

Chapter 97

Tilting her head slightly, Abigail finally revealed the information she had been holding back. Her voice lowered as she spoke, adding an element of secrecy to her words.

"I've got someone following Peterson Rogers," Abigail began. "Since he got out two days ago, he seems to be hiding. I've learned that he has some little debtors hunting for him. He has been exhibiting strange movements lately."

Karla listened attentively, absorbing the details. Her expression remained focused, her mind already piecing together the puzzle. She leaned forward, her eyes narrowing in concentration.

"Do you perhaps know who got bailed out from the police station and suppressed the charges on him?" Karla asked, her voice tinged with a hint of frustration.

Abigail drummed her fingers on the desk in a calculating manner, her face reflecting the weight of her answer. With a reluctant sigh, she replied, "No, unfortunately. I haven't been able to uncover that information."

Karla let out a sigh of her own, a mixture of exasperation and disappointment as she rolled her eyes, a gesture that conveyed her frustration with the lack of progress. It was clear that time was of the essence, and the road ahead would not be easy. "So, what do I have to do?" She asked, her voice filled with determination.

Abigail paused for a moment, contemplating the best course of action. "We need to get closer to Peterson to know about his upcoming movements," she replied, her tone serious.

Karla nodded in agreement. "True. I've got this bad feeling that he's up to something big soon," she added, her voice laced with concern.

Abigail mirrored Karla's sentiment, her expression growing more serious. "Same here," she said, folding her hands on the desk.

Karla leaned forward, her eyes fixed on Abigail. "So, what's the plan?" she inquired, eager to take action.

Abigail thought for a moment before responding. "We should keep an eye on him together," she suggested.

Karla raised an eyebrow skeptically. "I think your spy man sucks at doing a good job. So, I will take it on myself," she declared, her tone confident.

Abigail looked surprised by Karla's statement. "What do you mean?" she asked, seeking clarification.

"I will personally spy on Peterson," Karla stated firmly, her eyes glinting with determination. She was ready to take matters into her own hands.

Abigail flung her hair back, a mix of surprise and amusement crossing her face. She couldn't help but let out a chuckle of disbelief at Karla's bold declaration. "You're Karla Burton, so how are you going to become a spy girl now?" she asked, a hint of skepticism in her voice.

Karla met Abigail's gaze with unwavering determination. "Leave that to me. I just want you to track down Peterson's location tonight. If it's at all convenient, I will take action starting tonight," she explained, her voice laced with confidence.

Curiosity piqued, Abigail couldn't help but ask, "What are you planning to do?"

Karla's expression hardened, her tone becoming more assertive. "Don't ask me and just do what I said," she replied, her voice holding a tinge of impatience. "I really don't want to waste every day discussing plans with you. I'll generate my own plans, execute them, and you'll see the results," she concluded, leaving no room for further discussion. Abigail, taken aback by Karla's assertiveness, nodded reluctantly. With that, Karla rose from her seat, ready to take her leave. Abigail watched her, a mix of concern and determination in her eyes. "Alright," Abigail said, her voice filled with a sense of dependency. "I'm counting on you."

Karla seemed to ignore Abigail's words and began walking towards the door. However, before she could leave, she abruptly stopped and turned around to face Abigail once more. There was a coldness in her eyes, a clear indication that their working relationship did not translate into friendship.

"Us working together in this doesn't mean we are friends," Karla stated, her voice firm and resolute.

Abigail's face remained stoic, unaffected by Karla's remark. "You're not worth being my friend, Karla, so snap out of it," she replied, her words laced with a hint of bitterness.

Karla's expression hardened further, her voice cutting through the air. "I don't befriend liars, cunning bitches, and people who take advantage of others like you," she retorted, her words piercing the tense atmosphere.

Hearing Karla's sharp words, Abigail's eyes narrowed, and she rose from her seat with a straight face. The exchange had taken a sharp turn, and it was clear that their partnership was on shaky ground. The room fell silent once more, the tension between them hanging thick in the air.

Finally, Abigail spoke up. "Are you trying to connect back to that night I made Duncan come with me to my house?" She asked, her voice tinged with a mix of curiosity and defiance.

Karla's expression hardened as she responded, her tone carrying a sense of accusation. "Exactly. You did it in a deceitful way," she stated firmly.

Abigail's smile remained intact, undeterred by Karla's accusation. "Oh, really? Tell me more about it," she said, her voice laced with a hint of challenge.

Karla scoffed, her voice dripping with disdain. "You pretended to be drunk with the plan of trying to seduce him and probably get laid with him," she accused, not mincing her words.

Abigail's smile widened, seemingly unfazed by Karla's words. "He believes me. He doesn't doubt I was drunk that night," she replied, her voice oozing with confidence.

Karla shook her head in disbelief, her frustration evident. "Keep taking advantage of him," she retorted, her tone laden with a mix of anger and disappointment.

Abigail's smile remained unyielding, her response filled with self-assurance. "I'm not doing anything wrong," she stated, her voice holding a hint of defiance. It was clear that she saw no fault in her actions and was unapologetic about it.

"I'm just wondering why you're always acting up when it has to do with Duncan," Abigail added, her voice edged with curiosity and a touch of frustration.

"You don't know?" Karla replied, raising an eyebrow.



Abigail shook her head, indicating her lack of understanding. "Oo...wait, is it because you're infatuated with him?" she suggested, a soft laughter escaping her lips. She confidently walked up to Karla, closing the distance between them. "He doesn't even consider you a trustworthy person, and you think he will ever develop any feelings for you," she taunted.

Karla's face hardened, her eyes narrowing in response to Abigail's words. "I know. I am not going to play petty games like you," she retorted, her voice firm and resolute. "And whether I love Duncan or not, it has nothing to do with you, Abigail. So...back off," she warned, her tone leaving no room for further talks.

Abigail stared intently at Karla, her eyes fixed on her for a moment before finally shrugging dismissively. "Whatever. I am not interested in you," she stated bluntly. With that, she turned on her heel and began walking back to her desk, clearly unimpressed by Karla's presence.

As Abigail made her way across the office, Karla nodded in response to Abigail's words. "Good," she replied simply, her tone carrying a hint of determination.

Just as Abigail lifted her gaze, Karla reached the door and opened it, preparing to leave the office. Abigail's attention was momentarily diverted by the sound of a knock, and she turned to see Xia entering the room.

"Ma'am," Xia began, her voice filled with curiosity, "do you really trust Karla to be helpful?"

Abigail sighed, her expression showing a mix of frustration and resignation. "I've got no choice, Xia," she replied, her voice tinged with a



hint of annoyance. "Duncan doesn't want my help, so I have to do this with Karla."

Then Abigail's expression transformed, her features displaying a mix of determination and a hint of a wry smile. She cracked her knuckles, a small gesture that revealed a newfound resolve. "Karla shouldn't be underestimated," she declared, her voice filled with a newfound confidence. "She's the type who's willing to cross the line for Duncan."

Xia listened intently, her brows furrowing in thought. "But they're not dating, neither do they have a strong friendship already," she pointed out. "Karla can be quite annoying at times."

Abigail nodded, acknowledging Xia's observation. "Exactly," she agreed. "But despite that, I can't help but admire her optimism and persistence. She's one hell of a tough woman."

A faint smile tugged at Xia's lips as she muttered under her breath, almost to herself. "And that's what you both have in common."

Abigail's gaze momentarily softened as she regarded Xia. "Whatever," she shrugged dismissively, not wanting to dwell on the similarities between her and Karla. "Reach out to my spy guy, Xia," she instructed, shifting the focus back to the task at hand.

Xia nodded in acknowledgment, her expression reflecting a mix of understanding and concern. "Okay," she replied softly, her voice conveying her willingness to carry out Abigail's instructions.

"He should give me Peterson's location in the evening," Abigail clarified, her tone resolute and focused.

Xia couldn't help but express her worry. "Alright, Miss," she said, her voice tinged with a touch of caution. "But, you are doing so much for

Duncan, Miss."

Abigail's eyes softened, a hint of sadness flickering across her face. "He's my friend," she replied, her voice laced with a mix of loyalty and a touch of vulnerability.

Xia's voice held a note of curiosity as she probed further, though she quickly realized her mistake. "Is that the only reason?" she asked, her words trailing off uncertainty.

Flicking a gaze at Xia, Abigail's eyes narrowed slightly, her expression guarded. Xia immediately regretted her question and swiftly rephrased, realizing it was not her place to pry. "Sorry, Miss," she quickly apologized, her voice slightly apologetic. "I will do as you've said." With that, she nodded respectfully and left the room, giving Abigail some space.

Left alone, Abigail took a deep breath and rotated her chair, facing the expansive glass window behind her. Staring out at the vibrant, bustling city streets below and the towering buildings that reached toward the sky, Abigail found herself lost in her thoughts. She gazed out at the city skyline, lost in her thoughts, contemplating the complexities of her relationship with Duncan and the sacrifices she was making for him.

Her voice barely above a whisper, she muttered to herself, the words carrying a mix of wistfulness and determination. "No one ever considered me a true friend, despite knowing my capabilities."

A soft chuckle escaped her lips, tinged with a touch of irony. "Duncan doesn't know much about me," she continued, her tone introspective, "but he considers me a true friend. So why wouldn't I give my all to help such a genuine and refined man?" Another chuckle escaped her, this one laced with a hint of self-awareness.



As Abigail allowed her thoughts to wander, a glimmer of hope danced in her eyes. "I hope with time," she murmured, her voice filled with longing, "he would see through me and consider me more than just a friend." A small, genuine smile curled the corners of her lips, a manifestation of her desire for a deeper connection.

Turning away from the window, Abigail shifted her attention back to the tasks awaiting her on her desk. The determination to give her utmost and assist Duncan burned brightly within her. With renewed focus, she dove into her work, channeling her capabilities and dedication towards making a difference. As she delved into her assignments, a sense of purpose enveloped her, mingling with the anticipation of what lay ahead.

Later in the evening, as the clock approached 7 p.m., Karla found herself wrapping up her work in her office. A sense of anticipation filled the air as she glanced at her phone, hoping for a message or call from Abigail. It seemed like an eternity since their encounter earlier in the day, and Karla wondered if Abigail had changed her mind about reaching out for assistance.

As Karla prepared to leave the company premises, her phone suddenly lit up, indicating an incoming call. It was Abigail. With a mix of relief and curiosity, Karla quickly answered the call, eager to hear what Abigail had to say.

"Hello," Karla greeted, her voice laced with a hint of anticipation. "Why haven't you called since...?"

Cutting Karla off, Abigail's voice came through, sharp and curt. "Got the information a bit late. Don't question me like a child," she replied, her tone leaving no room for further inquiry.



Karla's face contorted into a sneer, a mix of frustration and defiance. She couldn't help but be irked by Abigail's dismissive response, but she quickly composed herself, recognizing the urgency of the situation.

"What is the update?" Karla hurriedly asked, her voice betraying a sense of urgency and determination. She was eager to dive into action, ready to lend her skills and expertise to the task at hand.

Abigail's voice came through the phone, delivering the long-awaited update. "Peterson is currently in the Night 101," she revealed, the words hanging in the air with a sense of gravity.