

Chapter 103

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As Karla shut the door behind her, Abigail couldn't help but let out a frustrated curse word, feeling annoyed by her behavior. "That Karla is sometimes intolerable," she muttered, clenching her folded fist on the table. Abigail found Karla's constant need to show off in different ways and get under her skin irritating.

Her annoyance grew as she envisioned Duncan putting on a jacket for Karla. The image of their shared moment during that display of affection made her hiss in frustration. She shut her eyes tightly and then flicked them open, trying to regain her composure. Taking a deep breath, she tried to calm her nerves and push aside the thoughts that were bothering her.

"I shouldn't be like this," Abigail whispered under her breath, her voice filled with self-doubt. Holding up her shoulders, she tried to summon confidence. "I'm Abigail Waclaw," she chanted softly to herself. "I shouldn't be this petty because of Karla. Yeah," she added with a determined tone, attempting to convince herself of her own worth.

With a resolute expression, Abigail pulled her seat closer to the table and meticulously arranged her perfectly styled hair, seeking solace in a sense of control over her appearance. She hoped that by focusing on her outer presentation, she could regain a sense of composure internally.

Just as she settled into her seat, the office door swung open, revealing Xia's presence. Xia's face was adorned with an expression of disbelief, catching Abigail's attention.

"Miss, that was Karla Burton who just left your office, right?" Xia asked, her voice filled with astonishment.

Abigail nodded in confirmation, her curiosity now piqued by Xia's reaction. She leaned forward, intrigued to hear what Xia had to say. "Yes, it was Karla," she replied. "She pulled some kind of guise, met up with Peterson Rogers, and... guess what she succeeded in doing?" Abigail prompted, her voice laced with anticipation, eager to unravel Karla's actions.

"She installed a spyware app in his phone," Abigail repeated, her voice filled with a mix of surprise and concern. The gravity of Karla's actions started to sink in, and Abigail couldn't help but feel a twinge of unease at the invasion of privacy.

Xia's eyes also widened in astonishment, reflecting the magnitude of the situation. "Woah, Karla Burton is unpredictable," Xia exclaimed, her voice tinged with a hint of admiration. "I thought she was only good at running her mouth, but it seems she has got the knack of doing unexpected things."

Abigail nodded in agreement, her initial annoyance now mixed with a newfound respect for Karla's ability to surprise. "Exactly. There's more to Karla than anyone knows," Abigail mused, her voice tinged with a hint of admiration. "Once she decides to take up on something, she does it. Though she appears to be childish around Duncan most of the time."

Xia nodded in understanding. "Exactly. Karla is different," she echoed, acknowledging the complex nature of Karla's personality. The realization that Karla possessed hidden depths and a propensity for unexpected actions added a new layer of intrigue to their perception of her.

Xia's statement resonated with Abigail, and she couldn't help but agree. "You're right," Abigail acknowledged, a touch of awe in her voice. "She's

not like those spoiled heiresses who rely solely on their wealth. Karla's intelligence and resourcefulness are truly impressive." Abigail found herself reluctantly admiring Karla's ability to surprise and outwit others.

Pausing for a moment to gather her thoughts, Abigail contemplated the situation.

"So, what now, Miss?" Xia inquired, seeking direction.

"Karla will be keeping her ears down whenever Peterson has a phone conversation with someone," Abigail replied, her voice tinged with a mix of concern and determination. She leaned forward, her expression focused and determined. "We both feel that something is coming up soon," she stated, her voice filled with a mix of anticipation and caution. "Karla will inform me when she obtains vital information that can help us navigate this situation."

Xia nodded in understanding, taking note of Abigail's instructions. "Alright, Miss," Xia acknowledged, her voice respectful and attentive. "I will prepare the car for you to leave, and I will inform Linda to wrap up the tasks you assigned to her."

"Thank you, Xia," Abigail replied with gratitude, appreciating Xia's efficiency and dedication.

With a nod, Xia bowed and left the office to carry out the assigned tasks, leaving Abigail alone with her thoughts.

As the office door closed behind Xia, Abigail rose from her chair and made her way to a small private room adjacent to her office.

Peterson, heavily intoxicated, managed to stumble his way to his house and sneak inside. His encounter with the seductive lady had left him feeling wrecked, the weight of his actions and their consequences

weighing heavily on him as he navigated his way through the darkness.

Peterson, still oblivious to the fact that the seductive lady was actually Karla, grumbled in annoyance as he rubbed his stinging cheek. "That bitch's slap stings," he growled under his breath. Despite the pain, he found some solace in the fact that he had settled his debt in the bar with Sarah's money, a thought that brought a small sense of satisfaction.

Weary from the events of the night, Peterson trudged his way to his bedroom. Collapsing onto the bed, he quickly succumbed to exhaustion and drifted into a deep sleep.

The following morning, Peterson awoke with a pounding headache, his head throbbing with each beat. He groaned, his hand instinctively reaching for his temple as he tried to gather his bearings. Slowly rising from the bed, he made his way downstairs, hoping to find something to ease his hunger.

As Peterson entered the kitchen, his hopes for a meal were dashed as he discovered there was nothing edible left. Frustration crept up within him, exacerbating his already uneasy mood. Just as he was about to resign himself to the lack of food, the sound of his ringing phone echoed from the living room. Ignoring it for the moment, he sighed in frustration, his hunger and irritation intertwining to create a growing sense of discontentment.

When his phone rang for the fifth time, he let out a growl of annoyance. "Who's the bastard bothering me with calls this morning?" he muttered under his breath. Irritated, he made his way to the living room, feeling a sense of hopelessness. As he entered the room, the ringing abruptly ceased, bringing a momentary relief.

He slumped onto the couch, his face contorted with a grimace. His weary

gaze fell upon the coffee table, and a sneer crossed his lips. With a sigh, he leaned forward and pushed the table slightly, causing the rug beneath it to shift. A concealed wooden surface was revealed, and he pressed an unnoticeable button, causing the wooden surface to slide open smoothly.

From the hidden compartment, he retrieved a wrapped journal. Its weathered appearance hinted at its age and importance. Carefully unwrapping it, he revealed its worn leather cover, the creases on its surface telling tales of countless business secrets.

Leaning back in his chair, Peterson let out a groan of frustration. "I can't believe I stole this worthless journal from the company. It's totally useless to me. I should just get rid of it so no one finds out I took it."

Feeling determined, Peterson reached for a lighter that was sitting on the table nearby. He grasped it firmly, his fingers pressing down on the ignition button. As the flame burst forth, hissing angrily, he held up the journal, ready to set it ablaze and rid himself of the incriminating evidence.

However, just as he was about to ignite the pages, his phone suddenly began ringing, causing him to startle and nearly drop the lighter. The loud ringtone echoed through the room, filling the air with an unwelcome interruption. Peterson stared at the phone with a mixture of annoyance and curiosity, wondering who could be calling nonstop.

"Who could it be?" he muttered to himself, his anger simmering beneath the surface. He hesitated for a moment, torn between answering the call and continuing with his plan to destroy the journal.

As Peterson held the phone in his hand, a flicker of suspicion crossed his mind. "Could it be one of the people I'm indebted to?" he wondered, his brow furrowing with concern. His displeasure was evident on his face as

he realized it was an unknown caller.

"Should I answer this?" Peterson pondered, contemplating his options. With a sigh of frustration, he decided to drop the phone back onto the table, letting it continue to ring unanswered. His mind was preoccupied with the journal and the potential consequences of its discovery, making him hesitant to engage in any further distractions.

Meanwhile, in Karla's luxurious penthouse, she slowly stirred from her sleep, a contented smile on her face. The previous night, she had fallen asleep at the end of her bed, still wearing Duncan's jacket, which provided her a sense of comfort and warmth. As her phone emitted a gentle beep, she lazily extended her hand and retrieved it from the bedside lamp stand.

With a yawn, Karla unlocked her phone, her eyes lighting up as she noticed a notification that had caught her attention. She realized that the intriguing notification was not a regular message but a notification from the spyware she had installed. It was alerting her to an incoming call on Peterson's phone. A surge of excitement coursed through her veins as she quickly rose from the bed and rummaged through her bag to find her earbuds case. She swiftly connected them to her phone and placed them in her ears, just in time for Peterson to answer the call.

"Hello? Who's this?" Peterson's voice came through the earbuds, laced with irritation and a touch of grumpiness. Karla arched her eyebrows slightly, her curiosity piqued by the strong voice on the other end.

"Peterson Rogers, it's you, right?" a confident voice responded, catching Peterson off guard.

He sounded momentarily startled as he asked again, "Who's this?"



As the caller remained silent for a moment, a sense of tension filled the air. Then, in a voice devoid of any emotions, he made his demand known, sending a chill down Peterson's spine. "You have something we want. Give it to us and save your life."