

Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 6

Jared's eyes widened like plates. Wanting to add more fuel to the fire, Jared leaned against Dixon who stood behind him. Feigning a terrified voice, he placed a hand over his mouth, "Oh my... Doctor... Is Tomboy... Is she going crazy?"

Who would have thought that being a well-rounded brilliant student came with disadvantages? Dixon still couldn't wrap his mind around it. Often, Jared loved to banter with Dixon and call him 'doctor.' Though, this time Dixon's concern fell with Jared's statement as Dixon did also agree that Debbie was acting quite odd today.

On the other hand, Kasie was completely calm and collected at the situation unfolding. Kicking Jared on his foot, Kasie eyed him and scolded, "Hey, Debbie's still a girl. Girls are supposed to be spoiled and it is normal for us to act spoiled, so get used to it." Shifting her gaze to everyone in the room, Kasie continued, "Besides, Tomboy uses a million dollar car to go to places. I'd say that having dinner on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building is something normal for her to do, so why do you have such surprised looks on your faces?"

Only then did Jared realize Kasie had made a compelling point. Standing up from his spot and straightening out his clothes, Jared then began, "Sure, she may be able to afford the place but you know, the fifth floor of the Alioth Building requires reservations. We can't just barge in there! Besides, it's also lunch time already! Even if we were allowed to step in, I'm sure there'd be no tables available for us."

Never did Jared intend to belittle Debbie, he merely disclosed the truth.

Every time Jared's father needed to entertain and welcome distinguished clients on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building, he made sure to file a reservation at least one week, sometimes even three months prior to the client's arrival.

While the rest were indulging themselves in chatter, Debbie looked preoccupied. Even before she had met Carlos, the title of Mrs. Hilton had never meant anything to her. Until now. The moment when Debbie saw Carlos with another woman in public, it made her uneasy. To add, he seemed to spend money lavishly on that woman as well.

It came to Debbie's attention that the lipstick set Carlos had bought the woman was worth a hundred thirty thousand. The other commodities in the bags Emmett had carried probably cost tens or hundreds of thousand each.

Not once being petty nor frugal with Debbie, Carlos had always given her a hefty amount for her monthly allowance, though, she insisted she only take a portion as she was still a student and there was no such need for her to carry such a huge amount of money with her. The rest of the money was then deposited by Philip for her. Debbie never inquired about anything else afterwards.

It never hit Debbie to indulge herself into buying such expensive commodities such as a lipstick set. However, Carlos had bought that lipstick set for the woman with him as soon as the woman uttered that she wanted it. Considering this, why should she, his wife, be frugal at every angle of her life just to save a penny?

On another thought, since a divorce was about to split the two, why didn't she enjoy the life of Mrs. Hilton when she still could?

Glancing towards her group of friends who were still absorbed in going to the fifth floor of the Alioth Building, Debbie thought that all of them deserved a delectable meal.

'A little lunch for all of them wouldn't hurt, ' Debbie chuckled to herself. 'It's decided. We're all getting lunch.'

Taking out her phone from her pocket, Debbie then dialed Philip's number and pressed the phone against her ear to talk.

A minute after, the call between Debbie and Philip ended. Turning to her friends as she placed her phone back in her pocket, she cleared her throat deliberately which succeeded in catching everyone's attention. All eyes were now on her and they all looked at her curiously.

"Well, why're all of you just standing there?" Debbie asked as she turned her heel, already walking towards the exit. "We have to get going."

All looked at one another, then to Debbie. One spoke up in response. It was Kristina. Wondering cautiously, Kristina asked, "Where exactly are we going?"

Turning her head to face Kristina and the crowd, Debbie answered her question with a grin on her profile.

"To the fifth floor of the Alioth Building, of course. Wouldn't you like to have an exquisite lunch there?"

On the fifth floor of the Alioth Building.

Debbie was patiently waiting for their private booth to be confirmed.

When the elevator doors opened, Debbie's attention fell to the man stepping off of the elevator. The said man was hard to miss as the man had an aura oozing with intimidation and arrogance. The man's presence was completely overbearing.

'Damn... It's him again...' Debbie placed a hand against her chest, bitter. Before her proposal for a divorce, it took her more than once in a blue moon to be able to meet such a man of power. Although, ever since Debbie had inquired Philip to hand Carlos the divorce papers, it was as if the universe had made it so much easier to meet. This was, perhaps, their third meeting already.

Mind going haywire with the possibility of this man purposely creating such coincidences, Debbie thought that this was maybe his effort to save their marriage.

“Who let these people here?!” Carlos’ voice boomed in anger. “Throw them out!”

With a voice that strong, Debbie snapped out from her trail of thoughts and her attention fell onto the situation beginning to unfold.

The floor manager was as pale as a sheet of paper. He took a deep breath and answered, “Carlos, these are Philip’s guests.”

Upon hearing Philip’s

name uttered, Carlos sent a cold glance unto the college students. “Emmett, they can all stay except her.”

Emmett knew exactly whom Carlos was referring to.

Someone was desperate to keep her laughter in check and it was none other than Olga. It amused her when she heard of Carlos’ impassive order. ‘He must love me so much that he’d do this for me,’ she thought to herself as she looked at Carlos dreamily. ‘He’s the best.’

‘Why is Carlos treating Debbie this way?’ Emmett pondered upon himself. ‘Why does he despise her so much?’

These kinds of thoughts continued to consume Emmett, now at a standstill.

With a minute about to pass, Carlos noticed that Emmett still did not do his task. It was then, as if the word ‘patience’ had never existed within Carlos. A grim look was cast towards Emmett’s direction. It belonged to none other than Carlos. “So, you can’t even handle such a small task?”

“N-No, Carlos. It’s not like that at all.” Emmett grew flustered. “S-She’s...”

Aware of what Emmett was about to utter from his lips, Debbie winked at him, sincerely hoping that he wouldn’t reveal her identity.

Yet, Debbie was caught in action as Carlos saw a glimpse of her gestures and, in his eyes, it seemed, as if, she was making sheep’s eyes towards Emmett. ‘Huh, so she is involved with Emmett, too,’ Carlos sneered inwardly. He shifted his gaze towards Emmett, his tone somber and full of warning. “Emmett, looks can be deceptive. Some people may portray an angel on the outside but, on the inside, a demon covered in filth resides within them. If I were to be such a person, I would be too ashamed to even breathe and willingly jump off this building.”

Those remarks didn’t help Emmett gain clarity at all as confusion continued to strike him down.

'Why is Carlos holding such a grudge towards a young girl?' Emmett kept asking himself, 'And why would he make such hostile remarks in public about her?' As far as Emmett knew, Carlos made it clear that he never entertained the idea of building connections with women.

Someone knew whom that snide remark Carlos made was aimed at. It was none other than Debbie and it just further fueled her rage.

None of the people who had attempted to cross her had benefited from their acts. There was absolutely no way Debbie would let them win. The blood rushed to her head. She spat in a taunting manner, "Oh, grow up, Carlos! Why do you have to act like a child? That kiss was a mere accident." Taking steps closer, Debbie continued, "You've already thrown me out once and here you are, about to do it again. Why are you acting as if you own this place, huh? Who do you exactly think you are?"

There was truth to Debbie's words. Although Debbie had kissed Carlos, it was ultimately still her loss as that was her first kiss. Yeah, Carlos was her husband. What of it? None of that bothered Debbie at all. Having lost something as precious as a first kiss infuriated her. Women cared for these details, after all.

Kristina and Jared tugged at Debbie's sleeves, preventing Debbie from speaking further. "Whoa, slow down there, Tomboy. Carlos' a man of power. We shouldn't mess with him," Jared whispered in Debbie's ear, hoping to knock some sense into her.

Still, what Carlos had done was unforgivable. Despite being a man of power, no one, absolutely no one had the liberty to degrade a person like that. There was no way Debbie was taking the verbal abuse silently. "Since you say I am a filthy woman, then that kiss would definitely have fouled you." Debbie eyed Carlos, her tone full of intent on mocking him. "So, if I should die, are you willing to die with me, Mr. Almighty?"

Technically, they were still married. If they were just a normal couple, that would've sounded quite romantic.

The whole venue fell in utter silence upon Debbie's snide remarks on Carlos.

The crowd had started to talk among themselves. "Who'd even dare to try and kiss Carlos?! Rather, who in the right mind would even ask him to go die right in front of his face?!"

As the scene continued to unfold, the floor manager wanted to take things into his own hands, fearing that Debbie might get him to lose his job. But when the floor manager saw Emmett unmoving, he threw this idea away.

Emmett knew Carlos better than him after all.

Kiss. When that four-letter word left Debbie's lips, Olga clenched her jaw as she glared at Debbie in resentment. If only Olga could, she'd strip Debbie from her

clothing and have her fed to the sharks. If it weren't for Olga's grandfather, she wouldn't have been able to stand beside Carlos.

'Even I haven't kissed him!' Olga thought to herself, screaming in frustration as she did so. 'Just asking to link arms with Carlos would use so much of my courage and yet this girl! This girl kissed him!'

Finally, Emmett failed to contain his emotions and covered his face with both his hands, utterly speechless. Could Debbie be more ignorant? Shining International Plaza indeed belonged to Carlos and while the divorce still hadn't gone through, Carlos and Debbie were still to be considered a married couple. Legally speaking, whatever Carlos owned, Debbie owned it, too.

Kasie had eyed Carlos with the widest grin on her face since the moment her eyes fell on Carlos. Snapping her out from her indecent thoughts was Debbie's last remark. Clearing her throat, Kasie then raised her point, rather hesitantly as well. "Hey Tomboy, Shining International Plaza is actually owned by Carlos, you know?"

The second Kasie had uttered her statement, Debbie's jaw dropped, thunderstruck. Collecting herself after what seemed to be forever, Debbie found her words, completely appalled. "C-Could you run that by me again?"