

Chapter 105

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There was a palpable tension that seemed to invade the air for a moment as Karla remained silent. Slowly, she let go of Abigail's arm and took a step back, her expression conflicted. Finally, she broke the silence, her voice tinged with a hint of apprehension.

"Duncan is going to be upset with us... me especially when he finds out we went on with our plan together without informing him," Karla admitted, her tone heavy with concern. "But at this point, we have already come a bit far, and I think we should just carry on with our findings."

Abigail's eyes widened in surprise, her brows furrowing. "Wait, so you are suggesting that we shouldn't tell Duncan anything about this strange person who called Peterson?"

Karla hesitated, her reluctance almost turning into irritation. She let out a sigh and nodded begrudgingly. "I don't want to keep this from Duncan, but... we have got to do this," Karla said, her tone filled with a mix of guilt and determination.

Abigail sighed, her frustration evident in her voice. "Alright. I know you would like to boast to Duncan about how well we acted and tricked Peterson, but since you're insisting we keep this from him, then fine." She dropped her phone onto the table, a small display of her annoyance. "So, what is next?"

Karla rolled her eyes, her patience wearing thin. "Hello? I thought you were the brainbox. Don't you have any other ideas about what we can do next?" Her voice dripped with sarcasm as she fixed a daring gaze upon Abigail.

Abigail shrugged, a hint of defeat in her gesture. "I've got no idea," she admitted, her voice tinged with disappointment.

"We can think of something now," Abigail added, her voice filled with a newfound determination.

Karla raised an eyebrow, her skepticism evident. "What? Do I need to remind you that we're not friends?" she retorted, a tinge of annoyance in her tone.

Abigail's eyes narrowed, her reply laced with a hint of defiance. "I'll keep saying this - I don't want to be friends with you. Got it? But that doesn't mean we can't work together to achieve our goal."

Karla shrugged, a dismissive gesture. "Whatever," she waved off. "I'll trail Peterson tonight to meet the strange caller. I'll see what I can find out."

Abigail nodded, acknowledging Karla's plan. "Alright. Do you need backup? I can ask Xia to accompany you."

Karla shook her head, her confidence unwavering. "No, I don't. I'm good by myself, Abigail. I'll handle it."

Abigail paused for a moment, considering Karla's words. "Okay," she finally replied, her tone indicating acceptance. "If you're sure, then go ahead."

As Karla turned to leave the office, she stopped as something struck her. With a playful smile on her lips, she asked, "What if we both go together?" Her question hung in the air, filled with intrigue and adventure.

"No, I..."

"Are you scared that your precious life might be at risk?" she teased, raising an eyebrow and attempting to provoke a reaction.

"I'm not scared about that," Abigail replied, her tone defensive. "I just don't know how to pull off a perfect disguise like you." There was a touch of admiration in her voice, acknowledging Karla's skills. Abigail seemed to be struggling with her own capabilities, but her determination to join her prevailed. "Anyway, let's go together," he finally conceded, a resolve in her voice.

But Karla shook her head, dismissing her offer. "It's fine. I'll go alone tonight," she said, her voice filled with a mix of confidence and determination. There was a glimmer of something secretive in her eyes, hinting at a plan of her own. "You just need to stay here and hear their conversation."

Curiosity mixed with concern, Abigail watched as she took out a phone and slid it across the table to her. "Don't try to get your hacker, Xia to unlock my other locked apps," she warned, her tone laced with caution. It was a reminder that while they were allies, there were still boundaries to be respected. "You only have access to the spyware app," Karla added, emphasizing the limitations of Abigail's role.

Abigail responded with an eye-roll, dismissing the notion. "There's nothing more interesting about you to know, Karla, and I'm not petty enough to do that," she retorted, implying that she had no intention of invading Karla's privacy beyond what was necessary for the mission.

Karla seemed undeterred by Abigail's comment. "Alright," she said, her tone indicating a shift in focus. "I want you to know how things will go in there. You'll be able to hear their conversations well." With that, Karla departed, leaving Abigail alone with her thoughts and the weight of the

impending operation.

Minutes later, Xia walked in, and Abigail wasted no time in filling her in on the details. She shared the plan, the target, and the concerns that had been raised. Abigail relied on Xia's expertise and intuition, valuing her opinion in this critical moment.

"What if the place Peterson was asked to come to isn't safe?" Xia voiced her concern, her brows furrowing with worry. "You agreed to let her go alone?"

Abigail let out a sigh, her expression reflecting a mix of concern and resignation. She nodded slowly, acknowledging the risks involved. "Yes," she replied, her voice tinged with a hint of regret. "I agreed to let her go alone. Karla has her reasons, and I trust her judgment. We can't control every aspect of the situation, but we can gather as much information as possible."

She paused for a moment, contemplating the possibilities. "We will be listening closely, ready to assist if needed. Karla has the skills and ability to handle herself," Abigail concluded, her voice filled with a combination of determination and hope.

As much as Abigail wanted to hide it, Xia, being perceptive and familiar with her patterns, could see through her façade. Xia noticed the subtle signs of anxiety that flickered across Abigail's face and in her body language. Xia knew that Abigail's concern for Karla ran deeper than she was willing to admit.

"Miss, I am sure you are more worried about Karla than you claim," Xia gently confronted her, offering her understanding and support.

Unable to deny her true feelings any longer, Abigail let out a sigh and

nodded. "I shouldn't be, but... I just can't help it," she confessed, her voice tinged with vulnerability. "I do care about her. She's walking into the unknown, and it's dangerous. I can't shake off this worry."

Xia listened attentively, her expression empathetic. "Don't worry, miss," she reassured Abigail, her voice filled with a calm assurance. "I can understand why you feel that way. Karla is important to all of us. If it eases your mind, I can secretly follow her too, if you permit me."

Abigail hesitated, torn between her desire to ensure Karla's safety and respecting Karla's wishes. After a moment of contemplation, she shook her head. "No," she said firmly. "She doesn't want that. Let's just be on the watch from a distance, ready to provide assistance if needed. We have to respect her choices and trust in her abilities."

Xia nodded in understanding, accepting Abigail's decision with a bow. "Alright, miss," she replied respectfully. "I will honor your wishes and keep a vigilant eye from afar."

With that, Xia left, leaving Abigail alone with her thoughts. The weight of the situation still hung in the air, but Abigail found solace in knowing that she had a trusted ally by her side, even if it meant keeping a careful watch from a distance.

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