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Duncan found Ma'am Luna standing a short distance away, her piercing gaze fixed upon him. His mind raced as he contemplated his next course of action, unsure of how to handle this unexpected encounter.

As Ma'am Luna narrowed her eyes and began walking towards him, a frown formed on her face, indicating her displeasure or confusion at seeing Duncan in that particular location. Meanwhile, the waitress who had been involved in the collision left, grumbling about the incident.

"Duncan?" Ma'am Luna called out, recognizing him and sounding surprised.

"Gr... grandmother," he stammered, his voice reflecting his astonishment at coming face-to-face with her.

"What are you doing here?" Ma'am Luna asked, her tone a mix of curiosity and suspicion.

Duncan was momentarily left speechless, caught off guard by the encounter. He tried to articulate a response but found himself unable to form coherent words.

Ma'am Luna raised an eyebrow, her gaze unwavering. "Did you follow me?" she questioned, her tone suggesting that she sought an explanation for Duncan's presence in such proximity to her.

Duncan remained silent, his mind racing as he tried to gather his thoughts and find the right words to respond to his grandmother-in-laws probing question.

Regaining his voice, Duncan coughed slightly and removed two earbuds

from his ears, causing Ma'am Luna to blink in surprise. The sudden interruption had caught her off guard.

"Hello, Grandma, what are you doing here?" Duncan asked, wearing an innocent smile on his face.

Falling for his planned act, Ma'am Luna thought that he probably hadn't heard her first question. She shrugged it off and replied, "I came here to... to do some work." She gulped nervously, feeling a bit uneasy about the situation.

As she glanced over her shoulder, Duncan followed her gaze and saw the hooded guy still seated nearby. The sight made him slightly apprehensive, but he tried not to let it show.

Trying to shake off her creeping anxiety, Ma'am Luna straightened her shoulders and adopted an authoritative tone. She asked, "What are you doing here, Duncan?"

"I came in search of work," Duncan lied smoothly. "I figured now that Zinnia is back in the company, I should start looking for another job to rely on in case she decides to kick me out."

"Zinnia is your wife and my granddaughter, she is not going to sack you without my permission," she emphasized firmly. "Got it?"

Duncan nodded, maintaining his fake smile. "Still, I want to see the manager of this restaurant," Duncan insisted, determined to pursue his fake intention despite Ma'am Luna's disapproval.

"Why?" Ma'am Luna asked, her irritation evident in her voice. "You do not need to work in a place that looks shabby," she expressed with disgust. "What do you think people will say when they find out you work here? Have you forgotten that you're related to me?"



Duncan's smile faded slightly as he absorbed Ma'am Luna's words. "I do not mean to upset you with my actions," he replied, his tone apologetic. "I guess I will reconsider working here."

Ma'am Luna's expression softened, and she nodded approvingly. "Good. And don't you ever come here," she warned, emphasizing her desire for him to distance himself from the establishment.

Perplexed by her statement, Duncan's curiosity got the better of him. "You sound strange, sorry. Why do you say that?" he asked, hoping for an explanation.

Rolling her eyes, Ma'am Luna responded dismissively, "Do not ask me nonsense questions."

Duncan persisted, undeterred. "Okay, but what do you mean by you came here to work, Grandma?"

Ma'am Luna fell into silence, contemplating her response.

Duncan pressed on. "I don't think you came to see a business partner or for a business meeting because if any was the case, I'd probably have seen Marcus or maybe Zinnia with you."

Ma'am Luna realized that her usual evasive tactics wouldn't work with Duncan's keen observation. Finally, she spoke, her voice tinged with hesitation. "Some business matters are meant to be handled solely by me. I don't need my grandchildren accompanying me everywhere, even if it's business-related."

Duncan raised an eyebrow, sensing there was more to her explanation. "I understand that, Grandma, but it is just unusual for you to be here alone. Usually, if you have a business partner or a meeting, I would expect to see

Marcus or maybe Zinnia with you."

"What are you trying to say?" She asked with a long face.

"Oh, you are right, Grandma," Duncan conceded, sensing Ma'am Luna's underlying concern. Unbeknownst to him, Ma'am Luna discreetly glanced behind her, silently hoping that Rex would leave soon before Duncan noticed him.

Returning her gaze to Duncan, just as he was about to glance at the guy, Ma'am Luna spoke firmly, her voice filled with conviction. "Let us go. This place isn't suitable for you to work at. Even if you feel undervalued, considering the fact that you're a part of the Lennart family, you should pursue opportunities in a more respectable environment. Okay?" She looked around the restaurant with a tinge of disgust, emphasizing her disapproval of the establishment.

"You are thoughtful, Grandma. I appreciate it," Duncan said, feigning gratefulness, bowing his head in a submissive manner. As Ma'am Luna took a step to leave, Duncan halted her progress with a request. "Do you mind if I hitch a ride with you?" he asked, knowing full well what her response would be.

She flicked a gaze at him, her annoyance evident. "You must be kidding," she hissed, clearly unwilling to entertain the idea. Without waiting for a response, she turned and headed towards the exit.

Left behind in the restaurant, Duncan heaved a sigh of relief. He was glad that he had worn unconnected earbuds, which allowed him to feign ignorance of Ma'am Luna's first question. His smile widened as he realized that his secret plan had succeeded in diverting her attention and maintaining his autonomy.

"She probably thought I was listening to some music with them, and that's why I didn't answer her question," Duncan mused, his smile fading slightly. Turning around to look for the hooded guy in the booth, his smile disappeared completely when he realized that the person had slipped away unnoticed. "Damn, he shouldn't have slipped out of my fingers like this," Duncan groaned, feeling frustrated with himself for losing track of the mysterious individual.

Just as his frustration peaked, his phone beeped, indicating an incoming call. He clenched his teeth and lifted the phone to his face, recognizing the caller as Karla. "It's all because of Karla," he muttered, exasperated. "Why does she keep calling?!"

Duncan's irritation grew, and he debated whether or not to answer the call. Feeling incredibly annoyed, Duncan decided to answer the call from Karla, despite his frustration. He braced himself for another barrage of questions and demands.

"Duncan, why weren't you," Karla began, but he quickly interrupted her.

"What is wrong with you, Karla? You keep calling nonstop like your life is in danger," Duncan snapped, his voice filled with irritation. "Please don't call me again!" With that, he abruptly ended the call, not bothering to listen to her response.

The sudden outburst had attracted the attention of everyone in the restaurant. Their gazes fixated on him, and Duncan felt a wave of embarrassment wash over him. Realizing that he had disturbed the peace, he swiftly made his way towards the exit, eager to leave the uncomfortable situation behind.

Just as he was about to mount his bike and ride away, his phone rang

once more. This time, it was a call from Abigail. He took a deep breath to control his emotions before answering the call.

"Hello, Abigail?" he said, his voice slightly shaky.

"Hey, what's up? Can we talk?" Abigail asked, her tone filled with concern.

"Um, well..." Duncan hesitated, his attention diverted as he noticed a hooded man entering a van through the window. His heart skipped a beat as he realized something was off.

"No, let's talk later," he replied, his voice urgent. Without wasting another moment, he quickly hung up the phone, his mind racing with thoughts. He knew he had to find out what the hooded man was up to and his secret connection with Ma'am Luna.

Duncan swiftly grabbed his bike and hopped on, his determination fueling his actions. He started following the van as it sped away, his eyes fixed on its every move. He drove with resolve, determined to uncover the truth and get a lead on where the mysterious man was heading.

Meanwhile, back at home, Karla, feeling overwhelmed, slumped on the couch in the living room. She tossed her phone roughly onto the coffee table, her frustrations evident in her actions.

"What is wrong with him?" Karla muttered to herself, frustration evident in her voice. "He just yelled at me and ended the call for no fucking reason. Aargh! He's so annoying," she scoffed, shaking her head in disbelief. "I just wanted to ask if he was doing fine, and then he just... shit."

Feeling a mix of irritation and confusion, Karla got up from the couch and made her way to the dining room. She found her breakfast still

untouched on the dining table and quickly finished it before preparing herself for the day ahead. With a determined mindset, she headed off to her company, determined to focus on her work and put the recent encounter with Duncan behind her while still having her focus on her mission later in the night.

As the day progressed, Karla called Abigail. During the call, Karla reminded Abigail not to disclose any little thing about what they had found out or planned to Duncan. Trusting Abigail's discretion, she hung up without saying much.

At exactly 6:30 p.m., Karla quietly left her office and headed to the parking lot. She got into her car and drove down a narrow bridge road, the sound of the engine providing a rhythmic backdrop to her thoughts. As she reached her destination, Karla turned off the ignition and took a moment to collect herself. Her gaze fell upon the travel bag she had tucked down the backseat, and a determined expression crossed her face. She knew what needed to be done.

With a swift motion, Karla retrieved the bag and stepped out of the car. She walked around to the backseat, her movements purposeful and efficient. In a matter of moments, she had changed into a black, thick nylon jumpsuit. The fabric clung to her form, accentuating her curves and revealing her killer body figure. Her ombre waves cascaded down her shoulders, adding a touch of fierce elegance to her appearance.

Karla adjusted the jumpsuit, ensuring that everything was in place. She checked her reflection in the car window and nodded in satisfaction. The outfit, though practical and utilitarian, exuded a certain aura of mystery and strength. At that moment, she looked like a formidable figure, ready to take on whatever challenges lay ahead.

With a sense of purpose and determination, Karla locked her car and

stepped forward. She swiftly pulled out her phone and composed a message, her fingers moving with practiced speed. With a tap of the send button, the message was on its way.

In less than five minutes, the distant sound of an emerging power bike reached her ears, growing louder with each passing second. Karla's anticipation grew as the biker approached. As the bike came to a stop in front of her, she reached out and patted the biker's shoulder in a gesture of familiarity.

"Take care of yourself, young miss," the biker said respectfully, bowing slightly.

"Thanks, Pablo," Karla replied, her voice filled with gratitude. She gave him a thumbs-up and a warm smile, expressing her trust and appreciation. She handed him her car key. With a nod of acknowledgment, Karla proceeded to put on the helmet that Pablo had provided. As she tucked her phone securely into her pocket, she felt a surge of excitement and determination. The time for action had arrived.

Revving the engine, Karla mounted the power bike with ease. She adjusted her grip on the handlebars, ready to face the challenges that lay ahead. With a confident twist of the throttle, she embarked on her journey, the power bike propelling her forward with speed and agility.

The wind rushed past her, whipping through her hair as she navigated through the streets with skill and precision. Each twist and turn was met with a calculated maneuver, showcasing her expertise and dedication. Karla's focus remained unwavering as she rode, her destination clear in her mind.

As she disappeared into the distance, leaving behind a trail of determination and purpose, Karla knew that she was prepared for

whatever awaited her. The road ahead was filled with uncertainty, but she was ready to face it head-on, guided by her instincts and driven by her unwavering resolve.

At 7:15 p.m., Karla found herself hidden in the shadows in front of a building several blocks away from Peterson's house. Her position provided a vantage point from which she could observe his movements without being easily detected.

Minutes ticked by, and Karla's patience paid off as she watched Peterson cautiously exit his house. He walked with a measured pace, seemingly aware of his surroundings. After a few moments, he hailed an approaching taxi, his actions betraying a sense of urgency.

"Now it's time to see where he goes," Karla whispered to herself, her voice barely audible in the stillness of the night. With a determined expression, she started the engine of the bike, ready to tail the taxi and uncover the secrets that lay behind Peterson's actions and his secret meeting with the strange caller.

As the taxi pulled away, Karla followed closely behind, maintaining a safe distance to avoid suspicion. She expertly maneuvered through the streets, blending seamlessly with the flow of traffic. Her focus was unwavering as she tracked the movements of the taxi, her instincts guiding her every turn.

After approximately ten minutes of tailing the taxi, it came to a halt before a dimly lit alley. Karla quickly brought the bike to a stop, her senses heightened. With a sense of caution, she reached for a mask, concealing her identity and ensuring her presence remained undetected.

With the mask securely in place, Karla observed intently as Peterson stepped out of the taxi. The dim lighting cast eerie shadows on the walls

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of the alley, adding an air of mystery to the scene.

After the taxi drove off, having scanned the alley in sight of anyone, Karla quietly got out of the bike, sent a quick message to Abigail to inform her of her little progress, and then silently followed Peterson.