

Chapter 55 No One Is Allowed To Leave

The waitresses who were serving the customers in the private booth were so stunned they forgot to call security. They had never seen anyone create such a ruckus in this club before. Debbie found the girl who had been passing lewd comments about her and Gregory and pinned her up against the wall.

"If you dare cook up such a story again, I'll cut your tongue out and feed it to you myself," Debbie threatened.

The girl's face was as pale as a ghost. Too shaken up to utter a word, she shook her head, implying that she would not do it again.

Finally, Jared came back into the room with one of his drinking buddies. They were completely shocked by what they had seen—the room was a mess. Jared scanned the room and found Debbie with her hands wrapped around some girl's throat.

"Tomboy, what's going on here?" Everyone in the room heaved a deep sigh of relief when they heard Jared's voice.

They all gathered around him and complained, "Jared, please do something. Look at Debbie! She's gone mad! She has ruined everything." Some of the yellow-bellied cowards had already sloped off, as they didn't want to be dragged into this.

After someone caught Jared up on what had been going on, his next action took everyone by surprise.

Jared jumped onto a chair and pointed at the girls huddled in the corner while shouting at them. "You bitches! Are you out of your damn minds? Are you really that stupid to cook up stories like that? You thought we wouldn't hurt you because you're girls, huh? Tomboy, you can do whatever you like to them. I'll handle what comes after."

Jared was 210 cm in height and when he was standing on the chair, he

looked like a giant that nobody wanted to mess with.

By then things had already gotten way out of hand. One of the waitresses finally came to her senses and was just about to call security when Jared stopped her. "No one is allowed to leave this room!"

Debbie took a deep breath, as she let go of the girl and walked towards Jared. She tugged at his sleeve and consoled him, "Easy, Jared. I'm done. I won't take part in this type of gathering again."

Jared jumped off the chair, shook off Debbie's hand and walked up to the girls.

He picked up a plate from the floor and threw it towards one of the girls, covering her pink dress with brown sauce. Paying no heed to the girl's petulant whining Jared said, "Do you really think that Debbie has no idea of the horrendous things you say about her behind her back?"

Then, he picked up a pig's foot and stuffed it in another girl's sweater, which immediately turned brown because of the sauce. "You dumb bitches should feel lucky that you are girls."

Otherwise I would have beaten you blind with my own hands," he added.

The girls were about to cry. They hadn't expected Jared to be so cruel to them.

However, amidst all the chaos, only one boy seemed unaffected by what was going on. While all hell broke loose, he sat still in his seat, casually eating the dishes. Debbie recognized his face with one glance and felt surprised.

'Is that Gus, Curtis' younger brother? How come I am just noticing him now?' Debbie wondered. She quickly dismissed her curiosity and decided to get out of the private booth.

Debbie grabbed Jared's arm and bolted out of the room, without delay. They rushed so fast they accidentally bumped into two people outside.

One of them was a woman in high heels, who staggered and fell onto the floor rather quickly. "Ouch! My leg! Are you blind?" she cried out.

Startled, Debbie bent over immediately to help her. "I'm really sorry, Miss. I didn't do it on purpose," she apologized in a conciliatory tone.

With the help of the woman's companion, Debbie helped the woman to her feet. It was not until then that she recognized who the woman was.

'Dang! This must be Mercury retrograde! What lousy luck!' Debbie cursed inwardly. First, she had a massive fight with her high school classmates. Now, she ran into a rude couple she had encountered this morning. It was the couple inside the Lamborghini who had thrown an empty bottle out of the car window.

The man recognized Debbie as well. His face contorted with venomous outburst and he raised his hand to slap her. "Bitch!"

Debbie reacted very promptly. She grabbed his hand and knocked him down onto the floor in one fell swoop. The man lay on the floor, groaning in pain.

The girls who had followed Debbie and Jared out of the booth saw this and trembled with fear.

'Debbie knows martial arts! She just knocked a man of 200 kg down on the floor effortlessly. I'm glad she didn't hit us,' they thought.

The woman then realized who Debbie was. Ignoring her companion, she raised her bag to whack Debbie in the head. "It's you! I've been looking for you to teach you a lesson. You are so screwed now!"

Before her bag could touch Debbie, Jared snatched it away from her hand and threw it onto the floor.

The woman then looked at her companion and knelt down beside him. "Oscar, are you okay?"

"Help me up! I will make that bitch pay!" he cursed.

All people, including Debbie's classmates and even the waitresses of the club, were shocked by what was going on. The hallway was overflowing with people. Some concerned, some angered, but mostly just confused.

At the same time, when Damon left his private booth, he received a message that said his VIP card had been used. This club belonged to his close friend, Carlos. Although Carlos had given him the card, he had never used it before, as he never had to pay for anything in this club. 'More than \$300,000 has been deducted from this account. That's really

strange," he thought.

He was about to go to the cashier's desk to check what had happened when he noticed the waitresses running towards another hallway. Curious as cats, they were so eager to watch the fun that they failed to notice Damon.

"What's going on? Why is there so much noise?" Damon asked a manager behind him.

The manager had been entertaining the three distinguished guests all the while, so he didn't know what had happened either. He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders in confusion.

Meanwhile, Debbie wasn't able to leave yet because of the angry couple. She was starting to get impatient, because she was running late for her English class with Carlos at 8 p.m. Debbie was about to knock the man down again, but Jared stopped her. He whispered in her ear, "Tomboy, this man is the infamous Oscar. He's a notorious gang leader who has already gone to prison countless times over the innumerable crimes he has committed. Since your husband isn't here to protect you, do not offend him."

Debbie became even more frustrated. She couldn't just call Carlos and tell him that she had been in a fight with a gang leader. What would he think of her?

"Will Carlos go up against a gang leader for me? I don't think so."

After some hesitation, Jared offered, "How about I call Damon? He's a gang member as well. Maybe he can remedy the situation."

Before Debbie could reply, a man's voice shot through from behind the crowd. "What is going on here?"

Everyone turned their heads to follow the voice. "Wow, is that Carlos?" the crowd murmured amongst themselves.

"I didn't expect to see Carlos here. And he's with Wesley and Damon."

"They are so handsome!"

Debbie, however, stood there motionlessly, as if paralyzed from the neck

up.

The mere mentioning of his name sent a cold shiver down her spine. 'Why is he here? I was just about to go back home now so that I could attend his class at 8 p.m. How embarrassing!' Debbie's face was stuck in an incredulous expression.

A waitress walked up to the manager and explained, "Manager, these two people made trouble here and smashed a private booth. Then they started a fight with Oscar and his woman."

The manager cast a casual glance at Debbie. Since he didn't know who she was, he assumed she was just a nobody. He said coldly, "Ask her to pay the compensation twice over and beg for Oscar's forgiveness."