

Chapter 57

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Duncan was taken aback by her words, his surprise evident in his response. "Really?"

Karla nodded, the memories of their past encounters vivid in her mind. "Yeah. You saved me from that thief that time, and then from that jerk in front of the hospital."

Duncan's recollection quickly caught up with him, and he remembered the incidents she mentioned. The realization brought a small smile to his face. "Oh, Aaron?"

Karla nodded once again, acknowledging his correct identification. Then she went on. "Then at the company, Marcus could have caught me after I gave him a roundhouse kick."

"He deserved it," Duncan commented and both laughed.

"Now, you unexpectedly came here. Why do you have perfect timings?"

Duncan boasted as he arrogantly lifted his shoulders. "It's because I'm Duncan Walton. I'm smart and I'm a genius."

"What a narcissist."

"Yeah, I'm sure you still admire me too," he playfully uttered and chuckled.

But Karla smiled sheepishly as she looked away. "Maybe." she muttered to herself.

Duncan's smile widened as he noticed Karla's sheepish smile, finding it intriguing. As he started the car and prepared to continue their journey,

his curiosity got the better of him, prompting him to inquire about her presence there.

"So, you came all the way here?" he asked, his tone serious.

Karla hesitated for a moment before responding, "Hm? Yeah."

Duncan's serious tone persisted as he probed further, "Why? Was it because of the little altercation we had last night?"

Karla's expression turned slightly surprised, caught off guard by the directness of his question. She began to respond, "Well..."

However, before she could finish her sentence, Duncan continued, now feigning annoyance, "And why didn't you pick up my calls? You ignored my messages too."

His sudden bombardment of questions left Karla stunned, struggling to find the right words to respond. Duncan's serious tone and the intensity of his inquiries created an unexpected tension between them. Karla furrowed her brows, trying to make sense of the situation.

"Duncan, I..." she started, her voice trailing off as she attempted to gather her thoughts.

Duncan, noticing her struggle, softened his tone and expression, realizing the impact his words had on her. He reached out and gently placed a hand on her arm, offering reassurance.

"Hey, I'm just teasing you," he said, a hint of a smile returning to his face. "I couldn't resist messing with you a little. You should have seen the look on your face."

Karla let out a relieved laugh, realizing that Duncan had intentionally

thrown her off guard. She playfully swatted his arm, a mixture of amusement and relief washing over her.

"You're terrible," she said, shaking her head with a smile.

Duncan chuckled, relieved to see her laughter. "Well, I had to make it interesting, didn't I?"

Karla playfully rolled her eyes at his comment, but the tension between them had dissipated, replaced by a light-hearted atmosphere once again.

Karla furrowed her brows, her gaze fixed on the partially wound-up car mirror as she found Duncan's cheerful manner and mood strange. Is he on something or what? She wondered and chuckled softly, shoving her thoughts aside. She took a deep breath, steeling herself to be honest with Duncan about her feelings.

"I was upset because you lied to me, Duncan," she admitted, her voice tinged with a mix of frustration and vulnerability.

Duncan nodded slightly, his eyes stealing a glance at her. He understood the weight of his actions but struggled to comprehend the impact they had on Karla whom he shared no serious relationship with. Still, he went on to speak. "I had no choice," he replied, his voice filled with regret because he really didn't mean to hurt her by lying to her last night. He never anticipated she would be that angry because of his lie.

Confusion etched across Karla's face as she tried to make sense of his words. "What do you mean? You refused me and went home with Abigail, and then she..." Her voice trailed off as the memory of Abigail's attempt to kiss Duncan flashed in her mind. The realization hit her, and she frowned deeply. "She's sly and a liar."

Duncan's expression shifted from regret to surprise and concern. "What?"



" he exclaimed, his voice laced with astonishment.

Karla nodded vehemently. "Yes. She wanted to kiss you." Rolling her eyes, Karla showed her frustration and annoyance, clearly disliking the creeping feeling of jealousy that had begun to surface. She was not pleased with the situation and the emotions it was evoking in her.

"She didn't mean it. She was drunk, you know. You saw her pass out, right?"

However Karla was unconvinced by Duncan's explanation, and she went on to express her skepticism. "She fooled you all but not me. I can bet with my arm that she was pretending."

Then, unexpectedly, Duncan turned the conversation towards Karla. " Okay, were you also pretending when we almost kissed when you were drunk the other night?" Duncan blurted, not believing he asked that.

Karla's eyes widened in surprise as Duncan's question settled on her. Sensing her discomfort, he shifted his gaze away from her as she flicked a stare at him, fixing his eyes on the road ahead.

Feeling her heart pounding all of a sudden, Karla started stammering. Her anxiety caused her words to come out in a jumbled and hesitant manner. "N...no, w...what do you mean?"

Confused by her reaction, Duncan replied, "What? Did I say anything?"

Karla took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down. She mustered the courage to express her concern. "You just said that... something happened that night. What did you mean?"

"No, I..." Duncan paused, feeling wordless. His expression softened as he realized that Karla didn't remember what had occurred, and that was why

she had asked him about it the previous day. He regained his composure and shook his head. Sensing the need for caution, he decided to downplay the situation. "Forget about it, Karla. I was just making a joke, that's all."

But Karla's intuition kicked in, and she refused to let the matter go. The uncertainty in her voice was evident as she insisted, "No, you weren't joking." Then she unthoughtfully asked, "Did we kiss?!"

Taken aback by her sudden question, Duncan halted abruptly. He paused, trying to find the right words to respond. The weight of the moment hung in the air as he contemplated how to approach the situation.

Karla continued to bore her eyes into Duncan's, her gaze intense and probing. She hoped to catch a glimpse of the truth, to see through him and understand what had actually transpired that night. But Duncan, feeling uncomfortable under her unwavering stare, looked away and started the car, a subtle attempt to distract himself from the conversation.

"No, we didn't kiss," Duncan curtly replied, his voice tinged with a hint of awkwardness. He cleared his throat, trying to regain his composure. However, as he started driving, he couldn't shake the unsettled feeling he had noticed earlier in Karla's expression. To divert the focus from their previous discussion, he decided to address another matter that had been on his mind. Concerningly, he asked, "What's wrong between you and your father? It seems like you guys had an argument earlier."

Karla's gaze softened as she briefly glanced out the window, pondering how much to reveal. After a moment of contemplation, she simply answered, "Yeah, we did."

Noticing her guarded response, Duncan chose his words carefully. "I see. And the lady beside him? You both looked alike a bit," he commented,

hoping to steer the conversation in a different direction while subtly expressing his observation.

But Duncan didn't expect Karla's vehement reaction to his assumption. As he uttered, "I guess she's your sister." His brows furrowed, and he glanced at her, waiting for confirmation or clarification.

Instead of agreeing or providing more information, Karla scoffed, her voice filled with frustration and resentment. "Hell no!" Her tone carried a strong sense of denial and anger. Duncan was taken aback by her sudden emotional outburst, sensing that there was deeper pain behind her words.

Feeling piqued and bothered by her vehement response, Duncan decided to pull the car over to the side of the road once again. He slightly turned to face Karla, his gaze fixed on her, filled with concern and curiosity. "Karla?" he called out softly, hoping to coax her into opening up.

Taking a deep breath, Karla gathered her thoughts and spoke, her voice laced with vulnerability. "She's my father's second wife," she revealed, her words shocking Duncan. The realization of her complicated family dynamics began to sink in, leaving Duncan with a mix of surprise and sympathy for the emotions Karla must have been grappling with.

"Oh," Duncan uttered softly, his voice filled with understanding and empathy. The realization hit him once again that Karla's mother had passed away. He listened attentively as she continued to share her story.

"My mother died years back and... my father got married to Ciara. She used to be...my close friend."

Duncan sighed, his mind processing the complexity of Karla's emotions and the weight of her past experiences. It was becoming clear to him why

she had reacted so harshly earlier when he had mentioned the possibility of them being sisters. He began to grasp the depth of her pain and the layers of her personal history.

As Karla unintentionally started crying again, Duncan's heart went out to her. He had always seen her as a bold and reckless girl, but now he realized there was so much more beneath the surface. He contemplated how to console her, wanting to offer her solace in this vulnerable moment.

Reaching out, Duncan gently placed a hand on Karla's shoulder, offering her a comforting touch. He spoke softly, his voice filled with genuine care. "I'm here for you, Karla. I may not fully understand what you're going through, but I want you to know that you can trust me. If there's anything you want to share or if there's anything I can do to support you, I'm here."

He silently wondered what other aspects of Karla's life he had yet to discover, realizing that there was much more to her than met the eye.

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