

### Chapter 106

On the highway, Duncan rode his bike with caution, maintaining a safe distance between himself and Ma'am Luna's car to avoid arousing suspicion. As the car took its first turn to the right, Duncan reached the turning point and came to a stop. He observed intently as the car pulled up in front of a hideous-like restaurant, its exterior bearing the marks of time and neglect.

Ma'am Luna emerged from the car, casting cautious glances in both directions before entering the establishment. Duncan, keen on maintaining cover, swiftly maneuvered his bike and parked it at the rear of the parking lot, positioned directly opposite the restaurant. From this vantage point, he had a clear view of the entrance and could keep a watchful eye on any activity that transpired.

The parking lot itself was empty, save for a few scattered vehicles that appeared forgotten and worn. Duncan took a moment to assess the surroundings, noting the eerie ambiance that seemed to permeate the area. The faint hum of distant traffic mingled with the occasional rustle of leaves, creating an atmosphere tinged with anticipation and mystery.

To avoid being seen and recognized by the driver, Duncan quickly put on his cap, hoping to conceal his identity as he made his way to the restaurant. However, upon second thought, he decided it would be best to use the back exit door to enter the establishment, further minimizing the chances of being spotted.

Meanwhile, Ma'am Luna made her way through the restaurant, heading towards a booth situated in a corner. Her gaze was fixed on a hooded man, seemingly waiting for her arrival. As she reached him, she called out his name, her voice carrying a strong authority, causing the hooded

man, who was Rex, to immediately rise from his seat.

"Good day, Ma'am Luna," Rex greeted respectfully, bowing down in acknowledgment of her presence. Ma'am Luna nodded in response, her head slightly tilted as she scanned the surrounding area, searching for anyone familiar or noteworthy within the restaurant. Her gaze swept past Duncan, who had discreetly entered the restaurant and taken a seat at another end of the establishment. Ma'am Luna's satisfaction was evident as she saw no one familiar. Yet, her attention swiftly shifted to the man who approached her, his demeanor eager to please. He pulled out her seat, extending a gesture of courtesy, and she gracefully settled into it.

Once seated, she donned her tinted glasses, concealing her eyes and lowering her head slightly, maintaining an air of mystery. The atmosphere around her seemed to change, as if an invisible barrier had been erected, shielding her from prying eyes.

"Rest assured, ma'am, you're never going to see anyone whom you recognize here," Rex assured her with confidence, a smile playing on his face. However, the fleeting glance from Ma'am Luna wiped the smile off his face in an instant.

"You idiot," she sneered, her voice laced with disdain. Her words carried a mix of frustration and disappointment, cutting through the air like a sharp blade. It was evident that Rex had made a grave mistake, one that had irked Ma'am Luna.

Rex's confident facade crumbled, his expression transforming into one of apprehension. "It's been over a decade if I'm not mistaken, but it's apparent you've been taking your yearly payment from me without doing your job," Ma'am Luna exclaimed, frustration evident in her voice. Taking a gulp, Rex, the person being addressed, responded cautiously, "

It's not so, Ma'am Luna. I've had my eyes and ears down all this while. I've been diligently monitoring the developments and keeping track of relevant information."

Ma'am Luna, clearly dissatisfied with Rex's explanation, interrupted him sharply, "Then why did you not inform me about the bounce back of the Walton Group of companies? This is a significant event, and I expect you to be on top of such matters!"

Rex hesitated for a moment, trying to gather his thoughts before responding, "The Walton Imperium conglomerates have long been ruling in the business world, as you know. Their influence and power have been formidable. However, it seems I may have missed the recent developments regarding their bounce back. I apologize for the oversight..."

Ma'am Luna's frustration grew, and she cut him off abruptly, "Shut up! Their reign stopped after Archi's death. It's your responsibility to keep me informed, especially regarding major shifts in the industry. I rely on you for accurate and timely updates!"

Rex's expression turned solemn as he realized the gravity of his mistake. "You're right, Ma'am Luna. I apologize for failing to provide you with the necessary information. I will rectify this immediately and ensure that it doesn't happen again. Please accept my sincere apologies."

Puzzled, Ma'am Luna asked, "How did they elevate again?" Her expression was filled with surprise as she struggled to comprehend the unexpected resurgence of the Walton Group of companies. She was eager to know the details, hoping to uncover the reasons behind their sudden success.

Rex, sensing her curiosity, responded cautiously, "On a low key, it seems

like Lady Zelda has been handling the business quite well, better than anyone ever imagined." He paused briefly, noticing Ma'am Luna's growing impatience and the sneer forming on her face. Gathering his thoughts, he continued, "And... the Waltons have become popular since they secured a significant deal a few weeks ago plus the one you told me about which they snatched from your company."

Ma'am Luna's surprise turned into frustration as she clenched her fist and banged it slightly on the table. The news seemed to agitate her further, and she demanded, "And what deal was that, Rex? Don't keep me in suspense!"

Rex, mindful of her increasing agitation, quickly revealed, "They managed to secure a major partnership with a prominent international conglomerate. This collaboration has significantly boosted their reputation and market presence. It has opened up new avenues for growth and expansion."

"Oh shit! Why didn't I ever know it was them earlier?" Ma'am Luna exclaimed, her realization hitting her like a tidal wave. Glaring at Rex, she scoffed, her anger palpable. "You know, I want to kill you this minute for keeping me in the dark all this while."

Rex, feeling the weight of her anger, lowered his gaze and mumbled, "I'm sorry, ma." He knew he had let her down, and her frustration was justified.

Ma'am Luna continued her tirade, her voice seething with contempt. "You only kept eating my money without doing much work. Piece of trash." Her disappointment in Rex's performance was evident, and she didn't hold back in expressing her anger.

"Forgive me, ma..." Rex's voice trailed off, his remorse evident in his

tone. He knew that mere apologies wouldn't suffice to mend the damage he had caused.

Ma'am Luna silenced him with a stern look. "Shut up and tell me everything that has happened recently concerning the Waltons and their business. I want to know the details."

Taking a deep breath, Rex forced himself to focus on the task at hand. He knew he had to provide a thorough account of recent events to regain Ma'am Luna's trust. "The presentation made by one of their representatives was superb," he began, trying to convey the information as clearly as possible.

"They showcased a series of successful ventures and strategic partnerships that have contributed to their recent rise. Lady Zelda had implemented innovative business strategies and spearheaded initiatives that have garnered positive attention. Their expansion into emerging markets and sectors has also played a significant role in their growth."

Rex continued to explain the key milestones achieved by the Waltons, highlighting their successful product launches, acquisitions, and favorable financial performance. He made sure to provide a comprehensive overview of the recent developments that had eluded Ma'am Luna until now.

As Rex spoke, Ma'am Luna's anger slowly transformed into a mix of curiosity and begrudging admiration. She realized that her ignorance had cost her valuable insights into the business landscape. While her frustration still lingered, she couldn't deny the importance of the information being shared.

"Continue," she commanded, her tone softer but still tinged with lingering disappointment. Rex took this as a sign to delve deeper into the

details, determined to rectify his past mistakes and prove his worth once again.

"I tried digging in to find some things, and I got to know something important," Rex cautiously revealed, sensing the need to tread carefully.

Ma'am Luna's curiosity was piqued, and she inquired, "What is that? Share it with me."

Taking a deep breath, Rex continued, "It seems like the rumors were true. Lady Zelda's son is the one handling the family's business now."

Ma'am Luna's eyes widened in disbelief. "That's impossible," she retorted. "She has no son. Her son died about two decades ago. I remember it clearly."

Rex nodded, acknowledging her statement. "Yes, that's what was believed. However, there are whispers that Lady Zelda may have adopted a son."

Ma'am Luna's skepticism was evident as she interrupted him, her voice laced with incredulity. "Are you mad? The Waltons are reputable people, well-known and recognized. If that was the case, don't you think someone must have learned about that and spread the news long ago?"

Rex paused, realizing the weight of Ma'am Luna's argument. He understood her concerns and the potential implications of such a revelation. "You make a valid point, ma'am," he admitted. "It is indeed surprising that such a significant detail could remain undisclosed for so long, given the prominence of the Walton family."

She added, her tone firm, "There wasn't even a rumor about that. If Lady Zelda had adopted a son or had an heir, there would have been some whispers circulating within the industry."



Rex nodded, understanding her skepticism, but he persisted, "But she must have covered her tracks well, ma. It's possible that she has managed to keep this information tightly guarded, away from the public eye."

"I doubt it," Ma'am Luna replied, shaking her head. "The Waltons are prominent figures in the business world, and any significant developments within their family would have been difficult to conceal. It's highly unlikely that such a crucial detail could remain hidden for so long." She took a momentary pause before asking. "Was there any recent merger involving the Walton Group of Companies or any of its subsidiaries? Perhaps the entry of a new partner or investor could have led to their fast bounce back?"

Rex pondered her question for a moment before responding, "No, there haven't been any notable mergers or partnerships in recent times."

She sighed, her expression conflicted. "As much as I don't want this to be true, I need to consider that there's a slight possibility of Zelda having an heir."

Rex nodded, acknowledging her point. "And I feel she's keeping him a secret from public eyes. It could be her illegitimate son or..."

Ma'am Luna abruptly interrupted him, her voice stern, "Shut up. Stop making assumptions, Rex. We need concrete evidence before we jump to conclusions. Speculation won't get us anywhere."

Rex fell silent, realizing his overreach in making assumptions without substantial proof. He understood the importance of thorough investigation and gathering concrete evidence to support their claims.

Ma'am Luna took a deep breath, her frustration evident, but she

composed herself. "You need to approach this matter with caution," she stated firmly. "Gather more information, discreetly inquire within our network, and find any leads that may shed light on this situation. Don't act on mere speculation. I need facts."

Rex nodded, understanding the gravity of the task at hand. "Understood, ma'am. I will diligently pursue any leads and gather concrete evidence to either confirm or dispel these rumors.

She ordered, "Source the right answers!" with a firm tone, commanding him to ensure accurate information was obtained.

"Sure," Rex replied, acknowledging the order. "I would appreciate it if you could help me with more money to carry out underground findings," he added, implying a need for additional funds for their operations.

Ma'am Luna, however, responded with disapproval, as she glanced at him and shook her head. "You'll get no penny from me until you've given me good news," she stated firmly. Sensing the gravity of the situation, she leaned forward and emphasized, "And listen to me. No one needs to know about my connection with the Waltons..." Ma'am Luna continued, hinting at a potentially sensitive association.

In response to her concern, Rex interrupted softly, and reassured her, saying, "Don't worry, ma. I've got that covered," implying that he had taken precautions to protect and safeguard their secret connection.

"Archi is gone now, I hope the other big secrets don't get revealed," Ma'am Luna muttered.

"Fret not, ma'am, because there's no connection with the rising of the Walton Group of Companies and the secrets. He was a reserved man."

"Whatever," Ma'am Luna responded dismissively, indicating a lack of



interest in the previous statement. "I need you to get me some information regarding that gang he had," she instructed, expressing her desire for information about a specific gang associated with the deceased individual.

"You mean the Q.X.A mafia group?" the subordinate asked, seeking clarification on the gang in question.

Ma'am Luna nodded in confirmation, indicating that he had identified the correct group.

"I think they've broken apart," Rex suggested. "He wouldn't have passed it onto someone after his death," implying that the gang had disbanded and that the deceased person likely hadn't appointed a successor.

"I don't want to take any chances," Ma'am Luna responded firmly, expressing her concern and determination to gather information about the gang, despite the possibility of its dissolution. "I feel not everything ended back then. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, ma," Rex acknowledged, nodding in agreement. They locked their gaze, indicating a shared understanding and agreement on the gravity of the task at hand.

Meanwhile, Duncan, who had been unsuccessful in getting close to the booth where Ma'am Luna was seated in the restaurant to enable him to overhear their conversation, felt increasingly frustrated sitting at his current location. He had been waiting for almost 10 minutes, growing impatient with the lack of progress.

"It's been almost 10 minutes, and I'm just here. I should get closer," Duncan thought to himself, feeling the need to take more decisive action. With determination, he decided to stand up and make his way toward the



booth where Ma'am Luna was seated, hoping to find a better vantage point to hear their conversation.

As luck would have it, a couple sitting at the table behind the booth suddenly stood up and left, signaling their departure. Duncan felt a surge of relief as if his silent prayer had been answered. Seizing the opportunity, he began heading towards the vacant table, eager to take advantage of the fortuitous turn of events.

However, just as he was about to reach the table, he was startled by the sudden ringing of his phone. Duncan quickly stopped in his tracks, momentarily taken aback by the unexpected interruption.

Duncan groaned, muttering, 'Damn it,' as he swiftly turned to switch off his phone, frustrated by the untimely interruption. Fortunately, the ringing tone hadn't caught the attention of Ma'am Luna or the person she was with, and only a few passing eyes glanced in Duncan's direction. He let out a sigh of relief, believing that he had avoided drawing any unwanted attention, and was about to turn around to quickly make his way to the vacant table.

However, just as he was about to resume his mission, Duncan accidentally bumped into a waitress who was hurrying past him. The collision caused the drinks she was carrying on a tray to teeter dangerously, almost crashing to the floor. Reacting swiftly, Duncan reached out to stabilize the tray, preventing the drinks from spilling.

"I'm sorry," he quickly apologized, realizing the inconvenience he had caused the waitress.

This time, Duncan had unintentionally drawn the attention of everyone in the vicinity. When he finally lifted his gaze, he froze upon the sight of someone.