

# Chapter 40

Chapter 40 captures the dramatic and chaotic atmosphere of the 2018 event that was meant to showcase my return to Vegas. As the crowd gathered outside the new Park MGM hotel in Las Vegas, the energy was electric. Superfans dressed in matching outfits waved flags with the letter "B," showing their unwavering support for me. Dancers on stage wore T-shirts emblazoned with my name, and announcers livestreamed the event, getting their followers hyped up. The night was filled with flashing laser lights, booming dance music, and images from my past music videos projected on a giant screen. A parade passed by, with marchers loudly singing my song "...My loneliness is killing me!" The energy was palpable, but as the lights dimmed, the unexpected happened.

Mario Lopez, who was hosting the event, began his introduction. The music from "Toxic" played dramatically as lights flashed across the Park MGM, making the building seem alive with energy. A stunning medley of projections, including a rocket ship, a helicopter, and a circus tent, played across the screen. Fire shot up from fire pits around the stage, creating an atmosphere of high tension. I rose from the floor on a hydraulic lift, dressed in a tight black dress with star cutouts and tassels, my long blonde hair flowing. Mario Lopez continued his announcement, introducing me as "the new queen of Vegas." I walked down the stairs to "Work Bitch," stopping briefly to sign autographs for my fans, as was expected of me. But then, in a move no one anticipated, I did something completely unexpected.

Instead of staying and performing, I walked right past the cameras and kept moving until I reached an SUV. I climbed in and left without saying a word. The crowd, announcers, and viewers must have been left in complete confusion. What had just happened? They were likely wondering why I didn't perform, why I didn't fulfill the expectations set for the night. In that moment, I made a bold statement without

uttering a single word. It was a clear message that I was no longer going to be controlled by others' expectations, no matter how grand the spectacle was supposed to be.

This event highlighted the profound inner conflict I was experiencing at the time. On one hand, I had a duty to my fans, to the persona they had built for me, and to the industry that expected me to perform. On the other hand, I was struggling with my own autonomy, my need for space, and my desire to reclaim control over my life. The pressures of being constantly in the public eye, of performing to the highest standards every time, had taken a toll on me. It was hard to balance the need to stay true to myself while meeting the overwhelming expectations of the entertainment world. But that night, I chose to walk away from it all. It wasn't an act of rebellion for rebellion's sake, but a clear indication of how badly I needed to break free from the relentless pressure of fame.

What I had learned through this experience was how much power can be taken away from a person when they are pushed to perform without consideration for their well-being. It's easy to get caught up in the spectacle of fame and the desire for validation, but the truth is, I had become exhausted by the constant need to please others. That moment at Park MGM, where I walked away without performing, was my way of saying, "No more." It was a symbolic act of self-preservation, a turning point in my struggle to regain control over my own life and career. This unexpected decision to not perform was not just a personal statement—it was my way of reclaiming my power.