

Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 8

Switching off the earpiece, Emmett responded, his tone serious, "I'm sorry, Olga. This is Carlos' personal affair. It's not my place to talk about it. If you are interested about it, you may ask Carlos yourself."

Ask Carlos? One could only wish to have the nerve to ask about such things. "I see. Alright," Olga said in a deadpan tone. "I'll take note of that." Smiling bitterly, she turned to look at the car window, obviously fuming at Emmett's response and attitude. Even if she did possess the nerve to ask, it'd just be ridiculous to inquire about a man's wife. Not to mention, that wasn't just any man, it was Carlos.

The very next day, Emmett arrived at Carlos' office with a few sheets of paper in hand that contained all the information he could gather regarding Debbie which was: an application form from her university and a simple profile.

The said profile only ranged with basic information such as age, university, and hobbies. Placing them on Carlos' desk, Emmett took a few steps back and waited for his boss' response.

Picking up the papers from the desk, Carlos skimmed them and what surprised Emmett was Carlos suddenly tossed them up in the air. He looked at Emmett in frustration, his voice booming throughout his office. "Is this all that you're capable of? Have I been too good to you recently?"

Such a sullen tone sent Emmett's heart pounding fiercely. Keeping himself calm and composed, Emmett bent down to pick up the papers and took the chance to take a deep breath. Once he did, he responded, "Carlos, this girl is an enigma. This is all the information I could gather so far." A lie escaped Emmett's lips. In reality, he had shredded the rest of the papers and disposed of it.

"Get lost!" Carlos commanded. "Now!"

"Yes, Carlos." Giving one last glance at the papers which Carlos had swept off his desk, Emmett fled his boss' office as quickly as possible.

When his office doors had reached a full close, Carlos' eyes fell to the image on the application form. In that image he saw, Debbie was free from any trace of makeup.

Catching his attention once more was Debbie's pair of round, glistening eyes. Strange to say, Carlos felt as if Debbie's eyes were speaking to him.

Then, that displeasing memory crossed his mind again. That memory of how Debbie had kissed him. Instantly, he felt offended all over again. Rubbing his brows, he picked up a file from his desk and slammed it against Debbie's application form.

The image of Debbie was instantly covered up and out of Carlos' view, in which he felt he had hit Debbie across the face. Now, he felt better.

While Carlos eased himself once again into his seat to relax, a certain piece of information struck him once again. Sitting up from his seat, he gravely pondered, 'Her last name... Nelson... Only a few people in Alorith have that last name. What's her relationship with the Nelson family?'

Disrupting Carlos from his trail of thought was none other than the phone ringing on his desk. Sighing, he picked up the call.

It was autumn and the maple leaves along Maple Road in Debbie's university were taking on the color of scarlet. Walking along the now red leaf path, Debbie was with low spirits, not in the mood to appreciate the beauty of the season while the two people by her side, Jared and Kasie, were happily frolicking against the fallen leaves.

Two days had already passed and still, Debbie failed to muster up the courage to head to Carlos' office and speak with him regarding their divorce. Not one word had come from him. During the previous evening, Philip had informed her that Carlos hadn't attended to the matter yet, which bothered her immensely.

Alas! All of this had sprung from that one text she received a long time ago.

"Debbie, I'm coming back."

The man that she had given her heart to told her that he had successfully graduated overseas and was returning to the country to take over his father's position.

Though, as Debbie thought about it now, what part of it concerned her?

It was the man that had told her to forget about him. That time, she had grown so vexed that she ended up agreeing to marry Carlos whom, she hadn't met even once back then.

Now, he told her out of the blue that he was returning. It irritated Debbie as she couldn't help but be fixated on the reason why he had even told her about his return in the first place. This information was useless for her as she didn't even want to know. Mind drowned in heaps of questions, Debbie disliked the feeling. "Argh! This is so annoying!"

All eyes fell onto her curiously as she had suddenly yelled out her frustration in the open.

"Debbie, what did I ever do to you?" a small voice responded. "What made you say I'm annoying?" Then a yelp was heard. "Ah!" A girl collapsed on the ground in front of Debbie.

Stopping in her tracks, Debbie decided to take a closer look at the girl and the moment she did, she rolled her eyes in disgust.

'What the hell? This hypocritical, manipulative bitch again?' Debbie cursed internally. 'What the hell does she want now?'

Sprawling on the ground was Jail Murphy. Well, Jail wasn't her real name as it was Gail Murphy. Though, Debbie preferred t

o call her 'Jail' as she thought it suited her better. No clue as to how Gail had actually fallen, Debbie looked at her with utter contempt. In a long, white dress, hair falling to her waist; a perfect image of what a pure, innocent and delicate girl would be. Who could possibly be a better master of disguise than Gail?

"Beat it!" Debbie hissed. "Get out of my way!" Just the mere sight of Gail churned her stomach. Wasting her breath on her wasn't Debbie's thing. Rather, she didn't even want to breathe the same air as her. Debbie thought to herself, 'We didn't even bump into each other! Oh, is this bitch really planning to mess with me right now?'

However, Gail's eyes reddened. The boys that formed a crowd around the scene and expected a catfight already felt sorry for Gail.

They all cast angry looks towards Debbie, but kept themselves silent. No one in the whole Economics and Management School was stupid enough to dare even place a finger upon Debbie.

"Debbie, you knocked me over and you didn't even have the decency to apologize?" Gail feigned tears. "You even told me to beat it! How can you be such a bully?" A boy who incidentally saw the sight understood immediately what was occurring and just couldn't stand the thought of being unable to do anything. He walked over and offered a hand to help Gail to her feet.

Smiling against her tears, Gail thanked the boy. His face similar to the color of the leaves in this season, he fled away from the scene.

"You freak!" Debbie exclaimed, pointing towards Gail. "Go to a hospital and have your brain checked!" Attempting to walk away from the situation only to be blocked by Gail once again clearly started to set Debbie off.

Leaning forward ever so slightly towards Debbie, Gail spoke to her in an arrogant tone. "Since you hate me so much, why don't we have a bet, hmm?" Eyes turning dark, she continued, "If I lose, I'll make sure to never cross paths with you ever again. How does that sound?" Wearing a pitiful expression and lowering her voice, Gail easily deceived the crowd by making them think that she was apologizing to Debbie.

That was not what was happening.

"Is there even a brain in that skull of yours?" Debbie questioned. "Why would I take such a bet? Show up wherever you like. I don't own the school. Rather, I

don't really give a damn. What are you saying that you won't even go home? Oh please, give me a break." "Of course I will. I'll start making myself disappear the moment you head home," Gail responded brashly.

"How about it, Debbie?"

"Bullshit!" Debbie exclaimed. "I have no time for this! Move and go away now or else you'll regret it!"

Sensing Debbie's foul mood, Gail knew she had to settle the matter quicker. Instantly coming up with a new idea, Gail began again, "I know you hate me and you know yourself I hate you more. So, why don't we just run a marathon and bet on it?" Throwing her arm to the side, Gail continued to provoke Debbie. "I mean, you are good at running, aren't you?"

Psychological tactics always worked like a charm on Debbie and Gail knew that very well.

"Half marathon?" Debbie scoffed. "No problem!" 'I always do well in running. I'm obviously going to win,' she thought to herself. 'Ah, maybe it isn't so bad after all, not having to see Gail forever... Also, it's a good channel to let out my frustration, too.' Without even thinking, she accepted Gail's proposition, allotting no time for Jared to even stop her.

Nonetheless, what Debbie did not know was that a former silver medalist athlete was going to take part in the race as well. How exactly was she going to fare against a professional athlete?

Glancing at Gail, Debbie asked, "What would you get if you win?"

Stifling her smile, Gail took another step towards Debbie. "If I win..."

Back in the dormitory.

After paying the fees for the half marathon she had agreed on with Gail, Debbie threw herself onto the bed and buried her face in a pillow. 'Ugh! How could I let my anger get the best of me and get swayed by Gail's bait?!' she scolded herself as she gritted her teeth.

'I should have known better than that! That bitch just showed up all of a sudden, so obviously there must be a reason why she's doing this! And, if she had devised a scheme, she's obviously prepared! Ugh!' Violently shifting positions around her own bed in frustration, Debbie then stopped and looked at the ceiling, her expression full of conviction. 'Fine, you want to play that way, Jail Murphy? Then I'll be glad to play!'

On another note, she really needed to keep her head cool next time.

The second after she had signed up for the half marathon, Debbie learned that if she failed to place first at the race, she would have to chase Gus Loftus, another

man blessed with wealth as he was the second son of the boss of the Loftus Group.

No one on the campus obviously missed the signs. The signs that Gus was gay. With how he carried himself, how could anyone have missed them? Certainly, Gail was attempting to humiliate Debbie.

And if Debbie lost, her second choice was to lock up one of the most powerful people in the university, their very own principal, Mr. Loftus, in his very own office.