

Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 4

in a cosmetics and skin care shop located inside the Merak Building.

The three girls, Debbie, Kasie, and Kristina, were frolicking inside the mall as they held each other's hands. Meanwhile the two boys, Jared and Dixon, followed behind them with a dozen of shopping bags in their hands. They were absolutely drained out.

Seeing how the three girls were still so full of energy, one of the guys, Jared in particular, started to complain, "How in the world are you all not tired? You all didn't seem so energetic in long-distance running before! Dixon and I are tired. Can't we just sit down and rest?"

One of the girls turned to Jared and approached him; it was none other than Kristina. "Oh, come on Jared! How could you say that? You're tall, even!" Kristina said as she took some bags from Jared to lessen the load he had carried.

"Look! Look!" Debbie pointed at the shop just in front of them. "That's our final stop!"

"Thank the Lord above! I'm saved!" Jared exclaimed.

Taking out her brand new purse, Kasie then flashed a smile. "I'll treat you guys to lunch."

Perking up at a thought that Jared then only remembered, he responded jubilantly, "Great! I'll make sure to indulge myself!"

One of the buildings in the Shining International Plaza, the Alioth Building, consisted of several posh and luxurious restaurants and on the fifth floor, there resided one of the most highly regarded restaurant in Alorith. Clearly, Jared knew where he wanted to go.

"You can eat whatever you want except..." Kasie then cast a scornful glance towards Jared and added, "The fifth floor, you hear?"

On the fifth floor of the Alioth Building, all rooms were VIP booths which required minimum charge. Whatever dish you desired, there would be a professional cook. You could watch as the cook prepared the dish right in front of your eyes. If you were lucky enough, you might just even be served by a Michelin three-star cook.

With such a premise for a restaurant, people could only dream of feasting at the delectable dishes served on the fifth floor. Although, due to the cost, only a selected few could afford to dine in such luxury.

The moment Kasie finished uttering her statement, Jared rolled his eyes, as if his soul had left his body, and repeated what Kasie said in monotony, "You can eat whatever you want except for the fifth floor..."

Everyone was amused by Jared's reaction. Patting his shoulder, Debbie then pointed over to a couch nearby and offered, "Why don't you and Dixon sit down over there and rest? Lipstick picking takes a while."

The three girls then began to select their preferred cosmetics. One saleslady saw Debbie holding a lipstick set, so she approached her with a friendly smile and said, "Miss, that product is one of the bestsellers! There's only one left, so if you really like it, then I suggest you grab this last one!"

"No way!" Debbie said in disbelief. "Only one left?!"

Turning the tag over to see the price, Debbie then saw how much the lipstick set she held in her hand cost. It cost \$129, 999. Upon learning about its price, she started to have second thoughts.

Sitting on the couch and taking a rest, Jared looked around and saw Debbie looking at the lipstick set she held in her hand. He then spoke aloud. "Hey, Tomboy! Why're you hesitating?! You ride a car worth millions to university every day! Buying that lipstick set wouldn't hurt you! If you want it, just buy it!"

Hearing what Jared said clearly, Debbie sighed before responding, "The car isn't mine." No matter how expensive the car was, it had nothing to do with Debbie at all. All of the riches she had now were all thanks to her husband. There was nothing she could possibly flaunt.

At that moment, the people in the area all turned their heads and this struck odd for Debbie.

'What's going on? What're they looking at?' Doing the same as the others, Debbie turned her head towards the direction where everyone else had their eyes fixed and what she saw startled her.

Several people were approaching and the man in the center was wearing a black tailored suit that accentuated his statuesque body. The dark brown leather shoes he wore contrasted the gleaming marble floor.

The man possessed dark eyes so deep and stern that no one dared to look him in the eye.

'Oh my God...' Debbie gasped. 'It's him! It's Carlos!' The man that arrived in the venue and caught everyone's attention in a fraction of a second was none other than Carlos, Debbie's husband. Well, ex-husband in a couple of days. And standing right beside Carlos was someone who matched his status. There stood a fine lady who was blessed with a gorgeous face and a slim figure.

Unlike the other men who were full of wealth and power, Carlos seldom linked himself with a woman. Thus, this drew a lot of questions, especially to Debbie. 'He's actually shopping with a girl...' she t

hought to herself. 'Is this woman his girlfriend?'

As if sensing Debbie's gaze on him, Carlos turned to look at her. Heart skipping a beat, Debbie lowered her head and feigned that she was obsessed with the lipstick set.

Eyes shut, Debbie chanted in desperation, 'Please let him not see me! Please let him not see me!'

Only then did something hit Debbie, and she opened her eyes in realization. 'Wait. He doesn't even know me!'

With confidence, Debbie then fully lifted her head up and turned to Kasie. "Hey, Kasie. Do you think I should buy this?"

However, Kasie's attention was not focused on Debbie at all. Taking Debbie's arm and shaking it violently, Kasie spoke in excitement.

"Debbie! This must be fate! You met Carlos again!" Turning to Debbie, Kasie then asked, her eyes sparkling, "Do you think he still remembers you?"

Walking up to them was Kristina who also threw Debbie a question. "Debbie, who's the girl beside Carlos?"

'How the hell do you think I'd know?!' Debbie cried to herself.

"Hey, Tomboy." Jared then came in the picture as well. "Do you think Carlos' here for you?"

'Where in the world did you even get that idea?!' Debbie retorted in silence.

Spotting her friend Kasie practically drooling at Carlos, Debbie called her attention. "Hey! Kasie! You're drooling!"

Before Kasie could even say anything to her defense, a girl's voice cut in, "I don't think you should buy it. The real question is, can you even afford it?"

Turning her head to find where the voice came from, Debbie then saw it belonged to the girl that stood beside Carlos. 'Do I even know her?' Debbie thought to herself, puzzled.

'Hell, why is she even talking to me?'

The woman who held Carlos by his arm went was Olga Moran. She had dark brown, curly locks and she was wearing deep red lipstick. Her nails were painted

with a shade of brown. Breaking away from Carlos, Olga then approached Debbie and took the lipstick set away from Debbie's grasp as she faced the saleslady. With a pompous smile on her face, she said, "I'll take this. Pack it for me."

After uttering those words, Olga turned to Debbie and eyed her from head to toe.

A smile of mockery was now present on Olga's face.

'She's just a university student pretending to be so pure and innocent. Why did Carlos steal a few glances at her? Yeah, sure she's pretty but, this girl is clearly no match for me!' Olga proudly said to herself as she wore a smug smile.

Seeing that smile on Olga's face instantly blew up Debbie's fuse. "Why did you look at me like that? How did you know I can't afford it?" Debbie started, uttering her words quickly. "Yes, sure. You're dressed in designer clothing from head to toe, but so what? What else do you have?" Doing the same as what Olga had done to her, Debbie eyed her from head to toe and rolled her eyes. "I don't see a pretty face nor a perfect body."

Olga's pompous expression changed. She glared at Debbie sourly as she clenched her fists in anger. "Poor people like you shouldn't even be allowed to step foot in this mall! I mean, look at your feeble taste in fashion! You shouldn't be allowed to enter such a posh place!"

"Oh? I shouldn't be allowed to enter?" Debbie repeated in mockery. "And who are you exactly to say that, hmm?" Boldly taking steps forward to the woman, Debbie continued to taunt her as she leaned forward and wore a sarcastic smile.

"Hey there, Madam. Do you need any help? You must be in your forties, aren't you? Look at your olive colored dress! That's definitely the color we young, fresh girls don't wear!" Nonetheless, Debbie's words did not just only offend Olga, but also Carlos indirectly. But why? It was because the dress that Debbie had ridiculed was selected none other than Carlos himself. When Carlos and Olga had been at the clothing department center a moment ago, he had just casually pointed to the dress and paid for it. This clearly implied that Debbie just called Carlos out for his mediocre taste in fashion.

The dress itself was not bad but it fit the 27-year-old Olga poorly.

It was a bodycon dress and those kinds of dresses were made for women who were blessed with the body shape of an hourglass.

However, Olga's body resembled a rectangle. Her body was absent of curves. The bodycon dress worked against her body as it highlighted her shortcomings: a flat chest and non-existent asses.

Never did Olga experience such mockery as she was treated like a princess in the Moran family and all treated her with utmost respect. Thus, it'd only be natural for Olga to be seething in anger.

With the unbearable humiliation, Olga quickly ran to Carlos' side and pleaded for his help. Mustering the most heartbroken voice she could ever make, she claimed, "Carlos! Did you hear what that girl said? She said I'm old and she just basically called your taste mediocre! Unforgivable!"