

TMBA 311

[Chapter 311 Died At The Scene](#)

A few minutes later, some netizens had figured out the identity of the man in the bedroom pic. After that, a video of an interview with the man was shared on social media. At the start, he kept denying it, but finally broke down and admitted it. He said he worked in a club, and he had been in an intimate relationship with Mrs. Huo for two months.

And the last bit of evidence came from James himself. In an interview, he told the media, "Yeah, those pics were taken at the same time my son was fighting for his life." He changed his tone to sound sad. "And I saw Debbie sign the divorce papers with my own eyes... I tried to stop her, but she insisted on it. She said it was hard to tell whether Carlos would live, so she... Dammit! I feel sorry for my son. Why did he choose such a fickle bitch..."

Then the reporters also asked him if Debbie had really gotten an abortion. As a sly fox, James answered tactfully, "I don't know. I didn't see it myself. I hope she wouldn't be so cruel to the baby..."

Debbie closed the video and turned off the screen. She curled up in the back seat of Jared's car, her whole body trembling. 'James is trying hard to ruin me...'

Jared gripped his phone tightly and yelled angrily, "I'll have somebody kill that fucking old fart!"

No sooner had he said this than he started dialing a number to contact his men.

Debbie put a hand on his phone to stop him. With her lips quivering, she muttered weakly, "It's useless. We'll figure something out. Don't do something stupid..." 'Okay, calm down. Don't panic...' she comforted herself in her mind, trying to sort out the chaos of the past days.

She wasn't sure whether or not Carlos was alive. She had to look after herself and the baby.

These rumors went viral within two hours. Debbie had become the target of cyber-bullying. She got death and rape threats, and someone released the address of both the manor and the villa, to aid in tracking her down. Her reputation was being dragged through the mud.

Everyone now thought of her as a scheming little gold digger. Those who heard about it cursed her out with all the foul words they could think of.

Jared and Sebastian spent a fortune trying to have all those rumors and negative news posts on the Internet taken down, but to no avail. Every time they had managed to block one news story, another one would spring up and spread again. Obviously, someone was manipulating everything behind the scenes in an attempt to completely ruin Debbie's rep.

It was already seven o'clock in the evening when Curtis touched down in Y City. Things had already gone from bad to worse.

Curtis got a hold of Debb

he shot a cold glance at all these bodyguards and said firmly, "I'm going with her. Try and stop me!"

The bodyguard was baffled. His boss's orders didn't cover this situation. Rather than make the wrong choice, he hastily contacted James.

After ending the call, the bodyguard returned to them and said, "Begging your pardon, Mr. Lu. They want to see her alone. If she does that, she gets to see Mr. Huo one last time before the funeral. Otherwise, go away, and come back the day of the funeral."

James had become too bold. He even barred Curtis from going in.

Just then, the phone rang. It was Wesley. At last! Curtis let Wesley know what was going on, and he gathered a force together to meet them at the manor.

Less than thirty minutes later, a dozen military vehicles arrived at the manor gate.

Wesley quickly jumped out of the lead vehicle and ran up to Curtis. "So what the hell is going on? What happened to Carlos?"

Dozens of armed soldiers in uniforms disembarked from the other vehicles and lined up in three orderly rows, waiting for their leader's instructions.

"Carlos had a car accident. The Huo family has announced his death. But they want to talk to Debbie alone and won't let me go inside. Something's not right," Curtis explained simply. He looked at the bodyguards. They were visibly nervous, being confronted with armed soldiers.

Clenching his fists, Wesley ordered in a loud voice, "Ten-hut!"

"Sir!" all the soldiers behind him said in unison. They stiffened to attention, saluting their superior officer. When he saluted back, they dropped their hands to their sides.

"We're going to take this manor as ours! You have permission to engage!" Following Wesley's orders, the soldiers all dashed towards the bodyguards.

[Chapter 312 Sasha Was Kidnapped](#)

In no time, Wesley's men overpowered the bodyguards and forced them to open the gate to the manor. The dozen or so military vehicles drove into the manor in an imposing manner, seemingly unstoppable.

As soon as they reached the main villa, Debbie quickly jumped out of the car and ran towards the villa, heart burning with anxiety. She didn't want to waste a single second.

When she saw the traditional black and white funerary couplet hanging on each side of the doorway, she almost fell to her knees as her legs became weak. The elaborate calligraphy seemed to writhe of its own accord, becoming menacing instead of beautiful, as it was intended to be. It was a reminder that Carlos may have indeed passed on. Luckily, Curtis had superior reflexes and caught her just in time.

Curtis, Wesley and Debbie rushed into the villa, practically bursting through the doorway. In the living room, Tabitha and Valerie were sobbing sadly, sitting in front of a black and white photo of Carlos, blown up, framed, and set on an easel. James was on the phone at the time. A bodyguard had already informed him that Wesley had forced his way in, along with a contingent of soldiers. But James was almost too preoccupied to care. The ZL Group was a mess these days, and hadn't fared well after the accident of Carlos.

"Uncle James," Wesley called out as he approached James.

James hastily ended the phone call and said in a choked and hoarse voice, "Wesley! You finally came. Carlos... he's..." He let out a long sigh, unable to finish his sentence.

Staring at Carlos' black and white portrait, Wesley ignored him, and simply asked, "Where is Carlos' body now?"

"It's in the mourning hall, not here..."

James sighed with each sentence he said. In the end, he choked on his tears, lost his voice and hung his head, tears streaming down his face.

Before Wesley could ask more questions, James suddenly pointed his finger at Debbie, as if he had just noticed she was there. He shouted angrily, "You! You have some serious stones, coming here like this!" It wasn't lost on Wesley that James had suddenly regained his voice, and became his usual rage-filled self. "What did Carlos ever do to you? He treated you like a queen, and you went and cheated on him while he was dying! What a stupid ho!"

Instead of responding to him, Debbie asked, "Where's Aunt Miranda?"

"What 'Aunt Miranda'? You chose to divorce Carlos. You're not part of the family now! She's not your aunt Miranda anymore! The only reason I asked you here is because I want you to kneel in front of Carlos' portrait and beg for his forgiveness!"

"I...chose? I chose life for the baby, not..."

She paused in mid-sentence. Her cellphone suddenly rang. She was going to reject the call at first, but when she saw "Aunt Lucinda" on the caller ID, she quickly tapped the answer key. "Debbie, where are you? Sasha's been kidnapped! The kidna

en by the kidnappers. It was a bushy and rugged path. Ignoring anything else, Debbie made her way there quickly. Her every thought was of Sasha.

A few minutes later, she finally reached a broken courtyard in a flat area.

The door to the courtyard was already open. Two men dressed in black from head to toe with only their eyes exposed were guarding the doorway. As they saw her approach, they looked around, trying to spot any bodyguards or soldiers. After verifying she was alone, they guided her into the courtyard.

Inside the courtyard, Sasha was there, her wrists and feet were bound with rope; her mouth was covered with a piece of tape and her hair was disheveled.

When she saw Debbie enter, Sasha wept in a muffled voice.

Horror filled Debbie's heart. But she knew she had to be strong. Taking a deep breath, she suppressed her fear and comforted Sasha. "Sasha, don't be afraid. I'm here!"

Sasha nodded. She wanted to say, 'Jeez, you're dumb! Why did you come alone?'

A man sat lazily in a wooden office chair. He grabbed a piece of paper and asked another man to bring it to Debbie.

After a quick look at what was written there, Debbie widened her eyes in shock and refused. "No way!" Unflappable, the man said casually, "Your cousin is pretty hot. If you don't sign that..." As he said that, he stood up and took his coat off.

Realizing what he was going to do to Sasha, Debbie balled her fists in fury.

As the man took off his shirt, he turned to look at Debbie and said in a lewd voice, "Make a choice. Sign your name and leave Y City, or I'll give her the d. She'll never forget me!"

Sasha was startled by the man's movements, her eyes almost popped out of her sockets. She wriggled and tried to kick her legs, trying to say something through the tape over her mouth. All to no avail. She was still tied up.

Debbie's eyes burned with flames of rage. She wouldn't surrender to them so easily!

[Chapter 313 I Had An Affair](#)

Debbie felt her blood boiling. Overwhelmed by white hot rage, she suddenly raised her clenched fist and rushed the man who had already taken off his shirt. She leaped into the air and kicked at him, using her momentum to plow into the thug. Caught off guard, the man lost his balance momentarily.

Seeing her start the battle, two other kidnapers instantly darted towards her, intending to take her down.

The bare-chested man lifted himself up from the ground. Massaging his aching arm, he cursed ferociously, "You bitch! Kick me, will ya? You're dead meat. Get her, boys!" As he finished speaking, he picked Sasha up, slinging her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He moved off to the side. Sasha wanted to cry out but her mouth had been taped.

The kidnapers were hired by James. They all were trained in various martial arts styles. But Debbie's main problem was that she was pregnant. She couldn't strain herself, so she couldn't attack at full strength.

In spite of that, she still was able to handle three of them. One of them rushed towards her, and she simply sidestepped. His momentum carried him right by her, and she struck under his chin with her palm as he passed. His head snapped back and he fell to the ground. Another of the thugs thought he'd fare better, and she trapped his arm and shoved him deftly into another kidnapper, and they both fell into a heap.

Realizing Debbie was better than they thought, they quickly pulled out knives from inside their clothes and pointed them at Debbie. She saw all sorts of knives: butterfly knives, wicked looking tea knives, and even some models she was unfamiliar with, though they definitely looked western in origin.

The glint of the sharp blades made her heart skip a beat. Meanwhile, she began to feel a dull pain in her belly. Worried about the safety of the baby, she didn't move a muscle.

The kidnapers sprinted towards her, knives in hand. Cornered, Debbie clenched her jaw and shouted at the man who was about to rape Sasha, "Wait!"

Each man stopped in his tracks, surrounding Debbie without attacking her. The bare-chested man had already taken off his trousers, and was getting ready to cut Sasha's clothing off. In an unhappy voice, he roared, "What now? If you won't sign that paper, then don't bug me!"

"I... I'll sign it..." Covering her aching belly and looking at Sasha's desperate eyes, Debbie surrendered. What else could she do?

She picked up the piece of paper from the ground. Tears sprang to her eyes as she read it in her mind again and again, until she couldn't bear to even look at it anymore. Gripping the paper tightly, she was unab

who was on the other end at first, but then he heard Curtis say Debbie's name.

'A new boyfriend? Debbie?' Wesley was shocked and angry, eyes burning with fury. Frowning, he walked up to Curtis and grabbed his phone from his hand. "Debbie Nian! What the hell are you doing? Carlos died of protecting you. But you divorced him no matter how much his dad begged you not to. You even aborted his kid. We haven't even buried him yet, but you have a new boyfriend already? You're nothing but a bitch!" Wesley snarled on the other end.

At first, he didn't believe any of the rumors. He knew how much Carlos loved her and spoiled her. Someone must have been spreading lies. He didn't believe Debbie was like that at all. But now, she admitted it herself, which disappointed him so much.

Curtis tried to shut Wesley down. "Wesley, it's not like that..."

On the other end, Debbie shut her eyes in anguish. A pang of sorrow grew in her heart. After a moment, she pushed her sorrow down, buried it, and said in a relaxed voice, "Carlos is dead. Do you want me to be unhappy?"

Wesley's anger grew. He had dark fantasies of pointing a gun at Debbie!

Debbie just hung up. She couldn't lie to them anymore. Her tears would betray her if she kept doing it.

That night, Debbie went to spend the night at Lucinda's, just like she promised. She slept in the same bed as Sasha. Staring blankly out the window, Debbie didn't fall asleep until midnight.

Soon after she fell asleep, she thought she saw Carlos in the darkness. She grinned and said sweetly, "Mr. Handsome..."

Carlos smiled at her tenderly and reached out to caress her face.

"Mr. Handsome, I miss you so much..."

Carlos said nothing but just looked at her, eyes full with tenderness and love.

[Chapter 314 Hes Going To Pick Me Up](#)

Debbie grew anxious. She was eager to throw herself into Carlos' arms. But no matter how fast she ran, she couldn't get the slightest bit closer to him. "Mr. Handsome... Old Man... Please... Don't go!" she screamed.

Her hysterical shrieks jarred Sasha awake. Sasha, freaked out, quickly turned on the bedside lamp.

In the light of the lamp, gloom all but banished, she saw Debbie sitting on the bed with outstretched arms. She looked like she was reaching for something she couldn't hold.

Sasha hugged Debbie and asked with concern, "You okay, Debbie? Debbie..."

Debbie broke free from Sasha's embrace. "I saw Carlos. He's going to pick me up."

Sasha was taken aback, heart racing fast. She looked around her bedroom in fear but found nothing suspicious. No ghosts. "Don't scare me. Was it a dream?"

'Dream...' The happy smile froze on Debbie's face. 'Dream...It was just a dream. Carlos isn't here...'

Snapping back to cruel reality, Debbie buried her face in her hands and curled up in a fetal position, weeping. Engulfed by sorrow, she felt like she was falling into an abyss of despair.

'Honey, I miss you...I miss you so much...'

In just a few days, sweeping change had come to Y City, especially when it came to ZL Group. What happened to Carlos was still a mystery to everyone. No one knew the whole story. Shortly, James was elected by the board members to be their new CEO.

Miranda finally contacted Debbie, but she only replied via Facebook Messenger. "I'm in New York now. James is handling Carlos' affairs. He wouldn't let anyone else do it. The branch company in New York is having problems, so I came back to take care of it," she wrote.

"I told you not to be nice to the Huos, especially James and Lewis! They're all assholes! But you didn't listen. You even begged Carlos to go easy on them. Too late now. The car accident is still being looked into. I'll update you when I can," she added.

Debbie texted back while crying. "I'm sorry... It's my fault. I can't do anything." "I lost Carlos, and I couldn't protect our marriage..." she thought remorsefully.

She sent another message. "I'm sorry. Carlos died saving me. I'm really sorry..."

Miranda

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.

istina along, because strangely enough, she hadn't even tried to call Debbie.

The moment Kristina saw how vacant Debbie's eyes were and how weak she looked, she broke into tears.

She ran up to Debbie and hugged her tightly, rocking her back and forth. Debbie had to shift from foot to foot to keep from falling over. "Tomboy! I didn't mean to avoid you. I'm so sorry. I thought you were mad at me... blaming me for breaking up with Dixon... I just couldn't."

Debbie smiled without saying anything.

"You're so skinny! What the hell? I'm sure Mr. Huo will be fine..."

"No, he's dead."

Debbie's words shocked Kristina. She suddenly stopped crying and let Debbie out of her arms. She stared at Debbie in disbelief. "What?"

Debbie wiped the tears from Kristina's face. She finally spoke, but incoherently. "Emmett's gone. Carlos...died protecting me... Kristina, I'm pregnant, I need to be strong."

She paused and continued, "Tell me this is only a dream, a nightmare, please! Didn't Carlos want to bury me alive last time? I won't run away again. If I was buried alive then I'd die, so he wouldn't die protecting me..."

Why is he dead while I'm still alive? I should be dead, not my Mr. Handsome..."

Debbie cried out loud, reflecting all the grief and sorrow in her heart.

Standing near the two girls, Jared and Gregory felt so sad that their eyes reddened and tears formed. Jared turned to Gregory and asked, "Mr. Lu know anything more?"

[Chapter 315 Screamed For Help](#)

"Ever since I learnt of Mr. Huo's accident, I've met Curtis only once. He has been busy with the investigation together with Colonel Li. What about your brother? Have you heard any news from him?" Gregory asked, looking hopefully at Jared.

"My brother has been up and down with the investigation too. But Mr. Huo's old man appears determined to keep everyone at arm's length. Generally, the senior Huo has always been discreet with his family business, but after the accident, he's been almost paranoid about it. As such, my brother has not bothered much about the Huos. Instead, he's focused on helping out Emmett's parents. They are more accessible, together with their whole family.

Coping with the loss of their son has been hard on their end. Shortly after she received news of Emmett's death, the old lady was hospitalized and up to now, she still remains in critical condition. It's been a full plate for my brother," explained Jared at length. Then the two men dropped into silence.

After catching up on what happened to Debbie, Kristina choked with sobs. "I'm so sorry Tomboy. You'll be alright!" she consoled. "Mr. Huo would hope to see you better than this. He must want you to live on, especially now that you have a baby. Cheer up, please!"

However, Debbie didn't respond. Apparently, she was so locked up in her own world, withdrawn and cold. The usual spark of life in her beautiful big eyes was not there anymore.

Hoping to offer comfort, Gregory walked up to her and patted her gently on the shoulder. "Debbie, you have to take it easy. That's a part of life, but we are here by your side through this difficult time."

Then they took Debbie to her favorite shopping mall—the Shining International Plaza. Pretending a playful look, Jared pointed at the huge mall and lightheartedly nudged her. "Come on, Tomboy. Didn't you want me to buy you lipsticks before? Today, I'll buy them for you. Just pick up whatever you want, and I'll pay for them. I won't give a damn even if you want the whole mall! Lately, I've been in the chips, thanks to my dad's excitement about my girlfriend. The old man has never been this generous to anyone before, I swear!"

The first time when they ran into Carlos at the plaza, Debbie deliberately kept bugging Jared to buy her the lipsticks. Just on purpose, she wanted Carlos to misunderstand her. But in the end, when Jared agreed to pay, she stopped him, pretending to have changed her mind.

"Lipsticks..." Debbie now teased, blinking fast to feign surprise. Silently, as she reflected back on the encounter at the plaza, she cursed that day. Not sure why Jared had mentioned it, she took a deep breath and pursed her lips, a blank look on her face.

When Kristina noticed Jared's goof, she pulled at his collar and chided, "Good grief, did you have to say that?"

Embarrassed that he had mentioned something that reminded Debbie of Carlos, Jared genuinely apologized. Then he signaled to Gregory with his eyes, to carry on with the conversation.

Getting the hint, Gregory smiled at the dazed woman and politely offered, "Debbie, your clothes don't fit you now. Let's go and see if there are some new stuff that you'd like. After shopping, I will take you to a seafood restaurant. I know you are a foodie. Their dishes are something quite out of this world..." With a smile, he paused and took a glance at Jared who was nodd

s, from the series of unlucky events, Debbie had lately been in a terrible mood. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. In a fierce inferno, her anger erupted, hotter than any dragon has ever flamed. By now she was raining blows on poor Blanche with the mobile rack. Defenselessly, Blanche wiggled on the floor, screaming like a banshee for help.

However, all the saleswomen and customers in the shop simply looked on. They had seen Blanche start the fight. While she railed at Debbie with expletives, Debbie had tried her best to not to answer back. Even when she broke free, after the woman took her by the scruff, Debbie had stood a few meters away, without any intention of attacking. Had Blanche left it at that, the onlookers were sure, Debbie would have simply walked away.

What a mean, unreasonable woman for her age! Now as she wailed and pleaded for help, some onlookers just laughed it off. "That madam made her bed, now let her lie in it," remarked one of the saleswomen dismissively. The rich lady who had accompanied Blanche to do shopping wanted to intervene, but she knew better not to get involved. As she watched, flinching with every blow, she turned to Jared and Gregory with pleading eyes, but they ignored her, pretending to converse between themselves.

'How aloof have our young men become?' she wondered. 'What are they talking about when someone is on the floor and in need of help?' she threw her hands in frustration and cursed inwardly. At that

moment Debbie relented her blows, panting like a horse from racing. Blanche still lay on the floor in a heap, her bruises swelling and her voice so hoarse from screaming. Flinching, she covered her head with her hands, afraid Debbie might land another blow. It took her a moment or so to realize that her assailant had stepped back. Timidly, she raised her head, feeling lost. She regretted her foolish move. Why had she attacked Debbie? She looked around in confusion; the boring eyes of the onlookers made her wish the earth could open up and swallow her. Debbie threw the rack to one side, pointed at Blanche and told one of the saleswomen, "Get that woman from the floor and let her compensate for all the damages before she leaves this place. It's all her fault."

[Chapter 316 Debbie Went Missing](#)

The saleswoman nodded her head repeatedly in fear. Debbie tidied her clothes and looked down at Blanche, who was now lying on the floor, gasping for air. "Carlos used to protect me. Although he's gone, I'm still here. Don't get in my way again," she warned coldly.

Blanche wanted to shout abuse at Debbie, but when she caught a glimpse of her weapon—the mobile rack—she swallowed her pride and simply said, "Get away from me, you psycho bitch. You'll pay for this!"

Debbie snorted in derision. After everything she'd been through, she wasn't afraid of anything now. Ignoring Blanche's weak warning, Debbie turned around and walked towards the door.

When Jared had almost passed Blanche, he looked down at her and smiled playfully. "How does it feel, slut? Want one more kick?" Without waiting for a reply, Jared kicked her stomach right off. The playful smile on his face faded and he warned her ferociously, "Carlos isn't here, but we are! I dare you to lay a finger on her again. If I come back, Hell's riding with me!"

Blanche held her aching stomach, groaning in pain, unable to utter a single word. Her face went pale. Pointing at Jared's receding figure with her trembling finger, she finally squeezed out a few words between gritted teeth. "You assholes... Just wait!"

Jared turned around, dug his finger in his ear and said casually, "I'll wait. Bring your son as backup. Bring it!"

Blanche was at a loss for words.

Hayden was still busy taking care of the chaos Carlos engineered. He wasn't even in the mood to hold an engagement party for his fiancée. Besides, he warned Blanche and Portia several times not to mess with Debbie.

Thus, Blanche knew quite well that Hayden wouldn't back her up on this.

On the day of Carlos' funeral, Debbie got up at the crack of dawn. She hadn't slept well. She put on the new dress that she had bought the previous night and applied a light dusting of make-up to her face. She put some conservative lipstick on, as well, just enough to bring out her natural color.

The dress was the same style and color as one of the dresses Carlos had bought her. He said she looked good in that dress.

Sebastian and Lucinda had gone to work that morning. Gail and Sasha needed to go back to school, so Debbie struck out for the cemetery on her own.

Above the graveyard, a mass of thick and dark clouds gathered; lightning lanced through
elp me take revenge... Carlos...please..."

As if God had felt her sadness, lightning raced across the sky. Thunder boomed. Then it began to rain. Debbie didn't feel the raindrops, but just sat, hugging Carlos' gravestone and cried out all her love for him...

The day Dixon came back from America, Jared went to great lengths to find Debbie and ask her to get together with her old friends.

Kristina knew Dixon would be there so she turned him down.

In the end, the four old friends got together and had their reunion. Debbie and Kasie cried the whole night. They hugged each other and cried endless tears. They swapped stories about each other's one true loves, and how they would love them forever. They drank together, to try and dull the pain.

Dixon looked up at the sky, remembering what Kristina had told him. She said he was poor and even needed Mr. Huo to sponsor him abroad. His eyes reddened at the thought.

That year, Debbie lost Carlos and Kasie lost Emmett.

That year, Kristina broke up with Dixon and hooked up with a rich guy.

That year, Jared decided to strive for a brighter future for Sasha's sake.

That year, the five old friends had made their own fates and went their separate ways.

The day after their reunion, Debbie went missing.

No one knew where she was.

On the third day of her disappearance, some news outlets reported that she left Y City with a man. People suspected that she had run away with her lover, taking the alimony payment that the Huo family had given her.

Since then, Debbie Nian had become an infamous figure in Y City.

[Chapter 317 Her Daughter](#)

Three years later

At the national stadium of Z Country

Over ten thousand fans were excitedly waiting for one of the artistes for the night curtain to raise. All seats were occupied.

At 8:00 p.m., the concert began. To the ecstatic screams of fans, a young woman in a long denim dress slowly took the stage. A soft and slow melody rang. She began to sing, "You promised, you'd love me till the end of the world.

But dear, you broke your word.

In my memory, I see your eyes, on that winter night.

In them, I feel your love for me, as deep as the sea..."

Her voice was full of emotions, easily striking a chord in everyone's heart.

Wherever she went, her performances would leave a lot of fans in tears, pouring their feelings out.

Most of her original compositions were deeply emotive songs.

Only when she covered some songs from other singers, would she throw in something different and lively.

"Oh! Debbie Nian! Debbie Nian! I love you..."

"You sing so well. My heart is melting. Debbie, I love you forever!"

The crazy fans began to shout out their love for the singer.

Among these ten thousand fans, more than half of them were already her loyal fans. Debbie made her debut as a singer slightly more than one year ago. But in such a short time, she had turned into quite a sensation, winning the hearts of many fervent fans.

Sitting in front of the black piano, Debbie adjusted her mic, slid her fingers on the keyboard, and continued singing, with perfectly controlled breathing.

"Time flies. Baby, have you seen me in your dreams?

Have you smiled without me?

You never knew, without you, my world is a barren field.

The endless rain outside is my pool of tears.

In lovesickness, I'm drowning."

By the time she was done with the first song, amid the shouts and screams of admiration, tears freely rolled down the fans' faces in equal measure. Some cried for the love and admiration of their superstar. Some cried because they could relate to her music in a personal way.

To acknowledge their immense support, she raised her hands in appreciation and blew a kiss. She then resumed her seat, wiped a tear from the corner of her right eye and took the microphone. She said to the large crowd of fans in a chirpy voice, "Friends, I'm blown away by your love and support. Thank you all for the connection we share. Thanks for the passion you guys have lent to the night and atmosphere you've created too.

As a token of my appreciation, I want to dedicate the next song to you. It's a song by a good friend of mine. But I've tweaked it into a special cover, just for you. It's Irene Wen's short, sweet song—Milk and Pineapple. Let me hear some noise..." She called out cheerily, firing up the crowd to a frenzy. With crazy energy, the tempo picked up to the accompaniment of wild screams. Some were singing alo

ou'd find a job?"

"Who says you can't withdraw the money from a fixed deposit? Just forfeit some interest. Or you can ask your man for money! Go for him now!"

Debbie closed her eyes in anger. She kept her voice down and patiently explained, "I've told you many times. Ivan is not my man. We're just friends..."

"No more nonsense. Give me the money now. I am not asking for much. Just thirty thousand dollars!"

Three years ago, when Debbie learned that her biological brother, Decker Lu, was living in Z Country, she chose to move here. Mistakenly, she had thought that he was someone she could rely on.

But... It turned out that Decker Lu was only an idler who never had a proper job to do.

At the beginning, Decker Lu didn't believe that Debbie was his sister. But then he had no choice but to accept it when Debbie showed him a DNA test report.

Debbie had believed that Decker Lu would change his attitude to her after she proved herself to be his biological sister. But nothing changed. He was ever rude and even began to demand money from her. He never treated her as his sister.

"Okay, I will give you thirty thousand dollars. One last time! If you don't find a job after this, I won't give you one more penny!" Debbie scolded.

Decker Lu snapped, "You're a pop star. Money is rolling in every day. You are just too mean on me!"

"Yeah. I've earned some this year. But I have to raise Piggy, and my house loan hasn't been paid off yet." After recovering from the childbirth, Debbie had released her debuted album. In a short time, the songs had received wide acclaim and propelled her to fame, in addition to fetching bucks.

But then, ghosts from her past resurfaced to haunt her. Rumors about her scandals—her divorce to Carlos and how she had run away with another man started spreading like a bush fire. It hadn't been easy for her to find a job or regular gig for her music.

[Chapter 318 Evelyn Nian](#)

Fortunately, Debbie was not alone in Z Country. She had a pretty good support system, and two people in particular were there to help her out.

With their help and her natural talent, she finally climbed her way to the top of Z Country's music scene.

Her meteoric rise was in part due to Ivan Wen, who owned a record company. It took some time, money, and serious energy to quash all the scandals that had followed Debbie from her home city here. But he and his sister persevered, and won out in the end.

From the start, Ivan Wen was not that willing to help Debbie out. They weren't friends, and he didn't see any reason to take a chance on this girl he'd only heard bad things about.

But Irene Wen, a lovely girl who also loved music very much just like Debbie, managed to convince her brother to help her.

Ivan Wen always spoiled his sister, so naturally he caved. But he noticed something. Even in rehearsals, Debbie had this angelic voice. He was moved by her siren song. He also knew he probably had a hit-maker on his hands. So he poured himself into his work, cranking out positive publicity to bury the negative PR. As time went by, he and Debbie became quite good friends.

When Debbie first saw Irene Wen, she hated her because she reminded her of Megan.

Irene Wen wasn't Megan, but there were quite a few things about her that brought Megan to mind, and Debbie wasn't about to get close to someone like that. She was young, like Megan, and had similar features. Not only that, she was bubbly and adorable. That alone gave Debbie pause—Megan was quite two-faced, and would stab you in the back while smiling sweetly the whole time.

However, the more time they spent together, the better Debbie got to know her. Irene Wen was indeed a pure, engaging girl, with no malice in her heart. It wasn't an act at all.

Megan gave off those same kinds of vibes as well, but if you weren't careful you'd fall for her act. The fact that she was lovely helped her deception. But she was anything but innocent; instead a brat, wheedling and whining to get what she wanted. And if that didn't work, she would hatch elaborate plots to get her way.

Once Debbie got past all that and saw into her heart, she warmed up to the girl. So Debbie, Irene Wen and Ivan Wen had become the closest of friends.

Debbie built a loyal fan base in time, and they knew she only operated in Z Country. She'd never go on any kind of international tour. Ivan Wen warned that it might affect her popularity, but she had sworn to leave Y City and never return. She had no intention of joining any kind of tour schedule that would make her come anywhere close.

Even so, many fans went on road trips and traveled quite a distance to hear her sing. She had a captivating stage presence, and no one who traveled to Z Country to see her in concert went home disappointed.

And Debbie's stat

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.

Realized something. "Oh God. I'm sorry. Have you eaten?" She held up the container. "Wanna share?" she said, mouth still thick, having just swallowed a mouthful.

He wiped his hands with a wet napkin. "Nah. I already ate. Just eat."

"Okay."

After mother and daughter were finished, Ivan Wen went to see Piggy's attending doctor. The doctor said Piggy was quite well and her temperature had normalized. She needed a half-day observation and she could be released, providing everything went well. Ivan Wen told Debbie the news and left the hospital.

As soon as he left, Ruby rushed to the hospital. When she saw Piggy, she ran over to her, held her in her arms and coaxed, "Piggy honey, I'm so sorry. I woke up late. Are you better now?"

Piggy raised the toy in her hand. "Uh huh. Look, toy!"

Piggy was not as childish and carefree as other kids at her age. Maybe because Debbie was serious and driven.

Evelyn seldom laughed. When she was around strangers, she didn't laugh, nor did she speak. People joked that she was an ice princess.

But when she was around family and friends, she was still a cute and innocent girl.

Debbie had once wondered if Piggy had a split personality. It was normal for an adult to be quiet around strangers. But Piggy was just a 2-year-old kid.

Debbie had once taken Piggy to the hospital to have her checked out. The results showed that she was very healthy. Mental illness was difficult to diagnose in an infant, but other than her silence around strangers, she was normal in every respect.

Debbie thought maybe Piggy was like her and Carlos. She was cheerful and bubbly around family and friends just like Debbie. And she was quiet and withdrawn around strangers... just like her father.

Ruby pinched her little face and said, "Good girl. Keep playing with your toy. Your mom and I have to talk about work."

Piggy nodded and went back to playing by herself.

[Chapter 319 Until We Meet Again](#)

"Remember, you have a photo shoot to go to. Yili is a pretty important account. Don't worry about your new album. Just take your time. Ivan wants some cheerful songs on there," Ruby said. Since her first album, every song Debbie wrote was a sad one. While the ballads showcased her voice, Ivan figured they could market some more upbeat songs and increase her fan base. They wanted a younger skew.

Debbie nodded, "Got it. I'll give it a try."

Ruby shrugged. She had heard the same answer many times, but every time Debbie did the same sad, slow songs.

"Going to tae kwon do today?" Ruby asked. Since Piggy was three months old, Debbie had been diligently practicing tae kwon do and dance—almost every day. She wouldn't miss a session unless she was super busy.

Debbie shot a glance at Piggy and shook her head. "Not today. If Piggy's feeling better tomorrow, I'll go then." She didn't want to leave Piggy's side when she was sick.

"Okay. Gotta run. Oh by the way, don't forget Mr. Yu's anniversary party tonight."

Debbie was scrolling through comments from her fans on Weibo. Without looking up, she replied absentmindedly, "Can we not? Or maybe you can go for me?" She really hated these parties.

Ruby knew Debbie well. She patted her shoulder and said, "Of course not. You have to be there. Mr. Yu spared no expense to make sure you'd attend." Ruby smiled sadly. "It's the price of fame. You're the hottest singer right now."

'Mr. Yu...' Debbie suddenly thought of something and asked, "Is Mr. Yu a powerful man here?"

"Yeah. You've spent a lot of time and energy to make acquaintances with the rich and powerful in the past two years. You don't want to miss out on rubbing shoulders with Mr. Yu, do you?" Ruby didn't know why Debbie was keen on getting to know those rich and powerful, even including people in the underworld.

"All right. Tell Mr. Yu I'll be there."

"Great."

Debbie took Piggy back home in the afternoon. After leaving her with a nanny, Debbie went to the hotel where the celebration was being held.

She arrived early and started talking with the guests.

At one point she overheard some girls talking. "I heard Mr. Yu invited a mysterious guest. Know who?"

"Of course! The guest's family name is Huo. But I don't know his first name."

Debbie took a sip of her wine and thought, 'Wow, there are a lot of people with the family name "Huo."'

When

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"Who told you that? He was injured in a car accident, and he's been recovering for the past couple years. Miss Nian, are you alright?"

'He didn't die... He's alive...' 'I'm fine!' Debbie cried and laughed, which confused Milo Yu. He wondered if she was drunk, and he contemplated ordering some attendants to get her home to sleep it off. She was just too happy that Carlos was still alive.

Despite his confusion, Milo Yu shook his head and was about to walk back to the hall. After all, there were still many guests to attend to.

He had only walked a few steps before Debbie called his name. He stopped impatiently. She took a deep breath to calm down and asked in a polite manner, "Sorry for my rude behavior, Mr. Yu. Can you please tell me where Mr. Huo went?"

"Why do you ask?" he replied.

She came over to him and pleaded with a hopeful expression, "Mr. Yu, please. I have something very important to tell him."

Milo Yu was stunned for a while. Maybe he was touched by her pleading eyes, or maybe he was in a good mood this evening thanks to the party. Debbie was a hot singer, one of the rich and famous. It wouldn't do any harm, he told himself. He revealed to Debbie where Carlos was holed up.

Wiping her tears, Debbie bowed to him and said seriously, "Thank you, Mr. Yu. If you need anything at all, just ask."

Milo Yu stood there in shocked silence.

Debbie, on the other hand, pulled her phone from her purse and called her driver to pick her up. She was on her way to see Carlos for the first time in three years. On her way to see the man she had believed to be dead.

[Chapter 320 Running The Gauntlet](#)

When Debbie arrived at the offices of Sunjoy Group, she was blocked by the guards at the entrance. In an anxious voice, she asked, "Is Carlos Huo here?"

One of the guards said in a serious tone, "Lady, I can't tell you that. If you don't have an appointment, you need to leave."

Debbie bit her lower lip and began racking her brains to find a way inside. That was when she saw a familiar car. It was the car that Carlos had gotten into. She was sure of it!

Thrilled, she ran full tilt towards the parking lot and only stopped when, breathless, she reached the car.

She knocked on the driver's side window. As the window rolled down with the customary faint electrical buzz, she saw a strange man sitting there. He gave her a confused look.

Taking a deep breath and trying to stop her heart from bursting through her chest, Debbie asked, "Hi. Is this Carlos Huo's car?"

Disdain was written all over his face as he answered her, "Buzz off. To get to Mr. Huo you'll have to go through me. And that ain't happening. But I like you. So I'll tell you straight. See those cars out there?"

He pointed to the cars nearby. "Each of those cars is full of bodyguards. And them? They don't like anyone."

Although he didn't answer her question, the answer was quite obvious. Carlos was here. Debbie was so excited that her eyes went red. Ignoring his implied threat, she continued pestering him. "So he's not dead?"

Annoyed, the driver nudged her backward and snapped, "Are you nuts? Where did you hear that? God! So pretty and so dumb!"

"He... he was in a car accident a few years ago, right?" She was dying to learn more about Carlos, if this was indeed her husband. She wasn't even angry with the driver who pushed her. She held on to the car door to steady herself.

The driver opened the door, trying to make her lose her balance. "Will you just go away? Yeah, he was in an accident. He got better. I thought you liked Mr. Huo. Why are you bringing up all this bad stuff? Loo mline in hand, Debbie stood close to the gates, panting.

As the group came closer, her heart skipped a beat.

In the bright light, she caught sight of the man in the middle.

She fixed her eyes on him. The man was listening to a manager's report, his face solemn. He betrayed no emotion, and didn't even seem to notice her. As far as he was concerned, his men were just throwing out a nosy reporter.

He was so dazzling at dusk. 'It's Carlos! My husband, my love...'

Tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Carlos Huo!" she yelled at the top of her lungs. Ignoring everyone's curious eyes, she ran full tilt towards him as fast as she could.

Carlos, who was bidding goodbye to the other businessmen, heard someone call his name and turned by instinct to look who it was.

He was stunned.

In the starlight, a woman in a red dress ran towards him, barefoot, hands holding the hemline. Her long hair danced in the air.

She had some light make-up on her face; her plump lips wore bright red lipstick. Tears sparkled in her eyes.

Debbie stopped in front of Carlos, gasping for air. Her heart ached as his eyes were so cold.

He looked at her as if looking at a stranger.

Despite the confusion in her heart, she was overwhelmed by emotion and threw herself into his arms excitedly.