

Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 7

An obnoxious sneer crept up to Olga's profile as she laughed at Debbie. "What an ignorant girl! Tell you what! The entire Shining International Plaza is Carlos!"

Turning to glance towards Kasie, Debbie stared at her blankly while Kasie closed her eyes and lowered her head, heavily sighing.

'Debbie, I don't even know how I'm going to help you this time... You've clearly insulted Carlos so many times...' Lifting her head up to look at Debbie, Kasie shook her head. 'I'm afraid I can't help you out this time... even if I decide to put my life on the line...'

Debbie glanced around the whole venue. Her eyes then took in the opulent view around her. Everything dazzled in riches; from antique paintings, precious artifacts, to state of the art furniture. 'Doesn't that mean I technically own this place as well?' A wide smirk took up Debbie's profile.

Then she roared with laughter.

All eyes were on Debbie as if she were a lunatic that had just escaped from a hospital. The crowd came to an agreement that there was definitely something wrong with her.

Only Emmett knew the reason why Debbie had started to act that way.

'So, you've finally realized that you're also a boss of this plaza?' The amount of wealth the Shining International Plaza would bring would have made some people go crazy with ecstasy. However, Debbie didn't let that thought get the best of her.

Upon seeing Debbie like that, Jared felt as if Debbie's body had been taken over by some evil spirit. Stepping in once again, he bent down, swept her body up from the floor and began to carry her upon his shoulder.

With her head upside down, Debbie began to observe that the floor had started to turn rickety and in a few minutes, her head started to spin. Only then did she fully grasp what was really happening. She immediately yelled in disapproval, "Hey! Jared! What the hell are you doing?!" Ignoring Debbie's statements, Jared continued to carry her. "Put me down! I can't let that pig speak ill of me like that!" she exclaimed. If Jared wasn't going to put her down, Debbie knew she could still win by having the last word. 'You got to do this, Debbie!' she said to herself in determination.

'You got to say everything to his hideous face! Frighten him by pushing through the divorce! Suggest it to him if he prefers to go to the Civil Affairs Department right now to get it done immediately! Say it!' Wearing a smile full of chutzpah,

Debbie lifted her head up and pointed at Carlos, looking at him in utter contempt. "Now, you listen here, Car- Mph?!"

Kasie placed her hand over Debbie's mouth to stop her words being further spilled, in case she added fuel to the fire. Flashing Carlos a smile, Kasie humbly apologized, "We are terribly, terribly sorry, Carlos. Our friend here's a bit crazy today. We'll be taking our leave. Again, we're absolutely sorry for the ruckus our friend has made."

All the others did the same and apologized. So did Kristina and Dixon, which got Debbie fuming. "We're deeply sorry for such a scene, Carlos. We'll be taking our leave."

They then took the elevator and left the venue. With Jared still carrying Debbie on his shoulder, they received awkward glances as they made their way down to the underground parking lot. Reaching Jared's Mercedes car, Debbie was finally put down to her feet. Only then did Jared finally manage to breathe. "We... we ought to take Tomboy to a mental hospital..." Jared panted. Exhaustion was present on his body as he had to carry Debbie to prevent her from doing anything that could get them into further trouble. "We should... try to contact the president of that hospital..." Jared continued amidst catching his breath, "and say we have a special case that needs to be attended to immediately." With Jared's body finally giving up, he let himself fall onto the concrete floor and sit down to catch his breath. Silence dawned upon the group as all eyes pitied Jared as he did the hard work of carrying Debbie all the way down to the parking lot.

When everyone thought that Debbie wouldn't do anything else, they were wrong. The dizzy Debbie pushed herself off of the car and held the exhausted Jared against his collar. Debbie raised her hand up, intending to slap him. "I'll send you to a mental hospital!"

Before Debbie's hand could land and strike Jared across his cheek, Kasie tightly gripped it. "No, Debbie. This time, Jared's right. You do need to be sent to a mental hospital. There's definitely something up with you." Taking her hand back from Kasie's grip, Debbie also released Jared from her grasp. Kasie continued, "You do know who you were talking to, right? That was Carlos, for Christ's sake!" Right after Kasie had finished her statement, she then placed her hands together and mumbled, as if chanting to the spirits, "Please don't let Carlos kill us. Please don't let Carlos kill us."

Leaning against the car, Debbie placed her right hand on her forehead in irritation. "I'm going home. I'll cut school this afternoon."

"You're cutting school again?" Dixon sent Debbie a glare of disapproval. They had been classmates for quite a long time and it frustrated Dixon to find out that Debbie remained unchanged, uninfluenced. Even after so many years, she still despised studying. It hurt Dixon as he hoped he had an influence towards Debbie as Dixon followed the saying that goes: "With the good, we become good."

Opening the door of the Mercedes, Debbie threw herself into the driver's seat. "Yes, Dixon," she responded. "Again." There was no trace of embarrassment or

remorse in her tone. "Hey Ja—" She shook her head. 'No, wait... Jared's car cost more than Kasie's... I should just borro

w hers instead.'

Leaning her head out of the car, Debbie called to Kasie, "Hey Kasie! I'm going to have to borrow your car this afternoon."

Taking out her car keys, Kasie headed over to Debbie but, before handing the keys over, she had concern all over her face when she looked at Debbie. "Tomboy, are you sure you're okay?"

'How could I tell my friends that Carlos is my husband? Hell, they won't believe me, ' Debbie thought to herself. 'It might even further convince my friends to send me to a mental hospital and say I've finally snapped.'

Nodding her head, Debbie answered Kasie in reassurance, "I'm fine. The heat just got to my head. Also, don't worry. Carlos won't make trouble for us." All Debbie wanted to do right now was head straight home and talk to Carlos face to face regarding their divorce.

Taking out her phone, Debbie then typed down Carlos' number and started to compose a text message. "Carlos, I want a divorce! You only have one day left before you come back and settle the matter!"

Reading through the message again, Debbie thought it came on too arrogant. 'What if he goes after my friends? I mean, I already pushed his buttons... Yeah... I should change it.' Taking a deep breath, Debbie then started to compose another message. "Carlos, please don't make trouble for my friends. I am sorry for what happened today. I'll divorce you as soon as possible. If you are free today, why don't we head to the Civil Affairs Department and file the divorce—"

Pausing as she typed, Debbie thought to herself, 'Why am I apologizing? It's not my fault. Also, I'm pissed at him, too.' Staring at her phone long and hard, conflicted about what message to send, Debbie eventually gave up on this idea and decided to just call Phillip once again.

"Hello Philip. Yes. Could I ask for Emmett's phone number?" she asked over the phone. As Emmett was Carlos' assistant, he must know something. Once Philip had mailed Emmett's digits over to Debbie, she proceeded to call him.

When Emmett received Debbie's call, he was in the middle of driving Olga home as his boss, Carlos, had instructed. He answered the call through his earpiece. "Hello?"

"Hello Emmett. This is Debbie Nelson."

Hearing this, Emmett glanced at Olga who was sitting in the passenger's seat. He cleared his throat and greeted, "Hi, Mrs. Hilton."

Sure enough, Emmett's greeting immediately caught Olga's attention.

"I won't be— No, I don't want to be Mrs. Hilton anymore, so I'd like for you to stop addressing me as that," Debbie responded.

"Um, about that..." Emmett started. "Since the divorce isn't decided yet, according to courtesy, I should keep addressing you as Mrs. Hilton."

The line fell silent for a brief moment until Debbie groaned, "Fine. But, hey, can I ask you something? Carlos's not irritated with my friends, is he? Did he order you to get rid of me or any of my friends?"

Recalling what his boss Carlos had told him before they left, Emmett then responded, "No. Carlos just asked me to send Olga home." And investigate Debbie.

It struck Emmett strange. Normally, if Carlos abhorred someone so much, he would immediately ask Emmett to get rid of them. But, with Debbie, he only asked him to investigate her.

Did Carlos find Debbie charming? Was Carlos attracted?

All men couldn't resist a beautiful woman after all. It was difficult for women to look good even without make up and so far, Debbie succeeded without even trying. It would only be natural if Carlos fancied her.

Upon hearing Emmett's answer, Debbie sighed heavily. "Could you send me his company address?"

To save Emmett from some trouble, Debbie decided to take things into her hands and search for Carlos on her own and have a decent talk with him about the matter.

Following Debbie's orders, Emmett sent her the information she needed. "When I reach the company, just feign you don't know me. It'd be bad if Carlos drags you into our problem." Debbie pleaded, "Okay?" That man seemed petty. How tolerant could Carlos be since he had just held a strong grudge against Debbie for just one measly kiss? It was difficult to fathom how he would react if he learned that Emmett had known who Debbie really was this whole time.

"Um..." Emmett was hesitant to agree. The other side of the call had expected that Emmett was to act that way with her request.

"Emmett, if you turn me down, I won't get divorced..." Debbie started, "and one day, I'll have to tell Carlos that it was your idea to hide my identity from him."

"Mrs. Hilton—"

"I'm sorry, Emmett. I have no choice," Debbie added. "Let me treat you to a nice dinner next time, okay?" If Emmett were to help Debbie pursue her personal endeavors, she would be eternally grateful.

But, it didn't exactly sit well with Emmett to be threatened by a girl. Sighing, Emmett resigned to Debbie's request.

'What a lovely, yet spunky girl, ' Emmett thought to himself. 'Surely such a girl should be the cold boss' type.' In order to make sure that his boss, Carlos, wouldn't lose such a unique girl, Emmett decided he should do something to help.

While the whole conversation continued, it was as if Emmett had forgotten that Olga was also in the vehicle. Dying to know who 'Mrs. Hilton' was, Olga couldn't remain still in her seat. The moment the call ended, Olga immediately shot Emmett a question, "Emmett, was that Mrs. Hilton?" she asked, intending to conceal her urgency as she feigned a tone of ignorance. However, Emmett knew that wasn't the case at all as Olga was obviously agitated. When Emmett only responded with silence, Olga egged him on with her questions. "Who is she? Tell me her name."