

Take My Breath Away by Rabbit Chapter 15

Seeing that the girl before him was now a changed woman, Jared took out his phone and photographed the rare beauty that was in front of him. He flashed a cunning smile as he was planning to post her photos in his WeChat moments. After all, his best friend only looked this decent once in a blue moon, so he felt the need to document this moment.

“You look stunning! Tomboy, if I didn’t know who you truly are, I would court you and ask you to be my girlfriend. The only thing is... you need to wear a thicker bra. Add some padding, maybe. Your chest is so obviously flat.” After teasing Debbie, Jared chuckled.

Upon hearing his insult, Debbie fumed. She raised her leg in another attempt to kick her annoying friend, but a cold voice stopped her. “Since when is everyone allowed to enter the Spirit?”

The manager and the salesladies walked towards Carlos to greet him. They were all dumbfounded by his words. ‘What could Carlos be talking about? Who is he referring to?’ they thought to themselves.

Debbie knew that voice and did not have to turn around to confirm who it was; it was her husband, Carlos.

She took a few deep breaths to calm herself down and prep herself. ‘He’s trying to provoke you on purpose, Debbie. Just ignore him,’ she told herself in her mind.

She withdrew her leg and told Jared, “I want to change into another dress. This one is way too revealing for me.” Indeed, the dress was revealing for a person like her. It was a backless dress that was only hanging on her shoulders with two bow knots.

Before Jared was able to say something, Carlos’ sarcastic voice made its way again. “Really? You call this dress too revealing? Are you from ancient China? Stop pretending to be so conservative and pure!”

Little did Carlos know that his words would give himself a slap in the face some day.

After saying that, he let go of Olga, signaled her to select a dress and sat on the couch.

Olga glanced at Debbie contemptuously and then proceeded to the VIP clothing area with a saleslady, marching as proud as a peacock.

Holding the hemlines of her dress in her grips, Debbie walked up to Carlos with a burning look and said, “Are you out of your mind? Why are you coming after me

like a mad dog? I was framed to make the love confession. I didn't mean it at all. If you think I'm in love with you, then it's time to stop dreaming! I would never fall in love with a mean person like you!"

She went over the confession this time as she needed to make it clear that she didn't love him. Otherwise, it would be difficult for her to negotiate the divorce later.

Carlos' face soured at her words. The manager wondered if it was right for her to drag the young girl out of the store for Carlos' sake, but before she could decide on that, Jared grabbed Debbie's arm and dragged her out off the premises of trouble.

He did not dare to offend Carlos again.

"From now on, this girl is banned from this shop!" Carlos exclaimed, the echoes of his voice following Debbie.

This made Debbie more furious than ever. She could not bear to have her name on the same marriage certificate as this man anymore. She freed her arm from Jared's grip and turned around to challenge Carlos.

"Carlos, I'm telling you..." Before the feisty girl could finish her sentence, her mouth was covered by Jared's big palm. Dragging her over to the counter, Jared chucked a bank card over the top. "We'll have this dress," he told the cashier.

"Miss, aren't you going to have your make up done here?" the cashier asked. The luxurious shop also provided services on top of their products. After all, this was how rich people lived.

Jared once again grabbed Debbie's arm tightly whilst shaking his head and saying, "No, thanks. Please, be quick. We're in a hurry."

The boy was determined to get his best friend out of the store because he knew that she would definitely start a fight with Carlos.

He could not allow his beloved friend to offend such a powerful man; she would pay for it forever.

When they got all they paid for, Jared led Debbie into his Mercedes-Benz.

He let go of her hand, locked the door, and gasped for air. "Open the door! I'm telling you, I am going to divorce that bastard now! Why am I so unfortunate to have to be married to Carlos! Help me, God!"

Realizing what she had just

thought out loud, Debbie stopped her tantrum. Silence filled the car; it was so quiet that if a needle were to be dropped, they would hear it. Jared stared blankly at her in shock of what he just heard.

She suddenly realized that even if she wanted her best friend to believe her, she would not be able to, as she had no possession of concrete evidences. All the girl was able to do was lean against the back of the seat and heave a heavy sigh. "It's the truth... I've been married for three years and my husband is that stupid, arrogant guy inside that shop. But, we only got married for the contract. I've been meaning to divorce him, but he..."

Before she could finish, her friend interrupted and said, "Tomboy, stop. You don't need to explain. Don't worry, I understand." Jared glanced at the poor delusional girl.

Debbie was pumped thinking that Jared believed her. "Jared, I didn't intend to keep it from you guys. After all..."

"Alright, alright. We're going to the mental hospital now. I will take you to the best doctor in the best hospital. Oh, no, I'll take you straight to the director of the hospital." Jared held her hand in pity. "Don't worry. Even if it's incurable, I will never give up on you." Taking out his phone, Jared opened a navigation application to input their destination — the mental hospital.

Debbie furiously snatched his phone to stop him and was rendered speechless for a while. She knew it! She knew nobody would believe her if she told them that she was Carlos' wife.

Finally, she opened her mouth and said, "Never mind. Let's go to the dinner party now."

Jared cast a few more looks of disbelief before asking her, "Are you alright?" "Is her disease regressing?" he thought.

"Yes, I am totally fine,"

she helplessly answered with profound resignation.

The anniversary party of the Loftus Group was held on a cruiser named "The Ocean", which could carry up to thousands of people. The cruiser was docked at a wharf to the east of Alorith.

The cruiser was worth a billion dollars and the greatest and biggest corporations would always prefer to hold their parties there.

Getting out of the car, Debbie stared at the cruiser which was emitting pretty warm lights like fireflies hovering over the ocean. She tried to twist her messy hair into a bun.

However, her hair was too silky to be tied up and fell down several times until she was finally irritated. She pouted and complained, "I wanted to cut my hair short last time, but Kristina intervened and stopped me. I'm so jealous of girls with short hair."

Jared smiled as he took out a grey suit and put it on. Then, he took the rubber band in Debbie's hand. He raised her chin with his hand and looked at her. "Since you are unable to tie your hair up, just leave it be. You look nice either way."

Although Debbie was boyish, she always paid much attention to her hair which was shining and smooth.

She used expensive shampoos and conditioners to take care of her hair; it was what made her so eye-catching.

As for her skin, it was not perfect. Fortunately, her skin was pale which made her look like a glowing fair maiden.

The evening dress would not go with her hairstyle, but her pretty face made up for all that was lost.

"Hey, don't you have many lipstick shades? Why don't you put some on?" Jared suggested. He believed that she would look more stunning with some make up on.

Debbie selected a shade from her purse; she chose the one that matched the color of her dress perfectly. She painted over her lips and gave her trusted best friend a smile.

"Great! You look nice," Jared said, thankful to see such a pretty face. "Now, let's get going." The escort to the muse threw her purse over to the back seat of his car and took out a pair of high heels which he had bought for his best friend along the way.

After Debbie had slipped into her shoes, Jared extended his arm as an invitation.

In return, she generously accepted the invitation and held his arm as they boarded the cruiser which was luxuriously furnished.

Many guests had already made their way. Debbie did not always have the opportunity to come to such parties, so she barely knew anyone.

The only person she knew took her to the area where they served food and then he left her alone to scout some women he fancied.