

### Chapter 47

Duncan's heart raced in his chest as he locked eyes with Karla once again. The intensity of their gaze was undeniable, and it seemed as though time stood still at that moment. Karla, taken aback by the palpable tension, could hear the rapid beating of Duncan's heart, a subtle sign of the effect she had on him.

Feeling slightly flustered, Duncan broke the eye contact, averting his gaze to regain his composure. He cleared his throat in a slightly awkward and unusual manner, trying to collect his thoughts before responding to Karla's question.

"W...what do you mean?" Duncan stammered, his voice betraying a mix of surprise and curiosity.

Karla, sensing Duncan's unease, spoke cautiously, her eyes fixed on him, searching for answers. "I mean...Uh, I woke up this morning, and I'm just realizing that I maybe got drunk last night. So, did something perhaps take place... between us?"

Duncan's mind raced as he tried to gather his thoughts. He vividly remembered the events of the previous night, the electric connection between them, and the almost-kiss that had hung in the air. A mixture of emotions flooded his senses, and he shook his head vehemently, denying any involvement between them.

"No," Duncan replied, his voice slightly shaky but firm. "Nothing happened between us...at least, not in that way." He paused for a moment, finding the right words to say next. Then his demeanor abruptly shifted as he switched into his serious mode, causing Karla to straighten up, uncertain of what was to come. His curt words carried a

sense of detachment and distance, as he addressed the events of the previous night. "You got drunk and just blabbered nonstop. I left you in the care of Rose, your caretaker," Duncan stated firmly, his voice devoid of any warmth or emotion. The words hung in the air, creating a tense atmosphere in the office.

As Duncan watched Karla, he noticed her expression shifting, her thoughts seemingly consumed by introspection. He wondered if Rose had disclosed the almost-kiss incident to her. The anticipation of her response compelled him to jerk up from his seat, unable to contain his curiosity any longer.

Before Karla could speak, Duncan interjected, his tone urgent. "Did Rose tell you anything?" His words were direct and to the point, leaving no room for evasion or misunderstanding.

Karla bit her lower lip, her eyes wavering with a mix of emotions. She hesitated for a moment, grappling with the truth and how to articulate her thoughts. Finally, she shook her head, indicating that Rose had not shared any information with her.

Duncan's shoulders relaxed slightly as he exhaled, a sense of relief washing over him. The weight of the unspoken incident had been lifted, at least for the time being.

Karla, sensing Duncan's tension and the urgency in his question, felt a pang of curiosity mixed with confusion. She wondered why he seemed so concerned about what Rose might have revealed. The silence between them hung heavy as they exchanged glances, their unspoken truths lingering in the air.

Feeling the need to break the intense silence, Karla mustered the courage to ask, her voice tentative yet determined. "Duncan, why does it matter if

Rose told me anything?"

Duncan paused, his eyes meeting hers with a mixture of vulnerability and caution. A humorous idea crept into his mind as he answered. "It matters because... because something happened between us, Karla. Something that I couldn't ignore or dismiss. But I didn't want to complicate things further, especially if you weren't aware or felt the same way."

Karla's brows furrowed as she processed Duncan's words, a myriad of emotions flickering across her face. "What... what do you mean, something happened?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity and uncertainty.

Duncan hesitated for a moment, grappling with his own feelings before responding. "Last night, Karla, there was a moment... a moment where it felt like something could have happened between us."

Karla's eyes widened, she felt like the realization was dawning on her, but it was far from it. The pieces of the puzzle began to fit together in a way that Duncan had projected it, and she felt a mix of surprise, intrigue, and a newfound understanding of the underlying tension between them.

"Hey! You threw up on me!" Duncan yelled, jolting her of her thoughts. "And at that moment, I was about to slap you before Rose intervened and saved your cheeks from my fury." He gave a seemingly perfect lie which made Karla cringed.

Karla buried her face in her palms as she imagined how disgusting she could have looked the previous night after throwing up at Duncan. The truth was that Rose had told her nothing about last earlier that morning and only said that Duncan seemed like the nice man she had described to her some days back.

"Yes, you were really disgusting," Duncan mentioned as if he had read her mind,

She sighed and made a silent apology, believing all he had said.

"Don't silently apologize and don't utter any apology now because...I already forgave you. Don't you dare get drunk again." He warned her with an authoritative voice and she couldn't stop herself from quivering as he looked down at her.

"I'll keep your words in mind."

A light hiss escaped Duncan's lips as he settled on his chair again, feeling a little weight had been lifted off his shoulder.

"Forget about what happened, that will be best, Karla. I won't taunt you with the acts you displayed last night. You can leave now."

"Thank you, Duncan," Karla cried, grinning. "Anyway, I came to suggest something too. First of all, why input cameras in the Lennart mansion?"

"Simply to know what the folks in that house are doing, especially, my annoying wife, Zinnia."

"Hmm, so?"

"You know the saying, keep your enemies closer. I'm doing just that."

"That's impressive. But, aren't you scared that they might find out one of the cameras and it's different from the ones in the house, then figure out there's someone spying on them?"

"None of them are that smart to figure anything out. Note: I don't underestimate my enemies though. But, I made sure the cameras I

implanted over the house are almost the same as the others there."

"That's brilliant."

"And, they'll not find out soon. I'll know about their movements and intentions by keeping a close eye on them."

"You're superb, Duncan. Look, your first win calls for a celebration."

Remembering Lady Zelda's words which were almost the same as what Karla said regarding his win, Duncan smiled as he noticed the few things both of them shared in common.

"So, we should celebrate it. Babette helped you too, so she deserves some free drinks."

"You want me to celebrate in a bar?"

"There's a lot of reserved ones for big dudes in the city."

"No. I've got so many more important things to do than waste my time in a bar. I don't want to celebrate. Babette is busy with the company work though her assistant is back."

"Okay, what..."

"I don't want to spend time with you."

"But, you just need to..." Before she could finish talking, Duncan had already grabbed his jacket and left the office. "Hey! It's rude to walk off when someone is talking. Stop." Karla groaned as she ran after him.

She got out of the building and stopped at the entrance when she saw Abigail get down from her car and give Alex a hug.

"Why must she always show up when I'm here?" She thought as she watched Abigail talking with a smile. "Just control yourself, Karla. Don't let her get under your skin." She inhaled and arranged her hair as she walked up to them in a self-conscious manner.

"Oh, you're here, Karla?"

"Obviously, Abigail."

"Why is your tone laced with indignation?" Abigail asked, causing Alex to lift a brow as he shifted his gaze to Karla behind him.

"Maybe it's you who appears to have something against me," Karla muttered and flung her hair back. "Why leave when I'm talking, Duncan?"

"You're annoying," Duncan whispered to her and smirked as her eyes grew bigger. He turned to Abigail. "I'm heading home now."

"I don't see your man, Jack, around."

"I won't bother him tonight. I'll take the public bus."

"That's not good, Duncan," Karla chirped.

"Don't stress yourself and just hitch a ride with me."

"Why should he do that? He can board a taxi, right, Duncan?" Karla asked and Duncan nodded in affirmation.

"Duncan, you forgot I'm going your way."

"I think you'll have to make a little compromise and take a longer and different route if you want to give Duncan a lift. Don't worry, I can do that."

"

"Karla, you talk as if you know where I live."

"No, but my hunch is just working here."

"Don't worry, Karla." Duncan waved and took Abigail's car key. "Thanks for the offer, but, I'm going to relieve you of the fifteen-minute drive, so get in."

"What? You're going with her?"

"Yes, Karla. She's going my way. Got a problem with that?"

"It's...I mean, don't you think Zinnia might see her dropping you by the house and notice her?"

"That will be good. She might get jealous and I would love that to happen."  
"

Karla became speechless and simply watched him get into the car. Abigail gave her a strange smile before sitting in the front seat inside the car and Duncan drove away.

"That bitch, I'm sure she's up to no good," Karla scoffed and quickly entered her car. She ignited the engine and drove after Abigail's car, her curiosity piqued.

As Duncan drove down the road, a song playing softly in the car, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of discomfort as Karla slipped into his mind. The intrusion was unexpected, and he found himself momentarily distracted from the road ahead. He shook his head, trying to regain his focus and push aside the uncomfortable feeling.



As his attention returned to his surroundings, Duncan noticed Abigail reaching out towards an empty bottle of water. It dawned on him that she must be thirsty after the long day. Concerned for her well-being, he decided to find a quick solution. Spotting a convenience store conveniently located by the roadside, he swiftly parked the car and stepped out.

The store's entrance chimed as Duncan entered, and he quickly made his way to the refrigerated section. He grabbed a bottle of water, opting for a larger size to ensure Abigail's thirst would be quenched. Paying at the counter, he received the bottle in a white nylon bag, the store's branding emblazoned across it.

Walking back to the car, Duncan saw Abigail, who had already stepped out, looking at him with curiosity. Her eyes sparkled with amusement as she watched him approach, holding the white nylon bag. Duncan couldn't help but smile at her reaction, appreciating the lightheartedness she brought to the situation.

Reaching Abigail, he retrieved the bottle of water from the nylon bag and extended it towards her. "

"I figured you must be thirsty and there was no water in the car."

"Thanks." She offered an appreciative smile to Duncan in front of her as she drank half of the water in the bottle then gestured at him to enter the car as she went over to the driver's side. "Don't worry, Duncan. I'll drive."  
" They got into the car and she started driving.

Abigail took a right turn instead of the left that led to the Lennart mansion. Duncan's eyebrows furrowed in confusion, but he chose to remain silent, trusting Abigail's judgment. He shifted in his seat, feeling



a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

As they continued along the new route, Duncan's mind wandered, briefly distracted by Karla's face flashing in his thoughts. Determined to shake off the intrusion, he reached for the car's speaker controls and lowered the volume, hoping the reduced noise would help him regain his focus.

To his surprise, Abigail glanced at him with a reassuring smile, her eyes briefly meeting his gaze before returning to the road ahead. Her confident demeanor and the trust she exuded put Duncan at ease. He realized that Abigail had taken control of the situation by driving.

"You took the wrong route to the Lennart mansion. You'll drive past your house and go round before getting there, Abigail."

Abigail offered him a soft smile and nodded.

"I'm not familiar with that other route."

"I understand. Sorry for the stress."

"No, it's fine." She let out a chuckle. "By the way, isn't Karla just strange?"

"How?"

"She's not nice."

"Nah. She might be annoying but she's kind."

"Being kind and nice are two different things, Duncan."

"Yeah. You're right, but she's a good person."

Not wanting to ruin the atmosphere by talking about Karla, Abigail said

nothing more until she halted in front of her house.

"Abigail?"

"Please, Duncan, let's go in and celebrate in a little way over your win."

"Oh, no, I can't."

"Please. Just for five minutes. I think you should consider it."

At that moment, Duncan didn't want to disappoint her because she had helped him recently. He agreed to her offer and she drove into the villa.

When they got out of the car and Abigail, who was walking a little bit ahead of him, reached the door, he stopped as his phone rang. It was Karla calling and he answered it.

"Yes, Karla?"

"Where are you? You've reached home?"

"Uh, y...yes, I am just getting home."

"Oh...alright." Karla hung up and Duncan lifted his gaze to Abigail who stared at him inquisitively.

"That was who?"

"Karla. She asked if I had gotten home."

"And you lied?"

"Yes, I did."

Abigail chuckled, taking a step closer to him. "Why? Scared of her rants?"

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"She's not going to bite you or spank you if you have told her you're at my place, you know."

"I' am not scared of that. I kind of ditched her and I don't want to hurt her feelings by letting her know I came to your place with you."

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