. Your so-called uncle also handed his shares over to me. So I have twenty-five percent of the Lu Group's shares now." He then glanced at Carlos and asked, "With the twenty-five percent, do you think I could take over the company now?"

Carlos thought about it for a moment and then replied, "I can buy twenty percent of the shares for you.

With forty-five percent of Lu Group's shares, you would be in a much better position."

Debbie's eyes went as wide as saucers when she heard what Decker said. "When did you contact them? Why didn't you tell me?"

"You were busy dealing with that old bastard James. I didn't want to distract you." Decker furrowed his brows as if something was bothering him, and complained, "Ramona is so irritating. She doesn't go to work but spends all of her time looking for me. It really annoys me so much."

Debbie frowned and scolded him, "Stop calling her Ramona. She's also a victim of the Lu family. Some day, you might want to call her 'Mom.'"

Decker glanced at her and asked casually, "So, you've forgiven her?"

Debbie sighed. "I want to."

"Bah! Women are soft. Learn from me. I'll never forgive her!" Decker retorted.

Carlos cut in, "If you aren't going to forgive her and you hate her so much, then why did you take her shares? A dog with a full mouth does not bark. You're bound to call her 'Mom' eventually."

Decker had already had enough of Carlos' smart remarks and was seething inside. He was on the verge of snapping. 'Carlos, will you just shut up?' he wanted to say, but he lost his nerve. He had already made a sharp retort at Carlos and didn't dare do it again. So he changed the subject. "Where do you plan on getting that twenty percent of the Lu Group's shares?"

"Don't worry. That'll be a piece of cake. But I won't just hand it to you on a silver platter. You have to promise me something," Carlos said.

Debbie smiled inside when she heard what Carlos had said. After all, he was a businessman, and people in business always pursue profits.

At this point, Decker had become desperate for a smoke, but since Debbie was with them, he gave up on the idea. "You want

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.

he agreement, and then Decker retired to the guest room to have a nap.

Carlos watched as Decker got up and walked into the room. "Don't let him in next time," he said sullenly.

"Why?"

"He makes himself too comfortable here. I don't like it." Even though it was Carlos who had bought the apartment for Debbie, he didn't have the freedom to come and go as Decker did. Debbie often kicked Carlos out of the apartment in the middle of the night, whereas Decker acted as if it was his home every time that he stayed here. Carlos was unhappy about his cockiness.

Debbie stroked his hair and comforted him, "My brother and I are family."

He took her into his arms and retorted, "You're my wife. I'm your family."

Debbie argued, "Not yet."

That evening, Ramona found out that Decker was staying at Debbie's place, so she brought many ingredients over to cook some dishes for the siblings.

Debbie had gone to the company with Carlos, so Decker was in the apartment alone. When he heard a knock at the door, he trudged bleary-eyed to open it, and Ramona walked in with her arms full of groceries. By the time Decker's head had cleared, Ramona was already in the kitchen washing vegetable. He felt awkward to get her out of there.

Ramona had hung her overcoat on the rack. Wearing an azure sweater and wide-leg pants, she pulled an apron on to protect her clothes. At this moment, Ramona was no celebrity but a normal loving mother who wanted to cook dinner for her kids.

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By the time Decker finished bathing and walked out of his bedroom, Debbie had already come back to the apartment with Evelyn.

Decker scooped up the little girl. He wanted to take her out to have some fun, but Ramona called out to stop him. "Decker, dinner is ready. You can play with her after dinner."

Annoyed, he was about to retort, but Ramona spoke again. "Come on, all of you. Enjoy your dinner. I have something else to do now. I'll leave soon."

As she moved the dishes from the kitchen to the dinner table, she said again, "I know that Debbie has a huge appetite, so I cooked a few more dishes. I'm not confident about my cooking skills. Please don't mind."

The siblings stood in the living room, watching their mother dart back and forth around the kitchen. When the last dish was served on the table, Ramona untied the apron, hung it on the kitchen hanger and said, "Eat before the food gets cold." After washing her hands, she grabbed her coat and walked up to Evelyn. Caressing the little girl's cheek, she muttered, "What a lovely girl you are!" "When will I hear you call me Grandma?" she thought sadly.

Debbie silently watched her walk towards the door. She opened her mouth and wanted to ask, "Aren't you having dinner with us?" But while she hesitated, Ramona changed into her shoes and left the apartment.

Decker and Debbie stood in a daze for a moment.

At the dinner table, Debbie grabbed her chopsticks and looked at her brother. Decker didn't move a finger. Sensing her gaze, he stared back at her.

Evelyn sat quietly, her eyes darting between the two adults. She waited for them to start eating.

Finally, Decker grabbed his chopsticks and picked a slice of celery into Evelyn's bowl. "Eat, baby."

"Thank you," Evelyn replied politely. She scooped the food up with her spoon and put it into her little mouth.

Letting out a sigh, Debbie also began to help Piggy with the food. "I bet she hasn't eaten anything yet. She left with an empty stomach. I feel bad, Decker," she said, sounding remorseful.

Decker already knew that, but he said stubbornly, "She... She has something else to do."

"She isn't working anymore, and she doesn't have many friends. What does she have to do?" De

Decker looked at Debbie and she glared back at him.

She took a bite of the drumstick and swallowed it down before ridiculing her brother, "Can't you just be quiet and eat your food?"

He nodded helplessly. "Okay, my bad. I'm sorry, Queen Debbie and Princess Evelyn."

Shortly after that, Carlos arrived at the apartment. When he opened the door and came in, he saw that they hadn't finished their dinner yet. As he changed into a pair of slippers, he said, "I'm hungry."

Debbie sighed. "I've spared some food for you and there's some congee left in the pot. I'll heat the potato pies." She put down her chopsticks to help him get the congee.

Carlos quickly pecked a kiss on his daughter's cheek and then made Debbie sit back in her seat. "I'll do it myself."

She didn't insist and continued to eat her food. "Did you finish your work?" she asked as he was about to go and wash his hands.

"No. An ungrateful guy is bullying my wife and daughter. I had to come and help," he said, his voice laced with sarcasm.

Decker protested, "How am I ungrateful? What did I do wrong?" 'I didn't bully them at all, ' he sulked.

Before entering the bathroom, Carlos turned around and cast him a glare. "Did I say that it was you? You just admitted it yourself."

Decker couldn't find a word to protest.

He had dealt with all kinds of people, including gangsters, in the past. He was good at winning arguments, but he realized that he was always being outsmarted by Carlos.