

Chapter 116

Regaining her voice, Karla couldn't contain her confusion and concern and immediately asked Duncan for clarification. "What do you mean?" she inquired, her tone filled with a mix of shock and disbelief.

Duncan, however, remained silent, his face reflecting the weight of the revelation he had just shared. Observing Karla's attempt to sit up, he swiftly moved towards her, gently restraining her from making any sudden movements.

"What's wrong with you?" Duncan scolded lightly, his voice revealing a blend of worry and protectiveness. "You were shot in the abdomen, so you shouldn't move too much."

Karla winced, feeling a sharp pain emanating from her wounded abdomen. A light scream escaped her lips, and Duncan's immediate presence provided comfort and support.

"But the doctor said the bullet grazed my abdomen," Karla protested, trying to make sense of the conflicting information.

Duncan sighed softly, his voice tinged with a mixture of concern and frustration. "Shut up," he retorted gently. "It still got stitched. You need to be careful and not strain yourself unnecessarily."

Karla pouted in response, feeling a mix of annoyance and vulnerability. "Stop scolding me," she muttered, her voice reflecting her wounded pride.

"Stop acting impulsive, and I'll quit scolding you," Duncan gently admonished, his voice filled with a mix of concern and the desire for Karla's well-being to be his top priority.

"I just wanted to sit up," Karla defended herself, her tone slightly defensive.

Duncan sighed, realizing that his frustration had gotten the better of him. "You could have spoken up," he hissed quietly, acknowledging that communication was key in avoiding misunderstandings and unnecessary conflicts.

Duncan walked to the front of the bed and located the controller. With a few taps, he adjusted the position of the bed, lifting the front end to a more comfortable angle. Returning to Karla's side, he gently took hold of her hand and assisted her in sitting up slightly.

"Are you okay?" Duncan asked, his voice softening with genuine concern.

Karla nodded, ready to express her gratitude, but before she could speak, Duncan playfully interrupted her. "You're not welcome," he teased, feigning annoyance but allowing a hint of a smile to dance on his lips.

As their eyes locked, Duncan leaned in closer, his hand gently brushing a few strands of hair behind Karla's ear. Their gaze held, speaking volumes about their unspoken connection and the depth of their growing feelings for each other.

Seeing Duncan show little signs of affection to Karla made Abigail feel uncomfortable. She longed for the same attention and affection from Duncan herself. It pained her to witness him being a little bit cold and distant towards her at the moment, while seemingly showering Karla with affection.

As the silence between Duncan and Karla permeated the room, Abigail felt the atmosphere change, almost becoming charged with tension and emotion. Sensing the need to break through the awkwardness, she

cleared her throat, causing both Duncan and Karla to break their eye contact.

"So, you were saying?" Abigail asked, her voice steady as she tried her best not to show how deeply Duncan's actions affected her. She maintained her composure, refusing to let her emotions get the best of her.

Duncan glanced briefly at Karla, inhaling deeply before focusing his attention back on Abigail. His expression was guarded as if he was carefully choosing his words.

"There's a possibility that my father's accident was planned," Duncan said, his voice filled with a mixture of uncertainty and concern.

Abigail's interest immediately resurfaced, her curiosity piqued by the unexpected revelation. She leaned forward slightly, giving Duncan her full attention. "What do you mean?" she asked, her voice tinged with a mix of curiosity and empathy.

Duncan took a deep breath, gathering his thoughts before continuing. "My father had an accident that led to his death," he explained. "When I was just seven years old, my mother told me that I had gone to the mall with my father. On our way back home, he had a ghastly accident that took his life, but fortunately, I survived."

A somber pause filled the room as the weight of Duncan's words hung in the air. Abigail's expression softened with empathy, realizing the depth of pain and loss that Duncan must have carried all these years.

"Sorry about that," Abigail said, her voice filled with genuine sympathy. She reached out and placed a comforting hand on Duncan's arm.

Karla, who had been listening silently, spoke up, her voice filled with

surprise and compassion. "I... I never knew that's how your father died," she said softly, her eyes meeting Duncan's with a mix of sadness and understanding.

Duncan nodded, appreciating their support and willingness to listen. "It's something that I hadn't remembered till some days back due to the trauma I faced when I was young that made me lose most of my memories," he admitted, his voice tinged with a hint of bitterness. "But lately, reading my father's diary, I've come across some information that suggests there might have been more to it than just an accident. I've been digging into it, trying to uncover the truth."

Abigail's eyes widened, her curiosity now mixed with concern. "What kind of information?" she asked, her voice filled with a sense of urgency.

Duncan hesitated for a moment, contemplating the weight of his words. "I've found some inconsistencies in the police reports and witness statements," he replied, his voice determined. "And do you know the strangest part of it? They are all assumptions of my father. He stated it in the diary, I feel he knows these five people well and their capabilities. It's possible that someone wanted my father dead and orchestrated the accident."

The room fell into a heavy silence as the gravity of Duncan's revelation sank in. The trio sat there, contemplating the implications and the potential danger that Duncan's pursuit of the truth might bring.

"Where did you get the diary from?" Karla finally asked.

"I happened to get the diary from my family's house, though my mother didn't want me to have a peep into its contents," Duncan confessed, his voice filled with a mix of guilt and determination.

Abigail couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at Duncan's admission. "So you stole it?" she asked, her tone slightly accusatory.

Duncan nodded, acknowledging his actions. Not wanting to give Abigail the opportunity to start reprimanding him, he quickly continued, trying to justify himself. "I knew there were secrets hidden within those pages, secrets that could potentially shed light on other big things about my father which I never even thought about. I couldn't just let it go and Ma'am Luna's expression changed instantly when she heard about the unexpected rise of the Walton Group of Companies at the dining table some days ago."

Karla's eyes widened at Duncan's observation, realizing the potential significance of his words. "That means she has some sort of connection with your family," Karla said, her voice filled with intrigue.

Abigail, however, was quick to caution against jumping to conclusions. She leaned forward, her expression serious. "You shouldn't come to such a conclusion without concrete evidence," she said firmly, her voice tinged with a hint of concern. "It's important not to jump to conclusions or make assumptions without proper proof."

"But, she's right, Abigail," Duncan said, his voice filled with conviction. "Ma'am Luna has something to do with my family. My gut tells me so. I feel there are lots of secrets she's hiding too."

Abigail listened to Duncan's words, sensing the determination and intuition behind them. She understood that his instincts were guiding him towards the truth, despite the lack of concrete evidence. She nodded, acknowledging his perspective.

Karla, on the other hand, scoffed dismissively. "That old woman," she

muttered, her voice dripping with disdain. "I've only met her once, but she is as cunning as her look depicts."

Duncan nodded in agreement, acknowledging Karla's observation. "Yes, she's quite shrewd," he admitted, his voice tinged with a mixture of frustration and intrigue. "I tried following her two days ago, but I lost sight of the guy she spoke to. It seems like she's connected to something secretive."

Abigail's eyes widened with curiosity as she absorbed the information. "What are you planning to do now?" she asked, eager to know Duncan's next move.

Duncan opened his mouth to respond, but before he could utter a word, realization struck him. His eyes widened, and he turned to Abigail with a puzzled expression. "Hold on!" he exclaimed. "What happened to the journal and Peterson?"

Tucking his hand into his jacket's inner pocket, Duncan retrieved a worn and weathered journal. The sight of it brought a sigh of relief to Karla's lips as she recognized it instantly. She had feared it was lost forever.

"I got the journal," Duncan said, his voice tinged with gratitude as he held it up for Karla to see. "Even after you lost consciousness, you still held on tightly to it. Thanks to you, we've saved one of our subsidiary companies from being destroyed and preserved the integrity of the Walton Imperial Conglomerate as a whole."

Karla's expression softened with a mix of relief and admiration. "I'm glad I did," she replied, her voice filled with a quiet determination. "And I don't regret the way I did it."

Duncan's smile slowly faded upon hearing her words, a flicker of concern

crossing his face. "Peterson is behind bars now," he said, his voice heavy with the weight of the situation. "He's not going to escape this," he declared with determination,

Karla, pleased with the situation, wore a satisfied smile. She was eager to learn more about the others' fate. "What about those bad men? Did you get to know who they are?" she asked with anticipation, hoping for some progress in identifying the culprits.

Duncan and Abigail exchanged a glance, and it was evident that their search for the men had been unsuccessful. Duncan reluctantly replied, "We lost them. They escaped." This news frustrated Karla, who had hoped for a different outcome.

Karla's frustration grew as she inquired about the woman. "Damn. What about the lady I had a fight with? I'm sure you guys caught her. There's not going to be a problem in knowing those people's true identity since you got her..." she trailed off, assuming that her recognition of the woman would be sufficient in solving the case.

However, Abigail interjected with a disappointing revelation. "She escaped," she stated, delivering the unfortunate news.

Karla, determined to contribute to the investigation, offered her assistance. "I can describe her," she suggested, willing to provide any details that might help in identifying the woman who had escaped.

"She seems to have been putting on a facial mask to hide her face. It was seen in that place when the police made a chase for her," Abigail said, providing crucial information about the woman's attempt to conceal her identity.

Upon hearing this, Karla's frustration grew even stronger. "Damn it,"

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she groaned, feeling the weight of the situation and the difficulty in bringing the perpetrators to justice.

Shifting the focus of the conversation, Abigail asked Duncan about his father's death, seeking any additional information that could aid his probable new investigation. "What more do you know about your father's death?"

Duncan's expression turned grim as she replied, "Abigail, there are some people who my father said should be held responsible for his death. He mentioned that there were five individuals involved, but he didn't provide any names."

Karla, displaying a cold and vengeful attitude, scoffed at the idea of a fair trial. "What are you planning to do?" Abigail asked, curious about his approach to the situation.

Duncan's response was filled with anger and a desire for revenge. "Find them, torture them. Then kill them," he declared, expressing his intention to take matters into his own hands and seek violent retribution against those responsible for his father's death. His words revealed a dark and unforgiving side as he sought justice through vigilante methods.

Karla, fueled by her determination to seek justice for Duncan, inquired about the next course of action. "So what's the next step of action?" she asked, emphasizing the need to find the individuals responsible for robbing Duncan of his father.

However, Duncan, recognizing the danger and potential consequences, advised Karla to stay out of the fight. "Karla... this is my fight. Do not get involved," he cautioned, addressing her directly. He then turned to Abigail, seeking her support in enforcing his request. "Please, don't ever partner with Karla to carry out a plan, even if it's for my well-being," he

pleaded, indirectly emphasizing the importance of keeping Karla away from the dangerous situation.

Abigail, understanding Duncan's concerns, reassured him with a smile. "It's alright. I've noted that at the back of my mind," she replied, indicating her willingness to respect Duncan's wishes.

Duncan's gaze shifted back to Karla, who remained resolute despite the request to step aside. Her expression reflected her unwavering determination. However, Duncan, firmly standing his ground, stared back at her, conveying the importance of respecting his decision. "Respect my decision, Karla," he stated firmly, urging her to accept his desire to handle the situation on his own. With a nod of understanding, Karla agreed to respect Duncan's decision.

The following day, Duncan spoke to the doctor, who confirmed that Karla could be discharged from the hospital that day. Determined to take care of her, Duncan decided to accompany Karla home after her discharge.

As Karla walked into her house, she was greeted by the concerned expressions on the faces of her cousin-friend, Julie, and her caretaker, Rose. Immediately addressing the situation, Rose approached them and questioned, "Miss, where were you yesterday?" Her worry and curiosity were palpable.

Julie, noticing Karla's pale appearance, shifted her gaze from Karla to Duncan, who stood by Karla's side, providing support. Concerned for her well-being, Julie inquired, "You look pale. What happened to her?" Her questioning eyes focused on Duncan, seeking answers.

Karla, overwhelmed by the events and the emotions surrounding her father's death, found herself speechless. The weight of the situation and the encounter with her worried loved ones left her momentarily unable

to find the words to explain her absence and the turmoil she had experienced. 1

Julie, displaying concern for Karla, approached her softly and gently. "Talk to me, Karla," she said, her voice filled with compassion. Walking up to her, Julie recognized that something was amiss and wanted to offer support.

Karla, feeling a mix of emotions and unsure of how to respond, tried to dismiss Julie's worries. "Uh... I... it's nothing," she stammered, attempting to downplay her condition. She shook her head and glanced at Duncan, seeking reassurance. Nervously, she chuckled, hoping to lighten the mood.

Julie, unconvinced by Karla's response, pressed further. She wanted honesty and clarity from her cousin. In an unexpected moment, Julie lightly slapped Karla's arm, causing her to let out a slight cry due to the pain she felt in her abdomen.

Concern etched across her face, Julie's brows furrowed as she asked, "What happened, Karla? You are hurt somewhere?" She pleaded with Karla to be truthful, emphasizing the importance of honesty in this moment.

Karla, feeling a sense of vulnerability, swallowed nervously. Her unwillingness to share the truth with Julie was evident as she avoided her gaze. She hesitated, grappling with the decision to open up about what had transpired.