

Enchanted 750

Jay in the room was no longer able to take into account Lilith's thoughts. On the one hand, he really felt guilty about Carmen, and on the other hand, Carmen was an important criminal. If she could quit drugs successfully, then the police would be able to persuade her to become a tainted witness, so he needed to care about her.

"Carmen, you need to see a doctor now."

Carmen shook her head.

Jay had no choice but to reach down and pull down the sheet.

Carmen clung to the sheet. Jay reached out, released one of her fingers, and yelled over her head.

"Carmen!"

She looked up suddenly, her whole pale face trembling. A long time later, she said with a shaking voice, "Alva. Am I ugly?"

There was a depression in his eyes, "No."

"I call you Alva. It's nice of you to reply." She sucked her nose hard, trembled and raised her hand, tried to touch his face but stopped, and then hugged and clenched her body, and the whole face became twisted.

"Carmen, you need to wake up." Jay saw that her addiction had broken out again and quickly tightened her.

But Carmen suddenly seemed crazy to push Jay away again, her eyes disordered, as if she had changed. Jay did not manage to pull at her. She quickly rushed to the door of the ward.

Jay was surprised, "Lilith!"

Lilith, who was upset, didn't expect Carmen would come to her. But, before her reaction came, her shoulder was caught by Carmen. Her pale face was close to her, as close as Lilith could feel the smell of death on her body.

"I beg you, please give me some white powder and let me smoke a little." Carmen's pupils could not focus, and fingers were dug into Lilith's shoulder.

Lilith screamed with pain.

The next second Jay rushed over, pulled at Carmen and made them apart, and pushed Lilith hard, far away with the other hand.

Lilith staggered and held her hand against the wall in time so that she would not fall.

In this way, she watched Carmen shout and fall into Jay's arms. She grabbed her hair, cried, and screamed.

"Carmen, wake up!" Jay clenched her wrist to stop her from hurting herself again.

Carmen begged Jay with all her strength and burst into tears. "Alva, I beg you, either give me white powder or kill me. I beg you, I can't stand it, I can't stand it anymore!"

Lilith looked at the scene, and her heart was in pain.

For Jay holding Carmen, she was painful, and also for Carmen's drug addiction attack.

She never knew that drugs were so terrible that they tortured someone like this. She was alive and even thought of death.

In order to control her, Jay had to hold her tightly in his arms, lower his voice, and say, "I will not let you die, Carmen. I will accompany you. You must succeed in detoxification."

Lilith looked at the scene for a moment, and tears fell down.

She turned and left.

In just one night, the wind vane of the network changed, and the explosion of a message left Becky at a loss, not knowing what to do.

The rapid spread of the network was the fastest and most convenient.

Most of the communication channels were blown up by the headlines.

Becky, in the makeup room, threw the mobile phone to the makeup table, angry, and she directly lost her temper before her assistant, "How can there be such negative news? Slander! This is slander! I'm going to sue these people!"

The screen of her mobile phone was still on, which clearly showed: The Homeboy Goddess was A B-girl! Since eight o'clock in the evening, the news had exploded on the Internet with the rapid spread of toxic information.

Before the little assistant spoke, the door of the dressing room was pushed open. It was Britney. With a face of displeasure after the dismissal of the other staff, she looked at Becky, angry, "What happened to you? Didn't all the previous things get resolved? Now not to mention you are being dug up, I'm involved! Who have you offended?"

The news spread widely because the former bar or clubhouse owners admitted that Becky had indeed been there to make money with wine. As for Britney, it was because people in some high-end places revealed that she would introduce some dignitaries to Becky, and even the prices of them to attend the banquet were revealed.

There was also something more clear about the price of Britney and Becky for a one-night stand.

Seeing her angry, Becky quickly explained, "I'd like to see what happened. I don't know. I didn't offend anyone."

"I don't care if you really don't know or not; anyway, handle it quickly. Don't get me involved, and I remind you that the company already knows about it, and you'd better think about how to get the company to solve it!" Britney left with anger.

Staring quietly at the report on the mobile phone, Becky's teeth tickled with anger.

Irish was idle, nestling on the sofa all night, eating potato chips while enjoying the shock of the home theater.

Looking at the scene on the screen and listening to the high-quality sound, she felt what was called life.

Under the sofa, there were several bags of clothes, jewelry, shoes, etc., and there were some bills in the bag.

When 08:30 fell, Irish quickly switched to the state of television and pulled out the program that had made her angry the night before, and this time, the content of the revelations was quite satisfactory.

The word of B-girl and the news that Becky had been so disabled by a rich businessman that she quietly sought the help of a psychiatrist was popular. Everyone was talking about who the rich businessman was. For a while, the image of the homeboy goddess was in jeopardy.

Irish, on the couch, laughed back and thought. She took the chips into her mouth, took out the mobile phone, and quickly sent a message to a string of strange numbers, "To the announcer, the rich businessman is the general manager of the Runestone group, I added you 300,000 dollars."

Soon, the reply came, "It's not good, is it? He is not easy to offend, and what if he wants to find me? I'll go to jail."

Irish chewed the potato chips and replied, "Rest assured, I'll handle it if something happens. Besides, your IP address can't be exposed. Nothing will happen. I will give you 600,000 dollars. How about that?"

After a long time, she got a reply, "Deal."