

Chapter 73

**Chapter 73**

Julie was taken aback by Karla's intense reaction. She hadn't expected such a strong emotional response from her cousin.

"Hey, Karla, relax," Julie tried to soothe her. "I understand you're upset, but getting this worked up won't help. Duncan is okay, he's still alive."

However, instead of calming down, Karla's anger seemed to intensify. She continued her tirade, expressing her desire to physically confront Peterson for what he had done.

"No, I can't. That filthy bag, Peterson had no right to lay a finger at Duncan. If I was there, I would have kicked his cold brain with a roundhouse kick." Her words were filled with a mix of anger and a desire for justice.

"Woah, chill," Julie interjected, struggling to contain her laughter. "You don't need to be this worked up over it. I mean, Duncan is fine."

Julie's laughter didn't sit well with Karla, who found the situation far from amusing. She took a deep breath, trying to compose herself, and then replied, "Do Duncan and Peterson have a feud?"

"Well, they..." Karla paused, her mind racing to recall something important. There was a hint of realization in her expression as a certain memory resurfaced. She remembered the night when she and Duncan had witnessed Zinnia kissing Peterson in front of a club. The image of Duncan's cold and distant expression during that moment remained etched in her memory.

Startled by Julie's snap, Karla shook herself out of her reverie. "Karla?" Julie repeated, her tone impatient.

Realizing her lapse in attention, Karla let out a sigh. "I'm sorry, Julie," she apologized. "You asked a question, right? No, they don't have a feud."

Julie gestured for Karla to sit down, and she obliged, taking her seat once again. The weight of the situation still lingered in Karla's mind as she tried to refocus on the conversation.

"I'm going to keep an eye on the video," Karla declared. "It seems to be gaining a lot of attention. Over 2 million views in less than an hour. Duncan might be seen as infamous, but he's gaining some popularity through this incident."

"He's not infamous," Karla corrected, her voice firm. She felt a growing concern for Duncan's well-being and had an urge to call him and check on him.

However, as Julie continued to babble on about various unrelated topics, Karla's attention drifted away once again. Her mind was preoccupied with thoughts of Duncan and the recent events.

Growing frustrated with Karla's lack of attention, Julie rolled her eyes and let out a groan. She leaned forward and shook Karla's arms on the table, trying to snap her friend out of her reverie.

"Gosh, why are you always zoning out, Karla?" Julie complained, her annoyance evident.

"Uh... sorry," Karla mumbled, feeling guilty for not giving Julie her full attention.

Julie let out a sigh, realizing that Karla seemed genuinely bothered by something. She decided to let it go for now and tried to salvage the situation. "Whatever. You seem bothered. Come on, can we just eat in

peace?" Julie suggested with a hint of exasperation.

Feeling the weight of her worries, Karla nodded in agreement. "Yeah," she replied quietly.

Julie smiled, appreciating Karla's compliance. She hoped that the meal would provide a moment of respite for her friend.

Karla, sitting at the dining table, had a plate of food in front of her, but her eating resembled that of a snail. She picked at her food slowly, her mind occupied with thoughts of Duncan. Her gaze drifted off into the distance, lost in daydreams and fantasies.

As she chewed each bite meticulously, time seemed to stand still for Karla. Her movements were sluggish and deliberate as if she were savoring every morsel of food while simultaneously lost in her thoughts. She barely registered the flavors and textures of the meal she prepared by herself, her attention consumed by the mere idea of Duncan.

Julie noticed Karla's slow eating and raised an eyebrow. Concern etched on her face, she couldn't help but comment, "You're done eating?"

Karla snapped out of her reverie, her eyes refocusing on the present moment. Startled, she blinked and replied, "No. Excuse me. I just need to make a call."

Confusion evident on her face, Julie watched as Karla abruptly stood up from the table, her chair scraping the floor. "Karla...?" she called out, her voice tinged with worry.

"My phone is in my room. Go on, I will be back soon."

"We should eat first. Karla?!?"

Ignoring her cousin's inquiry, Karla blew Julie a quick kiss and hurriedly made her way to her room. Once inside, she closed the door behind her and rushed toward her phone, which lay on her bedside table. With trembling hands, she dialed Duncan's number, her heart pounding in anticipation.

"Pick up, Duncan, please," she mumbled to herself anxiously as the phone rang on the other end.

Duncan leaned forward on his bike, his body low and streamlined as he zoomed down the illuminated highway. The wind whipped through his hair, and his heart raced with adrenaline. With skilled precision, he maneuvered through the lanes, deftly navigating past cars and buses, each vehicle a mere obstacle in his path.

As he rode, Duncan's lips were pressed tightly together, and he occasionally sucked on the corner of his lip. A blood blister had formed there, a painful reminder of the blow he had received from Peterson during their confrontation earlier. The taste of copper lingered in his mouth, fueling his determination for revenge.

"You'll pay for this, Peterson," Duncan muttered under his breath, his voice filled with determination and a hint of menace. "You've not yet seen one-third of what I'm capable of, trust me."

His phone began to ring, vibrating in his pocket, but he ignored it. He didn't want any distractions while riding at such high speeds. The call persisted, ringing twice more until Duncan finally reached a street road and decided to halt for a moment.

Bringing his bike to a stop, Duncan reached into his pocket and retrieved his phone. He glanced at the screen to see who was calling, his eyes

narrowing. The name flickered on the display, revealing the caller's identity.

"Oh my, why is Karla calling like a drunkard?" Duncan groaned, realizing she was the one calling.

Duncan's brow furrowed in frustration as he pondered whether to ignore Karla's call and continue on his journey. The thought of dealing with her questions and concerns in his current state was overwhelming. However, the persistent ringing of the phone urged him to pick up, unable to disregard her call any longer.

Reluctantly, he answered the call, his voice filled with a mix of annoyance and curiosity. "Karla, what...?"

Before Duncan could finish his sentence, Karla's voice burst through the phone, laden with worry and anger. Her rapid-fire questions hit him like a wave, leaving him momentarily stunned and struggling to process her barrage of inquiries. The intensity of her emotions was palpable even through the phone.

"Duncan, are you okay? What did Peterson do to you? How dare he touch you? What the fuck, he hit you, right? Where are you?" Karla's words tumbled out in a rush, each question punctuated by a mix of concern and anger.

Caught off guard by her fervent interrogation, Duncan instinctively pulled the phone away from his ear, staring at the screen in disbelief before Karla's voice boomed through the speaker once again. "Duncan?!?" Her urgent tone forced his attention back to the call, realizing he couldn't evade her inquiries any longer.

"What is it, Karla? Why are you always talking like a gangster? And how

did you know Peterson hit me?" He questioned, feigning annoyance. He couldn't understand why she was so insistent on prying into his personal matters.

"I won't relay my source. Just answer my questions..."

Duncan abruptly interrupted her, his patience wearing thin. "No, Karla, I'm hanging up now."

A moment of silence followed, and then Karla's voice trembled with concern. "Wait, Duncan, what's wrong with you?"

Duncan's brow furrowed in confusion, caught off guard by her question. "What?" he replied, his tone softer, the frustration momentarily subsiding.

"I was so worried about you," Karla continued, her voice filled with genuine concern. "And now you're sounding like I'm bothering you."

Duncan's gaze softened, realizing the impact his dismissive attitude had on Karla. He sighed, feeling a pang of guilt he struggled to hide. "Look, Karla, I'm sorry. It's just... I have something important to take care of. I'm going to see someone. Please, don't bother me with your calls right now."

A moment of silence hung in the air, and then Karla's voice quivered slightly. "Who are you going to see?"

Duncan hesitated for a moment, contemplating whether to share his plans with her. Eventually, he decided to confide in her. "Abigail," he said, his voice laced with a mix of uncertainty and vulnerability.

He waited, anticipating her response, and the silence that followed spoke volumes.

His confusion deepened as he heard Karla's silence on the other end of the line. "Hello, are you there?" he asked, his voice filled with concern.

After nearly a minute, Karla cleared her throat, her voice tinged with a mixture of irritation and disappointment. "Will it be Abigail who will tend to your wound?" she asked, her words laced with sarcasm.

Duncan's brow furrowed in confusion, not fully grasping the meaning behind her question. "Pardon?" he replied, his voice betraying his lack of understanding.

But before Duncan could seek clarification, Karla's tone turned venomous. "Forget it, go to Abigail! I regret calling you, jerk," she hissed angrily and abruptly hung up the call.

Duncan stared at his phone in disbelief, his mind racing to comprehend what had just transpired. "What the heck?" he muttered to himself, the sudden shift in Karla's demeanor leaving him bewildered. Concern for her well-being began to creep into his thoughts. "Is she alright?" he wondered, scanning his surroundings briefly before sighing in frustration.

Minutes passed, and there was no call from Karla. The silence only deepened his worry. Despite his ego holding him back from reaching out to her, Duncan couldn't shake off the nagging feeling that something was amiss.

Resolved, he started driving toward the Emporium Hotel, his concern overriding his pride. The uncertainty gnawed at him, but he convinced himself to wait for Karla to make the next move, hoping that she would reach out to him soon. At the moment, he wanted to see Abigail regarding his next important action to take.

Meanwhile, In Abigail Waclaw's office at A.W.M Company, an atmosphere of unease hung in the air. Abigail sat behind her desk, her expression somber and distant. The weight of her thoughts seemed to burden her, making it difficult to focus on her work.

Linda, Abigail's assistant, entered the office carrying a stack of important files. She approached Abigail cautiously, aware of her boss's disengaged state. "Ma'am, I brought these important files over, and you need to..." Linda began, attempting to capture Abigail's attention.

Abigail interrupted her abruptly, cutting off her words. "Drop it there," she said dismissively, pointing vaguely at a spot on the desk without even bothering to look at Linda or the files she held. Sensing Abigail's lack of interest, Linda complied silently and left the office, leaving Abigail alone with her thoughts.

Restless and longing to see Duncan, Abigail couldn't bear to stay confined to her office any longer. In a sudden surge of determination, she rose from her seat, grabbed her bag, and swiftly exited the office. The need to be with Duncan outweighed any lingering responsibilities or concerns that held her back. She was willing to put everything on hold to find solace in his presence for a moment.

Abigail, accompanied by Xia, instructed her to notify the driver to take them to the Emporium Hotel as she settled into the car. The anticipation of reaching her destination filled her with a mix of excitement and melancholy.

Upon arrival, Abigail briskly made her way to the Golden Suite. With a firm voice, she instructed Xia to remain outside, expressing her desire for some solitude. Xia nodded understandingly and positioned herself just outside the suite, ensuring Abigail's safety.



As Abigail stepped into the room, a subtle smile formed on her lips. Her gaze fell upon a plush couch that held a special significance to her. It reminded her of a tender moment shared with Duncan, a memory that brought forth a range of emotions within her. She recalled how Duncan had lovingly insisted that she sit on the couch while he attended to her slightly sprained ankle. The gentle care he had shown her had left a lasting impression.

Abigail's cheeks flushed with a hint of embarrassment as she recalled the affectionate gesture. However, a pang of sadness seeped into her heart, reminding her of the absence of Duncan's presence in her life.

Abigail's heart skipped a beat as she once again glanced at her phone, hoping to find a missed call or message from Duncan. She couldn't shake off the worry that gnawed at her, wondering why he hadn't reached out to her since morning. It wasn't an obligation for him to call, but deep down, she longed to hear his voice every morning, a comforting routine that brought her joy.

Lost in her thoughts, Abigail was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by Xia's entrance into the room. Xia's words caught her attention and sparked a mix of surprise and excitement within her.

"Ms. Abigail, it seems like Duncan is here to see you," Xia informed her.

A smile tugged at the corners of Abigail's lips, though she tried to hide her anticipation. She looked away, chuckling softly to herself, attempting to maintain a semblance of composure.

"Okay, let him in." Despite her nonchalant response, her heart raced with anticipation.

After Xia left the room, Abigail's excitement got the better of her. She

Chapter 73

swiftly reached for her favorite perfume, spraying a delicate mist of its fragrance around her. It was her way of feeling confident and putting her best foot forward, even when her emotions were a whirlwind.