

# Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 12

It was 9 o'clock in the morning and Debbie was sound asleep in the multimedia classroom. Little did she know that a lot of students had piled outside the classroom in the doorway. Soon, she began to stir awake due to the clamor of the crowd.

With her head still lying on the desk, her eyes slowly opened, and the students came into her view. They were pointing at her, with disdain written all over their faces. It took the oblivious young lady a few seconds to clear her mind, before she finally comprehended what they were whispering from afar. "Is she Debbie? Shame on her!"

"She made an ass of our university, that one! She's just a tomboy. How dare she try to seduce Carlos!"

"Exactly! She brought shame to our university! How can she just sleep after what she's done?!"

**BANG!**

All the gossiping was interrupted by a loud thud. When they followed the direction of the sound, they saw Jared standing up and shooting them a fierce glare. The crowd scattered away in a panic.

As much as they disliked Debbie, after the rumor got out, no one dared to play with fire by pissing off Jared. Everyone knew that the guy came from a wealthy family, and was with a bad temper to boot. No one would wish to be on the receiving end of Jared's wrath.

Except for, well, two boys who stayed by the door. As they seemed to originate from affluent families themselves, Jared's outburst had very little effect on them named Benton Ramirez. With an unattractive sneer, one of them spoke to Debbie in a loud voice. "I heard you love Carlos! Is that true or what?"

Sitting upright in her seat, Debbie got up so fast that she experienced some mild vertigo. 'What? Whom do I love? Carlos?' she thought, clearly confused with the situation. From a look of bewilderment, Debbie's facial expression turned dark. A crease formed between her eyebrows as she finally realized the boy's allegation. Taking a deep breath, she put on her best menacing look.

"Says who?" she asked, and rolled her eyes at them. 'I swear if I find out who it is, she thought indignantly, 'I will beat the shit out of that guy!' Strangely enough, her question only threw the two boys into a fit of laughter. "What's so damn funny?" she demanded.

"Hahaha! Don't you know?" the fat one named Erick Thompson asked, sharing a look with his companion. "You're famous now! The whole world knows that you love Carlos!"

"That's right!" said Benton with a buzz cut, nodding as he smirked at her. "The whole world heard you when you shouted, 'Carlos, I love you!' in the grove!" And as Benton attempted to mimic her, his voice turned shrill and whiny. It was nothing like how Debbie truly sounded, but then again, his intentions were clearly less about re-enacting in a realistic way and more about taunting her.

Dumbfounded, Debbie was at a loss for words. While it was true that she had yelled those words in the grove, there was no one else there who could have heard her. So why, all of a sudden, did everyone know about that? 'No! Wait a minute, ' she thought, still seated as she racked her mind for any clues or ideas.

During that time, she recalled that there was a man behind the tree... Curtis! Curtis was there.

She frowned. Was he the one who spread it around? 'It had to be him, ' she considered, glaring with pursed lips as the two boys seemed to enjoy watching her boil in anger. Lowering her head a bit, she swore under her breath.

Turning to the two boys, she shouted aggressively, "Shut up the both of you!" And when they did not stop laughing, Debbie shoved her table in outrage. The legs of the desk made a shrieking sound against the floor as it was pushed forward. "I mean it! Fuck off!"

Being scolded by a girl did not bode well for the two angry boys. It was the first time that they had been told off by a girl in such an unruly manner. Once or twice, they had heard in the past that Debbie was not someone to be bullied or disturbed. In hindsight, they should have known better than to assume that it was just a joke.

Benton shared a look with Erick who stood at 5'5" and weighed 105 kg. Then at the same time, they stepped into the classroom, and walked towards Debbie. When Benton got close, he picked up Debbie's book from the desk that had been shoved earlier, and threw it on the floor casually. The ends of his lips went up to form a dangerous smirk.

As soon as things appeared like it was about to escalate in the classroom, most of Debbie's classmates quickly fled the area. For a moment, the two boys assumed it was because of them.

On the contrary, it was because they saw the look on Debbie's face: she was about to teach them a very hard lesson. 'Damn it! Are they idiots? How dare they provoke Tomboy! We'd better run away as soon as possible. Otherwise, we're going to get caught up in the fight too, ' they all thought.

So in less than a minute, the classroom cleared out like there was a zombie outbreak, leaving the two boys, Debbie, and her friends.

Calm and collected, unlike her disposition a few minutes ago, Debbie leaned back in her chair and stared at the two boys with a sweet smile. The two boys widened their eyes. One smile from her disarmed them completely, and they almost forgot why they were there in the first place. They thought she looked so pretty, and began to wonder why they had not noticed it sooner.

While the two boys were busy drooling over Debbie's bewitching face, the young lady suddenly bent over to get the book on the floor, and smashed it against the face of the boy who had dropped it a while ago.

Keeling over, Benton cried in pain. "Bitch, how dare... Ow!" he wailed. Before he was able to finish his sentence, a fist came in contact with his face. There was no doubt that the punch was going to leave

a very big, fat black-eye.

Before anyone could retaliate, Jared withdrew his fist and blew on his fingers. He sat back, and looked at the two boys incredulously. "Are you guys idiots? What's gotten into your small brains that you're provoking our Debbie? You are courting death, I'm telling you," he said in an indifferent tone, folding his arms.

Meanwhile, a thermos was chucked towards Erick. "Ouch!" he cried in pain, covering his head.

"You! Just wait and watch!" Benton threatened, and took out his phone with his shaking hands. After dialing a number, he put the phone against his ear. "Bro, I'm being bullied in the multimedia classroom on the third floor. Bring more guys, and come quickly!"

These rich kids did not care about the school regulations one bit. All they wanted was to pick a fight, and frankly, Debbie could not care less.

'What a pointless fight, disturbing my sleep, ' thought the exhausted young lady. Grabbing the desk towards her seat, she reclaimed the same position that she had been in before her nap was interrupted, and murmured, "Wake me up when they're here."

Her outright disregard for their attempt to intimidate her only enraged them further.

Gently, Jared tapped on her shoulder and said, "Hey, don't sleep just yet. Let's beat these two first." Recently, he had been hanging around Debbie more often, and as a result, he had been getting into fewer fights with others. It did not occur to him until then that he was so bored, so he was thrilled that he could beat these guys up.

Sighing, Debbie stood up, and with a lazy stretch, she kicked the chair towards Benton who was the nearest one.

As the boy cried in pain, Jared failed to hide the amusement in his eyes. It did not even require a lot of effort to take care of the entitled brat. As it was, the boy

already appeared to have lost before the fight even began. He bent down to rub the sore spots on his legs where the chair had hit him, groaning.

Meanwhile, Erick walked towards Kasie. It was she who had hit him with a thermos before, and he wanted to teach the girl a lesson. While standing beside Kasie, Dixon and Kristina cast a scornful glance at Erick. Was he really going to attack Kasie when it was three against one? "Boy, come here. Let me teach you how to fight!" Kristina said as she tied up her long curly hair with an elastic band. She crossed her arms before her chest, waiting for him to come over.

The atmosphere became tense in the classroom. The two boys could not help but shiver as there were five of them, and their backup had not arrived yet. What had they gotten themselves into?

Although there were five of them, however, Dixon was a straight-A student who did not like to handle things with a pair of fists. So as per usual, he stood by the door to keep watch.

Before the reinforcements could make it to the classroom, the two boys were already beaten to a pulp. Getting up from the floor, Benton covered his swollen head, and pointed at Debbie, yelling, "Beat that bitch up! She bea—"

Before he could finish his sentence, a man's voice came from outside the classroom, "What is going on in here?" Everyone's attention was directed to the man standing in the doorway, and when they realized who it was, they only had one thing on their mind: "Uh-oh."

Since Dixon got terribly absorbed in watching the fight, he had failed to notice the man's appearance in front of him and did not get to warn his friends. Behind the man, a lot of people gathered in the hallway.

The tall and thin figure entered the classroom with slow, deliberate steps. It was Curtis, their principal.

A refined scholar, well-mannered, and generally affable — it was disquieting to receive a reproachful look from the man.

Sure enough, all the involved students ended up in the principal's office. Even the ones who had arrived at the scene as reinforcements, but did not get the chance to throw a single punch, were called in.

With that, at least a dozen of them stood in a row before Curtis, their heads bowed down.

They were no stranger to Curtis' identity. Aware that the man was from the Loftus family, they did not dare to offend him, or even utter a word to him. Nevertheless, they were called to the office for one purpose, and that was for Curtis to find out how the fight began. No one wanted to be the first to squeal. For this reason, all of them stared at the floor, the ceiling — anywhere, but into the principal's eyes.

“Tell me what happened,” Curtis said. Being 30 years of age, he was more mature than the boys in front of him. His voice was low — and in some of the young ladies’ opinions, attractive.

When Benton attempted to open his mouth and say something, he was immediately stopped by Debbie’s murderous look.

The boy grumbled. ‘I guess you knew how to fight, huh?’ he thought while frowning. ‘I’ll hire a skilled fighter to beat you up someday! Let’s see what you can do then,’ he swore to himself.

With a keen eye, Curtis, of course, noticed the exchange between Debbie and the boy. As the young lady had her head down, she had no way of knowing that his eyes were particularly fixed on her.

‘Debbie? Whom does she resemble in character? Maybe she has developed such an attitude because of the long absence of her mother,’ Curtis thought to himself, and sighed.

Pushing the glasses up against his nose with an index finger, he asked the names of everyone in front of him, and typed them on his computer. Then, he sent an email to the dean.

Something did catch the students’ attention, though: he did not even turn to Debbie and ask for her name. Everyone, including Debbie, was perplexed by it, and only then did they look at Curtis with wondering eyes. Did the principal know her?