

TMBA 281

Chapter 281 A Critical Moment

'A man entered the room? I must find Kasie soon! Room 1206... Where is Room 1206?' Debbie ran in a panic.

Soon, she found the room, but the door was locked. "Open the door! Kasie, open the door! Are you in there, Kasie?" She kicked the door several times, but it wouldn't budge.

She tried to calm down and kept telling herself, "Debbie, keep cool! Don't panic..."

Although she was still unable to get through to Carlos, she could contact his assistant. She pulled out her phone and called Tristan. "There's a hotel in the same building as the tea house. Do you know the hotel's name?" she asked in a hurry. She hadn't paid any attention to the hotel when she had arrived.

"Please wait, Mrs. Huo. Zelda, there's a hotel in the same building as the tea house. What's its name? Mrs. Huo, it's called the Cade Hotel."

At that moment, the doors of the lift opened and several security guards stepped out, running towards Debbie. Her heart pounding, she said into the phone quickly, "Have someone give me the key to Room 1206 right away! Hurry up! Kasie is in danger!"

"Yes, Mrs. Huo!" Tristan answered quickly.

"Miss, is it you who stirred up trouble and beat up our employee?" the head security guard asked in a rough voice. They were about to take Debbie away from there.

Debbie took a deep breath and told them in a calm voice, "I'm Carlos Huo's wife, Debbie Nian. My friend is in this room, and she's in danger. Open this door! Now!"

"Mrs. Huo?" The guard eyed her from head to toe. "Yes, I know Mrs. Huo's name. But, can you prove that you are Debbie Nian?"

'How can I prove that?'

Debbie was losing her patience. She yelled at them, "I didn't bring my ID card. Open this damn door right now! If something bad happens to my friend, my husband will not spare any of you!"

She was on the verge of tears, but none of the guards moved. Obviously, they still didn't believe her. She kicked the door again and demanded through gritted teeth, "Open the fucking door! Open it!"

The head security guard spoke into his intercom. "Mr. Liu, a lady on the twelfth floor claims to be Mrs. Huo and is asking us to open the door to Room 1

you." Despite Lewis' pleas, Debbie carried Kasie to the parking lot with the two guards.

Debbie wanted to drive the car herself, but Kasie was behaving restlessly in the back seat. She had to give the car keys to one of the guards and sat in the back to take care of Kasie. The guard drove the car to a nearby hospital. Debbie held Kasie in her arms and kept coaxing her, "Kasie, don't worry. We'll arrive at the hospital soon."

Kasie's body was burning, and it made Debbie's heart ache. She swore that she wouldn't let Lewis go even if the Huo family was against it.

"Debbie... help me... call... Emmett..." Kasie was unable to resist the fire in her body. She bit her lips so hard that they started bleeding. She then bit her arm to ease the desire.

After a moment's hesitation, Debbie called Emmett, who had just gotten off the plane and was on his way to the company.

"Emmett, something has happened. Where are you?"

Emmett's heart skipped a beat. "What's wrong? Mrs. Huo, are you in any trouble?"

"It's Kasie... Talk to her yourself."

Debbie put her phone near Kasie's ear. With all her strength, Kasie managed to say, "Emmett...I'm not feeling so well..."

Her weak voice broke Emmett's heart. "What happened? Where are you, Kasie? I'm coming to you. I just got off the plane."

But Kasie collapsed again. Debbie grabbed the phone and told Emmett, "Someone drugged her. I'm taking her to the hospital."

[Chapter 282 She Is A Victim](#)

"Kasie was drugged? What drug? Who drugged her?" Emmett asked anxiously.

"Er..." Debbie was too embarrassed. "That kind of drug..."

At that moment, Kasie got close to the phone and murmured, "Emmett... I want to have sex with you..."

Debbie was shocked.

Even Emmett didn't know how to respond. It was as though his whole world had just collapsed on top of him. After a long pause, he managed to say, "Tomboy, take her to the hospital. I'm on my way."

"Okay," Debbie answered.

Kasie held Debbie's waist tightly and rested her head on her shoulder. "Emmett, shame on you! Are you a man or not? If I am not gonna make it, you'll regret your decision." Kasie was only half-aware of what she was saying.

Emmett had to be firm with her. He asked Debbie, "Which hospital are you heading for? I'm on the Phoenix Road right now."

Debbie looked out the car window and saw The Third People's Hospital not too far away. "We'll arrive at The Third People's Hospital soon."

"Got it! Please take care of Kasie for me."

He hung up. Kasie whispered in Debbie's ear, "Deb, I feel like... I'm going to explode. Deb, let me kiss you..."

'Oh my God! This drug is so potent. It can turn a straight person gay...' Debbie's eyes widened as Kasie got closer to her.

She shook her head and pushed her down. "Stop it, Kasie! I'm not gonna make out with you. Just lie down on my lap."

Kasie struggled violently in Debbie's arms. She really couldn't take it anymore. "Tomboy, help me. I'd rather die than go through this. Please help me... Call Emmett! Call him. If he refuses to have sex with me... I...I will sleep with..." Kasie paused, and looked at the man in the driver's seat. "I'll sleep with... him!"

The guard was dumbstruck.

Debbie was on the brink of a meltdown when they arrived at the hospital.

About twenty minutes later, she heaved a

and Emmett finally broke the awkward silence. "Mrs. Huo, please forgive me. If I sell Mr. Huo out this time, he will surely fire me. So..."

Debbie didn't know how to respond to his helpless words.

"Rest assured, Mr. Huo will be back either today or tomorrow," he added.

Debbie snorted, "Rest assured? What are you all hiding from me? Carlos is still wounded and has been missing for two days. How can I rest easy?" Debbie gnashed her teeth and thought angrily, 'I won't spare Carlos this time.'

Emmett didn't know how to calm her down, and had to change the subject. "Who did this to Kasie?" he asked.

With a sneer, Debbie said, "If you don't tell me Carlos' whereabouts, I will ask Kasie to break up with you. So, do you want to get fired or do you want to break up with Kasie?"

Emmett couldn't believe that she would threaten him like this. 'Seriously? I really can't bear this couple anymore.'

When he didn't respond, Debbie yelled at her friend, "Kasie, wake up! Emmett is breaking up with you— Argh! Don't pull me! Let me go!"

Emmett grabbed Debbie's wrist and pulled her out of the ward.

There were many people passing by outside the ward, so Emmett let go of her hand. After all, people might recognize her.

[Chapter 283 I Have To Find Him](#)

Emmett wiped the cold sweat off his forehead with his eyes closed. He gritted his teeth and decided, "Fine, I'll have to betray Mr. Huo then." In light of the years he had worked for Carlos, his loyal nature, and Carlos' intimidating personality, it was a hard decision for him to make.

Debbie smiled and patted his shoulder. "Good boy."

Emmett waited until there was nobody around them before whispering to her, "Mr. Huo went on a mission with Wesley and Damon."

Debbie was confused. 'What mission? Carlos has been out of the army for more than five years now. Why is he on a mission all of a sudden? And Damon is a gangster. Why is he on a military mission?'

Her confusion was nothing beyond Emmett's expectation. However, he didn't intend to explain everything to her. Even though he had given in to Debbie, he didn't want to betray Carlos thoroughly. He had kept some of it unsaid as a way out. "Yeah, there was a mission, but I have no idea what it was or where they have gone."

For a moment, Debbie was quiet as she took in the news. She was furious and also found the whole thing absurd. "Under normal circumstances, I would understand if Carlos went on a military mission. But he had just been shot. Didn't the military officers know that? And his wound reopened yesterday..." Debbie flushed recalling what had happened in the ward yesterday afternoon. But she recovered soon. She continued angrily, "Is there no one else available in the army? Why did Wesley have to put Carlos, a freshly wounded man, on this task? Is this their so-called brotherhood?"

Emmett explained anxiously, "It's not like that. It was originally agreed on that all three of them would take part in the task. However, Mr. Huo was wounded later on. Both Wesley and Damon tried to talk him out of the mission. But you know Mr. Huo. He always goes through with his decisions."

'What kind of mission is so important that Carlos would be determined to be a part of it? And Damon is concerned about it too, ' Debbie thought. Suddenly, a possibility occurred to her. A dash of gloom covered her face. "This has something to do with Megan, right?" she asked.

Emmett was surprised. 'She is so smart.' "I...I don't know. Mrs. Huo, I have to go and ch

her phone and darted towards the door. Emmett hurried towards the door with a flustered face and was just in time to stop her. "Tomboy, I thought you had calmed down. Where are you going?"

She closed her eyes sadly for a second and took a deep breath before saying, "Relax. I'm not going to find Carlos. I don't even know where he is. I need to ask that jerk something."

"Lewis?" Emmett asked, puzzled.

"Yes," she replied. Debbie considered it wise not to tell Emmett what Lewis had done to Kasie in the hotel room. "I'll be gone for a while. Take care of Kasie. Call me if I'm needed."

"No problem. But can you tell me who did this to her? I need to know."

Debbie hesitated. "I can't... Not yet. Things are still unclear. But don't worry, I'll tell you as soon as I find out."

She turned to leave.

But Emmett got in her way again. "Does it have something to do with Lewis?"

"Maybe, but that's uncertain. That's what I'm going to ask him."

Emmett was silent. What should he do if it was Lewis who had done this to Kasie?

Debbie walked out of the ward while he was still deep in thought. But it was too late for her to go to the police station. So, she went back to the manor.

Looking around the empty house, she became depressed and restless. Without Carlos, it didn't feel like a home anymore. She felt insecure. After a quick shower, she climbed onto their bed and lay down. Unbidden, all kinds of thoughts crossed her mind and kept her awake until midnight.

[Chapter 284 Wounded Again](#)

The next morning, Debbie didn't sleep in as usual. She got up early with plans of meeting Lewis. Before she left the house, she called Tristan, asking him to locate Lewis. Since she had seen Lewis at the hotel last, Debbie suggested that Tristan call the hotel manager; he should know where he was.

Three minutes later, Tristan called back with the bad news.

Lewis wasn't at the police station.

The police had arrested him. But Lewis had pulled some strings and was released before he was taken to the police station.

Debbie was furious. "Can no one touch him except Carlos?" she asked Tristan.

"Something like that," he replied. Lewis was Carlos' cousin after all. Nobody dared to offend him, unless it was a direct order from Carlos.

"Fine. Find out where Lewis is. I need to talk to that jerk." Debbie was frustrated. Without Carlos at her side, she couldn't even put Lewis in prison after what he had done to Kasie.

"Yes, Mrs. Huo."

While Tristan was tracking Lewis down, Debbie took a cab to the military hospital where Megan was hospitalized.

She went straight to Megan's ward. The girl was sound asleep. Debbie walked over and sat on the edge of the bed silently.

Sensing someone's cold stares on her, Megan woke up and saw the person sitting on her bed.

She jerked up and moved away from Debbie, frightened. "Wh-what are you doing here?" she asked.

Seeing how intimidated Megan was, Debbie smiled. 'I'm glad that she thinks I am scary.'

"Carlos is on a military mission." She got straight to the point.

"That's normal. He used to be an outstanding special force soldier." Megan didn't sound surprised at all.

"He is doing it for you," said Debbie, studying her face.

Megan was a little taken aback by the news, but then she said, "Who else would he do it

for?" Debbie gritted her teeth. "Are you saying that it's obvious that he is willing to go on such a dangerous task for you, or that he is willing to do it only for y

.

Debbie assumed that his phone would be switched off just like how it had been when she had called him a million times. Unexpectedly, the call connected. Megan put her phone on speaker. "Megan, what's up?" It was Damon who answered the call.

"Uncle Damon, where are you? Aunt Debbie is trying to kill me. Help me, Uncle Damon!"

Megan cried. Debbie watched. It fascinated her how she could cry without any tears.

Damon said anxiously, "We're on our way to the hospital. Your uncle Carlos needs treatment. You'll have to wait."

'Treatment? Did his old wound reopen or was he injured again?' Debbie thought in shock. She wanted to ask Damon, but he had hung up already.

Megan was forgotten. Debbie wasted no time. She took out her own phone and called Carlos' number. Again, Damon answered it. Pretending to sound relaxed, he said, "Debbie, we're in the middle of something. What's the matter?"

"Where is Carlos?" she demanded.

Damon was silent. When he spoke again, the feigned relaxed tone was gone. "He's in an ambulance. We're on our way to the hospital." Since Debbie would know about it sooner or later, there was no point lying to her.

Her throat ran dry. Her eyes stared ahead, but she saw nothing.

"How bad is it?" she asked in a low voice. After a pause, Damon answered, "Severe."

[Chapter 285 The Long Wait](#)

After hanging up, Debbie waited impatiently at the entrance to the emergency department. Within half an hour, several ambulances pulled up, their sirens wailing loudly. More cars and military vehicles followed.

She didn't know which ambulance Carlos was in. All she could do was stand there and watch the doctors and nurses open the doors of the ambulances and shift the patients from the stretcher to the hospital cot.

She noticed that one of the ambulances had more doctors and nurses than the others. When the door opened, some military officers walked out of it in a hurry.

And a man covered in blood was carried out carefully. "Come and give a hand. Take care not to touch Mr. Huo," a doctor said hastily to a nurse.

'Mr. Huo?'

Debbie ran towards the stretcher. It was Carlos!

His face was as white as a sheet, and his clothes were blood-drenched. 'Blood... So much blood...My God!' Tears streamed down her cheeks.

One of the doctors wanted to push her out of the way, but all he said was, "Mrs. Huo, we're trying to save Mr. Huo. Every second is valuable. Please move out of the way."

"What... what happened to him?" It took Debbie a while to find her voice.

The doctor replied as he quickly wheeled the cot into the hospital, "A bandit stabbed him thrice and he was also shot twice. His old wound has also reopened. Mrs. Huo, we will do our best to save Mr. Huo's life. Right now, every second is crucial. Please excuse us."

Her face went deathly pale when she heard his situation. It was like a bomb exploding inside her brain, turning her world into complete darkness. She didn't know what to say or do. She just ran beside the cot.

Carlos was wheeled into the elevator. She pushed to the edge of the cot, grabbed his bloody hand and called in a whisper, "Carlos, Carlos..."

He heard her soft voice and his eyelids fluttered.

Debbie pressed his hand against her cheek. "Can you hear me, Carlos?" she asked tearfully. Slowly, Carlos opened one eye.

He saw her.

'Hmm... It's so good to see her...' Carlos' mouth twitched a little, but before he could say anything, he passed out.

When they

the bench and nodded to them in greeting.

Before she could answer, James slapped her across the face.

It was such a heavy blow that Debbie went right to the floor.

Lying there, she raised her head and saw the anger in James' eyes. His face was twisted in rage. 'Huh! How ironic this is. I slapped Megan this morning, and now the slap has been returned to me. Karma is a bitch,' she thought bitterly.

Tabitha and Tristan were both taken aback by James' action. "James, why did you hit her?" Tabitha asked, trembling.

Tristan hung up immediately and helped Debbie to her feet.

James pointed at Debbie and barked, "Is this how you take care of my son? As his wife, what have you done for him? Nothing!"

Debbie sneered, "Learn the truth first before you point your finger at others. Your son got wounded because of Megan, not me."

The expression on James' face worsened. "Don't talk back to me! Look how rude you are. Carlos has spoiled you too much. Why didn't you stop him? This is ridiculous! He is a CEO now, not a soldier. Why did he want to be part of this mission?"

Debbie laughed. She looked at James sarcastically. "I was explaining the situation to you and you call that talking back? I didn't even know that he was going on a mission. How was I supposed to stop him? Since you are Carlos' father, I won't hit you back this time. But I won't tolerate it if you ever lay a finger on me again."

[Chapter 286 Left With A Broken Heart](#)

Debbie's warning made James angrier. He raised his hand to slap her again. Tristan nerved himself to grab his wrist and said, "Mr. James Huo, Mrs. Huo is telling the truth. She knew nothing about the mission. If you want to talk about it, why not wait until Mr. Carlos Huo wakes up? You can ask him directly."

James shook Tristan's hand off and continued to insult Debbie. "I know how much money Carlos has spent on you, you blood-sucking harpy. You asked him for a huge ring, you wear only designer clothes worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. You even made him buy you a limited edition watch to apologize to you. What right do you have to do all this?"

Debbie clenched her fists and demanded, "I am a blood-sucking harpy? You want to know what my rights are? What about you?" She looked James directly in the eye and went on, "You are my father-in-law, and yet, you asked the servants to put birth control pills in my food for a really long time. Right now, Carlos is lying in there unconscious, but as his father, you don't even try to check on him. All you want to do is bellow at me. What kind of father are you?"

"You!" James raised his hand again. Tristan and Tabitha stopped him. "James, let's go check on Carlos," Tabitha persuaded.

"How? He is in the ICU, and this is not visiting hours. We can't get in."

The fierce conflict between the two had drawn a lot of gazes. Tabitha looked at Debbie resignedly and asked, "Can you leave for now?"

"No! I'll only leave when Carlos is out of danger and has been transferred to the general ward." Needless for them to say, she had already decided to leave by then.

James snorted, "Shameless!"

'Why should I put up with his insults like this?' she thought angrily. She lifted her fist to strike James. Tristan saw it. He let go of James immediately and stood in front of her. "Mrs. Huo, this is a hospital and Mr. Huo is still unconscious. Calm down," he whispered in her ear.

Suddenly, Debbie felt dizzy. Her head spun uncontrollably. Her legs were too weak to support her, and she collapsed onto Tristan's shoulder.

Tristan was flustered. "Mrs. Huo, what's wrong?" he asked as he led her towards the bench.

Debbie closed her eyes a moment, trying to clear her head and
s arrived safely."

Carlos rubbed his forehead. He knew that she was furious with him.

Emmett went on, "Since the moment you were brought in, Mrs. Huo had stayed here without eating or sleeping. She was here when you were in the surgery room, when you were in the ICU, and when you were finally moved to this ward. She didn't leave until you were out of danger."

Carlos was confused. 'So, she was worried about me. Then why did she leave when I was just about to wake up?'

he wondered.

"Mrs. Huo almost had a meltdown when she found out about the mission. Mr. Huo, you have to do something to make up to her."

Carlos nodded. He had anticipated that she would be mad, and was ready to do anything to appease her.

At that moment, Tristan poked his head into the ward and asked, "Mr. Huo, where are your parents?"

Carlos replied, with his phone still in his hand, "They went back to the manor to get some rest."

Hearing that James wasn't around, Tristan hastened towards the bed. He looked at Carlos, hesitating about whether to tell him what had happened earlier.

Carlos raised his eyebrow to give him a sidelong look. "Speak," he commanded coldly.

Tristan took a deep breath and decided to tell the truth. "Last night, your father hit Mrs. Huo, and insulted her as well."

Carlos' fingers froze on the phone screen.

"What?" A grim cloud formed on his face. Tristan repeated what had happened the night before, including how Debbie had been slapped and bellowed at.

[Chapter 287 I'll Take Care Of You, Uncle Carlos](#)

Emmett was shocked. He hadn't thought that James would hit a woman.

The look in Carlos' eyes became murderous. After calming down a little, he told Emmett, "Find Lewis and bring him to me!" He would investigate the matter himself.

And James... He hit Debbie again. This time, Carlos would make sure he paid for it!

Three days later, Lewis was dragged back from abroad. Knowing that he had gotten himself into big trouble, he had fled to France right after the incident that evening. However, Carlos had found him easily.

Before he was brought back, he had called Valerie for help. To get himself enough protection against Carlos, he had asked his parents to come to Y City as well, along with Valerie. After getting off the plane, the three of them went straight to Carlos' manor.

Carlos' company wasn't functioning well in his absence. Without his supervision, along with the news of him being wounded, the executives had gone slack and flustered. When Carlos was discharged from the

hospital, he had been informed of the situation at the offices. Before going back to the manor, he went directly to the company to set things right.

When he finally arrived at the manor, his mood worsened. The bedroom was empty. He looked for Debbie's traces everywhere. He walked around staring at her pictures, touching the dressing table at which she used to sit, feeling her scent. The sadness was unbearable.

He missed her terribly. He wanted to hear her voice, but Debbie wouldn't answer his calls.

Carlos sat on the bed and started to read a file. After some time, someone knocked on the door. Carlos closed the file and said, "Come in."

Emmett walked in and said, "Mr. Huo, Mrs. Valerie Huo and Mr. and Mrs. Wade Huo are here." As soon as Emmett stepped aside, Valerie said, "Carlos, my sweet grandson, how are you? Let me have a good look at you! I was worried to death."

Valerie walked into the bedroom, wearing a green gown. She was accompanied by Megan. Her eyes were red and she looked deeply worried. Wade and Miranda were in tow.

Car

now how much she loves me. I have made her unhappy again and again. Right now, all I want is to recover soon and fly to England to apologize to her." His voice was stern and firm. The elders in the room were astonished. They couldn't believe that the ever-proud Carlos would go all the way to another country just to apologize to a woman.

Once again, the way Carlos cared about Debbie surprised them.

"Nonsense!" Valerie couldn't allow her outstanding, distinguished grandson to grovel before a woman.

She and Carlos looked at each other, their gazes sharp and fierce. "Grandma... Grandpa used to do things to make you happy before he was hospitalized. Have you forgotten? Do you think that was nonsense too?"

Valerie was tough and stubborn, while Douglas was easy-going. He was always the one that caved in. He humored her in everything.

Valerie's lips trembled at the mention of Douglas. She flustered. "Your grandpa is weak. He has been weak all his life. But you're different. You have always been proud and strong, shining like a star. Why should you flatter that kind of woman?"

"And what kind of woman is that?" Carlos asked, fury rising in him. "She is my wife, the woman I will spend the rest of my life with." Carlos didn't want to talk to Valerie anymore. "Emmett, take my grandma to her room. She is tired."

"Yes, Mr. Huo," Emmett replied.

[Chapter 288 You Should Apologize](#)

Megan and Emmett held out their hands to hold Valerie's arms. "Wait!" she said to them. She used to think she knew Carlos, but right now, she wasn't so sure. He was more aggressive and more arrogant

than she was. She couldn't change his mind, but she could change the subject. "I have something else I want to talk about," she said in a softer tone.

Carlos didn't say anything. He didn't see the point. He had figured out what it was, and it turned out that he was right.

Valerie took a deep breath and continued in a concerned voice, "You know, Lewis is your cousin. You two are blood. You even sprang to get him back here from France. You shouldn't be fighting over a woman." She paused, waiting for a reply.

Carlos sneered. He rubbed his forehead and looked at Wade and Miranda. "What do you guys think?"

Surprised by his sudden question, the couple fumbled to come up with an answer. They came up short.

They knew what Lewis did. After a moment, Wade wanted to say something, but Miranda stopped him by pulling his sleeve. Then she told Carlos, "Lewis is spoiled. That's why he can't keep himself out of trouble. If you need to nail him to the wall, just do it. Just remember he's our kid. We won't get involved in this, but cut him some slack every once in awhile."

The room was quiet again. Miranda's attitude surprised everyone, including Carlos.

Valerie stood up from the bed abruptly and started scolding Miranda, who was stone-faced, "I don't believe you! Lewis is your kid. Stand up for him, and don't let Carlos be rough on him. What kind of parents are you?"

Last time in New York, Carlos had beaten Lewis so badly the lecherous man had ended up in the hospital for a couple weeks. Carlos had also fired him and thrown him out of ZL Group.

Now, Lewis had pissed off Carlos once again. If no one got involved, Lewis might end up much worse off than last time.

The expression on Carlos' face was so cold it looked as if it h

she was with Carlos, she could soften Carlos' heart, and she'd sacrifice to make him happy.

That was the ideal relationship. The best you could hope for. Those two would live a long, happy life.

Miranda helped him clear things up, and his headache finally subsided. "I get it. Thanks, Aunt Miranda."

"Good." As if that were enough emotion for tonight, Miranda's expression melted back to indifference. She turned and left.

Lewis rolled up in front of the manor an hour later. Too afraid of Carlos, he tried to stay in the car. It took two robust bodyguards to haul him out, trying to pry his hands off various parts of the vehicle so they could get him inside.

Carlos went downstairs and met him in the living room.

At the same time, James and Tabitha came back inside. Valerie, Wade, and Miranda all gathered in the living room when they heard the clamor.

Both Carlos and Lewis were pale. Carlos from pain and Lewis from fright.

When the elders took their seats, Lewis was pleading, hands out in front of him. "It's not what it looked like, Carlos, um... er... it wasn't my idea. It was Portia. She asked me to sleep with Debbie."

Carlos' face darkened. 'Portia?'

Emmett was also confused. "But Kasie was in the room," he said. 'How did that happen?' he wondered in his mind.

[Chapter 289 Are You Going To Sue Your Dad](#)

It also surprised Lewis to discover that it was Kasie in the room and not Debbie as expected. "I don't know. When I got the call, I was told Debbie was in the room. But later on, when Debbie kicked the door open, I was shocked." Afterwards, he did his investigations. Only then did he realize Portia was behind the whole trick. Had he known it was Kasie in the hotel room, he wouldn't have gone there. Not that he wasn't interested in her. Rather, he happened to be in the middle of something more important when he got the call.

Certainly, for Kasie, he wouldn't have put aside important work. But the person on the phone had assured him that it was Debbie in the hotel room, waiting for him. Straight away, he had rushed to the hotel, his excitement rising with every step.

That was a mistake he would live to regret. While he was still fumbling for an explanation, Carlos shot up from the couch and angrily charged forward with a clenched fist. It frightened Lewis and he quickly hid himself behind Valerie. The old lady spread her hands, ready to push Carlos back. By now, the tension in the air was palpable.

"Take a moment and cool your jets before you do anything rash, Carlos!" Valerie advised, her voice unusually firm.

"And you think I'll cool my jets that easily?" Carlos retorted. "Forget about it," he threatened.

Knowing the kind of person that he was, Valerie didn't see the point of arguing with him. Education and impressive work ethic aside, sometimes Carlos could be a pain in the ass.

Right now, rage nearly clouded his sense. Frightened, Lewis managed to summon up his courage to speak up. "What's the point of us quarreling over a woman, Carlos? Given that Grandma and your parents are all against the woman, I'd be reluctant to marry her, if I were you. At least, for the sake of peace within the family. Megan is..."

Before he could finish, Carlos swept him off his feet. Clutching for support, he knocked hard into the vase beside which he was standing while they argued.

Feeling disappointed in Carlos, Tabitha moved in swiftly. With all her might she grabbed his clenched right hand, which was ready to strike. "Carlos, from what we know, Debbie wasn't hurt at all, and neither was she raped. Are we going to live in terror just because your woman has been offended? How many more squabbles are you going to pick with people over the same woman?"

Standing by and watching in silence, Emmett opened his mouth, wanting to say, "But Kasie would have been raped if Debbie ha

ged in and whisked her away. She was still wearing her dance costume, shaking from the cold.

When they hauled her into the living room, she shook even more, terrified at what was going on.

At the sight of Carlos and Lewis, she wished the ground would open up and swallow her. Lewis cut a hunched, desperate figure that told her hell had broken loose here.

His eyes brightened when Portia walked into the living room. If there was the slightest ray of hope for him to get off the hook, then this was his only opportunity. "Dirty heartless bitch!" he blurted. "Tell the whole truth now. Why did you trick me into going to the hotel room?"

Portia pretended not to be scared. To dodge his confrontation, she greeted Carlos' family members one by one, trying to force a smile. Then looking at Lewis, she feigned surprise. "Mr. Lewis Huo, what are you talking about? We already broke up. Why would I ask anyone to call you?"

Lewis shouted desperately, "It was you! I looked into it. You had someone call me, claiming Debbie was waiting for me in a room on the twelfth floor."

"Lewis!" Portia shrieked. "We already broke up. Why are you trying to frame me? Who is behind all this?"

Not interested in their argument, Carlos leaned against the sofa with his eyes closed. "Take Miss Gu outside and give her a 'preferential' interrogation," he said to Emmett. "Take her outside. Don't dirty my place," he added.

That last sentence was in coded language. In an instant, several bodyguards appeared, ready to execute their master's wishes.

When they saw Portia in her dance costume, they swallowed hard and grabbed her roughly, eager to get her out of his sight.

[Chapter 290 Please Let Her Go](#)

Carlos' words sent a shiver down Portia's spine. Engulfed by fear, she struggled to break free from the bodyguards, and screamed in a hysterical voice, "Mr. Huo, what do you want from me? Let go of me!"

With his eyes shut, Carlos asked casually, "Miss Gu, that's exactly what I should be asking you. What did you want with my wife, huh? What were you thinking, trying to drug my wife and her friend?" With those words, he opened his eyes and shot a sharp glance at the trembling Portia. "You had the guts to lay a finger on my wife! How dare you?!" he shouted between gnashed teeth.

"No, I didn't... I didn't..." Frightened by his icy-cold stare and the dangerous aura, Portia could hardly find her voice. She kept stammering, "I didn't..."

Carlos sneered and ordered to the bodyguards, "Deal with her. Enjoy yourselves."

Knowing that Portia was the daughter of the Gu family, Valerie didn't want her grandson to act rashly just for Debbie's sake. So she tried to persuade him, "Carlos, she's a girl. Don't do this..."

Clutching at her last straw of survival, Portia looked towards Valerie with her teary eyes and pleaded desperately, "Mrs. Valerie Huo, please help me..."

Carlos smirked at his grandmother. "She...is a girl? Then what about my wife and her friend? Aren't they girls too? Grandma, since you have enough mercy to spend on an irrelevant person, why don't you give a little thought to my wife, your own granddaughter-in-law?" he snapped, sounding sarcastic.

Shocked by his strong retort, Valerie took a quick step backwards.

Shifting his gaze back to Portia, he ordered angrily, "Take her out. Now!"

"Yes, Mr. Huo!" the three bodyguards answered together.

In an instant, they forcibly dragged Portia towards the door. Knowing that Carlos was not joking, she struggled to turn her head around and shouted in a panic-stricken voice, "Megan! It was Megan who told me that Debbie would be attending the tea party!"

Caught off guard, Megan's heart skipped a beat.

She had been keeping silent this whole time, afraid that Carlos' white hot rage would be directed towards her. As her name was pointed out, everyone's attention shifted to her.

Meeting Carlos' cold eyes, she shuddered and said in a shaky voice, "Uncle Carlos, no...I had nothing to do with this. I'm not even familiar with Portia. We've only met a few times. How is it even possible for me to collude with her to harm Aunt Debbie?"

Portia broke free from the bodyguards. She madly rushed back to the living room, and pointed at Megan, who was standing close to Valerie for her safety. "It was her! She told me that you were not in Y City that day, and that Debbie would attend the tea party wit

ing room, he heard everything.

With tear stains on her disheveled face, Portia quickly ran over to her brother and grabbed onto him as if he was a lifesaver. "Hayden, I know my mistakes now. Please save me..."

Although Portia had crossed the line this time, Hayden couldn't bear to see his sister suffer. Inhaling deeply, he looked at Carlos and begged, "Mr. Huo, this is all our fault. I have failed to guide my sister well. I'll make her apologize to Debbie. And I'll send her away from Y City, so that she will never stir up any trouble for you again. Mr. Huo, please let her go this time."

Hayden had never acted so humbly in front of Carlos. Even when his company was put into deep crisis because of his love for Debbie, he never begged Carlos for mercy. But now, because of his sister's rash behavior, he had no choice but to eat the humble pie. He had to swallow his pride and ask for Carlos' mercy.

However, Carlos didn't buy it. Hayden's words carried no weight to him. How could he easily let Portia off the hook after she had attempted to drug his wife? He looked at the stunned lawyers and asked, "Kidnapping, attempted rape and intentional injury. What will the sentences be for all these crimes?"

He spoke in such a way that made their crimes sound immensely severe.

One of the lawyers cleared his throat and replied, "Mr. Huo, according to the law, whoever commits the crime of kidnapping shall be sentenced to more than ten years or even life imprisonment, and shall also be fined or be sentenced to confiscation of property. Taking or exposing women's nude pictures without

consent constitutes a crime of invasion of privacy and insulting of women. And wounding another person with intent, causing serious injuries, shall result in three to ten years of imprisonment."