

Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 11

Carlos and Debbie shared cold glances towards one another. Belatedly, he passed the trophy and the prize on to her. According to the program, he would take the hand of the prizewinner and give it a firm shake.

When Debbie had taken the trophy and the prize with her left hand, she offered the other for him to shake. Carlos looked at her little hand for barely a second, and then rejected it.

He looked at Debbie and mentioned with a low voice, "Your hands are filthy."

Those four words alone were enough to offend her.

Thankfully, not a soul heard them. The crowd had eyes on Carlos as he was a dignitary. Everyone was stupefied as they spotted him decline to shake Debbie's hand. They all speculated on it.

'If it were only him and me here, I'd drag him to the Civil Affairs Department to get the divorce certificate and beat the hell out of him!' Debbie clenched her fists indignantly. Anger made itself evident on her face. She despised the man so much.

With hundreds and thousands of eyes that watched them, she could only swallow the utter humiliation.

Amidst the whole duration of the awarding, Carlos had his back facing against the camera, so only the ones on stage saw what he had done.

How Debbie wished she could throw the trophy and the prize into the trash bin. The mere thought that it had been infected by Carlos' germs disgusted her. Again, she could only do this in her imagination.

Event officially done, Debbie and her friends returned to the university.

Setting foot in the entrance, they were stopped by Gail, who asked Debbie to keep her end of the deal.

Intending for the second option which was to lock Curtis in his office, Debbie recalled what the disrespectful Carlos had done. 'If he happens to see me confess my love to him, he'd probably get so pissed! Oh my God, I actually kind of want to see how he'd react to it now!' she thought to herself in glee.

Momentarily mulling over her decision, Debbie wore a cunning smile and walked her way to one of the groves located in the university with her friends tagging along.

Fortunately, it was a weekend and there were few students on the campus. The grove was covered in silence. Debbie turned to her friends and gestured for them to wait until she finished. Then she went deep into the grove and found an old tree. Standing across the tree, she mustered the loudest voice she could and yelled, "Carlos, I love you. Carlos, I love you..."

The agreement was for her to repeat it ten times; Debbie did just that.

At the tenth, she screamed, causing the birds that rested in the tree to take to the air.

Effortlessly accomplishing the task, Debbie patted herself against her chest to calm down. What she didn't expect was for a man to appear behind the tree and when she recognized who he was, she was flabbergasted.

The man was Curtis! 'Oh my God...' Debbie became pale. 'Why is Mr. Loftus here?!' she wondered to herself. Flustered, Debbie started to sweat.

'Holy crap! This is so humiliating! He might tell Carlos about this! I-I have to make a run for it!' Burying her face in her hands, Debbie pivoted and then sprinted to depart from the grove.

"Tomboy, where are you going?" Dixon asked, muddled. "Do you have a bear chasing you?"

Approaching a halt, Debbie stopped upon sighting Dixon. She swiveled, her eyes scanning the area. No signs of Curtis were found. 'I guess he failed to recognize me,' Debbie thought and sighed in relief. 'Although, I already saw him before. I think it was back in the Dean's office.'

As Debbie was aware of Curtis' relationship with Carlos, her mind spiraled downwards with her thoughts. 'But, what if he recognized me and then tells Carlos about it? Wait, I'm Carlos' wife and it is perfectly normal for a wife to speak of her love about her husband!' Relief washed over her as she mused over the thought. As she passed Gail, she wore a smug grin, absolutely proud of what she had done.

Gawking at Debbie's waning figure in that manner stirred confusion inside Gail's mind.

'Why's she so happy? Doesn't she know that Carlos hates women who try to court him?' That confusion ultimately mutated into annoyance. 'Smile all you can, Debbie, for you are screwed once Carlos watches this.'

Drawing her phone out, she then sent

the video she had captured over to an individual.

Back in the dormitory, Debbie had an eerie feeling that remained inside her. Unable to exactly pinpoint what it was, she felt stumped.

She unknowingly discovered herself looking at the half marathon event that had happened. As if an entity had taken over her body, she instantly searched up for the list of participants at the half marathon. Then, it hit her.

'That bitch's name isn't even on the list!' she screamed in silence. 'She planned all of this through! She knew the former silver medalist would attend the game so she lured me in and humiliated me on purpose!'

Searching for an object to vent her anger out on, she grabbed a pillow and slammed it against the wall. 'You better start sleeping with one eye open, Gail!' she cursed inwardly.

Meanwhile, in the Hilton Group

A spacious conference room was fully occupied. It was the latest electronics product launch event, and all reporters had their equipment set up to capture the event in its entirety.

The general populace knew that products from the Hilton Group would always set the trend.

The facilitators of the event then arrived at the conference room. They consisted of Carlos and several other senior executives. All cameras were aimed at the seniors. It was protocol for all reporters that photographs or videos where Carlos could be seen were forbidden. Otherwise, he'd resort to forcing them to delete the photo, and in extreme cases, suing them.

Only when Carlos and the senior executives took their seats did the others do the same. The general manager gave an opening speech before giving the floor to the vice-general manager on introducing their newest products.

All ears were on the vice-general manager's speech.

The speech was finished, and the next in order was to showcase their newest products with a projector.

The projector was then switched on by remote control by the vice-general manager. However, no product appeared. Instead, there was a girl yelling in front of a tree. Hearing that familiar voice instantly made Carlos' brows wrinkle together.

"Carlos, I love you. Carlos, I love you..."

This was uncalled for. No one saw it coming. All eyes widened like plates in shock, their jaws dropping to the ground.

Carlos' face turned grim at the accident. Merely hearing her voice had him feel revolted. 'This girl again? She's just everywhere right now, isn't she?'

They did not just have the employees of the Hilton Group and reporters as their audience; rather they had the whole world watching.

Each and every person in that conference room shifted their sights to Carlos, anticipating his response. Carlos' assistant, Emmett was there and witnessed the whole scene unfold. He too got to put a name on the woman. 'Isn't that Mrs. Hilton?'

Even in an unforeseen predicament, Carlos remained composed, expressionless. All the more did the people look up to him in admiration. 'Nothing fazes him! No wonder he successfully runs a large group!' Exhibiting the same trait similar to Carlos was the vice-general manager, as he came to a realization that someone must've tampered with his flash disk.

Assessing if the product information was still stored in the flash disk, he heard Carlos' voice, "Continue."

Right after the detestable video of Debbie professing her so-called love had ended, the screen correctly displayed the products.

In terse consideration, Carlos took out his phone and dialed someone's number. "Curtis, do you know of a student called Debbie?" Carlos asked. Then he frowned and wondered, 'Why does this name sound so familiar?'

"What about her?" Curtis asked in reply.

"I want you to expel her!" Carlos demanded. "Now!" There was certainly no other woman that managed to hit every nerve in his body. Retribution must be imparted. Asking for bloodshed was too far, hence Carlos asked for her to be expelled.

Reporters proceeded to erase all traces of photos and videos they had managed to take, for they couldn't afford to enrage Carlos. Despite all of that, the entire world practically saw Debbie. The viewers definitely had already captured the whole thing on their phones. As the launch pressed on, Debbie's information was uncovered for the entire world to learn about.