

Chapter 54 A Conflict

Jared was itching to spend all the money in Damon's VIP card. In truth, apart from being half brothers and sharing the same father, they didn't have a lot in common.

One day, Jared stole the VIP card from his brother's table when he was passing by Damon's room.

Debbie had heard about Damon from when Jared used to complain about him to her. From what she could gather, Damon was always very nice to his younger brother, whereas, Jared would treat Damon with disdain.

Although it was Jared's one-sided statement, Debbie could tell that he had been obedient to his older brother on some occasions.

"Jared, what are you two talking about? Come over here!" One of their classmates urged the two to join them.

Jared responded in a loud voice, "All right, all right. Scott, you won't be allowed to leave here until you have more alcohol than blood running through your body." All of a sudden, Jared looked at Debbie with a concerned expression on his face. "Tomboy, I won't drink much tonight. You don't need to drink if you don't want to."

This caught Scott's interest, as he looked at Jared and cheerfully shouted, "Hey bro, what's up? Are you two dating or something? Do you have to ask for Debbie's permission before you drink, huh?"

Debbie and Jared were very popular in their high school. Most of their classmates used to joke about their relationship. However, the truth was quite far from reality. Although they had been good friends who trusted each other, that was all their relationship was, a reliable friendship. Apart from that, they had absolutely no chemistry between them.

Debbie was interested in guys who weren't afraid of commitments, while she thought Jared was more of a playboy. On the contrary, Jared thought Debbie was a tomboy, whereas, he liked winsome coquettes.



They both understood each other very well and agreed that they could only make good friends.

"What? A couple? Come on! Even if we spent the night in the same bed, nothing would happen between us, besides the usual chatting and fighting." Jared held the chair out for Debbie like a gentleman, but the latter cast a reproachful glance at him before sitting down.

In truth, Debbie never enjoyed taking part in these gatherings. Most of the girls chose to isolate her because she was a pretty girl and the boys liked hanging out with her. Their impression of Debbie was that of a bitch who was just pretending to be a tomboy to attract boys.

The girls began to speak ill of her amongst themselves in soft murmurs so that Debbie wouldn't hear them. But she could tell from their body language and the way they looked at her that they were quietly conferring about her.

Why didn't they just say what they had to say to Debbie's face? Mostly because they were afraid of being beaten up by her. Besides, they didn't want to offend Jared. Why didn't they just keep to themselves? They would if they could, but they were so envious of Debbie that they needed some way to vent their anger on her.

Debbie, however, felt wronged and misunderstood. After all, she had never laid her hands on a girl before. Even when her cousin Gail, had given her multiple reasons to hurt her, Debbie refrained from laying even a finger on her. Instead, she would let Gail off with just a warning.

It wasn't like Debbie was afraid of the girls; far from it! The girls wouldn't even stand a chance in a fistfight with her. She could easily injure them without even breaking a sweat.

A few moments later, Jared went to the men's room to clear out the several bottles of beer he had drunk. Right after he left, the girls started to taunt Debbie because they believed that her arrogance and power only lasted as long as Jared was with her.

"Even after so many years, she's still running around after Jared like one of his lackeys. I guess he's not interested in her at all."

"Hey, have you guys heard that she confessed her feelings for Carlos at his launching ceremony? She said 'Carlos, I love you' at least ten times!"

"Of course I've heard of it. By the way, a friend of mine told me that she is a lesbian."

"What? I feel sick..."

Debbie was appalled at the unconscionable comments being made about her and she instantly regretted coming to the party. She found it amazing how these people hadn't changed at all even after so many years. They might have grown but they were hardly qualified to be considered 'grown ups'.

They passed derogatory remarks about her non-stop and after a while even some of the boys joined in the banter. Debbie was just about to get up and leave when another boy sitting at a nearby table stood up before her.

He shouted contemptuously, "Are you here to enjoy the party or make mindless gossips? Why don't you look in the mirror to see what kind of people you are first before you talk about someone else? Until then, shut the hell up!"

The boy was red in the face, as burning rage hissed through his body like venom.

Debbie's mouth gaped wide open as she looked at him in surprise. This was the first time someone else, apart from her own friends, had come forward to defend her. But who was this unfamiliar boy who stood up for her?

If her memory hadn't failed her, his name was Gregory.

Perhaps it was because Gregory was not some rich second generation, so the others didn't take his words seriously at all. They were a little startled at first, but soon they began to mock him as well.

"Gregory, do you have a thing for that tomboy?" a girl taunted. Debbie's friends called her "Tomboy" as a nickname but when this girl addressed her as tomboy, the sarcasm in her voice was quite evident. She wanted to remind people that Debbie didn't have anything womanly about her apart from her pretty face.

Much to Debbie's surprise, Gregory didn't deny it. He snapped back ragingly, "So what? I'd rather date a girl like Debbie instead of a nosey

parker like you."

"I'm so touched!" another girl mocked.

"I want to throw up. Makes me wonder what he'll get out of this. Why is he overreacting like this?"

"Gregory, you'd better be careful around her. Otherwise, she might beat you black and blue."

Words had left Debbie and although, she had taken several deep breaths to calm herself down, there was a fire burning inside of her that she couldn't extinguish. Fortunately, she was well aware of her anger management issues. If they weren't her high school classmates, she would have made them beg for mercy.

"How's the food?" Debbie grinned at the girls sitting across the table.

Not knowing why she had asked such an irrelevant question, one of the girls nodded and answered, "The food here tastes as good as the one on the fifth floor of Alioth Building in Shining International Plaza."

"Really? It's such a pity that you won't be able to enjoy it much longer." With a demeaning smile, Debbie stood up from her chair and slammed her fist on the table. Bang! The wine glass in front of her fell to the floor and shattered into tiny pieces.

Silence befell the private booth.

What Debbie did next sent the girls screaming hysterically.

Since the dining table was fixed firmly to the floor, she turned around, lifted her chair and smashed it on the table. The delicious dishes that had been on the table just a few seconds ago were now littered on the floor, while shards of glass and porcelain flew in the air.

"Debbie, are you crazy?"

"This is Orchid Private Club! Do you think you can afford the compensation?"

Everyone stood and backed up a few steps.

They were starting to feel intimidated by Debbie.

Debbie rolled her eyes, took a step back and kicked Jared's chair to the table beside her with full strength.

The girls sitting at the table who were mocking Debbie shut their mouths immediately. Some boys who had a good relationship with Debbie realized what she was going to do, and came to stop her.

She shook their hands off and spoke in a cold voice, "If you try to stop me, we won't be friends anymore." She promised herself that she would give these blabbermouths a good lesson today, so that they would not dare to provoke her ever again.

"Debbie, these dishes are really expensive," a boy reminded her kindly. Actually, Debbie's classmates didn't know whether she was from a rich family or not.

As far as they could tell, she rode a BMW to school every day, but she didn't wear designer clothes, nor did she spend money left, right and center.

'I will tear this place apart without caring how much money it would cost me! Carlos has enough money, and he wants me to spend his money. Why not use his money to compensate for the damage?' she thought to herself.

Debbie grabbed a wine bottle from the table and smashed it in front of several girls. They were so frightened that they fell onto the floor.

