

Chapter 29

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Duncan opened his mouth to talk but Abigail quickly shunned him.

"I know you're not the one. You're far from being him."

"Don't debase him. Duncan has a big heart and it would be great if he was him because I know he would have done a lot for others, but for people like you, it's a no-no."

"Excuse me, John. Don't say anything. I know what I'm saying. Do you even know a thing about the famous unknown zillionaire heir?"

"I know you wouldn't mind telling me to rub it in my face."

"Well, I'll gladly do. You know there's a video of him trending for days now. Check this." Abigail brought out her phone and played a video for John to watch.

Duncan tried to remain composed as he watched shock wash over John while he watched the video.

"Oh, boy, look at all the men bowing to him. This guy must be amazing. But, his face is not shown. Who is he?"

"I don't know." Abigail snatched her phone from him and eyed Duncan. "Rumors have it that he's the son of the famous Lady Zelda. No one knows him and news isn't spreading anything yet about him, but here we have Duncan. The ordinary Duncan South trying to act posh because he stole some thousand bucks from his rich wife and gave it to you. And you're falling for his fakeness, John, kudos to you both," she said, tauntingly.

"You're not being nice now, Abigail. I guess that's why I never liked you,"

John stated, rolling his eyes.

"Excuse me, John, I don't want to even think of being nice to worthless freaks. You're just being his ass licker because he gave you some thousand bucks. So, Duncan, what are you feeling like by resigning, hm? No one would employ a pathetic person like you. Don't even think of begging me to go talk to the Manager."

"I won't do any of that. By the way, I'm not looking for a job, but hopefully, I will be able to get you a job in the future."

"What? Me?" Abigail glanced at John and burst into laughter, clapping her hands. "Come of it, Duncan. You're so ridiculous. I'll be the one to find a job for you, not the other way around. You'll forever be running after your wife's tail and being in her mercy."

"Alright then. Time shall tell." Duncan shrugged.

"Yes, time shall tell. And when that time comes, I want to rub it in your face and make you feel like a loser who you are."

John grabbed Abigail's arm. "That's enough, Abigail. You're insulting Duncan today but you never know, a day might come when you'll be kneeling in front of him for something."

"Shut up, and get your hand off me," Abigail hissed and jerked her arm off his grip. "Duncan, get off your high horse, swallow your pride, and just say it, I'm sure you probably got lucky to see this a super rich person or maybe the mysterious son of Lady Zelda and you fell on his feet and begged for alms, and I guess he threw some thousand bucks on your face, then you came over and gave it to John to pretend to be magnanimous, merely for impression. I'm sure you've got no penny now, blah."

Duncan smiled to her surprise and took out two pieces of a thousand

dollars and tucked it into Abigail's hand.

"Your pant is ripped, Abigail." He motioned at the tear below her thighs.

"Use the money they get some new pants and do well to get a new bottle of shampoo to wash your hair, they look yuck." With that, he waved at John and headed to Karla's car, leaving Abigail speechless and John trying to suppress his laughter as he stared at her changed expression.

"Who the hell was that little bitch?" Karla asked when he entered the car.

"She works in the restaurant," Duncan simply said, putting on his seat belt.

"She looks younger than you, and I'm sure she's an ordinary waitress there."

Duncan lifted his brows, not getting why she was reacting. "So...?"

"Hello? I saw her insulted you. She was fucking rude."

"Oh, earlier. Is that why you got out of the car?"

"I couldn't stand watching insignificant things insult you. I know you could have given her a taste of her medicine, but you just take in the insults. Why?"

"She's the least of the people I want to get back at. Though she insulted me, I still gave her money after she accused me of feigning to be noble."

"What? I'm going to approach her and pull out her hair now." Karla attempted to leave but Duncan stopped her, grabbing her arm.

"What's wrong with you? Don't do that."

"She insulted you..."

"So? Why do you seem freaked out than me?"

"Because you're involved," Karla blurt, causing Duncan to lower his brows.

"What do you mean?"

"Uh, I...I mean...I'm your partner and I can't stand those who are rude to my partners."

"Hey, we are not even friends, so on what base would you confront her? People might think you're my girlfriend."

"What's bad with that?"

"Everything is bad about that because you can never be my girlfriend." Duncan let go of her. She felt a little bit hurt by his words but composed herself. She looked away and sighed as she started the car.

"Anyway, Abigail was shocked by my action, Karla." A gratifying smile appeared on his face.

"Abigail? That's her name?"

"Hm."

"Gosh, all these people who bear that name 'Abigail' are just something else."

"Excuse me, don't compare her to Abigail Waclaw."

"Oh, why? They are the same. The rich ones like Abigail Waclaw go around with raised shoulders getting involved in what's not their concern and the poor ones like that girl have blunt tongues."



"Stop it, Abigail isn't proud. She's a good person."

"You only see her as such because she has never been the other way when talking to you. I don't know why you're always out to defend her. I'm sure you don't do that when it comes to me."

"It's because Abigail has never said anything bad about you. She's a mindful person unlike you."

"Whatever. It's not like I want you defending me all the time."

"I don't want to argue with you. Just don't go behind my back and get Abigail fired."

"What? Why would I do that?"

"You did the same thing to the ladies at Emporium Hotel. You reported them."

"Oh. So? I'm not going to do that for an ungrateful jerk like you. Don't worry."

"Great."

Abigail shrugged and started driving with a frown on her face. She remembered about the flash drive and asked.

"So, you had a chance to get the flash drive but you didn't get it. What are you going to do now? The presentation is at 3 pm."

"I am thinking of doing something," Duncan said, narrowing his eyes as he stared at the road through the windshield.

"You know, I can help you get the location where the presentation will

take place then attack Peterson and steal the flash drive."

"Geez, you always want to do things inappropriately and like a gangster."

"Excuse me."

"Yeah, you're excused. You acted inappropriately by giving a roundhouse kick to Marcus the other day."

"What? I thought you said you liked that."

"Yeah, but I wouldn't have if you were caught. You know Marcus could have filed a case against you. Then maybe you'll have to reveal yourself as Karla Burton to get yourself out of the mess."

"I know you wouldn't have let me get me to get caught."

"I'm not your bodyguard that will save you all the time."

"Whatever. So about my idea..."

"Ruled out. I'll sort out my things in my way. I'll talk to Babette first. Take me to Walton business estate."

"Fine. Must you always meet up with Babette? You make it seem like she's going to be a good help."

"She is a good help to me, unlike you."

"Then why didn't you get her to..." Karla abruptly paused, realizing she was almost yelling. She stopped the car and handed him the key. "I need to go somewhere. You head to your destination."

Before Duncan could utter a word, she got out of the car, took an Uber and disappeared.



"What a crazy girl." Duncan sighed as he got down from the car and went over to the driver's seat.

When he arrived at the company, he met Babette in the office and she told him she couldn't help in any way to make Peterson Rogers lose the contract.

Not knowing what to do, Duncan remained in the office, thinking of how to accept whatever outcome surfaces and deal with it after he tried calling Abigail but to no avail.

When it was 7 pm, Duncan was standing by the window, staring at the city when the door was opened and he turned to see Abigail walk in with a radiating smile on her face.

"Duncan. Peterson Rogers failed."

Duncan creased his brows and she walked up to him, partly grinning.

"Yesz Duncan. His presentation was a big flop."

"What? Are you for real?" He asked, not being aware of Karla who walked in with Babbette.

"Yes, he didn't get the contract, Duncan..."

Duncan grabbed her hands and pulled Abigail into a hug before she could finish talking to her surprise.

Feeling the warmth in his arms, a smile danced in the corner of Abigail's lips as she placed her hands around him. Unaware of Karla and Babbette, she was about to shut her eyes and rest her head on his shoulder when Karla walked to the desk and slammed her fist on the surface, causing

Duncan to let go of Abigail.

"It wasn't your doing, so why are you taking the credits, Abigail?" Karla said, almost yelling.

"Hey, I was not taking credit for that," Abigail said, turning to face Karla. "I was just about to tell him that."

"I see. Then why let him hug you? You could have ..."

"Wait, I don't understand what's going on here," Duncan interrupted, causing Karla to twitch her nose in annoyance.

"Well, sir." Babette stepped forward to clear his confusion. "Peterson Rogers didn't get the contract."

"None of us did anything," Karla said, glancing at Abigail who nodded. "He made the worst presentation among all who made a presentation."

Duncan was amazed because none of them had a hand in the ruining of the presentation.

"If it wasn't either of us, then what led to him not getting the contract."

"Sir, I heard he gave the wrong presentation which was...offensive."

Duncan's eyes widened. "What?"