

## Chapter 50

Zinnia's eyes were a striking shade of chestnut brown, framed by long, thick lashes that accentuated their intensity. They were known to capture attention and leave a lasting impression on anyone who met her. However, at this particular moment, her eyes grew wide with shock and disbelief as she witnessed the water spreading across the part of the living room she had just painstakingly cleaned. A mixture of frustration and astonishment flickered in her gaze as she watched the water flow away, undoing her efforts.

Duncan wore a smug grin on his face, his satisfaction evident as he observed her reaction. Zinnia's face contorted with a combination of anger and disbelief, her brows furrowing and her lips pursing.

"So, Zinnia, I had no idea that you would enjoy cleaning this much on your first day of cleaning since you came into this world. So clean this room up all over again and enjoy it.

The defiance in her eyes was evident as she glared at him, her gaze filled with a fiery determination to stand her ground. "How dare you?!" She growled. In a momentary lapse of control, Zinnia's anger surged, and she instinctively lifted her hand, poised to slap Duncan as an act of defiance. However, in a split second, she remembered the consequences of her previous attempt to strike him that morning which led to her arm in lingering pain. The memory of the pain he had inflicted on her arm caused a shiver to run down her spine. The realization of the power imbalance within their relationship tempered her anger, momentarily restraining her actions.

Zinnia's eyes narrowed with a mix of suppressed rage and resentment, her gaze fixed firmly on Duncan. Behind her chestnut brown eyes, a

storm of emotions raged—a complex blend of indignation, frustration, and a burning desire for autonomy. Though her hand remained suspended in the air, the fire in her eyes hinted at her determination to make Duncan pay for his action. She couldn't boss him around because she was under her grandmother's subjection too and she hated that.

She clenched her teeth tightly together, a mix of frustration and resentment evident on her face as she forcefully pulled her hand down, resisting the urge to strike Duncan. His words, filled with condescension and a mocking tone, only fueled her anger further.

Duncan, seemingly unaffected by her silent defiance, continued his taunting remarks. "Don't worry," he sneered, "I'll dress the bed for you. You can come in and rest your supposed aching back after you're done with the cleaning for the day." Zinnia's eyes narrowed as she hissed under her breath, the venom in her voice betraying her seething anger.

Meanwhile, Duncan confidently ascended the stairs, leaving Zinnia behind to continue her work. As he reached the upper landing, he turned back and looked down at her, his gaze fixed upon her with a mixture of superiority and a hint of malice. Zinnia, her eyes burning with fury, returned his stare without wavering, her determination unyielding.

A momentary silence hung in the air as they locked eyes, the tension between them palpable. Duncan's voice broke the stillness, issuing a chilling warning. "This is just the beginning, Zinnia," he whispered, a promise to himself that further mistreatment and oppression awaited her.

Zinnia's heart pounded with a mix of fear and defiance as she continued her cleaning, her mind swirling with thoughts of gaining control again and subjecting Duncan to her mercy.



While Duncan entered the room, the smile on his lips vanished as he recalled how he and Karla parted ways earlier in a bothering manner.

Duncan's emotions twisted into a bitter cocktail as he dwelled on thoughts of Karla. The memory of seeing her earlier, driving erratically and displaying a lack of control over the vehicle, sent waves of worry and concern through his mind. Despite the dislike, he felt he still had for her, a flicker of genuine fear surfaced within Duncan, causing him to abandon his facade of indifference.

Driven by a mixture of anxiety and a strange attachment, Duncan retrieved his phone from his pocket, his fingers tapping the screen to dial Karla's number. As the phone rang, his hope soared, yearning for her to answer and provide reassurance that she was safe. At that moment, he couldn't bear the thought of something untoward happening to her, despite the complicated nature of what had happened.

Each passing ring amplified Duncan's unease, intensifying his longing for her to pick up the call. The bitter taste in his mouth mirrored the conflicting emotions swirling within him. The little memories of their time together, both good and bad, flooded his mind, causing a pang of regret to tug at his heart.

As the phone continued to ring, Duncan's anticipation mingled with a hint of desperation. He desperately wished to hear her voice, to know that she was unharmed. At that moment, his bitterness and resentment momentarily took a back seat, overshadowed by a genuine concern for Karla's well-being.

Whereas, Karla, unaware of Duncan's attempts to reach out to her, had unintentionally placed her phone on meeting mode before embarking on her drive. As she navigated the roads, her mind weighed heavily with

thoughts of Duncan and Abigail, the image of them almost sharing a kiss replaying in her mind like a broken record. Each time the memory resurfaced, a surge of anger coursed through her veins, causing her to impulsively strike the steering wheel in frustration.

Seeking solace and distance from the tumultuous emotions swirling within her, Karla made a firm decision. She resolved to seek refuge at her family's house in Greensboro, a place where she hoped to find clarity and peace. With determination fueling her actions, she accelerated, deftly maneuvering through the roads with a combination of speed and caution.

The absence of traffic worked in her favor, allowing her to complete the journey in just one hour, a relatively quick trip. As she pulled up in front of the majestic building that held years of familial memories, Karla found herself pausing, contemplating whether to enter. A mix of uncertainty and longing enveloped her as she stared at the familiar facade, torn between the comfort of familiarity and the uncertainty of what awaited her inside. She had only thought of coming over there on the weekend which was in two days but the situation had forced her to come earlier. She didn't want to see her father or the other person which she despised and was the reason why she had been living away for a long time.

Taking a deep breath, Karla summoned her inner strength and stepped out of the car. She stood momentarily, taking in the sight of the house that held the echoes of her past. With a profound sense of determination, she made her way towards the entrance, ready to confront the challenges and emotions that awaited her within.

Karla cautiously opened the door, greeted by the serene expanse of the living room. Finding it empty, a wave of relief washed over her. She scanned the room, her gaze sweeping across the familiar surroundings, and exhaled deeply, grateful for the solitude.

Ascending the stairs, she made her way to her room. As she stepped inside, her eyes immediately fell upon a framed photograph of a woman placed on the cabinet by her bed. A tender smile graced her lips as she reached for it, the image evoking a sense of warmth and comfort, reminding her of cherished memories.

Karla turned her back to the wall, leaning against it for support as her grip on the framed photograph tightened. It was a picture of her late mother, a cherished memento that held a special place in her heart. Her eyes welled up with a mixture of nostalgia and sorrow, and a bittersweet smile graced her lips.

"Mother, I hope you're not angry with your little doll," Karla chuckled softly, her gaze fixed on the image of her mother. The passage of time had not lessened her love or longing for her. "It's been almost a year since I dropped by the house. I still remember the good memories we shared in this room of mine."

As Karla's eyes wandered around the room, she took in the preserved state of her personal space. It remained as a testament to the memories they had created together. Each corner held echoes of laughter, conversations, and the warmth of their bond. Flooded with a rush of emotions, Karla's mind became a kaleidoscope of different moments, each snapshot tied to her mother and their deep connection.

At that moment, standing in her room, Karla found solace in the memories that embraced her. She reveled in the love and strength her mother had imparted to her, drawing comfort from the enduring presence of those cherished moments.

Returning her gaze to the photograph, her smile broadened. "It's been a decade since you died but I still can't forget about you, Morn. I can never

do that. You'll forever remain in my heart. No matter what happens, no one can take your place." She took a brief pause and sighed. "Yes, I and father's relationship isn't fixed yet. It's been over five years since we've been living apart, but you can't blame me for that. Your husband is the reason for our detachment. Anyway, I want to share something with you, mother." She arose and went to sit on the bed, her smile diminished as she recalled what happened earlier. "Mom, I feel really bad at this moment, you know. I hate this feeling but I can't get over it because it involves someone— a Man. I don't know why, but I'm hurt by his lie today. Am I liking him? I don't know." Karla paused as she pondered the question properly.

'I don't even owe you an explanation. You're not my girlfriend.'

The world seemed to be still as her mind grappled with the weight of Duncan's callous words. As his voice echoed in her head, the wounds of his dismissive remark reopened, causing her eyes to well up with tears. She paused, attempting to process the question that had been posed to her, but the emotional turmoil within her made it difficult to find clarity.

In the midst of her inner struggle, a familiar voice disrupted her thoughts, causing her stomach to churn.

"Karla."


She looked up, her gaze meeting the person who had entered the room. Anger surged within her as she recognized the source of the voice, the one who had witnessed her vulnerability and pain.

"I guess it's because of a guy," the voice exposed, its familiarity intensifying Karla's anger. At that moment, she felt a renewed surge of frustration, directed not only toward Duncan but also toward this individual who seemed to revel in her emotional turmoil.

Karla's gaze hardened, her eyes reflecting a mix of hurt, indignation, and a wave of simmering anger. She yearned to lash out, to confront the person standing before her but kept her cool as the person walked up to her with a welcoming smile.

 **Gem Lynne**  author

*“Hello guys, I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I know you're curious to know more about our Karla, kindly check out the next chapter.*

*And please let me know about your perspectives 1* 

 8