

Chapter 30

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Duncan walked to the front of the desk, pondering. Then he asked.

"How's that possible? What do you mean his presentation was offensive, Babette?"

"I had Xia go there to stunt his presentation but at the end of it, she got to know that Peterson Rogers' presentation was rejected," Abigail explained.

"Instead of presenting something in connection with the project the dealers brought, he made a presentation of himself flirting with some girls at a karaoke," Karla added.

"Exactly. Peterson was surprised. I guess someone tampered with his presentation. He denied having any intention to present such a thing and claimed someone messed with his presentation. He wasn't given a chance to defend himself and he was kicked out of the venue," Babette stated.

"You know who was behind this, Duncan?" Abigail asked.

Duncan slowly shook his head. "I have no idea."

"So, I guess it's one of your well-wishers. Duncan," Karla said, managing to smile despite still burning inside with anger for Abigail.

Duncan shook his head. "I don't have any well-wishers. I'm thinking of someone though."

"Who?" Abigail and Karla uttered at the same time and rolled eyes at each other when Duncan kept his gaze on the desk.

"I think it's Lisa."

"Who's she?" Karla asked with an arched eyebrow.

"She's Zinnia's cousin - sister."

"Oh." Karla nodded.

Abigail asked, "But what makes you think that Lisa had a hand in this?"

Duncan smiled, slightly lifting up a corner of his lips as he turned around the desk and took his seat.

"In the Lennart family, there's a tussle for power, position, and acknowledgment. Marcus, Zinnia, and Lisa, it's their greatest wish that they become the heir or heiress to the family's company and business," Duncan revealed.

"You are certain it's Lisa's doing?" Karla asked.

Duncan nodded as he recalled Lisa entering the office of Zinnia and stopping him from swapping the flash drive that morning. "She had come into Zinnia's office this morning. I'm sure she pulled this off."

"Great, family against each other. It would be interesting," Abigail stated, smiling.

"You're right. Babette, please get me other necessary updates regarding the project deal Peterson lost and other vital information." He stood up.

"Okay, sir."

"I'll keep my eyes on the ground too," Karla nodded.



"Thanks. I'll leave now." Duncan took a step forward but Abigail stopped him.

"Um, Duncan, it's good news that Peterson Rogers didn't get the contract, So shouldn't you celebrate your win?"

"Uhm, you're right."

"Exactly. What do you say about us going to my house and celebrating this?" She proposed.

Karla's eyes widened as she glared at her while Babette gulped in disbelief.

"Sounds like a great idea."

Karla walked up to Duncan to make him reject her offer. "Duncan, you..."

"But, I'm sorry, Abigail. Maybe some other time."

"Oh. Alright." Abigail flung her head and nodded as she forced a smile.

A satisfying smile appeared on Karla's face when Abigail glanced at her. She muttered to Duncan, "Goodnight."

"Good night." He waved at Abigail and left. Babette followed.

Karla cleaned her throat to speak as Abigail straightened her gown and smoothened her air. She headed to the door and Karla stopped her from leaving. ①

"What is it?" Abigail asked, not wanting to look at her and give her an idea that she was feeling disappointed.

"Hm, what are you, Abigail? Inviting someone you barely know over to your house."

Abigail chuckled and turned to face Karla. "Someone, you say? Duncan is a man."

"What sort of man do you see him as."

"He's a man worthy of a woman like me. That's all I'll say."

"I do not want to say this, but I keep thinking you're trying to throw yourself at him."

"Oh. Really?"

"Yes, but you should know he's off your league. I mean_" took a step closer, probing into Abigail's eyes "_There's an age difference between you guys. So forget whatever you're trying to create with Duncan. You're older than him, Abigail. So do yourself a favor and go after a man of the same age as you."

"Were you digging up something about me?"

"Maybe I did."

"That was useless. Forget my age and just know this_" leaned forward "_Whatever Abigail Waclaw wants, she gets. That's it." A crooked smile appeared on her face and she put on her eyeglass and opened the door.

"He's not interested in having a fling with you so stop inviting him to your house!" Karla yelled.

Abigail stepped out of the office and spun.



"You think I want to have a casual relationship with him?"

"Sorry to say, but that's what people like you do and that's why you never get what you want."

Abigail's expression turned gloomy. Karla's words had opened a wound in her heart and she simply turned and left, leaving Karla stunned.

Meanwhile, at the Lennart mansion, Zinnia had returned home earlier and indulged herself and her mother in a celebration over Peterson's victory which didn't happen.

"You know what, mother?" She asked, amidst laughing as she held her glass of wine.

"Tell me, dear," Laila urged.

"I'm sure that in less than an hour from now, Peterson is going to call me and say- 'Baaabyyy! I got the contract! Wouldn't that be great?"

"It will, dear."

"And he's going to say - 'Forward your account details or better still drop by my house so I'll transfer the money then we can go celebrate in a special at one of the clubs.' Oh, I can't wait, mother, and..."

"Zinnia!" The holler of her name interrupted Zinnia and both shifted their gaze to the door. The voice, she was able to recognize.

"Wait, that's my boo, Peterson Rogers, Mom," she said and the door was flung open. Peterson walked in and she gasped, returning her gaze to her mother. "Mother, he came in a minute to give me the good news," she shrieked and arose, dropping her glass on the table. "Peterson!" She

rushed to him approaching and he grabbed her by the shoulders in a rough manner, forcing her to let out a gasp in shock.

"How the hell could you do that to me, hm?!"

"What are you talking about, Peterson?"

Peterson fumbled his hand in his jacket pocket for the flash drive and took it out.

"This flash drive is FAKE. Where's the one I gave you?!"

Laila's eyes widened in shock as she arose. She dropped her glass and the other family members started assembling in the living room.

"You're talking nonsense, Peterson. The flash drive you gave me this morning is the same one I handed over to you when you returned to take it. I didn't swap it with another."

"Stop lying. You did it. That's why I didn't get the contract. I had come up with a good presentation and I used the wrong flash drive. Where's my flash drive!?!"

"Believe me, I've got no idea of what you're saying!"

"Peterson, let go of my daughter now and..."

"Quiet, Aunt Laila! Your daughter is a petty liar!"

"Stop it!" Zinnia yelled, jerking off her shoulders from his grips. "Don't you dare talk to my mother in that tone. I'm not a liar. I'm sure you've got other enemies who want you down and maybe one of the people who made a presentation with you had swapped your flash drive. You probably were careless!"

"I wasn't." Peterson grabbed her hand. "I was cautious."

"Well, I have no idea of what you're talking about, Peterson."

"Okay then. I will find out. If I get to know that you had an involvement in my flop today, you'll regret the day you know me, Zinnia!"

Peterson threatened and stomped out of the house.

Zinnia hissed and turned to face everyone. Her eyes caught those of her grandmother and she froze.

"G...grandmother," she managed to say. "I can explain." She rushed up to ma'am Luna. "Peterson is..."

Before Zinnia finished talking, ma'am Luna gave her a dirty slap that made her stumble backward, holding her cheek.

Ma'am Luna uttered, sneering, "You're a fool, Zinnia. A big FOOL."

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