

TMBA 371

[Chapter 371 Jealousy Reared Its Head](#)

Debbie had been missing Kasie a lot. She hadn't seen her in 3 years, and that was a long time for best friends. She wrote "Miss You in Winter" for her. When she announced it, she looked at Kasie who was standing next to her on the stage.

Kasie was moved. Just before the performance, she kissed Debbie's forehead and said, "Love you forever, sis."

Debbie's eyes twinkled with tears. Holding Kasie's hand, she put the microphone to her lips. The music started, and she sang, "That winter, the snow fell relentlessly. The night was blanketed in white.

You saw me crying like a baby coming back from a hike.

Wiping the tears from my face, you cheered me up and told me everything would be all right."

Kasie got off the stage in the middle of the song.

A member of the crew handed Debbie a guitar. She took it and fastened the mic to the stand, and continued, "When I saw your tears, I wanted to say, 'Lovely girl, we need to be strong. There are many more people who love us in the world. Put on a smile and live bravely...'"

When Emmett died and Kasie's heart was broken, Carlos had fallen into a coma. Debbie was beside herself with grief and was soon forced to leave the city. She had always hated that she couldn't be there for Kasie during that dark time when she must have needed a shoulder to cry on. So, separated from her friend, she poured her heart out through her songs.

Countless glow sticks swayed back and forth in unison in the dark. Many fans raised signs saying "We love you Debbie," or "My bias Debbie." The words shone in many different colors, made even more colorful by the glow sticks.

The concert went more smoothly than Debbie had anticipated. When she went to the dressing room to change her clothes during the intermission, Ruby asked excitedly, "Did you invite Mr. Huo and Colonel Li? The reporters are hovering around outside like vultures. Be careful."

The stadium was packed to the gills. There were simply too many people, with twenty thousand inside the venue and ten thousand outside. It was standing room only. In that sea of faces it would be difficult to pick out a special guest.

"I'm a singer, not a miracle worker. I didn't invite them, and they wouldn't come."
Yates wanted to remind him, "She cheated on you."

But he knew he would be screwed if he told his boss that, so he remained silent. He just hoped that fact wouldn't come back to bite them both.

Yates heard their conversation. He said to Carlos, "Put your work up for now. Enjoy the show. That's why I asked you along." Yates had a loud and husky voice. Carlos heard him clearly.

"You know better than anyone else why I'm here." Carlos kept his head lowered. He signed his name at the bottom of a file and moved on to the next one.

Yates sneered. He knew Carlos thought he was bullied into coming here. "You used to be made of sterner stuff," Yates said.

Carlos kept silent as if he heard nothing.

The concert was over at 10:30 p.m. Carlos had ducked out, using the VIP passage during intermission. He was still ambushed by a hundred reporters. They spotted him as soon as he left, and swarmed around him like flies on dung. The night was lit up by dozens of flashbulbs.

Some of the reporters had run stories on Carlos and Debbie three years ago and grown fat from the proceeds. Now, they wrote stories about how Carlos and Debbie were seen together.

The fact that Carlos had shown up at Debbie's concert was enough to keep people interested and talking about it for at least a week.

As usual, the papers carried more fiction than fact, writing that Carlos and Debbie still loved each other, Debbie would become Mrs. Huo again, and they were getting hitched again.

[Chapter 372 Get Out Of The City](#)

The reporters could only post articles about the couple online. None of them were bold enough to actually interview Carlos. They were like jackals, feeding on the carrion of old rumors, too weak to move on to fresh prey.

However, they were not afraid of Debbie.

As soon as the concert ended, they besieged her. She was the logical choice.

Carlos was too menacing, Wesley was unapproachable, Yates was too cruel, Curtis had left. Debbie was all they had.

And these reporters were vicious. They surrounded Debbie and were fixated on things that happened three years ago. They simply didn't care if they were rubbing salt in the wound.

"Debbie Nian, didn't you leave Y City?"

"Bitch! You cheated on Mr. Huo. Get the fuck out!"

They cursed and insulted her ruthlessly. Not only that, but also some people started throwing raw eggs at her.

All of a sudden, eggs flew at Debbie in all directions and smashed all around her. Some of them actually hit her, bruising her skin, ruining her dress, hair, and makeup.

"Ah!" she screamed, her arms up trying to shield herself from the white missiles.

The crowd panicked. Things spun out of control. Ivan, who was behind Debbie, shouted, "Security! Protect Miss Nian!"

With that, he took off his suit jacket, wrapped it around Debbie, and pulled her into his arms.

Many people saw this, and started talking.

"Is Mr. Wen just her boss?" someone said.

"I've been a reporter for decades. This is the first time I've seen the boss show up at a singer's concert," another replied.

Thus, new rumors about Debbie and Ivan began floating around the venue, and soon they were spread around the city.

Debbie took a deep breath to calm herself down. She took off Ivan's jacket and quieted down. She slumped in her seat, much relieved.

Ruby and an assistant took out some tissues and wet napkins to wipe the mess from the eggs from Debbie's hair and clothes.

"I don't think those eggers were fans," Ivan said with a worried frown as he watched.

Xavier agreed. "According to my observations, the ones throwing eggs at Debbie were men and women around 40. Their mode of dress told me they weren't there for the concert, which meant someone arranged this."

Ivan asked Debbie thoughtfully, "Any suspects? Give me a name and I'll put some men on it."

Debbie smiled bitterly and answered wearily, "Thanks to Carlos, almost the whole city hates me. It'll be awhile."

Before she met Carlos, her life had been peaceful, ordinary.

Ever since she got together with him, she'd lost the count of the death threats and people who tried to humiliate her.

Throwing eggs was pretty lame. This wasn't James' style. It had to be Megan!

Huh, what a sweet niece!

In the back seat of the Rolls-Royce, Carlos watched the live broadcast on the car TV. When he saw how Ivan and Xavier protected her, a sarcastic sneer crept over his face.

[Chapter 373 I Grew Up](#)

'She's good. I'll give her that. Men will do anything for her. She talked about proof,' Carlos thought. 'I wonder what that's going to look like.'

If she can prove she didn't cheat on me... well, that would be good.'

When Debbie was back home, she took a bath first, rinsing all the liquefied egg yolk from her body and hair. Then she scrubbed the rest for good measure. Afterwards, she poured herself a glass of wine and came out to the balcony. Resting her arms on the rail, she let the breeze caress her long hair. The hem of her silk robe rippled in the wind. The moon hung above her high in the sky, so bright, as if it were keeping her company. The night was so peaceful and beautiful. But her mind was not. She dialed a number and said, "Release the proof tomorrow. When it's time, upload the video about James' affair."

Debbie gulped down the wine and decided it was time for bed. There was a fierce battle to be won. She'd need her rest.

Before she hit the hay, she called Curtis. "Hi Uncle, thanks for taking care of Piggy. I couldn't take her with me. If James found her... I miss her."

Piggy was her life. Even more important than her life. The little girl was all she had, the only thing of Carlos. It kept her going. If anything happened to her, she would have nothing to live for.

"Don't worry about it. Do what you gotta do. Just be careful. Piggy will be waiting here for you when you're done." Curtis put down the newspaper, rolled off the bed, and went to the kids' room to check on them.

"I can take care of myself. I've been preparing for this for the past three years. I practice tae kwon do every day," Debbie assured him. She was always cautious. If she couldn't even protect herself and get stronger, how could she get revenge?

"The concert went well. Sold out tickets, happy fans. I hear that Carlos has asked Frankie to negotiate with Wen Group about your contract. If ZL Group signs you, you've got it made."

Debbie smiled. "Signing with ZL Group was the goal."

In fact... she specific

The post consisted of only one word—proof, along with nine pictures.

Yet it had been powerful enough to shake the Internet. Debbie was impressed by Xavier's savvy.

Some people who used to hate Debbie had become her fans. "Holy shit! She was framed! So that's what happened."

"So apparently someone had it in for her."

"Didn't see this coming. All right, you win."

Debbie read on to find that the next several comments all said "All right. "

Before she could finish reading the comments, her phone rang. It was Ivan.

"Ivan, what's up?"

"Frankie approached me. Star Empire wants to sign you."

"Oh," Debbie said. It didn't surprise her.

"I said yes," Ivan told her.

"Oh, thanks. That's what I wanted," she said readily.

However, Ivan wasn't ready to let her go yet. "I've been worried about you. You don't seem happy. But once you're back, remember you promised me to help me. I'll need that favor soon."

His mom had been pushing him to get married. It drove him crazy.

"Sure. I remember." Ivan had been a great friend to Debbie. She was grateful for it and was glad that she could do something for him. All he needed to do was ask.

After Ivan hung up the phone, Ruby asked Debbie, "Debbie, we've got some advertisers wanting you. You in?" I've picked some out for you. The pay is several times higher than before."

[Chapter 374 James Huo Had An Affair](#)

"Oh yeah!" Debbie agreed promptly. She was desperately in need of cash these days. The more the better. So of course she was happy to have these advertising jobs. That way money could roll in faster. If she didn't work hard now, she wouldn't be able to raise her daughter, not to mention win Carlos back.

Ruby heaved a sigh of relief. She had been worried Debbie was so engrossed in pursuing her handsome ex that she even abandoned her career. "Okay, good. Then I'll call Mr. Wang back and tell him you're in," Ruby said.

"Okay."

At the general manager's office of ZL Group

Sitting in his chair, Carlos looked outside the window at the city skyline, deep in thought. He was holding his cellphone, open to the Weibo post from the official account of SG Law Offices. He had already seen all nine pictures they posted.

Shifting his gaze back to the office, he pulled out the drawer and took out the photos that James gave him. His father claimed these pics were evidence of Debbie's affair with another man three years ago. Carlos tapped each of the pictures on the post, and meticulously compared each of them with the photos in his hands. So Debbie wasn't lying to him. The photos of her sleeping in another man's arms were all doctored.

Even the interview with her supposed lover was fake news. He admitted someone bribed him to make up a story and frame Debbie.

And the man who left Y City with Debbie three years ago? Her bodyguard. The man already testified and produced his labor contract.

Not only that, Debbie had surveillance video to back up her story.

For example, if one rumor said that she secretly met and slept with another man, she'd have surveillance video with a time and date stamp to refute that rumor. And hard evidence was more convincing than any rumor. That was enough to quash all the rumors.

Why did the mastermind who framed her have pics of her sleeping? That was a question that had no answer. Debbie said honestly that she was still investigating it.

But what about the baby? And who engineered all this just to pry them apart? Debbie didn't give a clear answer yet. She was waiting for the opportune time.

The news article was a long one. It would take at least 20 to 30 minutes to go through it all and absorb the info.

At the end, there was also a link to a video. The video showed Debbie went to a temple and knelt in front of a statue of Buddha

ly, the man inside couldn't stand the noise anymore and opened the door. With a deadpan face, he glared at her.

Debbie grinned broadly. "Hi Mr. Handsome, I miss Millie and her puppies. Is Harley's family doing okay?"

She began trying to squeeze into his apartment.

Carlos pushed her outside. "No need to see them. They are doing quite well. Thank you very much."

As he pushed her out, Debbie took the chance to lock her arms around his. She didn't budge a little and confessed, "Okay, that was just an excuse. I really miss you!"

"How many men have you said that to?" Carlos scoffed. "Hayden? Ivan? Yates? Or Xavier?"

Expectation and excitement flashed in Debbie's eyes. "Jealous?"

Carlos sneered, "No. You disgust me!"

Debbie smiled embarrassedly. She jumped and pecked a kiss on his lips. "Bye, Mr. Handsome!"

Successfully stealing a kiss, Debbie quickly turned around and ran towards the elevator.

Carlos was still stunned by the sudden kiss.

Meanwhile, he felt his erection again, pushing against the fabric of his boxers. The woman must be a witch!

The news regarding Debbie finally died down, so did the uproar surrounding them, but soon enough, there was another scandal everyone was talking about. James, the present CEO of ZL Group, was having an affair.

With ZL Group involved, the news soon went viral. It popped in many users' news-feeds as it was shared again and again.

Of course, it was Debbie who was behind the story. She paid a lot of money to make sure this was the top trending topic. And she also paid for some gossip rags to spread the scandal.

[Chapter 375 Keep A Level Head](#)

James' scandal spread like wildfire on the Internet. He was soon the name on everyone's lips as the gossip surrounding him was juicy. The head office and branch companies of ZL Group were swamped with calls. Carlos' fans and many media outlets were to blame.

All those calls were to petition the board to remove James and reinstate Carlos as the rightful CEO.

Those who knew what was really going on criticized James for snatching Carlos' position while he was in a coma. Carlos had been back to work for some time, but James still held onto the reins of power.

The PR department of ZL Group was having a hell of a time protecting the company's good name. The video of James' affair was already all over the Internet. X-rated material was strictly prohibited on the

Internet. Good thing, or the person behind it would have uploaded the whole video. And they wouldn't bother pixelating it, either.

By the time Carlos got wind of it, it had already been shared to several different media sites. It had been online a whole five minutes. The scandal was spreading.

Carlos knew this wasn't normal, and someone had to be behind it. And that person's purpose was obvious—to ruin James.

After glancing over the news, he ordered Frankie in a calm voice, "Tear those articles down. I want that scandal quashed. Give fair warning to those online gossip rags. Whoever posts this again will have their credentials yanked and be banned from the Internet."

"Yes, Mr. Huo. But there's another issue. The phone lines are jammed with callers demanding an explanation. They want one from Mr. James Huo," Frankie reported honestly.

Carlos thought about it for a bit. Then, he said, "I see. I'll take care of it. In the meantime, find out who's behind this."

"Yes, Mr. Huo!" Frankie nodded and left to carry out Carlos' orders.

At the CEO's office

Bang! A teacup was thrown against the wall. It shattered, the shards skittering across the floor.

"That bitch! It must be Debbie Nian! Damn you! The arrogance?! You dare set me up?" James snarled in a fit of rage. At this point, he finally understood the woman came on to him that night was a trap, and Debbie was the one behind it. And he walked righ

James deliberately shifted the key points to the loss of the company. He knew Carlos, and the handsome businessman wouldn't be so willing to help now that James had hurt his mother.

But he knew Carlos wouldn't sit by and watch if the company was threatened.

Carlos didn't respond but lit a cigarette. After taking a drag, he said flatly, "I see."

James wanted to remind Carlos not to be cheated by Debbie again. He sensed the cold man had no interest in any more words, so James had no choice but to leave the general manager's office. He didn't want to annoy Carlos any further at this crucial time.

Left alone in the office, Carlos took out his cellphone and focused on a news article.

He kept reading and re-reading the final sentence of the article. "Carlos has nothing to do with James' scandal. A DNA report reveals they are not blood relatives."

Carlos clutched his phone tightly in anger. He had never taken such a DNA test. It must be Debbie who had done this secretly.

Even though she told him James wasn't his biological father, Carlos had never thought of taking a DNA test to prove it.

She crossed the line. She set a trap for James and exposed the Huo family's secret.

'She keeps messing with my life. I need to give her a good talking to, ' he thought.

The truth was, it was indeed Debbie who had the DNA test done. They hugged and slept a night at her bedroom last time, so it wasn't difficult to get a few strands of his hair.

[Chapter 376 Made My Life Hard](#)

How did Debbie have access to James' hair? The woman she hired to have sex with James, of course. After she had strands of hair from both Carlos and James, she had the DNA tested.

So all the netizens that took James' side three years ago abandoned him. And Debbie was able to sway them to her side, thanks to the articles the media picked up.

Even though the articles and posts were being taken down, people still kept excoriating James online. The old man himself had an affair, but still had the arrogance to make it look like Debbie had done the same. He didn't deserve to be Carlos' father or the CEO of ZL Group. More and more voices called for bouncing him out of the company.

Much to everyone's surprise, Debbie had personally responded to one of the negative commenters on James. She wrote, "I don't condone his behavior, but I understand it. After all, my former mother-in-law has been sick for a while, so I get it..."

Debbie's comment brought more people to comment. "So his wife couldn't give him any loving, and he was horny..." they wrote.

Debbie made the comment to deliberately give context to all this. Now she would look like she was sticking up for her poor former father-in-law. Her revenge on James had just begun. So she didn't want him to go down in flames too quickly. She wanted to torture him bit by bit. There would be more scandals later that she would unveil.

Carlos had his ways of handling things. He was always able to get what he wanted in short order.

In less than thirty minutes, Frankie called him and reported, "Mr. Huo, we found out who sold the video to the media."

"Who?"

"Debbie Nian," Frankie answered.

That didn't surprise Carlos at all. He figured as much. He took a drag on his cigarette and said calmly, "Ask Debbie to come to my office."

"Yes, Mr. Huo."

Five minutes later, Frankie called again. "Mr. Huo... Miss Nian confirmed it was her. But she refused to meet you here. She said she was thrown out of your office last time and was humiliated. So...if you have anything to say to her... you can drop by her house. Any time."

Carlos sneered. 'She's got balls, I'll give her that.'

"Tell her, if I have to find her that way, we'll do more than just talk."

Frankie then called Debbie back, and passed on Carlos' warning, word for word.

Debbie wasn't scared. She told Frankie, "As I said, he's welcome here any time. I

She had only managed to compose four new songs. She still needed to compose five more to finish the album. But staring at a blank piece of paper had only dampened her mood and she couldn't think of a thing. It was killing her.

Sometimes she wondered if Carlos deliberately did it to stop her from pestering him.

"You're no fun. Your ex-husband got drunk, and Damon couldn't drive him home because he had something else to do. So he tapped me for the job. Carlos is drunk! There's no better chance than now. Sure you won't come?"

As Debbie had strained her brain, she couldn't take all that in. "What do you mean no better chance?"

Jared was disappointed by her ignorance of subtext. "A chance to sleep with him! Make him feel guilty afterward. And then you guys get married again. Get it?"

'Sleep with him?' Debbie sighed. 'I wish. But Carlos has an iron will. Last time, I got him into bed but we didn't knock boots,' she thought gloomily.

When she didn't respond, Jared sighed and said, "Okay, forget it. I'll let Stephanie know. She'll know what to do."

"Hey, hey, wait! What? Okay, I'm coming! Wait for me!" Debbie finally figured it out. She stood up and rushed to the bathroom.

Jared heaved a sigh of relief. "Hurry up. Room 888 at Orchid Private Club."

"Okay, got it."

Then she took a quick shower, put on a bare amount make-up and wore perfume with a light fragrance before going out.

When she arrived at Room 888, she saw Jared impatiently waiting at the door. At the sight of her, he quickly urged, "He's in there. I should get going now. No need to thank me."

[Chapter 377 Your Strategy](#)

"Okay. See you," Debbie said to Jared.

As soon as she opened the door to the room, a strong reek of alcohol reached her nostrils. She fanned her hands through the air, trying to keep the stench away from her nose and mouth.

After taking a few steps inside, she saw a man in white shirt lying lazily on the sofa, eyes shut.

She wasn't sure if he was fast asleep or not. He wasn't responding to the noise, though.

Debbie put aside her handbag and patted him cautiously, hoping to rouse him. "Hey, you awake? Let's go home now."

Hearing her voice, Carlos parted his eyelids slightly.

He sat up on the sofa, head down, and massaged his brows to relieve his headache.

Debbie didn't know what to do. She scratched her head, silently waiting for his response.

But after waiting for a while, he still didn't acknowledge her presence. He just kept his head down.

Left with no choice, Debbie squatted in front of him and moved his arms around. "Old man, are you okay? Come on, I'll drive you home and you can sleep it off." "Why is he drinking like this?" she wondered.

That wasn't like him. He might come home a little buzzed, but not sloppy drunk.

As she was lost in thought, Carlos suddenly grabbed hold of her arms and pulled her into his.

Caught off-guard, Debbie banged her head against his burly chest. "Ouch! You're hurting me."

"Debbie Nian." His husky voice rang in her ears, melting her heart.

She exclaimed in her mind, 'Oh, God, why? Even his voice is hot! I'm addicted to it!'

She locked her arms around his neck and gave him a charming smile. "Yes, Mr. Handsome. I'm here."

Carlos held on to her and examined her face carefully. After a while, he spat, "Are you that desperate, to take advantage of me when I'm drunk?"

She had put on make-up, and even worn perfume. The tempting scent wafting from her body slowly turned him on. He began losing control.

"What?" Debbie was confused. She didn't say anything this time, nor did she move, even a little.

He suddenly tightened his grip. In a hoarse voice, he whispered, "You want sex? You're dressed for it."

Debbie was even more confused now. She looked at what she had on. She wore a black skirt that hugged her hips. It had a lace hem, and a slit along one side. But it wasn't short, nor was it revealing. It was just a common package hip skirt.

"I..." Just as she opened her mouth to try to explain, she felt his lips on hers.

After passionatel

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.

hing to me. Why couldn't he stay until I woke up? What a jerk!'

With trembling legs, Debbie left the club. It was sunny and hot outside. She hailed a cab and went to Shining International Plaza to cash the check.

She wasn't a whore, but she could use the money.

An hour later, Frankie entered the general manager's office and reported to Carlos, "Mr. Huo, the check was cashed at one of the local banks at the Shining International Plaza."

"Hmm," Carlos simply nodded, a dash of sarcasm flashing in his eyes.

Indeed, Debbie did drive him crazy last night. He just couldn't help making love with her. As soon as he was done, he was ready to go again for another round. But James was right. She was after him for his money.

Frankie continued, "About eight hundred thousand was spent on a designer handbag, and the rest was spent on clothing."

Carlos sneered, "Very good. Now get back to work."

'She traded her body for a handbag and some clothes. What a vain woman!' he thought contemptuously.

After shopping at the plaza, Debbie hailed a cab and headed for a high-end neighborhood.

She easily arrived at an apartment and rang the doorbell.

In no time, a woman's voice came from the other side of the door, "Debbie! Why are you here?"

Carrying the designer handbag in her hand, Debbie casually leaned against the door and replied, "I miss you. Open the door."

"Aren't you afraid I'll call Uncle Carlos?"

Debbie tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and smiled. "I'm not afraid. You know, we just did the nasty. What more can he do?"

There was a moment of silence from the other side of the door.

[Chapter 378 Kill Two Birds With One Stone](#)

The apartment door flew open. Much to Debbie's surprise, she saw Megan and Stephanie standing in the doorway, both wearing dark expressions. She didn't expect to see Stephanie at Megan's apartment.

'So, how much did Stephanie hear?

That's okay. Now I can kill two birds with one stone. It'll save time, ' she thought cheerfully to herself.

"Don't listen to her, Aunt Stephanie. She's a liar. Uncle Carlos couldn't have..." Megan stopped abruptly, as she saw what Debbie was hiding under her scarf.

Debbie unwrapped it to reveal the love bites on her neck.

The singer wore a smug smile. Ignoring their shocked faces, she walked past them and made her way to the living room. She had the designer handbag in hand and was wearing her new dress, all bought with Carlos' money.

Before she put the handbag down on the end table, she made a show of brushing the dust off and blowing it.

"Why the hell are you here?" Megan asked as she fixed her eyes on the blue handbag. She knew the brand well. It was the latest style of an international designer brand.

Not just Megan, Stephanie also recognized the brand. After all, they were raised in the upper-class circles. Luxury brands were common in the worlds they were from.

The two women calculated the price of that bag in their heads. They guessed the price to be at least eight hundred thousand dollars.

Megan couldn't afford one on her own. Stephanie could afford it, but it would still hurt a lot to put up that kind of cash. In order to spend more time with Carlos, she had resigned some of her positions within the corporate structure. She had left some committees and board postings. Consequently, her annual income was about one third of what it was.

Therefore, she couldn't squander money like she used to. Even buying a designer handbag was a difficult expense.

"I came here to visit you, Megan. I wanted to catch up. I didn't expect to run into Miss Li as well," Debbie said as she discreetly scanned the apartment.

"Seems like you're just trying to use Carlos to one-up Megan. Am I right?" Stephanie asked calmly.

"Not really, but now that you mention it, it's more fun with you here," Debbi

Drugged one night by her ex-boyfriend, a mysterious man took advantage of her in an ecstatic night filled with sex.

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"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.

a couple people, a guy and girl, fell to their knees and pleaded, "Please let us go. Megan paid us. Megan...um...Megan Lan. She asked us to get some people to throw eggs at Debbie. She said she would pay each of us ten big ones. I just needed the money..."

Megan's face went pale all of a sudden. "Bullshit! That wasn't me. You trying to frame me? That's low even for you!"

"Frame you?" Debbie put her phone away. "You're the expert. You should know. I'm not asking for much. Just drink what's in this bowl, or..." Debbie looked at her with threatening eyes as she pulled out a knife from the other pocket and placed it on the table. "Or things get a little rough."

At this point, even Stephanie began to lose her composure when she saw the knife, her eyes full of fear. 'What the hell? Is she psycho?'

In a panic, she hurried back to the living room and took her phone from her handbag. She was going to call Carlos for help.

Debbie understood what Stephanie was going to do. "Go ahead. Call Carlos. He won't help you," she said firmly.

Stephanie glared at her. With nowhere else to turn, she called Carlos.

Debbie shook her head. She unsheathed the sharp knife and extended her arm. The knife point was now at Megan's throat. The drama queen shrieked in fear. Meanwhile, Carlos answered the phone, and the first thing he heard was Megan's shrieks.

A little taken aback, Carlos frowned and asked with concern, "What's going on?"

[Chapter 379 Dont Stop The Medication](#)

"Carlos, help! Debbie's gone insane. She's pointing a knife to Megan..." Stephanie yelled on the phone, sounding terrified. Even though she was a decisive and composed businesswoman, she still lost her cool facing the sharp knife and looming danger. After all, she was just a woman who grew up comfortably.

Carlos shut his eyes tight. 'Debbie and Debbie again! What a great troublemaker she is!' he sulked. "I'm coming now."

No sooner had Stephanie ended the call than Debbie's phone rang. It was Carlos calling.

Debbie ignored it and shifted her eyes back to Megan. "Don't waste time. If you don't drink the raw eggs now, I'll move my hand. This is a new knife, and the blade is perfectly sharp for the job. Do you want to forever live with a deep scar strung around your beautiful neck like an ugly necklace?" she threatened coldly.

Beads of sweat broke out on Megan's brow, her eyes popping out in fright. She knew Debbie wasn't joking. With trembling hands, she grabbed the bowl and stammered, short of breath, "I...drink it..."

Noticing that Megan began to gasp for air, Debbie suddenly remembered her asthma. She loosened her grip and moved the knife a little away from her neck. "Be quick," she demanded.

Eyes closed in disgust, Megan held her breath and began to gulp the raw eggs.

The stench of raw eggs reaching her nostrils made her want to throw up. As soon as the first mouthful went into her mouth, down to the stomach, she bent over the trash can and retched.

But Debbie ordered coldly, "Don't you dare spit even a dot. Go on! Gulp it down, unless you want me to give you that permanent necklace!"

Stephanie silently took out her cellphone and opened the camera. She was planning to video record the ugly drama and send it to media outlets. That would be the perfect way to damage Debbie's reputation.

However, Debbie was alert to the slightest movements. With one quick move, she grabbed the leather sheath and flung it at Stephanie, aiming at her phone. The missile hit the bull's eye, catching Stephanie by surprise.

"Debbie Nian, you lunatic!" Stephanie screamed in terror as her phone dropped to the floor.

Casting Megan a sidelong glance, Debbie grinned with a sense of triumph. "Yeah. That's a good description of me. Next time, you should be careful to mess with a psycho."

'But I become crazy all because of you guys. You have no idea of what I've been through all these years!' she thought angrily, with no intention of backing down.

At that moment, she looked at the bowl, only to realize, to her chagrin, it wasn't empty yet. Running out of patience, she demanded, "Finish that damn eggs in the bowl, lady!"

Frightened, Megan quickly took a swig, tears streaming down her cheeks as she swallowed with great difficulty.

This whole time, Debbie's phone ha

Damon and Stephanie surrounded the bed, keeping her company.

Meanwhile, they all waited for Debbie, the troublemaker, thanks to whose antics they were once again in this foreboding place.

She had already answered Carlos' call earlier and promised to come.

Ten minutes later

They heard footsteps from the empty hallway, coming closer and closer. It didn't sound like there was just one person, but a few people coming.

And among the footsteps, there was the click-clack of high heels and the slightly softer sound of leather shoes. So there must be a few women and men coming.

'Who could they be?' Everybody in the ward was curious.

Soon enough, a bodyguard pushed open the door to the ward. Everybody turned their heads to the doorway, where a woman in white short rompers appeared. Around her slim waist, she had a shiny belt that perfectly complimented her fine, shapely body. On her feet, she sported a pair of creamy-white high heels.

Earlier at Megan's apartment, Debbie had spilled some raw eggs to her new dress when she cracked the shells. So she went back home for a change of clothes. Then before coming to the hospital, she called a few people to tag along.

In the supporters she had Yates, Xavier, Blair, Adriana, along with three bodyguards.

Fortunately, the VIP ward was large enough to hold even a larger group.

Even after Debbie and her supporters arrived, there was still room for more. Yet, despite the ample room, the air in the ward took on an odd, oppressive feel as the two groups confronted each other.

It was Damon who broke the silence. He trotted to Adriana and smiled falteringly. "Honey, why did you come with Debbie? Are you...visiting Megan too?"

Adriana smirked and pinched his ear. Ignoring the presence of other people, she scolded, "Damon, are you so free? Huh? Your son's starving already. Go back home now!"

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Adriana grabbed Damon by the ear and dragged him out of the ward. Even when the door was shut behind them, everyone could hear him pleading as she led him along the hallway. "Honey, be gentle. I just happened to drop by... Pepper Nian, that vicious bitch! Why did she bring you here? Oh, my ear..."

Inside the ward, Debbie grinned. 'Good. That's one down.'

Then, she shifted her gaze to Blair. Making eye contact with Debbie, Blair got the hint and bashfully walked towards Wesley, who had been staring at her the whole time. She held his hand and asked, "Go shopping with me? You promised. It's been too long since I had a new outfit." She winked at Wesley as she said this, hoping that he wouldn't call her out in front of the others. That would be embarrassing.

Wesley detected a slightly flirty, bratty tone. That was a rare thing for her. He wondered when he had promised to go shopping with her. But then, he cast a cold glance at Debbie. The woman was smiling innocently. Realizing what was going on, he turned to Blair and said icily, "Megan isn't safe yet. We'll go later."

'Megan again! He always puts Megan first.' Pulling a long face, Blair glared at Megan. The sick girl had been silent the whole time—probably out of fear. She didn't feel safe with Debbie here. The next second, Blair loosened her grip on Wesley's arm and pursed her lips. "Fine, forget it. I'll go on my own."

And with that, she spun around to leave.

Wesley reached out his hand to grab hers but the angry woman danced away. He couldn't believe it. 'What the hell? Her moods change quick.'

Despite that thought, he quickly followed after her. When he walked past Debbie, he cast a warning glance at her.

With a smug smile, Debbie raised her eyebrows and looked towards Blair's receding figure, beckoning him to follow. She had quite a head start.

'And that's two down, ' Debbie thought, discreetly giving herself a thumbs-up. Now, it was time to deal with the big boss. Without saying a word or doing anything, the big boss was powerful enough to send shivers down her spine with just a look.

When no one said anything, Yates broke the silence. Hands in his pockets, he walked towards Carlos and said casually, "Hi Carlos, I went to your company but they said you weren't in. Surprise! You're here. Guess who I bumped into today? Debbie! So what's up?"

'Bumped into?

d probably have her locked up..." Megan went as white as the sheets she lay on. "If you decide press charges, that is," he added. Of course, what Megan had done wasn't really that serious. But she pissed Debbie off. And now, that was the wrong move.

'Three years?' It reminded Megan of what happened with the hit-and-run car accident three years ago.

Panic-stricken, she began to pant, her face drained of all color. In no time, her breathing became faster and faster.

"Mr. Huo, stop staring at me. Take care of Megan. She's going into shock. Call the nurse," Debbie reminded Carlos coolly.

That was when everyone else finally realized that Megan had difficulty breathing. Carlos hastily pressed the nurse-call button to summon help. "Megan, you okay?" he asked with concern.

Wincing in pain, Megan curled up in the bed and stuttered, "I... I don't want to... go to jail..."

The doctors came in and gave Megan some first-aid treatment, and got her oxygen. Then, they wheeled her to the emergency room.

After that, Carlos glared at Debbie, who was idly leaning against the wall. "You've gone too far this time."

"Too far? Like three years ago? You don't get a say in this, old man. I'm filing charges," Debbie insisted. It had been three years, but Megan hadn't changed at all. She still was queen of the malicious bitches. Debbie aimed to knock the crown from her head.

"Xavier, do you seriously condone her behavior?" Carlos looked at Xavier with his dark eyes. The lawyer seemed to have a magic to make people forget his existence when he didn't speak.