



Chapter 115

Staring at Karla with a creeping feeling of remorse, Duncan hesitated for a moment. He outstretched his hand, intending to touch her shoulder in a gesture of comfort, but stopped his fingers just an inch away before ultimately dropping his hand.

"Why do you have to be stubborn all the time?" Duncan asked, his voice filled with a mix of frustration and regret.

Karla, determined to maintain her composure, resisted the urge to retort. She focused on fighting back her tears, refusing to let them burst forth and display her vulnerability.

Not knowing what more to say, Duncan quietly left the room, the heaviness of the situation lingering in the air. The silence engulfed Karla, leaving her alone with her thoughts and the emotional turmoil that enveloped her.

After a while, Abigail cautiously walked into the room, sensing the tension that had transpired between Karla and Duncan. Karla shifted her gaze to Abigail, her eyes filled with a mix of weariness and curiosity.

"Look, I'm..." Abigail began, her words trailing off as she caught Karla's intense gaze. Sensing Karla's boiling anger, Abigail pushed herself to continue speaking, determined to address the situation. Her voice trembled slightly as she tried to navigate the tense atmosphere.

"Okay, you seem mad, and it's justified," Abigail acknowledged, her voice tinged with remorse.

Karla's eyes narrowed as she listened to Abigail's words. The anger within her intensified, and she responded sharply, "Yeah?"



Abigail quickly interjected, her voice filled with sincerity, "Hey, I'm sorry, Karla. I had no intention of disclosing our plan to Duncan at the last minute."

Karla's frustration became more apparent as she dismissed Abigail's apology. Her voice dripped with sarcasm as she sneered, "Oh, you did! I can see through you. At the last moment when you got the big opportunity, you did what you wanted to do so that you would be seen as the wiser one, and I would be portrayed as the foolish one."

Confusion washed over Abigail's face as she struggled to comprehend Karla's accusations. "What?" she stammered, her voice reflecting her bewilderment.

Karla's expression hardened as she continued to confront Abigail. "Don't pretend," she warned, her tone laced with bitterness. "You had this planned out," she sneered, believing that Abigail had orchestrated the situation to her advantage. The little trust that had developed between the two of them was shattered, replaced by suspicion and resentment.

Karla paused, her expression a mix of frustration and disbelief as she scanned Abigail's face. It was evident that she was deeply hurt and angered by the situation. Despite her emotions, Karla took a deep breath to compose herself before continuing her confrontation.

"You brought up the idea that we should work together," Karla began, her voice laced with a sense of accusation. "I trusted you and agreed. I invested my time and effort in drafting and carrying out the important tasks, believing that we were a team. But what did you do? You betrayed me and got me caught in your web, only to later corner me and make me look like a fool."

Karla's voice rose with each word, her frustration pouring out. She couldn't understand why Abigail had chosen to deceive and manipulate her. She took a moment to gather her thoughts before continuing, her voice now filled with a mix of anger and disappointment.

"And why? Just because you like Duncan and want to gain his complete trust?" Karla's voice dripped with sarcasm. "You're willing to use me as a pawn in your twisted game. It's despicable. You're nothing more than a horrible, clever bitch. A backstabber. A fucking betrayal..."

The air grew tense as Karla's words hung in the silence. Abigail, clearly taken aback by the intensity of Karla's outburst, pointed her finger at Karla and interrupted her, her voice filled with anger and defiance.

"Shut up!" Abigail snapped, her voice cutting through the air. "Not another word from your dreadful mouth. You're spewing nonsense, Karla. You're twisting the truth to fit your narrative. I won't stand here and listen to your baseless accusations."

The room fell into an uneasy silence as they glared at each other, their emotions running high. The confrontation had reached a boiling point, and it was clear that Abigail was ready to give Karla a more befitting response that would silence her.

"I did nothing wrong," Abigail defended, her voice tinged with frustration. She rolled her eyes and ran her hand through her thick, blonde hair before continuing to explain. "I couldn't do anything at that moment after you went inside that warehouse, and I was left..."

"Enough," Karla interrupted, holding up her hand to stop Abigail from speaking further. Her voice was firm and resolute. "Just spare me your woeful lies because I'm not buying them. You know very well that I

received an earful from Duncan because of you."

Abigail chuckled dismissively, a hint of sarcasm in her voice. "Oh, really? I'm sure the scolding he gave you doesn't even compare to half of what he gave me out there when you were still unconscious."

Tension filled the air as Karla and Abigail exchanged heated words. It was clear that their perspectives on the situation were vastly different, and neither was willing to back down.

Getting confused by Abigail's response, Karla blinked, trying to make sense of her words. "What do you mean?" she asked, her voice filled with genuine confusion.

Abigail's expression remained defiant as she continued to defend herself. "Yes, Duncan scolded me for not telling him about the situation earlier," she explained. "He was extremely worried about you, despite the success of the surgery and the doctor assuring us that you would be fine. You're just talking nonsense now, Karla, and..."

Before Abigail could finish her sentence, Xia rushed into the room, interrupting their conversation. She called out to Abigail, attempting to divert her attention. "Ma'am," Xia said, breathless. "You've got an important call." She extended the phone to Abigail.

Abigail turned her focus to Xia, acknowledging the interruption. She walked up to Xia, took the phone from her, and quickly left the room, answering the call as she went. Xia, casting a quick glance at Karla, followed Abigail out of the room, leaving Karla behind, left to contemplate the fractured state of their alignment and the unresolved tension that hung in the air.

After finishing her call with the business partner, Abigail turned around

as the foolish one," Abigail explained, her voice tinged with disbelief. She could sense Xia's surprise at the revelation.

"What?" Xia exclaimed, clearly taken aback by the accusation. Her eyes widened slightly, frustration evident on her face. "Aargh, that Karla is too much," Xia groaned, clearly exasperated by Karla's actions.

Abigail couldn't help but chuckle softly at Xia's reaction. "She certainly knows how to push our buttons," Abigail remarked, a hint of amusement in her voice.

Xia nodded in agreement, her frustration still lingering. "I don't think I would have been able to restrain myself from giving her a tight slap if I had been there when she accused you," Xia admitted, her voice filled with a mix of irritation and protectiveness.

Abigail's expression softened, and she placed a hand on Xia's arm. "Xia, please, don't ever act impulsively or with violence," Abigail cautioned, her voice gentle yet firm. "We need to find a way to handle this situation with grace and integrity."

Xia acknowledged Abigail's words with a nod, understanding the importance of maintaining composure even in the face of provocation. However, her loyalty and protective instincts were still evident in her next statement.

"Noted, Miss," Xia replied, her voice resolute. "But I'm sure that you only told Duncan about everything because you were genuinely worried about Karla's well-being."

Abigail lifted her gaze, meeting Xia's eyes, and silently shook her head in disagreement with what Xia said. But it was clear that Xia's perception aligned with the truth of the matter.

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Xia glanced away, a mix of emotions passing across her face. She wasn't expecting Abigail to openly acknowledge her true intentions.

Abigail, though adept at putting on a facade of nonchalance, was actually a highly sensitive individual who preferred to conceal her true concerns from others. Her outward demeanor often belied the depth of her emotions and the extent to which she cared about those around her.

One incident that highlighted Abigail's sensitivity was when Karla entered the warehouse earlier, and Abigail's instinctual response was to perceive danger and become genuinely concerned for Karla's safety. Unable to suppress her worry, Abigail found herself compelled to call Duncan and share all the details of the situation. In doing so, she hoped to ensure that Karla would be protected and that her fears would be taken seriously.

However, the aftermath of her action was not entirely positive. Karla, instead of appreciating Abigail's genuine concern, placed blame on her for the situation. This led to Abigail enduring scolding from Duncan.

Surprisingly, despite the criticism and Karla's blame, Abigail experienced a subtle sense of happiness. She believed that her last-minute action and demonstration of her wise judgment might have contributed to an increase in Duncan's trust in her. It was as if her decision was to reveal her concerns and take proactive steps.

Abigail's happiness stemmed from the hope that her actions would deepen her connection with Duncan and potentially lead to a stronger bond of trust between them while he grew disregard for Karla. The possibility of being seen as reliable and dependable filled her with a sense of accomplishment and contentment.

Later in the day, Duncan and Abigail found themselves in the room as the doctor conducted a check-up on Karla. Duncan, despite his deep concern for Karla, tried his best to conceal his worry.

"Doctor, is there any severe injury she sustained due to the shot?"
Duncan inquired anxiously, hoping for reassurance.

The doctor looked up from his examination and responded, "The bullet grazed her abdomen, but fortunately, it did not embed itself. She's going to be alright."

Relieved by the doctor's words, Duncan cleared his throat and spoke up, "We can only be sure of her condition if we know how she's feeling. Please, Doctor, ask her if she's experiencing any pain."

The doctor and Abigail exchanged surprised glances upon hearing Duncan's request, their eyebrows lifting in response. However, their curiosity was interrupted by Karla's dismissive response. She twitched her mouth in disregard, signaling that she didn't want to entertain any concerns about her well-being.

The doctor nodded understandingly and turned his attention back to Karla. "Um, miss Karla, do you feel any pain or..." the doctor began to ask, but Karla interrupted him, determined to reassure everyone.

"Don't worry, doctor. I'm perfectly fine," Karla interjected firmly. "Tell him that I don't need him to be concerned about me."

The doctor nodded, acknowledging Karla's insistence. He turned his attention towards Duncan, ready to relay Karla's message. "Well, she said ..."

Sensing the tension in the room, Duncan intervened. "Don't mind her,

doctor. You can leave. Thank you," Duncan said, his voice indicating a mix of frustration and concern.

The doctor let out a sigh of relief, understanding that his presence was no longer necessary. He silently exited the room, leaving Duncan, Abigail, and Karla behind. As the door closed, the room fell into a hushed silence. Duncan's gaze remained fixed on Karla, his expression a mix of worry and disbelief, unsure of how to proceed.

Karla's words hung in the air, her eyes fixed on Duncan as she challenged him. Sensing the tension, Abigail interjected, attempting to bridge the gap between them.

"You should be appreciating us, Duncan," Karla asserted, her voice laced with a hint of frustration. "We didn't really do the right thing the right way, but we helped you."

Duncan took a moment to collect his thoughts before responding. "I don't disregard your help," he replied, his tone reflecting a mix of gratitude and disappointment. "I'm just upset with the way you carried it out."

Abigail, feeling compelled to take responsibility, spoke up. "Duncan, I'm sorry," she admitted. "I actually proposed the idea of secret teamwork with Karla."

Karla, rolling her eyes, couldn't help but silently scoff at Abigail's sudden attempt to come clean and portray herself as a saint. However, Abigail's admission of guilt didn't address all of Duncan's concerns.

"Something else has been bothering you, Duncan. What is it?" Abigail inquired, her voice gentle and concerned.

Duncan hesitated for a moment, contemplating whether or not to voice

his deeper concerns and new problems. Finally, Duncan made the difficult decision to open up and share the burden he had been carrying. Taking a deep breath, he began to reveal the shocking discovery he had made a few days earlier.

"I discovered something huge some days back," Duncan began, his voice betraying a mix of sadness and disbelief. "I found my father's diary."

Karla, caught off guard by the revelation, inadvertently blurted out, "Isn't that good?" Realizing her thoughtless response, she quickly corrected herself. "I'm sorry."

Duncan appreciated her apology, but the weight of his revelation still hung heavily in the air. Gathering his thoughts, he continued, "In the diary, I came across something hurtful and unbelievable."

Curiosity and concern filled Abigail's voice as she pressed for more information. "What is it, Duncan?" she asked, her eagerness to understand evident.

Taking a moment to compose himself, Duncan uttered the words that shook both Abigail and Karla to their core. "My biological father was... murdered."

As the magnitude of Duncan's revelation sank in, both ladies gasped in shock, their faces reflecting a mixture of disbelief, sadness, and concern for Duncan's well-being. The room fell into a heavy silence, the weight of the revelation lingering in the air.

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