

Chapter 25

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Abigail thought she heard Duncan wrong so she decided to ask him again.

"Are you for real?"

"Yes, give it out. The money I wiped out of the Lennart's company account, you wanted to give it out?"

"Exactly. You heard it, right?"

"You mean...the whole money?"

"Yes, Abigail. I would like them to be given out to people in need of it. I'm sure there are so many helpless people out there that the money would change their lives. Please help me to distribute it to helpless kids, widows, bums in the streets, and orphanage homes too. Okay?"

"Duncan, we are talking about 50 million dollars here, you really want to just give them all out."

"Yes. What did you think?"

"Well, I thought you'd use it."

"Not to brag but it's of no use to me. People who need it should have it. I didn't have you take that money from the account because I wanted to use it, It was because I wanted to teach Marcus a lesson. I'm so excited now."

"Hm, about Peterson Rogers?"



"You know him?"

"Yeah. Can we...meet?"

"Umm." Duncan gave a brief pause thinking of what he had planned to do at the end of the day. He wanted to go to the Emporium Hotel to see Karla.

"Duncan? Please can you come over to my place?"

"Actually, I..."

"Just for a while? It's a request? I'd take it as a 'thank you' for what I did for you."

"Okay. I don't want to owe you. I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Thank you."

Duncan hung up and headed to Abigail's home. When he arrived, he asked the security guard to kindly call her out for him. He didn't want to go in and stay more than the time he had planned to stay.

Abigail came to the gate, wearing her usual smile. "Duncan." She took a step forward to hug him but stopped herself. She glanced at the security man who disappeared into the guardhouse.

"Long time."

"Really? I was here last night, Abigail," Duncan reminded her.

"Oh oh." She slapped her forehead in forgetfulness and both laughed.

"I forgot about that for a minute."



"It's okay. You said you know Peterson Rogers."

"Yes. Actually, the freak and I almost had a deal. Then he...was hitting on me."

"Oh. Good thing a good person didn't end up with a dog like him."

"Hm. I only had to wait for a while before I met you."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, never mind. So...?"

"Yes, there's a video going around and I'm kind of thinking who made that video."

"I think it's your well-wisher."

"I was thinking the same thing."

"Congratulations on your first win against your foes."

"Thank you, Abigail."

"It was my pleasure. Anyway, come in..."

"Uh, no. I'll be leaving now."

"What?"

"I have to go somewhere urgently."

"If it's the hospital...I'm sure visiting hours are over."



"Not really, but I'm not going to the hospital."

"Then where to?"

Duncan creased his brows, reluctant to disclose where he was going. Sensing his reluctance, Abigail waved, feeling a bit weird.

"I'm sorry. But, you just came here." She chuckled and looked away. "I was thinking you'd have dinner with me."

"Abigail, it's not my intention to refuse you, but I have to go now. Maybe some other time."

"Yeah, some other time."

"Bye." Duncan waved and headed down to his car.

"Ms. Waclaw, you made some meals, are you expecting someone?" Xia asked when she walked up to Abigail.

Abigail's expression went bleak as she watched Duncan drive off after entering the car.

"I was expecting a special person but...discard the meals. I won't have dinner."

"Ms. Waclaw, it was your first time making a meal and they were great. You just want to discard them."

"Oh, Xia, please, don't get on my nerves. You can give it all to the security guard."

"Okay, Ms." Xia bowed and was about to leave when Abigail stopped

her, grabbing her hand. "Ms. Waclaw...?"

"Go get the car, now. I want to go somewhere, quickly."

Xia hurried off to do as she said. Abigail narrowed her eyes as she watched Duncan's car disappear down the street road, her lips pressed in a thin line.

When Duncan arrived at the Emporium Hotel, he gave the car key to one of the security guards that had become his man to give it to Jack when he drops by soon. Then he went into the hotel.

"Hello, please, is Karla Burton in her room?" He asked one of the ladies at the reception.

He didn't see the two ladies he had first seen who demeaned him the night he came in. Unknown to him, Abigail had already gotten them fired.

"Ms. Karla isn't in her room, sir."

"Shoot, can I please have her number?"

They gave him a questioning look before shaking their heads in refusal.

"Okay, I know you guys have her contact, please give it to me. I mean no harm."

"Don't mind me asking, but what relationship do you have with her, sir?"

"She's my...partner. I mean, we are friends."

"Sir, we don't give out the hotel's customer contact to people, we are sorry. You can kindly wait for her in the foyer."

"Please, it's urgent." Duncan took out some thousand bucks notes and slid them onto the counter surface to the ladies. "Please?"

The two ladies looked at each other before one took the money and the other went on to search for Karla's contact in the system. Duncan smiled, watching her.

"Money really does a lot of things," he thought and shook his head, impatiently waiting.

"Here, Sir," she gave him a note with Karla's number. He thanked them and left with it.

He saved the number in his contact and started calling her as he left the building. Karla didn't pick up her call. He rushed back to the reception and asked them if they had any idea where she could be.

"I'm sorry sir, we don't. But she took her key with her and that means she's likely around. I think you could check the_"

Before she finished talking, Duncan snapped his fingers and interrupted. "The Hotel's bar?"

The ladies glanced at each other and nodded.

"It's by your..."

"Don't worry, I know. Thank you."

Duncan ran to the bar and saw Karla there.

"Oh, great." He exhaled and walked up to her. He snatched the glass of drink she was about to gulp and took a whiff.

"You?" Karla eyed him and hissed. "Give me my glass."

"Tequila, it's alcohol."

"I didn't ask for your opinion. Return my glass."

"No way." Duncan gulped it down and exhaled. "Karla, I want to talk to you."

"Well, I don't talk to assholes. Get away." She arose and walked past him. He watched her leave before going after her.

Duncan took the elevator and ran to Karla's room, he saw her enter the room and just when she was about to close the door, he ran up and stopped her.

"Please, Karla. Let me in."

"No...just..."

Duncan squeezed himself into the room before she finished talking. She groaned and closed the door before walking to the couch and slumping on it.

He walked up to her and sat next to her.

"Karla, I'm sorry for what I did."



"What did you do?" She asked, pretending to have forgotten what he did.

"I...reacted badly yesterday. I didn't mean to be rude."

"But you were rude," she said, almost yelling. She shut her eyes, fighting back her eyes. She opened them and shook her head. "You were so rude and mean, Duncan. You even questioned my character and mentioned my mother, that was the worst of it."

"What do you mean?"

"Great for you, you've got two mothers but I...got none."

Duncan's eyebrows creased. Upon realizing what she meant, his eyes widened.

"Karla."

"Yes, my mother is dead. And you did incredibly well to remind me yesterday that I had no mother to train me properly while I was growing up. Duncan, you were so horrible."

Duncan nodded and slowly pulled her into a hug. She wanted to push him away but couldn't bring herself to do it as she derived solace from hugging him.

"I'm sorry, Karla. I had no idea. I was more confused because you kept your identity from me. Why did you?"

She let go of him and sniffed, then answered his question, looking away.



"I felt ashamed."

"Ashamed?" Duncan chuckled, causing her to return her gaze to him. He put on a serious expression. "And...why didn't you say yesterday that your mother was dead."

"I just allowed a fool like you to rant on."

"Yeah, I'm a fool. In fact, I deserve a slap."

"That's true." Karla nodded and slapped him.

"Ow, why did you do that?"

Karla burst into laughter as she saw him frown. "You said you deserve a slap. I gave you what you deserved."

"Geez, your hand is fire."

"Really? Does it hurt? Let me see?" She pulled down his hand from his face and stared at the spot she had slapped which had turned red. "Oh, I'm sorry." She pouted, causing Duncan to laugh at how cute she looked.

"What is it?" She frowned, still pouting.

Duncan said nothing but stared at her. He couldn't help but notice how beautiful her emerald green eyes were and he found himself admiring her beauty. In his head, he found himself comparing her beauty to Zinnia's and drew the conclusion that she wasn't looking elegant at the moment but she was far cuter than Zinnia.



When he realized he was about to check her out, he jolted himself back to reality when she slightly shook him.

"What world were you in earlier, hm?"

"A world with you?"

"Hm, good pick-up lines, where did you get it from?"

"I just blurted that. Now I look at you...you look like the woman I met on the road..."

"The one who stopped her driver from hitting you?"

"Yes. I had brushed past that car and..." he took a brief pause, recalling the day. "Wait, are you that woman?"

"Yes. Surprised?"

"I definitely am. You looked more of a woman that day."

"Now?"

"You look different."

"Far from being...classic like her?"

"Who?"

"Don't act like you don't know who I'm talking about. I'm talking of Abigail Waclaw."

"Oh, yeah. Why compare yourself with her? Anyway, she's off your



league though."

Karla felt a pang of jealousy surge inside her but she kept her composure.

"Why dress so casually, like this, Karla?"

"I love it. I only dress elegantly when duty calls. I'm trying to live my life well, other than killing myself in uncomfortable clothes and staying in an office for hours. It's not my thing."

"But you're the heiress of Burton Multinational Investments."

"So? I'll still try to live my life in the best way I feel is good for me. I don't want people recognizing me everywhere I go as Karla Burton, the heiress of Burton Multinational Investments."

"Humility. Great."

She tried not to blush. "Was that a compliment?"

"Don't act like a dunce."

She grinned.

"So...what about your family? Your father?"

Karla's cheerful expression disappeared upon hearing him mention her father. Duncan noticed her sudden change of expression and wondered why that happened.

"Karla, are you okay?"