

Chapter 110

The intensity of his stare conveyed a message, urging Peterson to consider the weight of his decision and the potential consequences that lay ahead.

Peterson, now caught in the grip of undying curiosity and a sense of trepidation felt a surge of determination. He couldn't simply accept the offer without understanding the true motives behind it. The stakes were too high, and he needed to uncover the secrets hidden within the pages of that mysterious journal before making a life-altering decision.

As if Gregg had read Peterson's mind, he finally said, "The journal is useless to you. You don't have any resources to utilize it and bring down the Walton Group of Companies but I do. I have got the resources. So, don't think too much about it and just tell me if you're accepting my offer."
"

Gregg's words hung in the air, resonating with a clarity that seemed to pierce through Peterson's thoughts. It was as if Gregg had effortlessly deciphered the inner workings of Peterson's mind, laying bare the truth that he had been desperately trying to ignore.

Peterson's initial skepticism regarding the journal's significance dissolved in the face of Gregg's insight. The reality was undeniable—without the necessary resources, his possession of the journal was little more than a symbolic gesture, an empty vessel of potential. Gregg, however, claimed to possess the very resources Peterson lacked, promising the means to effectively dismantle the Walton Group of Companies.

A wave of realization washed over Peterson, cascading down upon him

with an undeniable force. At that moment, Peterson's perspective shifted. The allure of revenge and the pursuit of truth paled in comparison to the pressing need for stability and a chance to rebuild his life. The prospect of accepting Gregg's offer held the promise of a fresh start, a chance to reclaim control and strike back against the forces that had brought him to his knees.

With a sense of resolve tempered by newfound humility, Peterson met Gregg's gaze and nodded. Breaking the silence that enveloped them, Peterson's voice carried a quiet determination as he spoke the words, "I accept your offer." In that simple phrase, he relinquished his previous stubbornness and opened himself up to the possibilities that awaited him.

Peterson's lips curled into a smile that mirrored Gregg's infectious grin. A sense of relief and anticipation filled the air as the weight of their shared decision lifted. Peterson's gaze then turned towards Sarah, who nodded in silent agreement, her eyes reflecting a mix of hope and determination.

Outside the building, Karla stood patiently, her mind racing with thoughts of how to infiltrate the premises. She had been contemplating her options for the past ten minutes, regretting the decision to lend her other phone to Abigail. Frustration gnawed at her, as she hadn't received any updates from Abigail regarding Peterson's conversation with the mysterious caller within the building.

"Damn it," Karla muttered to herself, a hint of resignation creeping into her voice. "I suppose I can't rely on Abigail. I need to find a way inside."

With a resolute determination, Karla discarded her lingering doubts and focused on the task at hand. She scanned the surroundings, searching for other potential entry points or any signs of vulnerability in the building's security. Her mind raced, evaluating every possible scenario and devising

a plan to slip past unnoticed.

With a brief pause in her movements, Karla froze as her phone vibrated in her hand. Her heart skipped a beat as she glanced down, seeing Abigail's name illuminated on the screen. Curiosity mingled with frustration as she contemplated whether to answer the call or continue with her plan to infiltrate the building.

Finally, Karla decided to take the call, recognizing the importance of the information Abigail might possess. She lowered her head slightly and swiped the screen, bringing the phone to her ear.

"Hey, why didn't you call me earlier?" Karla's voice carried a tinge of annoyance as she questioned Abigail's delay.

"My bad, but I was listening to Peterson and the person's conversation," Abigail responded, a hint of excitement in her voice.

Karla's eyebrows furrowed, her curiosity piqued. "Tell me everything," she urged, her voice taking on a husky tone that betrayed her eagerness for information.

Abigail took a deep breath, her voice steady as she began to recount what she had overheard. She described the cryptic exchange between Peterson and the mysterious caller, capturing the nuances and details that could prove crucial to their mission.

"They are talking about a journal Peterson has." Abigail continued after a brief pause. "He happened to have stolen it from the subsidiary company of Walton Group of Companies."

Karla's breath caught in her throat as Abigail's words filled her ears. The mention of a journal stole her attention, and her mind raced to comprehend the implications. How could a journal be of such

significance? What secrets did it hold?

"What? A Journal?" Karla asked.

"Yes, Karla, the journal..."

"What Journal?" Before Abigail could explain further as Karla processed her thoughts fully, a familiar voice interrupted the conversation, causing Abigail to abruptly end the call. Confusion and frustration washed over Karla as she stared at her phone, her mind racing with questions. Who could that voice belong to?

"Shit, she hung up," Karla muttered under her breath, her disappointment evident. The sudden interruption left her yearning for more information, her curiosity burning stronger than ever. She knew she needed to find answers.

As Karla's thoughts whirled, the sound of massive doors creaking open reached her ears. Instinctively, she quickly ducked her head, seeking cover to avoid being detected. Hidden behind the barrels, she observed the opening doors with cautious eyes, her heart pounding in her chest.

Peering through a narrow gap, Karla watched as a figure which she recognized after some seconds to be Peterson, emerged from the building. Karla, hidden in her hiding space, observed Peterson as he walked down the alley and eventually disappeared from sight. Taking advantage of the moment, she quietly emerged and cautiously made her way down the same alley. To her surprise, she spotted Peterson as he hailed a taxi.

As the taxi began to drive away, disappearing down the street, Karla wasted no time. She swiftly hopped on her bike and maneuvered through the alley, zoomed off, and the sound of her bike engine revving filled the

air.

Meanwhile, Abigail, startled by a familiar voice, found herself frozen in place. The voice triggered instant recognition within her. Slowly turning around, she laid eyes upon Duncan, who stood a short distance away, across her desk. Her heart pounded in her chest as she struggled to find her voice.

"D... Duncan, you're here?" she stammered, her eyes darting nervously toward the Golden clock hanging on the wall.

Duncan nodded, his gaze briefly shifting to Abigail's phone. He couldn't help but notice the conversation she had been engaged in before his arrival.

"What journal were you talking about?" he inquired, curiosity evident in his voice.

"Huh?"

"You were talking with Karla."

Abigail's eyebrows raised in surprise, taken aback by Duncan's knowledge of her previous conversation. She hadn't expected him to recognize Karla's voice, especially since the call had not been on speaker earlier. At that split second, her mind raced as she recollected her agreement with Karla and the promise she had made to keep their collaboration a secret.

Shaking her head in disagreement, Abigail mustered the courage to speak. "Duncan, it wasn't Karla. You're mistaken," she stated firmly.

Duncan raised an eyebrow, a hint of skepticism in his expression. "Really?" he questioned, seeking confirmation.

Abigail straightened up, determined to maintain her cover and protect Karla's identity. "Yes," she replied confidently. "It was someone else entirely."

Duncan's gaze remained fixed on Abigail, his suspicion evident in his unwavering stare. He wasn't convinced by her attempt to dismiss his recognition of the name "Karla." He could tell that something wasn't adding up.

"I'm pretty sure I heard 'Karla,' not 'Kayla,'" he persisted, his tone unwavering.

Abigail forced a chuckle, her nerves starting to fray as she struggled to maintain her composed facade. "Oh, no, you must have misheard. It was definitely Kayla," she insisted, her voice betraying a hint of unease.

"Kayla?"

Abigail nodded. "Yup. She's my P.A."

Duncan's skepticism deepened, his brow furrowing in doubt. "But wasn't Linda your P.A. before?"

Feeling increasingly cornered, Abigail's mind raced to fabricate more lies. She shook her head, desperation creeping into her voice. "Oh, well, I have a couple of P.As. It's a team effort, you know," she replied, her words sounding forced even to her own ears.

Duncan seemed momentarily appeased, choosing to accept her explanation. "Okay, if that's the case then. I apologize for interrupting earlier," he conceded, a touch of regret coloring his words.

Abigail forced a tight smile, relieved that he appeared willing to let the

matter go. "It's fine. Really, misunderstandings happen. I completely understand," she replied, her voice tinged with a mix of relief and anxiety. Deep down, however, she knew that her web of lies was becoming increasingly fragile, and she would need to tread carefully to maintain her deception.

Duncan offered a smile, happy she hadn't taken his action to heart.

"Um, honestly I wasn't expecting you, Duncan," Abigail said. "What's up? I am surprised to see you." She gestured at the seat. "Take a seat."

Duncan nodded slightly, pulling out the seat.

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