

Chapter 74

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Feeling a mix of nerves and anticipation, Abigail moved toward one of the wall windows, seeking a moment of solace. Her hand instinctively reached for her chest, fingers tracing the pendant of her necklace—a small source of comfort in moments of uncertainty.

As the door swung open and Duncan stepped into the room, Abigail's breath caught in her throat. His presence alone had the power to momentarily freeze her in place. His voice, a familiar melody, washed over her, causing a rush of emotions to surge within her.

"Hello, Abigail," Duncan greeted her, his voice carrying warmth and familiarity.

However, as the sound of the door closing echoed in the room, Abigail's previous unease returned, and her expression contorted into one of anger. She remembered the worry that had consumed her when he failed to reach out earlier in the day. It seemed irrational now, but in the heat of the moment, she couldn't help but feel upset.

She had decided to confront him, to let her frustrations be known, even though she recognized it might be a trivial matter. But as she spun around to face him, ready to unleash her discontent, her anger melted away like snow under the sun.

Caught off guard by the sight of Duncan's smiling face, Abigail found herself unable to maintain her indignation. The warmth and affection radiating from him dissolved any remnants of anger she had held onto. At that moment, her heart softened, and a sense of tranquility settled over her. As Abigail's eyes lingered on Duncan's captivating features, she couldn't help but admire how dashing he appeared at that moment. His

leather jacket accentuated his well-defined physique, and his captivating eyes held her captive, drawing her in effortlessly. Lost in her observation, she hadn't realized that she was openly checking him out until he walked up to her, snapping her back to reality.

"Are you okay?" Duncan's voice broke through her reverie, his concerned expression etched across his face.

Abigail nodded, feeling a flush of embarrassment creep up her cheeks. She quickly averted her gaze, hoping to hide her momentary lapse in composure. Walking past him, she made her way to the nearest couch, seeking a moment to collect herself.

Duncan furrowed his brow, his concern deepening as he observed her behavior. He took a seat across from her, his eyes fixed on her with a mix of curiosity and worry. He couldn't help but wonder if something was amiss.

"I'm fine," Abigail assured him, her voice carrying a hint of defensiveness. She attempted to dismiss any concerns he might have.

Duncan's gaze softened as he studied her intently, sensing that there was more beneath the surface. He remained silent for a moment, contemplating whether to push further or respect her desire for space.

As Abigail crossed her legs and nervously ran her fingers through her hair, she couldn't help but feel slightly unsettled under Duncan's unwavering gaze. His attentiveness made her both nervous and elated at the same time. However, despite her mixed emotions, she found herself on cloud nine as he continued to press on, showing genuine concern.

"You don't seem fine. You look stressed out," Duncan remarked earnestly, his gaze never wavering.

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah. Did that happen because you were thinking of me all day?" He jokingly asked, leaning back.

Abigail was taken aback by his observation. His words struck a chord within her, making her realize that her emotional state hadn't gone unnoticed. His question, delivered with a touch of lightheartedness, caught her off guard. It hinted at the possibility that he had been on her mind throughout the day, something she wasn't quite ready to admit for fear of vulnerability.

She hesitated for a moment, her mind racing, before deciding to shield her self-esteem and protect her emotions. "It was just work, Duncan," she replied, opting for a safer explanation.

While her words were meant to divert his attention, a part of her regretted not being honest at that moment. The connection they shared made her long to open up, but fear of rejection and uncertainty held her back. She hoped that he wouldn't see through her facade and would accept her explanation at face value.

Duncan's nod of acceptance brought a slight sense of relief to Abigail, though a part of her wondered if he had seen through her attempt to deflect his concern.

"I was kidding earlier anyway. Who am I that will make a great woman like you think about me all day." He shrugged.

She listened intently as he dismissed his earlier question as a joke, downplaying his own significance in her thoughts.

As he shrugged, Abigail couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment

at his self-deprecating comment. She regarded him skeptically when she asked, "Am I a great woman?"

Duncan's firm nod caught her off guard, and her skepticism slowly gave way to a mix of surprise and pleasure.

"You're a gorgeous woman too." His affirmation stirred something within her, and she found herself blushing, the butterflies in her stomach fluttering with newfound intensity.

At that moment, Abigail couldn't help but marvel at how effortlessly Duncan had a way of making her feel special. His genuine compliment about her appearance struck a chord deep within her. She swallowed nervously, feeling a rush of emotions that she struggled to articulate.

"Damn, why is he so good at making a woman feel above," Abigail silently pondered, her thoughts swirling in her mind. The effect he had on her was undeniable, and she couldn't deny the allure of his words. His ability to make her feel seen and appreciated left her both elated and vulnerable, a feeling she wasn't entirely accustomed to.

As the blush on her cheeks deepened, Abigail found herself caught in a whirlwind of emotions, grateful for the connection she shared with Duncan and eager to see where their journey would take them.

Abigail, determined not to let her true emotions show, mustered all her strength to maintain a nonchalant demeanor. She flung her head dismissively as if the compliment he had just given her meant nothing.

"So, to what do I owe this visit?" she asked, her voice tinged with a hint of indifference.

His hesitation was palpable, and Abigail's heart raced with anticipation. She couldn't help but wonder if he was finally going to address what had

transpired between them the previous night when she had taken the bold step of trying to kiss him.

"Actually..." he began, trailing off uncertainty.

Sensing his hesitation, Abigail decided to take control of the conversation. Her mind raced, and she quickly seized the opportunity to divert the topic.

"Where were you early this morning?" she asked abruptly, surprising him with her sudden shift in subject.

He blinked, momentarily taken aback by her unexpected question. "I was with Karla," he replied, a hint of surprise in his voice.

The mention of Karla's name stirred a whirlwind of emotions within Abigail. Anger, tinged with a touch of envy, surged through her veins. The memory of seeing them together, knowing that he had chosen Karla over her, resurfaced with a vengeance.

Her anger, momentarily suppressed, threatened to resurface. She clenched her fists, desperately trying to keep her composure. The pain of rejection mingled with the frustration of unrequited feelings, fueling the fire within her.

Abigail's expression tightened, her jaw clenched as she fought to keep her emotions in check. Deep down, however, her anger simmered, eager to find an outlet. She knew she had to tread carefully, lest she reveal too much of her true feelings and risk pushing him away.

But behind her composed facade, a storm raged within her, ready to be unleashed at the slightest provocation.