

# Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 5

Taking a closer look at the woman named Debbie, Carlos finally recognized her and his eyes dilated. That was the girl who had kissed him at the bar!

Tilting to eye Olga, Carlos only then realized that Debbie did have a point. The dress did not fit her and would look old-fashioned if Debbie were to wear it. When Carlos was selecting clothes for Olga just a while ago, it'd be more accurate to say that Carlos just pointed at whatever his eyes saw first. When she put it on, he didn't even cast a glance on her. Thus, he was clueless about how she even looked.

Upon taking a closer look at Olga, Carlos had to admit that Debbie was right. Olga's body shape didn't showcase the dress to its full potential. Lips curving up ever so slightly, Carlos was amused, though in a fraction of a second, his profile was devoid of expression.

The moment Olga complained to Carlos, everyone in the store eyed him, as if waiting for him to defend Olga, yet Carlos' lips remained sealed.

Feeling defamed, Olga remained still.

However, her ego wouldn't settle for it. Once again, she pouted her lips, in the hope of saying more, but the moment she looked up to meet Carlos' eyes, she was frozen, intimidated by his frigid expression.

Standing behind Carlos was none other than his assistant Emmett. He eyed Debbie as well, his brows furrowed together pondering, 'Have I seen that girl before?' Suddenly, it dawned upon him. Quickly, he approached Carlos and said in a faint voice, "Carlos, that girl is your—" Right before Emmett could say the most vital word of all, he was interrupted by a loud voice which he knew belonged to Debbie.

"Hey! I almost didn't see you there!" Debbie exclaimed, maneuvering her way towards Emmett. "It's you! How've you been?!"

Unable to even respond, Emmett was taken by the arm and dragged aside by Debbie.

'Oh my God! This guy was the one who helped me apply for the marriage certificate with Carlos!' Debbie told herself. 'Dad took me to visit Carlos for several times in the past, hoping that we could get intimate with each other. This guy right here was the man who always received us!'

Debbie wore a face full of grit, thinking, 'I can't let Carlos know who I am. I mean, I kissed him last time and now, we saw each other again! He may as well believe that I did that all on purpose to just grab his attention!'

“M—” Emmett wanted to address her as Mrs. Hilton, but once again, was interrupted.

“Miss? Don’t you remember me? It’s me!” Debbie remarked rather excitedly. Puzzled, Emmett turned to Debbie. “Miss? I was going to—” “Hey! Dude!” Debbie threw a playful punch onto Emmett’s chest, quickly changing the subject. “Don’t be so formal around me! That’s so weird!” Emmett was absolutely stunned as he was dragged further away from Carlos. There were so many questions running inside his mind.

With enough distance away from Carlos to prevent him hearing, Debbie’s expression then grew wary. “Why’re you doing this?” Emmett asked. “Carlos hasn’t seen you before. Therefore, I have to introduce you to him.”

Hearing Emmett’s statement made Debbie want to laugh.

‘Yeah, we’ve been married for three years, but my husband over there didn’t even recognize me!’ Debbie scoffed internally.

‘If it weren’t for that damn marriage certificate, I’d think that I was still single and that I didn’t recognize the CEO of some international group!’

Pulling Emmett closer to her, Debbie then whispered, “Look, there’s no need to introduce me. Why? I’ve already signed the divorce papers and asked Philip to hand them over to Carlos. So yeah, there’s really no reason for Carlos to know me.”

“Divorce papers?” Emmett repeated, appalled. “You intend to divorce Carlos?” In shock, Emmett took a few steps back and looked at Debbie, starting to ponder, ‘If I’m right, Debbie is seven years younger than Carlos. Wouldn’t girls like her kill to be a rich and handsome man’s wife?’

Glancing towards Carlos for a brief moment and then back to Debbie, Emmett still couldn’t wrap his mind around why Debbie would file for a divorce. ‘Is there something wrong with her? Carlos is handsome, rich, and powerful, yet why would she want to divorce him?’

Beaming awkwardly, Debbie responded, “Yes, I want to divorce Carlos. Also, I hope you can just keep my identity a secret from him, so that there wouldn’t be any more trouble.”

Stunned and shell-shocked, Emmett was at a loss for words. There seemed to be more questions in his mind than there had been before.

Retracting from his own line of thoughts, Emmett walked back to Carlos while the latter had just purchased the lipstick set for Olga.

There was no doubt that Carlos would be suspicious of Emmett. Shifting his glance towards Debbie, Carlos then found her throwing herself into Jared’s arms.

A smile seething with contempt was present throughout Carlos' profile. 'What a harlot!' he thought.

A fragment of Carlos' memory played itself in his mind. He had been kissed by Debbie whom he had just now labelled as a harlot. Face turning dark, he snapped his head towards his assistant Emmett, and commanded, "Throw her out of this mall! This girl is forbidden to step in this mall from now on! I don't care what your relationship with her is. Do I make myself clear?!"

Mistakes and failures shouldn't be repeated and that was what Carlos intended to do as he wouldn't miss this opportunity and let Debbie off once again.

It wasn't the first time Emmett had seen Carlos' furious look, but this time it seemed different. Following where Carlos' gaze was falling, Emmett finally understood why.

In their sight, a you

ng girl was clinging to a young boy's arm, acting all pettishly charming. It was Debbie and Jared, and once again, Jared was dragged into one of Debbie's shenanigans. "Jared, honey. I want those lipsticks, too." Debbie's tone was considerably higher than her original voice. Turning her gaze towards Olga, Debbie then pointed at her, looked up to Jared and pouted. "I mean, look at that auntie over there! Her boyfriend just bought her a lipstick set!" Taking hold of Jared's hand into hers, Debbie smiled sweetly and continued, "Why don't you do the same for me?"

This was Debbie's first time to act so whimsical towards someone, let alone it had to be her friend, Jared. This was obviously the first and last time she was ever to do this in her entire lifetime.

Placing a hand on his chest in shock, Jared eyed Debbie oddly and asked, "Hey! Tomboy, what's up with you? Don't scare me!" All of Debbie's friends were astounded by the act she was putting on.

'I-Is this the real Debbie? T-There's no way she would do that! She has been replaced by an impostor!' With shock getting the best of everyone, they all just continued to look at Jared and Debbie.

"Jared, darling, please..." Debbie's eyes fluttered. "You know I love lipsticks. Why don't you buy some for me, too?" Underneath this whole act, Debbie felt as if she were beating herself up. Occasionally stealing glances towards Carlos, she grew more and more irritated.

'Why the hell isn't he leaving?! Doesn't he know how hard this is to do on my end!?' Ugh, whatever! Let's see this through, Debbie! For your freedom!

Clenching her hands into balls of fists, Debbie was full of determination. 'If Carlos learns that I am his wife one day, he'll definitely think I have an affair with another man!' Debbie had a smug look on her face. 'And with that, he'll think of me as a slut and immediately divorce me! A win-win situation for the both of us!'

That was now Debbie's grand plan and there was no way she could afford to let that fail. Dragging her out from her thoughts was Jared, who groaned in resignation.

"Okay! Okay! I'll get you whatever you want, but just please..." Jared's voice softened in despair. "Please just stop acting like this..." Absolutely no way did Jared take Debbie's show seriously and he considered searching up for someone to wipe out this particular memory of his. Striding his way towards the lipstick display, Jared grabbed all of the lipsticks he saw and handed them all over to the saleslady.

The saleslady was stunned at the amount of lipsticks Jared held in his hands. 'H-His hands are shaking!' she thought. "Didn't you hear me?" Jared remarked. "I want all of these, now!"

The saleslady took whatever Jared had in his hands and hurried off to the counter. A heavy sigh escaped from his lips, as Jared pinched the bridge of his nose and thought, 'I'm definitely going to get her brain checked.'

Only one person in that area knew what was going on and it was Emmett. 'She's clearly doing it on purpose...' However, he had something more pressing to handle at the moment which was to heed his boss, Carlos' order of sending Debbie out. Wasn't Debbie his wife? There was no way Emmett could do such a thing.

Upon recovering from the humiliation she had received earlier, Olga turned to Emmett and asked sternly, "Emmett, why aren't you following Carlos' orders?" 'Clearly, Carlos is doing that to please me,' Olga uttered to herself rather confidently.

'I must be different from other women in Carlos' eyes! Ah, I'm truly blessed!'

"B-But sir..." Emmett hesitated, but he knew he had to say it. "She's your—" Meeting Emmett's eyes was a glare clearly dyed with murderous intent if ever he continued his statement.

Immediately, Emmett commanded the bodyguards that lingered behind him, "Get them out!"

Finally, the moment Debbie had been waiting for arrived. Right after Emmett had given his command, Debbie raised her hand up, preventing the bodyguards doing what they were tasked to do and said, "No need for that. We'll show ourselves out."

Now approaching the exit, Debbie turned to Jared who was about to pay for the lipsticks at the counter, and said, "Hey, no need for the lipsticks. Let's get going." Almost immediately, Jared reeled back the credit card he was about to hand over to the saleslady. Collecting the lipsticks from the counter, he made it a point to place them back at the display booth. Once he was done, Debbie and her friends exited the store.

As Carlos watched Debbie's figure recede into the distance, a look of grimace and suspicion was present on his profile. 'Something feels off...' he thought.

Casting a scornful glance upon Debbie's figure, Olga then turned to Carlos and beamed charmingly. Clinging to his arm once again, she suggested in a pleasant voice, "Carlos, how about we have dinner on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building? Surely after that detestable scenario, you must be famished."

"Alright," Carlos responded indifferently, "let's get going."

Shaking off the speculations he had inside his mind, Emmett cleared the way and escorted his boss out of the store.

At the exit of the Merak Building, Debbie abruptly turned heel and looked at Jared asking, "Hey, I remember you wanting to have lunch on the fifth floor of the Alioth Building. Am I right?"

"Tomboy, are you seriously pulling my leg right now?" Jared sighed. "To be very honest with you, I've spent all of my money on mobile games, so there's no way I can afford to buy you dinner on—"

"Ah!" Debbie clapped her hands together and smiled. "Then, why don't I treat you guys to lunch instead?"