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Abigail took a step back, her eyes widening in astonishment as she processed the situation. She couldn't understand why Duncan had chosen not to tell Karla the truth, somehow hurting her feelings too in the process. It puzzled her, and she found herself questioning Duncan's motives. Could it be that he had feelings for Karla? The thought crossed her mind, but she quickly dismissed it, not wanting to entertain the idea further.

Instead, Abigail mustered a smile and decided not to let this confusion ruin her day. She didn't want to bring up the topic and risk souring their time together. She hoped that there was nothing more between Duncan and Karla, and she wanted to maintain her positive outlook.

Duncan, noticing her smile, asked, "So, shall we?" He gestured towards the door, indicating that they should move forward with their plans. Abigail nodded, accepting his invitation, and they began walking towards the door.

As they entered the house, Abigail pushed the thoughts about Duncan and Karla to the back of her mind. She wanted to enjoy their time together and focus on the present moment.

"Excuse me, Duncan." Abigail made her exit out of the room and returned with two flute glasses and a bottle of wine.

"Let's celebrate your win."

"Oh, no, I don't drink alcohol," Duncan lied, taking his eyes away from her as a pang of guilt hit him.

"Though you're a gentleman, you still look like one who drinks."

"Not really. I don't drink alcohol at night."

"I see. But this wine has only 15% alcohol in it, Duncan."

"Abigail..."

"Come on, don't embarrass me by refusing my request."

"I'm sorry."

"What? Can't you celebrate your first win with me?"

"No, that's not true. I would love to do that but not tonight. By the way, I have more wins coming so we will get the chance to celebrate more often with time, I hope you understand."

"I don't understand. You've hurt me with your rejection." Abigail sighed with a frown.

"Hey, I'm sorry. Don't get upset. I will watch you drink."

"Huh?"

"Yes. Then maybe I'll have an inspiration to draw you."

"Aww, are you an artist?" Duncan was reluctant to say and, noticing that, she learned he was just lying to cheer her up. "You're so funny, Duncan," she remarked and laughed softly as she filled a glass. "So, cheers?"

Duncan held up the other empty glass and clicked it with hers. "Cheers." She giggled and took a sip.

While Abigail gulped down the fourth glass of wine, Duncan perceived she was getting drunk and he simply stared at her, thinking of when to

stop her and indicate his desire to leave.

"Hey, Duncan. I got to show you something. Give me a minute."

Duncan watched as Abigail exited the sitting room, curiosity piqued by her sudden departure. Moments later, she returned, cradling a small white puppy in her arms. A smile tugged at Duncan's lips as he saw the adorable creature nestled in Abigail's embrace.

"Hey, look at my pet," Abigail exclaimed excitedly, lowering the puppy to the floor by Duncan's feet before taking her place next to him on the couch. Duncan reached down and gently scooped up the puppy, his eyes lighting up with affection as he observed its playful nature.

"She's Riri," Abigail announced proudly. "Isn't she really beautiful?"

Duncan nodded, his gaze fixed on the tiny ball of fur in his hands. "She is," he agreed, his voice filled with genuine admiration.

As the night wore on, Abigail's half-drunk state became more apparent, and Duncan felt a pang of concern. He knew it wasn't healthy for her to continue drinking excessively. He leaned closer to her, his tone laced with worry.

"You're drunk already, Abigail," he said softly, urging her to reconsider her drinking. "Please, quit drinking for tonight."

But Abigail was persistent, determined to get Duncan to join her in indulging. She pleaded with him, her eyes pleading.

"No, not until you decide to take one shot with me. Please," she implored, her voice tinged with a playful plea.

Duncan, feeling the weight of Abigail's insistence, hesitated for a

moment. Finally, he relented, giving in to her request. However, Abigail didn't stop at just one shot. Playfully, she continued to encourage him to drink more, teasing and joking with him.

Caught up in the light-hearted banter, Duncan found himself laughing and partly enjoying the moment, even as he kept an eye on Abigail's alcohol intake, hoping she wouldn't go overboard.

Meanwhile, Karla stood in front of the imposing gates of Abigail's Villa, her heart pounding with a mix of curiosity and unease. She had followed Abigail's car and witnessed her and Duncan entering the house together. Doubt gnawed at her, as she couldn't believe that Duncan would lie to her about his whereabouts. The uncertainty pushed her to act impulsively, disregarding the presence of the gatekeeper as she hurriedly made her way towards the entrance.

As Karla reached the door, a moment of hesitation washed over her. She felt she shouldn't act rashly. However, driven by a need for answers and fueled by the surge of emotions, she steeled herself and opened the door.

The scene that greeted Karla inside the house left her stunned and hurt. She saw Abigail's hand firmly grasping the back of Duncan's head, pulling him closer for a kiss. Duncan caught off guard and seemingly about to stop Abigail, froze as he noticed Karla's presence. But before he could react, a mix of pain and anger erupted from Karla's lips as she yelled out, her voice laced with betrayal.

The room fell into a heavy silence, broken only by Karla's cry. The weight of the moment hung in the air, as emotions swirled between the three individuals, each grappling with their own feelings and the consequences of their actions.

"You bitch," Karla cursed under her breath as Abigail shifted her gaze to

her. She approached her and grabbed her to Duncan's surprise. "I knew you had other plans for offering to take him home."

"No, stop it!" Duncan jerked her grip off Abigail and arose as Abigail fell on her face to the other side of the couch, feigning unconsciousness. "What's wrong with you, Karla."

"You should ask her that," Karla said, almost yelling as she aggressively grabbed Abigail's arm.

Xia appeared and, taken aback by Karla's violent act, came in between and slightly pushed Karla away from Abigail, causing her to let go of Abigail.

"How dare you touch Ms. Abigail like that?" Xia asked in a mean tone.

"She is a sly person!" Karla fired at Xia who scoffed.

"Stay away from her. Just leave!"

"And if I don't? Will you throw me out?"

"I'm going to do so if you force me."

"I dare you. Do it."

Seeing the intensity growing between the two of them, Duncan came in between. "Stop this, Karla. What are you even doing here? Can't you see Abigail is drunk?"

"Drunk?" Karla ogled at Abigail and shook her head vehemently. "She's not drunk. Don't be fooled by her pretense. She's a fucking pretender."

"Watch what you say, Ms. Karla," Xia warned.

"Do not tell me what to say and if you want a fight, then just know I'm ready to give it to you."

Xia stepped forward toward Karla and Duncan held a hand to her face, stopping her from taking any further step. "First take care of Abigail," he advised her.

Karla hissed and flung her hair back before walking away.

"Karla!" Duncan takes a step to go after her but Abigail suddenly grabs his hand.

"Don't go, Duncan, please," she murmured, her short eyelashes fluttering. Duncan pulled out his hand gently from her grip and ran after Karla who had left the house.

"Karla, wait." He called out to her as she headed to the gate. He was able to catch up with her before she entered her car and stopped her by grabbing her arm.

"What's wrong with you, Karla."

"Let go of me." She flinched. "Nothing is wrong with me, liar!"

"What?"

"Yes, didn't you lie to me? You said you were at home whereas you came here with Abigail."

"Look, I had no other option and..." he suddenly paused and eyed her. "I don't even owe you an explanation. You're not my girlfriend."

"Okay. FINE." She pushed him back and entered her car then drove off before he could say anything.

"Damn. What's wrong with her?" He thought aloud. He quickly stopped a cab, got in, and asked the driver to go after Karla.

Meanwhile, Abigail's assistant, Lena, walked in and assisted Xia to take Abigail up to her room.

"How dare that woman accuse Ms. Waclaw of pretending? Does she think someone like her can do that?" Xia asked, angrily after they had laid Abigail on the bed. "She even had the audacity to touch Ms. Waclaw. And she's lucky she didn't go far or I would have broken her arm."

"No, Xia. She's not an ordinary person. She's Karla Burton."

"Oh, the heiress of Burton Multinational Investments?"

"Exactly."

"I always knew she was from a prestigious family but she doesn't parade like that."

"She's humble..."

"But annoying. She got on my nerves with her attitude and if Duncan wasn't there, I might have taught her a lesson."

"It won't be easy, because just like you, I think she learned martial arts too."

"Whatever."

"Let's go out. I came to collect an important file from Ms. Waclaw."

"It will be in her study room. Let's not disturb her."

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"I agree."

They both graded out and immediately the door was shut, Abigail opened her eyes.