

Chapter 4 You Can't Afford It

Having sensed Debbie's gaze, Carlos cast a glance at her.

It seemed to have caught Debbie by surprise as she quickly lowered her head and stared at the lipstick. Pretending to be calm, she asked Kasie, "Do you think this color suits me?"

However, Kasie didn't answer her question. She tugged at Debbie's sleeve excitedly and said, "You and Mr. Hilton meet again! What a coincidence!"

Kristina asked, "Debbie, who is the woman next to Mr. Hilton?"

Kasie asked, "Debbie, is Mr. Hilton here to see you?"

Debbie looked at the two women beside her morosely.

All of a sudden, an unfamiliar voice rang out. "I don't think it suits you. After all, you can't afford it."

Confused, Debbie raised her head to see who it was and she found that it was the woman next to Carlos talking.

Did they know each other?

Olga Moran, her curly brunette hair tied back into a chic updo, walked up to them, arm in arm with Carlos. She unfurled her slender fingers with painted fingernails and gracefully took the box of lipsticks from Debbie's hand. "I'll take this. Pack this for me!"

Then she looked at Debbie up and down with a contemptuous smile on her lips.

In her eyes, Debbie was just a college student pretending to be high-class and elegant.

"Why did Carlos cast a few glances at this woman? Yes, she is beautiful, but she is not as attractive as I am!" Olga thought.

Displeased, Debbie snapped at her, "Why are you looking at me like that? Besides, how do you know what I can or can't afford?"

Then Debbie snatched the box from Olga's hand. "I'm paying for this now!" she said to the saleswoman.

The saleswoman kept silent, but she took out the POS machine and swiped Debbie's card before she turned around to pack the box of lipsticks.

Olga's face darkened at once. "How dare you speak to me like that? Who do you think you are? You should know your place before you go shopping in a high-end mall like Shining International Plaza!"

Debbie sneered and looked Olga up and down. "Humph! What makes you think you deserve to shop at a nice establishment like this? Who gave you the right to look down upon others? I'm afraid this set of lipsticks is not suitable for your age."

Needless to say, Olga wasn't pleased by the way Debbie treated her. After all, as the most beloved child of the Moran family, she always had people licking her boots ever since she was little. No one had ever spoken to her like Debbie did.

In response, Olga took a deep breath before she turned around and walked up to Carlos. Playing the victim, Olga pouted her lips at him and said, "Mr. Hilton, that woman disrespected me and called me old."

"I didn't say you are old. You said so yourself." Debbie shook her head at Olga as if she were watching a play.

"You!" Although Olga was furious, she didn't know how to retort. She had no choice but to turn to Carlos for help. "Mr. Hilton, you can't let her treat me like that."

When Carlos looked at Debbie carefully, he realized that she was the one who had kissed him at the bar!

All of a sudden, everyone's eyes were focused on Carlos as if they were waiting to hear what he had to say. However, he opened his mouth to say something but eventually refrained.

Olga looked at the silent man with an aggrieved expression. She wanted to say something, but she had to let it go because she was afraid of him.

Meanwhile, standing right behind them was Emmett, Carlos's assistant. The more he looked at Debbie, the more she seemed familiar to him. Suddenly, an idea popped into his head. Scratching his head, he walked up to Carlos and said, "Mr. Hilton... this is..."