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Abigail slowly opened her weary eyes after the heavy wooden door of her room clicked shut. The weight of her pretense had become too much to bear, and despair clung to her like a suffocating shroud.

Her feet carried her to the window, where she pulled back the curtain with trembling hands. A glimmer of hope danced within her as she yearned for a glimpse of Duncan who she had failed to convince to stay. She hoped to catch a final glimpse of his face and go to bed with it. But all that greeted her was the serene sight of the empty street road, bathed in the gentle glow of the setting sun.

A sigh escaped Abigail's lips as she felt the weight of her failure settle deeper within her chest. The realization that her efforts had been in vain coursed through her, igniting a spark of desolation. She felt the absence of Duncan like a void, an ache that gnawed at her soul.

In search of solace, Abigail turned her gaze to the study desk adjacent to her room. Its surface held remnants of her past, scattered remnants of memories she had tried to bury. Amongst the papers and trinkets, her eyes fell upon a framed photograph. It depicted a woman and a man, her late parents, frozen in a moment of eternal happiness.

A wistful smile tugged at Abigail's lips as she picked up the cherished image. Her mother's radiant smile and her father's comforting presence brought a sense of warmth and familiarity. In their eyes, she found solace and unconditional love, even in their absence. It reminded her that she was not alone, that their spirits lived on within her.

With the photograph clutched tightly in her hands, Abigail summoned a moment of respite from her turmoil. She closed her eyes, allowing her

mind to drift back to cherished memories. The sound of their laughter, the touch of their hands, and the words of guidance they had imparted echoed in her ears, offering a glimmer of hope amidst the darkness.

As the tears welled up in her eyes, Abigail whispered, "Thank you, Mom and Dad. I miss you." The weight of her sorrow mingled with the strength of their memory, reminding her of the resilience she carried within her.

Slowly, Abigail composed herself and placed the photograph back on the desk. With newfound determination, she vowed to find her own path, to reconcile with the truths she had ignored for far too long. It was time to shed the pretense that had bound her and rediscover her true self, even if it meant traversing a difficult and uncertain journey.

Leaving the study desk behind, Abigail took one last glance at the empty street outside her window. She walked to her bed and gently sat down.

Caressing the faces of her parents in the photograph, Abigail said, "Mom, Dad, how are you doing on the other side? I know you both are fine since you're together. And I hope...grandfather is doing well too. I know he didn't mean to leave me alone in this cruel world after your deaths, but I don't know why I'm destined to be far away from my loved ones. It truly hurts to be alone." She sniffed, choking back her tears.

She fixed her gaze on the blank expanse of the ceiling above. A single tear trickled down her cheek, defying her attempts to hold back the flood of emotions that threatened to engulf her. Memories of her parents lost in a tragic airplane crash, surged through her mind, reopening the wounds she had tried so hard to heal.

Her parents had been her pillars of strength, her unwavering support system. They had filled her life with love, laughter, and cherished

moments. The pain of their sudden departure still resonates deep within her soul, leaving an indelible mark on her heart.

In the midst of her grief, Cain had entered her life. He had been the embodiment of everything she had longed for—a kind, caring, and seemingly loving partner. For three blissful years, they had shared a deep connection, and Abigail believed that their love was unbreakable.

As she recalled those happier times, a bitter taste filled her mouth. The memory of how everything had unraveled haunted her thoughts. Cain, once sweet and caring, had gradually revealed his true colors. He had manipulated her, using her vulnerability and her longing for a future together to his advantage.

Just like her mother had promised her that she would find someone, the right person for her who would love her regardless of what she has or inherits. She had thought the person was Cain.

Fortunately, before she got married to him, she learned about his true motives and that he had been cheating on her. He only wanted to marry her because she was going to inherit her parents' fortune.

The weight of their deteriorating relationship had crushed Abigail's spirit. The promises they had made, the dreams they had shared, all shattered into irreparable fragments. The pain of their breakup had added another layer to her already wounded heart, leaving her with a sense of betrayal and loss that seemed insurmountable.

Then she moved into her grandfather's house and found joy again until he fell sick. Also before he passed on, he had assured her that someone was going to enter her life and make her feel like a true princess. His words rang in her ears.

'Never fail to recognize the person and fight for your love.'

After his death, she gave over 60% of what she inherited from her grandfather and parents and started to build her life from scratch by starting a business, leading her to be one of the top businesswomen in the city who had won so many awards for her achievements.

Abigail's tear-stained face slowly transformed into a smile as she returned her gaze to the photograph of her late parents held gently in her hand. The warmth and wisdom reflected in their eyes seemed to speak to her, offering comfort and guidance from beyond the veil.

"You both were right," she whispered softly, her voice filled with a mixture of gratitude and hope. "I've found someone who has the potential to fill my life with joy and love, just as you did for me." The corners of her mouth curled upward as she contemplated the presence of Duncan Walton in her life, a man who had captivated her heart with his charm and undeniable masculinity.

Abigail's voice trembled slightly as she continued, "He swept me off my feet with his charisma and presence from the very first moment I laid eyes on him. There's a magnetism about him that draws me in, makes me want to be close to him, even though he sometimes appears distant." She sniffed, a mix of anticipation and uncertainty lingering in the air.

She took a deep breath, her heart fluttering with a blend of excitement and vulnerability. While Duncan had ignited a spark within her, Abigail couldn't help but question the depth of his feelings for her. Was she merely a passing infatuation, or did he truly see her as someone special? The doubt lingered in her mind, casting a shadow of uncertainty on their budding connection.

With a sigh, Abigail reminded herself of the lessons her parents had imparted. Their love had been unwavering and filled with devotion, a love that made her feel like a princess. Her grandfather, too, had shared similar sentiments, instilling in her the belief that she deserved nothing less than the love of someone who would treat her like royalty.

As she traced her fingertips over the photograph, Abigail summoned the courage to navigate the uncharted waters of her budding relationship. She vowed to communicate her feelings and to seek clarity and understanding from Duncan. For she knew that a love built on openness and honesty would be the foundation upon which their future could be built.

With newfound determination, Abigail whispered, "Mom, Dad, I hope you're watching over me. Guide me as I embark on this journey of love. Help me find the strength to ask the difficult questions, to listen to my heart, and to follow the path that leads to true happiness and if..." she took a brief pause and let out a bitter chuckle. "If I truly love him, then as grandfather had told me, I won't give up my love. I'll chase it."

As she closed her eyes, she could almost hear their voices, a whisper in the wind, assuring her that they were with her every step of the way. With her parents' love as her guiding light and her own resilience as her armor, Abigail embraced the uncertainty of her newfound romance, ready to discover whether Duncan would be the one to make her fairy tale dreams come true.

Meanwhile, Duncan sat in the backseat of the cab, his eyes fixed on Karla's car as it gained distance, disappearing into the chaotic flow of traffic. His gaze pierced through the windshield, his brows furrowed with a mix of frustration and determination. He clenched his fists, feeling the surge of adrenaline coursing through his veins.

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Every fiber of his being urged him to intervene, to take charge of the situation and catch up with Karla. He contemplated forcing the driver to stop and switch positions, believing he could navigate the streets faster himself. He felt a burning desire to settle the scores, confront Karla, demand answers for her earlier outbursts, and get to know if she had anything against Abigail.

As the cab continued on, Duncan's internal struggle intensified. He couldn't help but feel foolish for even considering the idea of chasing after her in a hired vehicle. The reality of the situation began to sink in, and he started to doubt the feasibility of his impulsive plan.

Just as doubt crept in, fate intervened. The cab driver took a wrong turn, losing sight of Karla's car. The sudden realization hit Duncan like a punch to the gut, and he let out a frustrated sigh. He knew he had lost his chance to catch up with her.

"I am sorry, sir. I lost track of the car," the driver informed him.

"Damn it." In a fit of anger and disappointment, Duncan's fist collided with the headrest of the front seat. The sound reverberated through the cab, but it did little to alleviate his frustration. He knew he had to let go of his impulsive desires and accept the reality of the situation.

Reluctantly, Duncan composed himself and turned to face the cab driver. His voice was tinged with frustration as he uttered, "I understand. Just take me to the Lennart mansion."

With a heavy heart and a sense of defeat, Duncan settled back into his seat. The cab pulled back into the flow of traffic, leaving behind the fleeting chance of settling the scores with Karla. As the cityscape passed by outside the window, Duncan silently contemplated the consequences

of his actions and the unresolved emotions that lingered within him.

As Duncan stepped through the door and into the house, his sour expression suddenly transformed into a mischievous grin. His eyes widened in surprise as he noticed his wife, Karla, vigorously mopping the floor. The sight amused him greatly, and he couldn't help but chuckle. ❶

Glancing at the clock on the wall, Duncan confirmed that it was already 10 pm. The late hour only added to his amusement, as he found the situation rather comical. He burst into laughter, unable to contain his amusement at the sight before him.

Karla, caught off guard by Duncan's unexpected arrival and laughter, flicked a glare in his direction. Frustration etched across her face, she angrily threw the mop to the floor. Her irritation was palpable, but it only fueled Duncan's amusement further. ❷

"Hey, wife," Duncan teasingly taunted, still chuckling. "I'm sure your grandmother had ordered you to clean everywhere before you go to sleep. You're doing a good job."

A mix of anger and annoyance flashed across Karla's face as she retorted, "Shut up, you idiot!" ❸


Duncan's laughter increased, reveling in the fact that he had managed to provoke her even more. His smirk grew wider as he watched her react to his teasing. "You're so annoying," he playfully jabbed back.

Karla, unable to resist the urge to respond, shot back, "And you too!" She rolled her eyes and folded her arms. "I'm doing this out of my free will, no one can force me to clean at night." ❹

"Really? When did you become so caring and concerned?" He smirked as her eyes rolled. Then he walked up to her and exhaled. "Since no one

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made you do this, then enjoy cleaning at your own will." With that, Duncan kicked the bucket of water and Karla gasped as the water in it spilled on the floor.

 Gem Lynne author

Hello guys, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Kindly encourage me with your comments and votes. Thank you.

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