

#### Chapter 114

As the journal hit the ground with a thud, the sudden commotion caused everyone in the room to snap their gazes toward Karla, who had been lurking behind a tall barrel. Poised in a ready manner, her face concealed behind a masked veil, Karla emitted an aura of mystery, keeping her identity hidden.

The unexpected turn of events put everyone on high alert, and they swiftly drew their guns in response to Gregg's rising anger. Tension filled the air as the atmosphere became charged with apprehension and unease.

Gregg, his face contorted with fury, directed his fury towards Karla, pointing an accusatory finger in her direction. "Who are you?" he roared, demanding an answer from the mysterious intruder.

Undeterred by Gregg's hostile question, Karla took a bold step forward, a sneer playing on her lips. With a fearless demeanor, she uttered her defiant response, her voice laced with determination. "I'm going to be your enemy, Mr."

Without wasting a single second, Karla swiftly closed the distance between them, her movements swift and calculated. In a surprising display of unconventional weaponry, she unleashed another shot from her catapult, aiming directly at Gregg with the intention of taking him down first. The projectile hurtled through the air, propelled by the force of the catapult, as Karla skillfully utilized her chosen tool in this high-stakes confrontation.

As the stone shot by Karla grazed Gregg's face, leaving a visible cut, a surge of anger and vengeance consumed the men in the room. Determined to confront Karla and avenge their leader, they made their

advances, hoping to overpower her.

However, Karla's skills and agility were formidable. With lightning-fast reflexes, she swiftly neutralized each man with a combination of swift kicks and powerful punches. Her strikes landed with precision, incapacitating her opponents one by one. The room echoed with the sound of grunts and thuds as Karla's blows found their marks.

In the chaos, Peterson found himself in Karla's path. Before he could react, she lunged at him, executing a perfectly executed roundhouse kick that sent him rolling across the floor, coming to a rest in a corner. Disoriented and winded, Peterson was momentarily incapacitated, giving Karla the opportunity she needed.

Seizing the moment, Karla swiftly retrieved the journal from the ground, her fingers closing around it tightly. She intended to make her escape, knowing that time was of the essence. However, her plans were abruptly disrupted as Sarah, driven by loyalty and a desire to protect Gregg's secrets, grabbed hold of Karla, refusing to let her slip away.

The room became a battleground as the two women engaged in a fierce and intense brawl. Their movements were fluid yet forceful, each displaying a combination of skill, strength, and determination. Punches were thrown, kicks were landed, and the sound of their struggle echoed off the walls.

The outcome of this clash between Karla and Sarah remained uncertain, as each woman fought with unwavering resolve, neither willing to yield easily.

As Karla and Sarah continued their intense struggle, launching a barrage of fly kicks, punches, and jabs at each other, it became evident that neither combatant could gain the upper hand. Their skills were evenly

matched, and the fight seemed to stretch on endlessly.

But just as the battle between them appeared to have no end in sight, a forceful push against the door resonated through the room, drawing their attention away from each other. Both Karla and Sarah turned their gaze toward the entrance, their fighting momentarily forgotten.

To Karla's surprise, it was Abigail who had appeared at the dimly lit entrance, interrupting their fierce confrontation. Sarah, momentarily distracted, questioned Abigail, trying to get a better view of her in the dim light. "Who are you?" Sarah asked, her voice filled with suspicion.

Not missing a beat, Abigail yelled out to Karla, intentionally using a different name. "Kay, let's just go!" she called out, her voice urgent and commanding.

Karla's eyes widened slightly in surprise at the use of her alternate name.

"Why did you come in?" Karla demanded, her voice filled with a mix of curiosity and annoyance, just before delivering a powerful kick that sent Sarah sprawling backward.

Meanwhile, Abigail, caught up in the heat of the moment, took a step forward instinctively, only to freeze in her tracks as Gregg regained his footing, his fury unrelenting. With a menacing snarl, Gregg reached for the revolver tucked into his trousers, his intentions clear. He aimed to take a shot at Abigail, his finger tightening on the trigger.

However, in a tense twist of events, just as Gregg was about to pull the trigger, someone swiftly intervened. Acting with lightning speed, this mysterious figure pushed Abigail safely out of harm's way, diverting the bullet's trajectory in the process. Karla, seizing the opportunity, lunged at Gregg, delivering a swift and forceful kick to his groin. The impact

caused Gregg to grimace in pain, and the revolver slipped from his grasp, clattering to the ground.

Karla's attention momentarily shifted to the person who had come to Abigail's rescue, their identity still unknown. The blowing of sirens outside the warehouse intensified, adding to the mounting tension in the room. The arrival of law enforcement or reinforcements seemed imminent, further complicating the already chaotic situation.

As Karla took a step forward toward Abigail, a sudden gunshot pierced the air, causing her heart to race. Her eyes widened in shock and concern, as she anxiously wondered who could have been the unfortunate target of the bullet.

Instinctively, Karla turned her gaze over her shoulder, her eyes locking onto Sarah, who held a smoking revolver in her hand. The realization hit Karla like a punch to the gut as she connected the dots. Sarah had fired the shot, and it had found its mark, but, on who?

Slowly, Karla returned her gaze to Abigail, who stood a few steps away. The pain she had momentarily ignored now surged through her body, causing her to gasp in agony. With her mouth agape, Abigail stared back at Karla, her expression a mix of shock, horror, and disbelief.

Karla's vision began to blur, her surroundings fading in and out of focus. The sharp pain intensified, spreading through her body like wildfire. She struggled to comprehend what had just transpired as her strength waned.

Abigail's eyes dropped down, her scream piercing the air as her gaze fell upon the source of the pain. Karla's body.

Then, Karla's eyes fluttered open, her vision hazy and disoriented. As her senses slowly returned, she felt a strange sensation, as if something was

being released from her. A sudden gasp escaped her lips as she looked down, her eyes widening in horror at the sight before her. Blood was gushing out from her abdomen, staining her clothes, and pooling on the ground beneath her.

Panic surged through Karla's veins as she struggled to comprehend what had happened. The pain intensified, radiating through her body, and threatening to engulf her. She tried to call for help, but her voice came out weak and trembling.

Lifting her gaze, Karla's eyes locked with the figure approaching her. She realized the unknown person was no one other than Duncan. Her voice barely above a whisper, his name escaped her lips, a mix of disbelief and relief.

Before she could take a step further, the pain became unbearable, overwhelming her senses. Karla's body gave way, and she slumped to the ground, her consciousness fading as darkness closed in around her.

Several hours passed, and Karla slowly regained consciousness. Her eyelids felt heavy as she blinked, trying to make sense of her surroundings. The sterile scent of a hospital invaded her nostrils, and she realized she was lying in a hospital bed.

Confusion and disorientation engulfed her as she struggled to piece together the events that had transpired. "Where am I?" Karla whispered, her voice barely audible, as she glanced around the unfamiliar room. The realization slowly dawned upon her, and shock washed over her face as she understood that she was in a hospital.

Lost and overwhelmed, Karla's thoughts were interrupted by the creaking sound of the door opening.

"Hey, you're awake now," a familiar voice called out, breaking the silence in the hospital room.

Karla turned her head towards the source of the voice and saw Abigail standing there, a mixture of relief and concern etched on her face. Karla couldn't help but feel a tinge of irritation at the seemingly obvious statement. "Obviously," she replied, her voice laced with sarcasm.

Abigail's concern deepened as she took a step closer. "Are you fine?" she asked, her voice filled with genuine worry.

Karla's irritation softened as she recognized Abigail's pure concern. She sighed and shook her head. "Why won't I be?" she replied, her tone more gentle this time, realizing that Abigail was only trying to look out for her. Still, she wasn't fully aware of her present condition.

Abigail's eyes widened, her voice filled with disbelief. "Damn, you were shot, forgotten?" she exclaimed, her worry evident in her voice.

Karla's eyes widened in realization, her memory flooding back to her in a rush. The last few seconds before she had lost consciousness came rushing back, and she recalled the intense pain and the sound of a gunshot. "Huh? Shot?" she stammered, her voice filled with disbelief. "Gosh, I only realized at the last minute that... I was the one who was shot."

Abigail nodded, her expression solemn. "Yes, Karla. You were shot. It was a terrifying moment," she confirmed. "You were rushed into the ICU and underwent surgery. You've been unconscious for hours. Thank God you survived."

A mix of shock and gratitude washed over Karla's face as she absorbed the gravity of the situation. The realization that her life had been in grave

danger hit her with full force.

At that moment, a sudden recollection flashed through Karla's mind. She remembered catching a brief glimpse of Duncan before losing consciousness. The memory ignited a spark of curiosity within her, and she opened her mouth to ask Abigail about him, but the words died on her lips as the door swung open, revealing Duncan standing there.

Karla's heart skipped a beat as her eyes locked with Duncan's. His worried expression was evident, etched upon his face. However, as their gazes connected, his countenance turned bleak, and a wave of tension filled the room. He walked up to the other side of the bed, his brows furrowing with displeasure.

"Why did you do it, Karla?" Duncan questioned, his tone laced with disappointment.

Confusion clouded Karla's features as she glanced at Abigail, seeking guidance or answers. But Abigail avoided her gaze, her eyes focused on the floor. Karla's confusion deepened, and she turned back to Duncan, her voice filled with genuine bewilderment.

"Huh? What do you mean, Duncan?" Karla asked, her voice tinged with a mix of surprise and confusion.

Duncan's anger was evident as he confronted Karla about her decision to set up a plan for a risky mission without informing him. His voice laced with frustration, he demanded an explanation, saying, "You set up a plan to carry out a risky mission without telling me, why?"

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Karla chose to feign ignorance and play dumb. With a hint of exasperation in her voice, she responded, "I don't know what you're talking about." She let out a sigh, attempting to

Commented [Ma1]:

divert the conversation. "I happen to be at that dangerous place in a dangerous time, you know, and..."

However, Duncan was not easily swayed by Karla's act. He interrupted her, his tone firm and warning, "Don't take me for a fool. Quit the act and stop lying."

Sensing that there might be more to the situation than meets the eye, Karla's eyes quickly shifted to Abigail, seeking answers or support. The movement of her gaze was swift as she silently conveyed her need for assistance or clarification from Abigail, hoping to uncover the underlying truth.

With a deep breath, Abigail took a moment to gather herself before revealing the truth to Karla. Speaking almost in a whisper, she said, "I'm sorry, I told him everything."

Karla's eyes widened in disbelief as the weight of Abigail's confession settled upon her. She responded, her voice filled with a mixture of shock and disappointment, "You?!"

Apologizing softly, Abigail whispered, "Hey, I'm sorry."

Duncan, still seething with anger, intervened. He addressed Abigail with a stern voice, "Abigail, please leave." Recognizing the seriousness of the situation, Abigail complied and left the room, leaving Duncan and Karla alone to confront the aftermath.

Duncan turned his gaze back to Karla, his expression conveying a mix of frustration and concern. "Because of your secrecy and unwise plan, you endangered both of your lives," he stated firmly.

Karla attempted to speak, her voice filled with remorse, but Duncan cut her off. He questioned her, his tone heavy with disappointment, "Did you



even bother to think about how I would feel when I found out about this?"

The hospital room grew silent as the weight of Duncan's words hung in the air, leaving Karla to reflect on the consequences of her actions and the impact they had on their relationship.

Karla began to open her mouth to respond, her eyes filled with remorse, but Duncan swiftly interrupted her. He refused to let her defend herself, his voice laced with frustration and anger.

"You didn't," he stated firmly. "What do you think I would have done if that bullet, shot by that crazy man, had hit Abigail straight in the heart? She could have lost her life in that split second if I hadn't intervened to save her."

Karla's voice trembled as she attempted to explain herself, "But, I..."

Duncan cut her off, his tone cutting and filled with disappointment. "You were so stupid. But unlike you, Abigail thought it wise to inform me about your plan at the last minute."

Karla's expression shifted to one of disbelief, and she scoffed, lifting an eyebrow. "That betrayal," she muttered under her breath.

Duncan's anger intensified as he responded, his voice filled with bitterness. "She's wise, unlike you, Karla," he hissed, emphasizing the contrast between Abigail's actions and Karla's perceived foolishness. "You're a dum dum!"

Karla's patience wore thin as Duncan continued to scold her. Frustration etched across her face, she shot a glare at him, her eyes flashing with defiance. "Really?" she retorted, her voice tinged with exasperation.

Duncan persisted, emphasizing the gravity of the situation. "Yes, Abigail

almost died..."



Karla abruptly cut him off, her voice firm and determined. "Enough. Abigail, Abigail, Abigail! Why do you only talk about her? Why do you scold me as if I hatched that plan all by myself? Abigail was my alibi. And you can ask her. I didn't force her to be my partner in this."

Duncan's expression softened, a flicker of doubt crossing his face. "Really?" he questioned, his voice tinged with a mix of surprise and curiosity.

Karla nodded, her gaze unwavering as she continued to assert herself. "Yes! Did you even think about me when I was shot? Or was your mind consumed with thoughts of Abigail?" Her eyes locked onto his, challenging him to acknowledge her perspective.

Duncan hesitated, searching for the right words to respond. "Look..." he began, attempting to calm the tension between them.

Karla, feeling unheard and overlooked, interrupted him once more. "You care only about her. Fine then!" With a defiant tilt of her head, she looked away, a mixture of hurt and frustration evident in her demeanor.

 **Gem Lynne**  author

*"Hope you enjoyed the chapter, my dear reader?  
I would love to know what you think of Duncan's  
reaction In this chapter."*

 3