

Chapter 38

With their faces just inches away, Karla felt her cheeks burning locking her eyes onto Duncan's. When he lifted his brows, she arched a brow and nodded lightly before he glanced at her hand.

Not taking her hand off, she poised to continue. "I am sure you're not fretting because of your wife, right?"

"I'm Duncan Walton."

"Correct. And...?"

"I'm bound to win in any game I partake in. Yeah, I was thinking Lisa was going to do the presentation but I had a change of mind this morning and without thinking of the aftermath, I proceeded with my new plan."

"What do you mean?"

Not bothering to give her a long narration, he went on talking, leaving her confused.

"I need to make a good presentation to beat Zinnia's no matter what."

"Sure, I am here to help you."

"No. Take your hand off."

Karla blinked uncontrollably as he gave her a steel expression before she proceeded to withdraw her hand.

"Also, you're not capable of helping me, Karla."

"What? L..."

Before Karla could finish a statement to defend herself, Abigail walked in, saying, "I will help you, Duncan."

Seeing Abigail's contagious smile made Karla frown when she glanced at her, and as Abigail's gaze dropped down to the desk, her smile disappeared upon seeing Karla's hand on Duncan's.

Feeling happy deep down by Abigail's changed expression, Karla's lips curled into a smile.

"Hey, Abigail." Duncan arose and rolled his eyes at Karla who smartly took her hand away before walking over to the couch by the desk. "You're done with your call?"

"Yeah." Abigail forced a smile as she took a step closer and Duncan walked over to her. "Um, I said I can help."

"Really? Duncan doesn't need your help because I already proposed to help him and he accepted," Karla said, her smile widening. Abigail opened her mouth to talk but stopped herself as she remembered her last argument with Karla a few days ago.

"Hey, what did you say?" Duncan asked Karla, tapping her. "I remember saying clearly that I don't need your help."

"Why don't you need my help?"

"Because you're inexperienced."

"And me?" Abigail asked, causing Duncan to avert his gaze to her.

"You're fit to help me..."

"Are you for real now?" Karla interrupted, almost yelling. She grabbed

Duncan's arm, making him return her gaze to her. "What about me?"

"Like I said before, you're inexperienced. I am sure that Abigail would help me better than you like she did today."

"What?"

"Yes. I called her at an usual time when I'm sure she probably was busy but she took her time and helped me with what I asked for."

"I see. You're trying to say I am incapable and worthless? Fine." Karla angrily let go of him and left the room.

"Karla, wait!" Duncan headed to the door and walked past Abigail who tried to stop him, almost brushing her aside with his shoulder. "Hold on, Karla!" He increased his pace and grabbed her arm when he reached her in the hallway, two offices away from his. "What's wrong with you?"

"I am fine. You're just the one who has a problem. Like seriously, you think I'm incapable."

"You shouldn't deny that Abigail," he paused and glanced above his shoulder at Abigail who stepped out of his office, "Knows more than you do. She runs a big business she built solely by herself. She's efficient and reliable too."

Karla sneered, looking above Duncan's shoulder to see Abigail walking up to them with a smile on her face.

"But, I'll handle it. I don't need anyone's help."

Upon hearing that, Abigail's smile vanished and she gulped, looking away as she arranged her perfect hair.

"You can come if you want," Duncan muttered to Karla as he turned and headed back to the office, Abigail followed him before Karla grinned and started walking behind them.

Babette entered the office after Karla and said, "I have got a list of the different persons who will be representing their companies and giving a presentation, though some have been ruled out because of top companies' involvement in the battle for this deal. And...for the Lennart Sky company, your wife, I mean Zinnia Lennart is the one representing the company."

"I know about that, Babette," Duncan informed.

"And, sir, you still want to go for it? She's your wife and I am sure she's experienced too."

"Not really, but she's good at making presentations and getting deals for the company. Still, I'm going for it. I want to get this deal. Zinnia is so proud and confident that she will get the deal. I want to shatter her hopes and break her confidence."

"What about your identity?" Karla asked.

"That was a good question," Abigail acknowledged in a mutter to Karla.

"Well, I will do well to hide my identity. Babette, get Jack to see me in the next ten minutes. You also need to make sure that the press doesn't show up till after I make my presentation."

"Noted, sir." Babette nodded. "We have got a big chance to prove your company is and will always be the best. This is a big deal though it's not much compared to what we owe. Gu Group of firms are like us but their expectations of us are high."



"It's alright, Babette. I understand what you're trying to say. Thanks for the information. I'll gather other information by myself."

"How will you go about making the presentation? It's just less than twenty-four hours away."

"Well..."

"Uh, Duncan, you can come over to my place and I would not mind helping you make a good presentation."

"No. Why should he come to your place?" Karla asked, almost raising her voice. "Your house isn't a good place to make great presentations. Duncan, you can come over to my place and..."

"No, Karla. I am not coming to either of your places. Babette will help me out in making the presentation," Duncan stated and glanced at Babette who smiled sheepishly. "Let's go to the conference room. It will be quieter there."

"Alright, sir."

Duncan cast one last glance at Karla and Abigail as they made way for him to walk in between them to the door and he left, followed by Babette.

As Duncan and Babette made their way to the conference room, a sense of determination filled Duncan's entire being. He knew that the next twenty-four hours would be crucial, and he was determined to rise to the challenge. The quietness of the conference room offered him the perfect environment to focus and channel his mental power toward crafting a presentation that would surpass all expectations.

A deep sense of responsibility weighed on Duncan's shoulders as he

thought about his mother's probably high hopes for him. He couldn't bear the thought of disappointing her, and mostly himself, and that thought fueled his determination even further. He was determined to prove himself, to show his mother that he was capable of delivering excellence.

But there was more to Duncan's determination than just impressing his mother. Zinnia's betrayal. As much as he tried to deny it, her betrayal had shaken him, leaving him with a burning desire to regain control and overcome the challenges he was facing. He saw this presentation as an opportunity to reclaim his confidence, topple his doubts, and to start turning the tide in his favor.

While Duncan's mind was consumed with determination and the weight of his responsibilities, Babette couldn't help but notice the change in his demeanor. She was happy to see him so focused and determined, as it meant that he was ready to take charge and tackle the task at hand. She felt more happy to know that she was going to help him out.

As they entered the conference room, Duncan's determination radiated from him. He was ready to pour every ounce of his energy into creating a top-notch presentation. With each step he took, his determination grew stronger, propelling him forward towards his goal. And as Babette watched him, she couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and excitement, knowing that together they were about to embark on a journey that would lead to success.

Babette understood the importance of providing him with the necessary information to create a compelling presentation. As they settled into the conference room, she pulled out a stack of folders containing previous presentations from various staff members who had represented the company in the past.

Together, they meticulously went through each presentation, examining the structure, content, and delivery styles. Babette pointed out the strengths and weaknesses of each one, highlighting key points and identifying areas that could be improved. She shared her insights and observations, providing Duncan with valuable context and perspective.

Duncan, fueled by his determination, absorbed the information like a sponge. He asked questions, sought clarification, and eagerly absorbed every detail. With each passing hour, his focus intensified, and he worked tirelessly to distill the essence of what made a successful presentation.

As the day turned into night, Duncan's drive remained unwavering. He was fully immersed in the task at hand, pouring his creativity and intellect into crafting a presentation that would capture the attention of the representatives of the Gu Group of firms. His efforts were relentless, fueled by his determination to deliver excellence.

Eventually, as the night wore on, Duncan realized the need to rest. Recognizing the importance of taking care of himself and ensuring he was well-prepared for the following day, he made the decision to return home. 1

Acknowledging the progress they had made and the work that lay ahead, Duncan and Babette tidied up their workspace, ensuring that everything was organized and ready for their return. They left the conference room, knowing that they had laid a strong foundation for the presentation and that Duncan would be able to continue his work with renewed focus in the morning.

As they departed, Duncan expressed his gratitude to Babette for her invaluable support and guidance. He recognized that her contributions had played a significant role in his progress thus far. With a sense of

purpose and determination still burning within him, Duncan made his way home, ready to rest and recharge before tackling the final stages of his presentation later in the night.

Meanwhile, Karla who had remained in the company felt a bit unhappy when she saw Duncan leave the company with Babette.

"Gosh. I shouldn't be feeling this way. I should go on with my plan instead," she thought and headed out of the building.

As Duncan stepped into the Lennart mansion, he was immediately greeted by the sight of Zinnia's angry face. Her expression conveyed her frustration and disappointment, and her tone held a mixture of anger and confusion.

"You fool, why did you resign from the restaurant?" she demanded, her voice filled with accusation. Duncan remained silent, choosing to carefully study her expression instead. He knew that engaging in an argument at this moment would not be productive, and he needed to assess the situation before responding.

"I had no option. I was sacked," Duncan simply answered as the other family members appeared in the living room.

"You're the biggest fool in this world if you think resigning was the best. What were you thinking when you resigned?"

Duncan's determination from earlier in the day still burned within him, fueling his resolve to find a solution to his challenges. But first, he needed to address the immediate tension with his wife.

Taking a deep breath, Duncan maintained his composure and replied calmly, "It was my decision."

"Shut the nonsense you call a mouth. I see you want to fully rely on me by resigning."

"Just snap out of it, okay?" Duncan requested, almost yelling. He was struggling to keep his anger under control.

"You have no right to question my decision!"

"How dare you, good-for-nothing?" Zinnia held her hand to slap him but Duncan caught her wrist, stopping her.

"Don't try to do that again, Zinnia," he warned and gently let go of her. Everyone was surprised. As Duncan walked past his wife, he made his way to their shared bedroom, leaving her in shock at the spot in the living room.

She glanced at the others who headed to the dining room. Herbanger seemed to momentarily waver, replaced by a hint of surprise. After a moment of hesitation, she went out to take in some fresh air to calm herself, ignoring Lisa and Bella who chuckled. 1