

Chapter 87

In The Burton Mansion

After Karla ended the call, Samuel found himself sitting in the living room, overwhelmed with devastation. His thoughts consumed him, rendering him unresponsive to the world around him. Meanwhile, in the dining room, Ciara finished setting the table for dinner and noticed Samuel's despondent state.

Approaching him with a sigh, Ciara gently called out to him, her voice filled with concern. "Sweetheart, dinner is ready," she informed him, hoping to bring him back to the present moment. Samuel remained lost in his thoughts, his silence speaking volumes.

Sensing his distress, Ciara took a seat next to him and reached out to touch his hand, offering comfort and support.

"Oh, dear, did you say anything?" He asked, jolting back to reality.

"I said dinner was ready," she replied.

"Ah, I kind of lost my appetite," he said, his voice filled with a mixture of sadness and resignation and his words tinged with a lack of appetite.

Ciara, however, sensed that there was more to Samuel's lack of appetite than a simple disinterest in food. She gently probed further, her eyes searching his face for answers. "Is that the case, or... is it Karla?" she asked, her voice soft and understanding.

Samuel shifted his gaze towards Ciara, their eyes locking in a moment of shared understanding. With a nod, he confirmed that Karla was indeed the cause of his distress.

As Samuel expressed his concerns about his strained relationship with Karla, Ciara empathetically acknowledged his feelings. "I understand, Samuel," she replied, her voice filled with compassion. "She's your daughter, and I know how much she means to you. I just hope you guys mend your relationship soon and..."

Samuel softly interrupted, redirecting the conversation towards Ciara herself. "And what about you, Ciara?"

Ciara was taken aback by his question, momentarily caught off guard.

"Me?" she repeated, her voice reflecting a mix of surprise and uncertainty. The question probed the depths of her own desires and fears.

Samuel gently pressed on, wanting to know Ciara's thoughts and feelings. "Don't you want to regain your relationship with Karla? After all, she was your friend," he inquired, his tone gentle but insistent.

Ciara took a moment to gather her thoughts, her expression reflecting a mixture of sadness and resignation. She understood Samuel's point, acknowledging that Karla had once been a dear friend to her. However, as she spoke, it became evident that Ciara held a deep sense of disappointment and hurt.

"She is still my friend, but she doesn't consider me one," Ciara admitted, her voice tinged with sadness. She took a brief pause, gathering her emotions. "She only sees me as that evil friend who got married to her father. She hates me more than we even think," she confessed, her words heavy with the weight of the strained relationship.

Exhaling deeply, Ciara hung her head, conveying her feelings of sadness and the realization that the damage between her and Karla ran deep. She carried the burden of Karla's resentment and struggled with the

knowledge that their friendship had been irreparably damaged. The emotional toll on Ciara was palpable as she confronted the reality of the situation.

She lifted her head and continued. "I hold nothing against her for hating me this much. Maybe I am really evil. If I hadn't accepted your proposal and married you then, Karla and I would still be good friends. Or... if maybe I hadn't made you keep our marriage a secret from her for that long, she wouldn't have hated to catch a glimpse of me," Ciara confessed, her voice heavy with self-doubt and guilt.

Samuel, taken aback by Ciara's words, found himself at a loss for a response. He understood the weight of her emotions and the pain she carried regarding her strained relationship with Karla.

"I know you're not happy about the current state of your relationship with Karla," Samuel finally managed to say, his voice filled with empathy. He could sense the sorrow and longing in Ciara's words, and he wished he could alleviate her pain.

Tears welled up in Ciara's eyes as she responded, her voice trembling. "It's hard to see her from afar, to watch her slipping away, and feel unable to hold her, Sam." Her words were filled with a combination of grief and helplessness.

Samuel reached out, gently taking Ciara's hand in his, offering her a tangible source of support. "I understand, Ciara. I see how much you miss her, how much you want to repair what's been broken between you. It's painful to witness the distance between two people who once shared a deep friendship."

Ciara nodded, her tears streaming down her face. "I never wanted to lose her, Sam. I never wanted our choices to come between us. But now it feels

like there's a vast divide, and I don't know how to bridge it."

Samuel squeezed her hand, conveying his unwavering support. "We will find a way, Ciara. We will find a way to mend this broken bond. I will be there with you every step of the way, supporting you and helping you navigate through this difficult situation."

Ciara looked into Samuel's eyes, finding solace and strength in his words. "Thank you, Sam. Your presence means everything to me. Let's try to communicate with Karla, to open up an honest dialogue and seek understanding. Perhaps, with time and forgiveness, we can rebuild what was lost."

Samuel nodded, determination shining in his eyes. "Yes, Ciara. We will do whatever it takes to mend this friendship. We will reach out to Karla and share our feelings and intentions. Healing may take time, but I believe in the power of reconciliation."

As Samuel tenderly wiped away the tears from Ciara's cheeks, she smiled gratefully, finding solace in her supportive husband's presence. Holding his hands, she felt a deep sense of gratitude for his unwavering support.

"I won't worry too much about my strained relationship with our daughter, Karla," Samuel reassured her, his voice filled with determination and understanding. He recognized the toll it had taken on Ciara's well-being and wanted to alleviate her concerns.

"Please do, it's not good for your health." Ciara paused for a moment, contemplating her next question. "When do you think Karla will be able to visit us again?" she asked, her voice tinged with a mixture of hope and uncertainty.

Samuel sighed, realizing the complexity of the situation. "I don't know,

Ciara. It depends on how our conversation goes and how open Karla is to listening and considering our perspective. I will do my best to speak with her and try to convince her to visit."

Ciara fell silent for a moment, her mind filled with conflicting thoughts and emotions. Then, she uttered, "That man."

Samuel, taken aback by her remark, furrowed his brow in confusion. "Which man are you referring to, Ciara?" he asked, seeking clarification.

Peering into Samuel's eyes, Ciara shifted into another sitting position, her enthusiasm slowly creeping in. With a determined tone, she spoke, "Samuel, that man who was probably here to see Karla that morning, the one she claimed was her man, I believe he can help us reshape our relationship with Karla, especially yours."

Samuel sighed, shaking his head. "I have already told you to forget about him. It doesn't seem like a good idea to me, honestly."

Ciara brushed off his concerns dismissively. "Whatever. If I get the chance to see him, I will have a talk with him myself. I am willing to take the risk."

Samuel's brows furrowed with worry. "But Ciara, what if Karla finds out? It could create more problems for us."

A determined look crossed Ciara's face as she reached out to hold Samuel's hand. "Samuel, honey, I don't mind the risk. We have been struggling in our relationship lately, and if there's a chance to find some clarity or resolution through this man, I think it's worth taking. We need to confront our issues head-on, regardless of the consequences."

Samuel gazed into Ciara's eyes, seeing her determination and the sincerity behind her words. He let out a sigh, realizing that Ciara's

unwavering resolve meant she wouldn't easily back down from this idea. Reluctantly, he nodded. "Okay, if you truly believe it's necessary, then let us proceed. But promise me you will be careful and be mindful of Karla getting to know about it. You know she might feel we want to get to her through someone else and we never can know how she might react."

Ciara smiled, relieved that Samuel was willing to support her in this risky endeavor. "I promise, Samuel. I will be cautious, and I will do everything I can to protect us. Together, we will navigate this situation and hopefully find a way to reshape our relationship with Karla for the better."

Holding Samuel's hands tightly, Ciara's voice softened with affection as she continued. "Samuel, I want nothing more than to see you have that beautiful relationship with your daughter again. I am willing to take these risks if it means bringing you closer to her. If she finds out and gets upset, I will take full responsibility. And even if she continues to harbor resentment towards me, as long as you both can find happiness together, I don't mind."

Samuel looked at Ciara with adoration, his voice filled with emotion. "I don't want that, Ciara. I love you, and I want us to have a harmonious relationship with Karla as well."

A grateful smile formed on Ciara's face as she leaned in and embraced Samuel. "I love you too, Samuel. Let us focus on rebuilding our connection with Karla and creating a loving and supportive environment for all of us."

They released their embrace and Ciara gently took Samuel's hand, leading him towards the dining room. "Now, let's put our worries aside for a moment and enjoy a meal together. We will face whatever challenges come our way, but for now, let us nourish our bodies and nurture our bond."

With a renewed sense of determination and unity, they walked hand in hand, ready to face the obstacles ahead and work towards rebuilding their relationship with Karla, one step at a time.

After enjoying a pleasant dinner with Abigail and Karla, Duncan bid them farewell and left. As he approached the vicinity of the Lennart House, he suddenly came to a halt, feeling a surge of determination. Pulling out his phone from his pocket, Duncan swiftly typed a message, his fingers tapping the screen with purpose.

"If you need my help, do this, Peterson Rogers. I need you to come to the Lennart mansion now and insult Zinnia in an unexpected way."

Reading the message once more before hitting the send button. With his phone securely back in his pocket, Duncan started the bike and drove off, anticipating the next shocking scene to unfold in the Lennart mansion.

Upon arriving at the imposing Lennart House, Duncan made his way inside, only to be greeted by Zinnia, who seemed intrigued but puzzled. Holding her phone, she looked at Duncan with a mix of curiosity and concern.

"What is this?" Zinnia asked, her voice tinged with a hint of suspicion. Eyeing him, she played a video on her phone, revealing its contents to Duncan.