

Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 14

There was a time in Carlos' life when his so-called wife was absent, but this particular moment in his life was no longer that time. The woman he had married immediately replied to his text message saying, "There is no need for us to meet, Carlos. I'm very busy and I don't have the time. Don't get me wrong; I don't need a single penny from you, so I don't think you need to discuss anything more with me. Please, sign the divorce agreement as soon as possible."

Carlos allowed himself to laugh at the silly situation he found himself in. 'Interesting that my wife doesn't want my money. She just really wants to go her separate way, ' he thought to himself. If the still-married man remembered it right, his wife was at her early twenties and was still a college student. In his view, girls the age of his wife would only bother themselves with material things that only money could buy such as designer clothing and bags.

'Her father, Artie Nelson, passed away long ago. Why would she choose to divorce me now?' the man thought to himself.

He could not help but remember Debbie, the girl who had kissed him in the bar that night. He had asked some of his men to investigate the 21-year-old girl. 'Debbie is so young yet she is already so good at seducing men. She and my wife are both at their early twenties. Could it be that my nominal wife is having an affair with someone else?' he wondered to himself and realized he did not have to guess — he could just ask his wife himself.

"Are you going to divorce me for some other guy?" Carlos typed on his device, sending the text to the young girl.

If that was truly the case, he could sign the divorce agreement now. He was never really a man who dawdled. The only reason why he had not signed the agreement was because he felt very guilty for being so neglecting and he wanted to compensate for his absence in their marriage during these years. After all, he had been busy working in the past three years and had never paid any attention to her.

The marriage existed only as a contract both parties agreed to.

However, it seemed that his wife did not want the title of Mrs. Hilton at all. She had kept a low profile all these years and only a few men who worked for Carlos knew that she was his wife.

He silently waited in suspense for Debbie's reply which now took about a few minutes. When he received the text, he began to understand why she had taken so long to reply; her text was a long and detailed narrative that said, "Yes, I have feelings for another guy. But, rest assured, I have not done inappropriate things. I have kept an arm's length from him. Could you please sign the agreement soon so that it would no longer have to be this way and so I can pursue my own

happiness? Thank you." The text surprised Carlos as he was not expecting his assumptions to be correct.

The truth was, she was lying. Yes, she had had a thing for a boy, but it was ages ago. She had already moved on.

She only said this to her husband because she wanted him to sign the agreement as soon as possible. She did not think a successful man like him would just allow his wife to love someone else.

At this point, she was getting really annoyed and started thinking to herself what a slow man her husband was. 'Why can't he just pick up that pen and get it over with?' she thought. 'He acts as if he has a thing for me, and it's ridiculous!'

The girl perceived herself as a reasonable and considerate person. Her husband had been spotted with an actress once before, and then caught shopping with a so-called celebrity. If she really had feelings for her husband, her heart would have been shattered to pieces. But to this day she felt nothing but apathy.

She just couldn't understand why Carlos just couldn't sign the agreement.

This time, however, Carlos agreed on one condition. "I will sign the papers as you wish, but you have to tell my grandpa about it first. If he says it's alright, then I will tender the divorce papers immediately."

The man sent the text to the young girl and thought, 'This marriage was arranged by grandpa, so I can't divorce her without his permission.'

When Debbie received the text, she found herself caught up in confusion. 'His grandpa? Who in the world is this man's grandpa?' she wondered. 'I don't even know who his grandpa is. How am I supposed to tell him about my divorce?' Debbie scratched her head in frustration. When her father was still alive to make all the arrangements, he had simply handed her a contract of marriage one day and said, "You won't regret marrying him." Then the clueless girl had no other choice but to marry Carlos. She had no idea that such arrangements were made by her spouse's grandpa. How was she supposed to know?

"He's your grandpa. You should be the one to persuade him!

Why would you pin this task on me? Your grandpa must be a stubborn old man and you want me to be the puppet that bears all of his wrath. You brat!"

Debbie replied to Carlos' text with her lips pouted. 'This man is so annoying, just like Gail! I hate them both,' she reflected.

Carlos was amused by the text his feisty wife had sent him. 'She's such a short-tempered girl. After all, she's still young and I need to be more inclusive,' he thought. 'Alas! No one has dared to speak to me like this before.' Carlos shook his head with resignati

on. 'Wait! There's another girl who would speak to me like this — Debbie.'

The man had also begun to become irritated, just as the woman had had a few moments ago. He had bothered himself with Debbie way too many times today.

"My grandpa is in New York. You may find him now," he replied impatiently.

"What the fuck?" Debbie exclaimed.

She was fuming when she raised her hand in an attempt to throw her phone. Luckily, she quickly changed her mind and threw it onto her bed.

After collecting herself and calming down, she picked up her phone and finally replied to her annoying husband's text. "Carlos, you have the balls to treat me this way! I'm going to New York tomorrow. If your grandpa doesn't say yes, I will stay there until he budges!"

"Do as you wish," the man replied quickly.

He then chucked his phone away, like Debbie had done. He did not tell his grandpa himself because he had promised that old man that he would not divorce his wife. If she wanted to divorce him so badly, she should be the one responsible for persuading his grandpa. He thought it was a pretty fair trade and did not understand why his wife went all ballistic.

'She's so naive! And so willfully stupid!' Carlos thought.

After reading her husband's reply, Debbie was infuriated. She tried so hard to pacify herself. "Debbie, calm down! He is your husband and it was you who agreed to marry him in the first place! Calm down... Calm down..." she told herself.

The girl grew more frustrated upon realizing she still had to take large strides to get her useless husband to sign the divorce papers. She couldn't just fly to New York to persuade her stupid spouse's grandpa.

She moaned and groaned the whole day when Jared finally snapped. He covered his ears in frustration. "What the hell is wrong with you, you stupid Tomboy? Just tell me! Are you going through the changes of life early?" the boy exclaimed.

Debbie looked at him with a sad look and murmured, "I'm so upset." She kept asking herself over and over again why Carlos wouldn't just sign the papers.

"What are you so upset for? Just tell us and we'll hear you out. We promise we're here to help you!" Jared assured the struggling girl. Kristina and Kasie seconded the motion and nodded immediately after Jared had made his statement.

The troubled girl shook her head with resignation and thought, 'How can I tell you about that? If I tell you guys Carlos is my husband and that I want to divorce him, you would all think I'm crazy!'

With this in mind, Debbie flashed a bitter smile. She didn't even have the marriage of certificate as proof in her hands. She could not show her friends any evidence that she was Mrs. Hilton. They might even send her to the mental hospital to have her brain checked for anything funny.

After all, Carlos still seemed to be distant towards people like her. 'Damn!' Debbie thought. 'What the hell am I supposed to do now?'

"How about you think about this instead? I was invited to a dinner party this evening. Do you want to come with me?" Jared offered. Earlier that day, his father had asked him to go to the dinner party on his behalf. He had originally planned not to follow his father's order, but he thought that if Debbie wanted to go to the party or ever so needed to, he could take her to the party.

Out of options, the problematic girl nodded indifferently. She had not been traveling for a long time and maybe the upcoming dinner party would make her feel better.

Kasie had to go to her friend's birthday party while Kristina had her own family dinner to attend to; Dixon was busy preparing for the entrance exams for the postgraduate school, so only Debbie and Jared were available to attend the evening party.

The considerate boy took Debbie shopping so that they could get her an evening dress. He picked a red dress for her that would match her red lipstick.

When Debbie saw the dress, her face twitched in discomfort. It was backless and she didn't think it would suit her.

"You're still my best friend, right? But don't you know me at all? This dress? For me? Seriously?" Debbie asked Jared. She did not wear the dress and instead cast a burning glance that would send Jared right into a guilt trip.

But, Jared had more evil intentions. "The guests this evening are all gonna be successful businessmen. You should dress up so that if you develop a crush on someone, you can take him home and..." he explained with a goofy grin on his face. "Ouch!" A sudden scream spilled out of his mouth as Debbie kicked his leg hard before he could even finish his perverted sentence.

She withdrew her leg, took the dress from the saleslady and entered the fitting room to put it on.

'Fine! I'll wear this dress,' she thought with determination. 'After all, I'm a pretty girl.'

After a few minutes, Debbie got out of the fitting room wearing the dress Jared had picked out for her.

Jared's jaws dropped when he saw what his best friend looked like. "Tomboy... No, no, no... Debbie! You look like a girl!" Jared exclaimed in delight.

“Are you out of your mind? I am a girl and I’ve always been a girl!” Debbie retorted louder, waving her fist around to threaten him. The red dress embraced her form, falling perfectly on the ground. It was no secret that she looked so stunning that any man could fall head over heels for her.