

Chapter 113

Abigail was momentarily stunned, not expecting such a response from Karla. She had anticipated a collaborative effort, but the notion of Karla actively participating in the mission took her by surprise. However, Abigail quickly composed herself, realizing that Karla's commitment to the cause was unwavering.

Gathering her thoughts, Abigail nodded, a mixture of surprise and admiration in her eyes. "Alright then," she said, her voice filled with determination. "We will go together."

Nodding her head, Karla leaned forward, her expression determined and focused. "When we follow him tomorrow, you'll stay outside and just keep surveying while I go in there, kick their damn asses, and grab the journal. Got it?"

Abigail, feeling a creeping sense of franticness, nodded in response, attempting to hide her unease by looking away. "Alright. I am in," she replied, her voice filled with a mix of determination and apprehension. 1

"See you later tomorrow," Karla said, concluding their conversation. With that, she left the office, heading out to prepare for their mission.

Shortly after, Xia walked into the room, letting out a deep sigh as she observed Abigail's tense posture. Sensing something was amiss, Xia approached her

Abigail wasted no time in recounting the details of their plan, explaining how Karla intended to take action while she maintained surveillance.

"You are doing it?" Xia asked, her voice tinged with a mixture of concern and curiosity, eager to understand her boss' decision.

With stifled bone cheeks, Abigail nodded, her conflicted emotions evident on her face. She understood Xia's concerns and the risks involved in Karla's adventurous and reckless approach.

"Miss, it's risky," Xia voiced her worries, her tone filled with genuine concern. "Karla is adventurous and reckless, and I understand you want to help Duncan, but you shouldn't be like Karla. I won't let you carry out this mission with her alone."

Abigail sighed, appreciating Xia's protective nature, but she couldn't shake off her determination. "Don't worry about me, Xia," she replied, her voice filled with a mix of determination and uncertainty. "I will think of something better before tomorrow."

Xia opened her mouth to respond, but seeing Abigail's resolute expression, she ultimately remained silent. She simply bowed and left the room, leaving Abigail to sink into her thoughts.

Meanwhile, Duncan returned to the Lennart mansion, feeling frustrated and deeply annoyed by the situation. His emotions were evident on his face as he entered the premises, carrying the weight of his discontent. Upset and frustrated by Karla's lack of response to his calls and her failure to trail the person they were after, made his way upstairs to his room in the Lennart mansion. He was lost in his thoughts, replaying the missed opportunities and the mounting difficulties they faced.

Just as he reached the upper landing, Laura emerged from the hallway downstairs, which led to the garden. Her face contorted with anger, she opened her mouth to unleash her frustration on Duncan. However, before she could utter a word, a maidservant hurriedly intercepted her.

"Ma'am, your mother would like to see you in her chambers," the

maidservant informed Laura, her voice filled with urgency.

Laura, realizing the importance of her mother's request, nodded curtly and left to attend to her mother. She made her way towards her mother's room, her steps filled with a mix of agitation and anticipation.

As Laura entered the room, she began to rant, her frustration pouring out in an impassioned torrent of words.

"Mother, do you know that the useless son-in-law of mine is just returning home and..." Laura began, ready to launch into a tirade about Duncan's perceived shortcomings. However, before she could finish her sentence, Ma'am Luna interrupted her abruptly.

"Just shut up, Laura," Ma'am Luna interjected with a tone of finality, cutting off her daughter's complaints. Laura was taken aback by her mother's sudden dismissal, realizing that Ma'am Luna had something more urgent to discuss.

"Instead of preying on your useless son-in-law, why don't you just use your brain?" Ma'am Luna eyed Laura sternly, her words laced with a hint of frustration. "Mother, I..." Laura attempted to defend herself, but her mother interrupted her once more, silencing her words with a dismissive wave of her hand.

"Not another word about Duncan," Ma'am Luna commanded, her tone leaving no room for argument. She took a seat on a large chair by the bed, signaling that the discussion had shifted to a more important matter, and Laura was expected to focus on that instead.

"Why do you want to see me?" Laura asked with a frown, her curiosity piqued by her mother's urgent summons.

"You know the Waltons are uprising again," Ma'am Luna replied, her

expression grave. Laura's eyes widened in shock at the revelation, and she took a step closer, urging her mother to continue. "What do you mean?"

"Archi died, but the business didn't crumble." Ma'am Luna stated, her words carrying a weight of disbelief.

Laura gasped, barely able to comprehend the implications. "The other big secret... and the... Q.X.A mafia group..." Her voice trailed off, her hand instinctively flying to her mouth in a mix of shock and fear.

Ma'am Luna, sensing her daughter's distress, tried to reassure her. "Don't worry about that, Laura. Rex assured me the group was dissolved."

Laura's mind raced with possibilities, her thoughts consumed by the potential dangers and repercussions. "What if it's rekindled and incited by someone with the revival password?" she blurted out, her voice filled with concern and a touch of fear.

"What's this nonsense you're talking about?" Ma'am Luna scoffed, dismissing Laura's concerns with a wave of her hand. "Look, forget about everything. The revival password is in the journal, and that journal is kept in a safe. But the password to that safe died with Archi. The secrets died with Archi, and the Mafia group was dismantled."

Laura's brows furrowed with lingering doubt. "But are you sure?" she pressed, her voice tinged with skepticism.

Ma'am Luna took a moment to consider Laura's question before responding. "Whatever the case really is, Rex will find out," she assured, her confidence in their trusted ally apparent. "If we can obtain the code of the Mafia group, then we can rekindle it for our own benefit."

A glimmer of excitement sparked in Laura's eyes. "Yes, that will be good,

Mother," she exclaimed softly, clapping her hands together in anticipation of the potential advantages they could gain from leveraging the secrets of the disbanded Mafia group. "We will benefit from the same thing that was meant to ruin us..." Laura mused, her voice trailing off as George walked into the room. Startled, she turned to face him, her expression caught between surprise and unease. Ma'am Luna, meanwhile, maintained a composed demeanor, her gaze fixed on her son.

"Son," Ma'am Luna addressed George, her tone thoughtful as she regarded him standing behind Laura.

"What were you guys talking about, mother?" George inquired, his curiosity evident in his voice. He sensed there was more to the conversation than met the eye.

"Oh, George, it's nothing," Ma'am Luna replied, attempting to downplay the significance of their discussion. "You just returned home?"

"Yes," George confirmed, his eyes flickering between his mother and Laura. "I'll head to my room, then." As he took a step forward, he paused and focused his gaze on Laura, his expression demanding an explanation. Laura swallowed nervously, feeling the tension rise in the room.

"Your dear wife must be upset with you for not joining her for dinner," Laura managed to say, her voice strained but steady. "Go talk to her."

George's brow furrowed, sensing something amiss but he shrugged it off the next minute. With a nod, he turned and left the room. A few seconds after George shut the door, Laura turned to Ma'am Luna, and asked hesitantly, "Mom, don't you want George to know anything about...?" Her voice trailed off as she awaited her mother's response.

"Quiet," Ma'am Luna interrupted, her voice filled with a hint of annoyance. "You know your brother is overly righteous." Her words implied that she didn't want George to be involved. Understanding her mother's concern, Laura nodded silently, indicating that she understood and would comply with her wishes.

"I will reach out to Rex later to know if he has gotten any update," Laura suggested, hoping to gather information about the situation discreetly.

"Alright, but what about Gre..." Laura began to ask, but Ma'am Luna abruptly cut her off with a stern voice.

"Shut up. Don't mention his name, Laura. I hope you've forgotten about him?" Her words carried a sense of caution and secrecy as if the name held a significant weight and should not be spoken aloud.

Laura nodded secretly, acknowledging her mother's warning. "Yes, Mom," she whispered, ensuring that their conversation remained confidential.

"Good. Now leave. Goodnight," Ma'am Luna commanded, indicating that the discussion was over and Laura should depart. With a final glance, Laura turned and quietly left the room, allowing Ma'am Luna to maintain her air of secrecy and mystery.

As Duncan settled on the bed upon entering the room, Zinnia emerged from the bathroom, wearing a bathrobe. The atmosphere in the room instantly turned tense.

"You useless scumbag! Get your ass off my bed!" Zinnia yelled, her voice filled with anger and frustration.

Smirking, Duncan retorted, clearly enjoying the confrontation. "This bed

has been ours for the last two years since we became a couple, forgotten?

"His response was laced with a touch of arrogance as if reminding Zinnia of their shared history.

"You imbecile!" Zinnia groaned, her frustration evident as she clenched her fist in an attempt to control her anger.

Duncan couldn't help but giggle, finding amusement in Zinnia's fiery reaction. He playfully slapped the bed, seemingly unaffected by her anger. "You look incredible when you're angry," he taunted, further provoking her.

"Damn your taunts," Zinnia sneered, her voice dripping with disdain. "Soon, I'll throw you out of the company."

"Oh, really?" Duncan challenged, his smirk widening. It was clear that he was not intimidated by Zinnia's threat, but rather enjoyed the power play between them.

"Yes! Then I would like to see how well you laugh and taunt me when you eventually return to the street where you're meant to be," Zinnia exclaimed with a hint of satisfaction, her words filled with a mix of anger and superiority.

"Hm, if you want me to be entirely jobless, then it's fine," Duncan shrugged indifferently, leaning back on his arched elbows as if he didn't care about the consequences.

Zinnia couldn't help but smirk at his response, a hint of arrogance in her expression, as she turned and headed towards her dressing table. She seemed confident in her ability to assert control over the situation.

"Then I will just go and seek a job in the Walton Group of Companies," Duncan's words suddenly pierced the air, causing Zinnia to halt in her

steps. The mention of the company seemingly struck a nerve, catching her off guard.

She swiftly spun around, shooting Duncan a deadly stare, the intensity of her gaze reflecting the deep-seated animosity she held toward him. "You won't dare," she spat, her voice filled with venomous hatred.

The room fell into a tense silence as both individuals locked eyes, their confrontation escalating to a new level. Twitching his mouth, Duncan finally replied with a hint of defiance, "I certainly will. You know, desperate situations lead to desperate means." His words carried a touch of confidence as if he was ready to take on any challenge.

"Shut your trap!" Zinnia snapped, her voice laced with irritation. "You know the Waltons are like our rivals now." The mention of the Waltons seemed to ignite a sense of rivalry and competitiveness within her.

"Oh, they snatched the deal from you, right?" Duncan taunted, his tone mocking and dismissive. "Tsk, tsk, but sorry... I don't care." He seemed unfazed by Zinnia's concerns, showing little regard for the impact it had on her.

"Don't you dare even think of applying for any position there, or you will face the wrath of the family. Take that as a warning," Zinnia warned, her eyes fixed on him with a mix of anger and determination. She made it clear that crossing that line would result in severe consequences.

As Zinnia turned and walked towards the dressing table, Duncan couldn't help but silently smirk, his mind filled with thoughts of warning her instead.

The following day, at exactly 3 PM, Karla received crucial information that Peterson was planning to hand over the journal to the opposing

dangerous party by 4 PM. She quickly reached out to Abigail and arranged to meet at Abigail's hotel. Together, they devised a strategy to trail Peterson discreetly, taking an alternate route to avoid raising suspicions.

At 3:30 PM, Karla and Abigail mounted Karla's bike, ready to embark on their mission. Karla took the wheel and drove towards the warehouse where the exchange was set to take place. Their goal was to arrive at the location before Peterson.

As they approached the warehouse, Karla skillfully parked the bike nearby. Sensing the need for caution, they decided to take cover at a concealed corner, observing the surroundings while remaining hidden from view. From their vantage point, they kept a close eye on the entrance of the warehouse, awaiting Peterson's arrival.

Time ticked away, and their anticipation grew as they prepared themselves for the critical moments that lay ahead. At 4 o'clock, Peterson arrived.

After Peterson entered the warehouse, Karla leaned toward Abigail and spoke in a hushed whisper. "I will go in there and carry out the task. You just stay here so we can leave as soon as I get out." Karla made a move to leave, but Abigail quickly intervened, stopping her in her tracks. "What?" Karla inquired, curious about Abigail's sudden interruption.

"You're going in alone? The people in there are dangerous," Abigail expressed her concern, her voice filled with worry. She didn't want Karla to put herself in harm's way.

Karla, however, seemed undeterred by Abigail's apprehension. "Are you concerned?" she asked, a hint of amusement in her voice. She seemed to view Abigail's concern as an act of vulnerability.

Abigail rolled her eyes, not wanting to admit her genuine concern for Karla's safety.

"Whatever," she replied dismissively. "You're obviously fragile, so I'll do this myself. Just get the bike ready so we can take off when I get out." With those words, Karla turned and left, disappearing into another secret entryway of the warehouse.

As Abigail watched Karla vanish into the depths of the warehouse, a sigh escaped her lips. She couldn't help but feel a mix of worry and frustration, knowing that she had to trust Karla's abilities but still concerned about the dangers that lay ahead.

As the seconds of time seemed to accelerate, Abigail's face contorted into a remorseful expression. "I am sorry, Karla. I had to do something else," she muttered under her breath, her gaze fixed on her phone.

Meanwhile, inside the dimly lit warehouse, Gregg wore a satisfied smile as he observed the journal firmly grasped in Peterson's hands. Sarah, standing beside Peterson, nudged him subtly, signaling for him to hand it over. Both Sarah and Peterson remained oblivious to the presence of Karla, who had managed to tiptoe into the warehouse unnoticed and hid herself in a corner.

Responding to Sarah's nudge, Peterson nodded and began to walk towards Gregg with the intention of handing over the journal. However, just as he stretched out his hand, a sudden impact struck his hand like a sharp blow. A well-aimed stone had been shot, hitting Peterson's hand and causing him to involuntarily release his grip on the journal. The journal fell to the ground, its pages fluttering open from the sudden impact.