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Taken aback by Abigail's changed mood and staring at her clenched fist, Duncan's concerned inquiry caught Abigail off guard, momentarily breaking through her façade. His leaning forward and the genuine worry in his voice made her realize that perhaps her attempt to hide her emotions had failed.

As he asked, "Abigail, are you okay?" she slowly released her clenched fists, feeling the tension easing from her fingers. She took a deep breath and composed herself, realizing that she needed to readjust her approach.

Her uneasiness was apparent as she shifted in her seat, trying to regain her composure. "Um, I think it's my weariness kicking in," she replied, her voice laced with feigned vulnerability. "It happens sometimes, and I can't help it."

Duncan's concern deepened, and his voice softened. "So, hearing me mention Karla's name kicked in your weariness? I'm sorry, Abigail."

Feeling a mixture of emotions — frustration, disappointment, and a wave of lingering anger — Abigail forced a smile, trying to downplay her reaction. "It's fine," she replied, her voice tight with controlled resentment.

She knew she couldn't let her true feelings surface, not now. It was crucial to maintain a composed front, to avoid revealing her vulnerability. But deep inside, the hurt lingered, and her anger simmered beneath the surface, waiting for an outlet.

Duncan, still concerned but sensing her desire to change the subject, decided to respect her wishes. "Alright then," he said, his tone gentle. "If you're feeling tired, maybe we can discuss it some other time."

Abigail nodded, relieved to have sidestepped the conversation about last night's events, at least for now. "That sounds like a plan," she replied, her voice regaining some of its usual composure. "Let's reschedule and have a conversation when we're both in a better state of mind."

Abigail's heart skipped a beat as she watched Duncan's retreating figure. The desire to have him stay and address whatever important matter he wanted to discuss overwhelmed her. She couldn't let him leave without finding out what was on his mind.

"Wait, Duncan," she called out, her voice filled with determination. "I'm sure you came here to talk about something important. Let's discuss it."

Duncan hesitated, his hand on the doorknob, as he turned back to face her. There was a mix of relief and surprise in his eyes as she stopped him from leaving.

"Are you cool now?" he asked cautiously, his concern still evident.

Abigail nodded, her expression softening. "I'm not really, and I probably should be resting, but I will make an exception for you. Let's talk."

A sense of gratitude washed over Duncan's face as he realized she was willing to put her own needs aside for him. He stepped closer, his hand patting her shoulder gently.

"Thanks so much, Abigail. You're always having my back," he said, his voice filled with appreciation.

A small smile played on Abigail's lips as she looked into his eyes. The warmth of his gratitude and the closeness between them provided a temporary respite from the turmoil of her emotions.

Though her heart fluttered as she felt Duncan's hand on her shoulder, his touch stirred a warmth within her. Lost in the moment, she mustered the courage to reciprocate, slowly lifting her hand to place it on his.

However, her anticipation was met with disappointment as he swiftly withdrew his hand, as if her touch was unwelcome, and walked back to the couch he was sitting on before. Confusion and a tinge of hurt washed over her, though she tried her best not to show it.

Gathering herself, she walked back to the couch and took a seat across from him, putting a slight distance between them. She maintained a composed expression, masking the slight sting of rejection she felt.

"So, what do you want, Duncan?" she asked, her voice steady despite the lingering disappointment.

He met her gaze, his eyes reflecting a mix of gratitude and vulnerability. "As always... your help, Abigail," he replied, his words accompanied by a genuine smile.

Her smile returned, though slightly forced. She had always been there for him, ready to lend a helping hand whenever he needed it. Suppressing her own desires, she pushed aside her personal feelings and focused on being the supportive friend she had planned to be in the meantime. Abigail leaned forward, her expression attentive.

"Of course, Duncan," she said, her voice filled with sincerity. "You know I'm here for you. What can I do to help?"

As she mustered her strength to put her own emotions aside, Abigail hoped that by assisting him once again, they could find a way to navigate the complexities of their connection. Deep down, however, a part of her longed for something more, something beyond friendship. But for now,

she would bury those feelings and be the reliable confidante he needed.

Unexpectedly, Abigail's curiosity got the better of her as her mind wandered back to Duncan's earlier mention of being with Karla. It was an unexpected shift in her thoughts, but she couldn't help but let her intrigue get the better of her. She found herself unable to resist asking Duncan about his relationship with Karla.

"Sorry, what's your relationship with Karla?" As she posed the question, Duncan was taken aback, his eyes rolling in exasperation. He wasn't expecting Abigail to bring up the topic, and it seemed to catch him off guard.

"What do you mean?" he replied, a touch of defensiveness in his tone.

Abigail pressed on, trying to clarify her question. "I mean... You mentioned that you spent the day with her today. So, what exactly is your relationship with Karla?"

Duncan let out a sigh, realizing that Abigail had misunderstood his previous statement. He clarified, "No, you've got me wrong. I only went to Ashville to bring her back to the city. We're not in a relationship or anything like that."

Abigail's curiosity was piqued even further by Duncan's response. She probed a bit deeper, trying to make sense of the situation. "Ah, so during the long drive, something must have happened, right?"

Duncan shrugged, a hint of indifference in his gesture. "No, nothing happened. It was just a drive back to the city, nothing more." He didn't feel it would be right to tell Abigail more about how Karla had broken down.

A convinced smile appeared on Abigail's face as she looked away, slightly

cracking her knuckles.

"I think I've got a better chance now," Abigail silently thought, her smile widening each passing second.

Then her smile faded as Duncan's expression turned serious. She quickly composed herself, tucking her hair to the side, ready to listen to his request. Her curiosity about his relationship with Karla was momentarily forgotten, and she focused on understanding what he needed from her.

"So, Duncan, what do you need my help with?" she inquired, her voice steady.

Duncan's gaze intensified as he leaned forward. "I want you to wreck Peterson Rogers," he stated firmly.

Abigail was taken aback by his request, her eyes widening a bit in surprise. She hadn't expected him to ask for something so drastic. However, before she could respond, Duncan continued, his tone determined.

"I know you can do it. First, I need to know if it's possible to find out the exact amount in his bank account."

Abigail pondered for a moment, considering the challenge. "That's a difficult task, but not impossible," she replied confidently. As if on cue, she snapped her fingers, catching the attention of Xia, who quickly walked into the room.

"Get me my laptop, Xia," she instructed. Xia nodded in acknowledgment and swiftly left the room to retrieve the requested device.

With her laptop soon to be in her hands, Abigail felt a mix of excitement and apprehension. She was intrigued by the opportunity to delve into

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such a complex task, but she also understood the potential consequences of what Duncan was asking her to do. After a minute, Xia returned with the laptop and handed it to Abigail.

Abigail, realizing the complexity and potential legal ramifications of the task, made a quick decision. She turned to Xia, acknowledging her expertise as a certified hacker.

"Xia, I think you can handle this better," Abigail said, passing the laptop to her. "Hack into Peterson Rogers' bank and find out his account balance."

Xia nodded, accepting the responsibility. She swiftly took the laptop and began working her magic, skillfully navigating through the digital realm. Duncan observed her with keen interest, his anticipation growing with each passing moment.

After a few minutes of intense focus, Xia spoke up, breaking the silence. "Done, Ms. Peterson Rogers' account balance is 500 million dollars."

Abigail processed the information, realizing the wealth that lay within Peterson Rogers' account. She turned to Duncan, her voice cautious yet determined. "Duncan, what do you want me to do?"

Duncan's expression hardened as he spoke with unwavering conviction. "Wipe out all the money from his account."

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