

TAKE MY BREATH AWAY

CHAPTER 37 AWAY FROM CARLOS, THE LECTURER

The dormitory was the only place Debbie used to go to if she couldn't make it to the villa in the evening.

However, Carlos had made it clear that she couldn't live in the dorm anymore. So her friends would have to wait until she managed to change his mind.

Debbie stroked Kristina's hair lovingly and sighed with resignation. "Doll, I missed you too. But, I can't stay in the dorm right now. You will have to wait a bit longer." Debbie comforted Kristina and then planted a gentle kiss on her hand.

"Debbie, no! You can't turn into a lesbian. There are plenty of handsome guys in our class. Don't break their hearts like that," Dixon wailed upon seeing the two girls' intimate interaction.

Debbie cast him a stare and assured him with a lustful look on her face, "Relax. I won't break the hearts of those pretty boys in our class."

The class broke into laughter.

Moments later when the bell rang, the crowd dispersed and everybody went back to their designated seats. Before long, Professor Marc stepped into the classroom and

deliberately cast a glance at Debbie who was sitting in the back of the classroom. 'Not bad. She looks energetic today, ' he mused.

"Now, the class begins," the professor announced.

These days, although Debbie was still absent-minded in class, she didn't cause as much trouble as she used to.

When her name hadn't been mentioned in the broadcast for a few days in a row, her schoolmates were surprised. After all, they had grown accustomed to hearing her name being called out every so often.

Nonetheless, a leopard cannot change its spots.

Just when her teachers and schoolmates thought that she was becoming a good student, Debbie was once again called into the dean's office

because of cutting class for a whole week.

Contrary to her expectations, this time, the dean let her leave the office with only a warning.

Before she could figure out why the dean had suddenly decided to show her mercy, her phone beeped.

It was a notification from WeChat. However, when she opened the message to read the news from her university's official account, her jaw dropped to the floor. The message stated that Carlos was going to be a part-time lecturer at the university.

"Hey, Debbie, have you read the news? Carlos is coming to our school as a

lecturer," Kasie said excitedly, swinging her phone in the air as she clutched at Debbie's sleeve.

Stunned, Debbie stared straight at Kasie and nodded absent-mindedly.

All of a sudden a sense of dread closed in. She didn't know what she was dreading, but her instinct was telling her that something bad was going to happen.

No! There was no way she would be his student. She had to come up with an excuse to ask for a leave, just until the duration of Carlos' stay at her university.

In the doorway of the principal's office, Debbie stared at the brown door intensely. It seemed as if she were trying to bore a hole in it with her eyes. 'Why does a leave of more than two days require the principal's consent?

There was no need for such requests before.

Should I simply cut the classes or go into the principal's office and ask for his permission?' Debbie was conflicted.

Two minutes later, she knocked on the door.

Carlos was much scarier in person than Curtis. As a result, she decided that it would be easier to ask for permission for a leave from the latter than to suffer tormenting glares from the former for cutting class again.

"Come in." Curtis had been waiting to hear from her ever since she had asked

for a leave from her guidance counselor.

"Mr. Loftus," she greeted. Curtis had just made green tea, the fragrance of which filled the air in his office. "Grab a seat and have a taste of this tea Carlos gave me," he said, pointing at a seat across the table.

'Ughhhhhh... that Carlos again. Why do I have to hear his name everywhere?

And does Mr. Loftus treat everybody so nicely?'

Debbie wondered as she walked inside. She didn't plan on staying for tea so she didn't sit down. "Mr-"

"Carlos said that someone had given him this tea as a gift. It is very hard to find this in the market. Do have a taste," Curtis insisted before she could say more.

He poured

some light sea green colored tea in a cup and placed it in front of her. Having no other choice, Debbie pulled up a chair and sat down.

The first sip crept over her taste-buds and down her throat. The tea released such a rich, flavorful aroma and tasted so wonderful

that even a casual tea drinker like Debbie, fell in love with it instantly. She could finally understand why her principal had strongly recommended it.

When she emptied her cup, Curtis was nice enough to refill it for her. "If you

like it, you can take some with you."

"No, thank you, Mr. Loftus. I actually came here to ask you for a leave from school." She had to get it out before Curtis drove her crazy.

Curtis looked at her and then smiled at her restless and impatient behavior. However, Debbie captured something strange in his eyes. 'What was that? A... doting look?' She thought she was just imagining things. 'I must be mistaken.'

"Carlos is coming to our university to give lectures the day after tomorrow. He is a learned scholar. You should attend his classes. Trust me, you will benefit from it. So, my advice for you is to stay at school unless there is something urgent that you need to attend to."

He was so polite and gentle that Debbie felt it would be embarrassing to cause a scene.

"I don't want to attend his classes. I want a one-week leave," she said frankly.

Curtis was about to refill his cup when her words registered in his mind and caused his hands to shake a little. "You want to stay away from school just to avoid Carlos? Is that it?"

Debbie nodded.

For the first time in his life, he found someone who hated Carlos so much. However, Curtis understood what she had meant. She sounded just like the Debbie he knew all along.

"Okay,"

said Curtis. Debbie was baffled for a moment, shaking her head in disbelief. "O-Okay? You mean I have your consent?" she confirmed.

Curtis raised his head and looked at her. "If I say no, will you attend his classes?"

She was rendered wordless. At the same time, she realized how dangerous her principal was. She had underestimated his ability to read people's minds.

Ironically, she had already made up her mind about cutting school in case Curtis refused to give her his permission, even before she walked into his office.

At Hilton Group, Tristan walked into the CEO's office with a file envelope in one hand. "Carlos, here is the information you wanted."

Carlos stopped whatever he was doing to open the envelope and then carefully went through what was in the file. There were five pieces of paper.

"How did she meet Emmett?"

"Before, when Debbie came here to see you, it was Emmett who received her. But that was it. There were no further contacts between them after that."

Carlos lit a cigarette. "What is her relationship with Jared?"

His eyes then shifted to the column about her hobbies and weaknesses, which specifically aroused his curiosity. 'What? Afraid of 4D+ movies, snakes, darkness... It seems like she isn't as tough as she looks. Just a little girl after all.' Carlos chuckled when he read about her weaknesses.

Tristan recalled how her friends had responded when he asked them about their relationships with Debbie. "Dude. Good buddies." They had all given the same answer. Tristan was especially amused by that.

"Okay. You may leave now."

"Yes, Carlos."

No sooner had Tristan turned around than he heard Carlos say, "I don't want to see Emmett again in the next two years."

Shocked to the bone, Tristan prayed for Emmett silently.

Finally, it was Carlos' first day as a lecturer at the Economics and Management School. He started his day earlier than usual. However, to his disappointment, even after he had exercised, showered and eaten his breakfast, he still didn't see Debbie anywhere.

"Philip, where is she?"

Philip knew Carlos was referring to Debbie. "Debbie has asked for a one-week leave from school. She went to the airport early this morning," he answered calmly.

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