

Chapter 36

Everyone's eyes grew bigger as Ma'am Luna glared at Lisa who couldn't stand up straight and stared at her.

Lisa's emotions swirled inside her, a tumultuous storm of shame, humiliation, and confusion. The stinging sensation on her cheek served as a constant reminder of the physical and emotional impact of her grandmother's slap. As her family members arose, her parents' expressions were a mix of concern and disbelief, Lisa felt the weight of their collective judgment pressing down on her.

Feeling exposed and vulnerable, Lisa's eyes darted from one family member to another, briefly making eye contact before dropping her gaze to the laptop screen in front of her. The screen, once a source of comfort and escape, now seemed like a portal into her own darkness. She couldn't help but question herself, wondering if the person in the video was truly her. Doubt gnawed at her, but deep down, she knew it wasn't her. It was a relief to have that clarity, but it also intensified her need to find out who was behind the video that aimed to tarnish her reputation.

Her mind raced, trying to piece together the puzzle. "Someone made this video to expose me," she thought, her hand instinctively rising to cup her burning cheek. "Who could it be? Why would they do this?" The betrayal she felt added another layer to her emotional turmoil, as she grappled with the idea that someone close to her might be responsible for this malicious act.

Despite the whirlwind of emotions, Lisa knew she had to act quickly to mend the situation with her grandmother. She understood the importance of pacifying her angry grandmother before delving into the mystery surrounding the video's origin. With a heavy heart, she

mustered her courage and approached her grandmother, her voice filled with remorse as she apologized for her actions, seeking forgiveness and hoping to bridge the gap caused by the slap.

"I am sorry, grandmother..."

"Sorry?! How dare you say that? You're the reason that Peterson barged in and acted outrageous that night. It's all because of YOU."

"Hm, I bet she only did such a lowly thing to see my lovely daughter, Zinnia, being embarrassed in front of everyone," Laila said, hoping to fuel her mother's anger.

In that moment, Lisa's emotions were a complex blend of shame, regret, and determination. She bit her lips as Ma'am Luna's eyes shot lasers at her. Not deterred, she gulped, gathering a little courage to state her claim.

"Grandmother, I did that, but the lady in the video it's not me..."

"Oh, really? Stop being ridiculous," Marcus snapped. "You can also claim that I faked the video."

"Yes, you did."

"Shut your mouth because I did no such thing. I am not desperate like you. Grandmother, I suspected Lisa this morning when she refused to let me go through her presentation. I knew she was hiding something. So, I got to the company and got hold of the CCTV footage for the last few days and found this."

Duncan, who was standing by the closed door of the meeting room, eavesdropping on their conversation couldn't stop himself from smirking after hearing Marcus claim he found the video himself.

"What a fool," he thought. "Taking credit for my work." Duncan slid his hand into his pocket as his mind flashed back to some hours ago.

*** Around 10 am ***

Duncan walked into the CCTV control and monitoring room with calculated steps, trying to minimize any noise that might disturb the sleeping man on duty. The dimly lit room was filled with rows of screens displaying surveillance footage from various areas of the Lennart Sky company. He silently moved towards the vacant seat next to the slumbering watchman, careful not to startle him.

Taking a seat, Duncan quickly assessed the systems in front of him. His goal was clear: to find footage from a few days back, hoping he would find the captured footage of Lisa entering Zinnia's office. He had sneaked into the room later that day and deleted the record of him almost swapping the flash drives before Lisa walked in that day and he was unable to check and take the footage of Lisa committing her deed because he heard the footsteps of the man on duty that day approaching after he had done his job in the toilet.

With practiced ease, Duncan navigated through the software, accessing different cameras and timelines, and searching for the specific timeframe he was interested in.

Minutes turned into a tense and meticulous search. Duncan's eyes scanned the screens, his fingers deftly adjusting the controls and settings. He paid careful attention to each camera feed, hoping to spot any relevant events or individuals that might hold the key to his investigation. He wanted to see the footage first so he could call Abigail to help him get it.



However, despite his best efforts, Duncan's search proved futile. The footage he sought eluded him, leaving him frustrated and disheartened. He knew that time was of the essence, and the clock was ticking against him.

Deciding to take a different approach, Duncan made a calculated decision. He gently woke up the watchman, who stirred from his slumber, groggy and disoriented. Duncan feigned concern, telling the watchman that he had dozed off and should be more careful.

"Sir, you're lucky I was the one who caught you. You know if it was Marcus, you would have been fired already."

The watchman, unaware of Duncan's true intentions, thanked him, still half-asleep and unaware of the drugged cookie he had consumed earlier which Duncan had brought for him.

Satisfied that he had successfully diverted suspicion, Duncan quietly left the room, leaving the watchman to resume his duties. He knew there was much more work to be done, and he couldn't afford any further delays. With a determined mindset, Duncan prepared himself for the next steps in his investigation, determined to uncover the truth, even if it meant delving into the shadows of deception and manipulation. 1

He got out of the building and called Abigail, she was the only one who could help. She quickly answered the call.

"Hey, Abigail?"

"Hello, Duncan," she answered with a cheerful tone that almost made Duncan wonder if she was excited about something at the moment or because he called. Not feeling big about himself, he ruled off his second thought of her excitement and went straight to the point.

Duncan narrowed his eyes as the sun's rays filtered through the transparent canopy beside the building above his head, casting a glare on his face. He held the phone to his ear, his voice filled with a mix of frustration and determination as he spoke to Abigail.

"I need your help," he began, his tone urgent. "I was looking for evidence to nab Lisa, but I found nothing. It's like she's covered her tracks too well. I guess she deleted the footage."

Abigail's voice on the other end of the line conveyed sympathy. "Oh, sorry about that. What do you need my help with?"

Duncan took a deep breath, weighing his words carefully. "I need you to make a fake video of Lisa entering Zinnia's office and stealing a flash drive."

There was a moment of silence before Abigail responded, her voice filled with disbelief. "What? Duncan, that's crossing a line. Creating false evidence is unethical, and it could have serious consequences if you're caught."

Duncan's gaze hardened, his determination unwavering. "I know it's a difficult request, but we need something concrete to expose Lisa's true intentions. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to expose her."

Abigail hesitated, clearly torn between loyalty and moral principles. "I can't do that," she finally said, her voice firm. "But Xia, she's a professional when it comes to multimedia. I'll talk to her and see if she's willing to help."

Relief washed over Duncan as he heard Abigail's suggestion. "Thank you, Abigail. Xia's skills could be the key to revealing the truth. Whatever resources she needs, I'll make sure she has them."

"That will be good."

"Can she get the video ready in the next 2 hours?"

"I'll make sure of that," Abigail assured.

"Thank you so much, Abigail."

As the conversation ended, Duncan's mind buzzed with plans and contingencies. He knew that the path he was taking was risky, but he believed it was necessary in his plan to expose Lisa. He wanted to see her downcasted and shattered for messing with him.

With Abigail's assurance that Xia would assist, he felt a renewed sense of hope and determination. He was ready to take the next step, getting some images and other relevant videos of Lisa to help Xia in creating the video.

Two hours later, at a concealed area around the company's building, Duncan's heart raced with excitement as he received the flash drive containing the fake video Abigail had sent through his trusted bodyguard, Jack. Now, holding the flash drive in his hands, he couldn't wait to confirm what it contained.

Plugging the flash drive into the laptop Jack gave him, Duncan watched as the files loaded onto his screen. His eyes widened in amazement as he saw the meticulously crafted video, so convincingly orchestrated that it could easily pass as real. The attention to detail was astonishing, and Duncan couldn't help but marvel at Xia's skills in creating such a lifelike forgery.

Overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude and admiration for Abigail's resourcefulness, Duncan felt compelled to express his appreciation. He

quickly composed a short heartfelt message, commending Abigail for her tenacity and cunning, and expressing his gratitude for her unwavering support. With a click of the send button, he let her know just how much he valued her contribution to their cause.

He ordered Jack to leave without being noticed and headed to Marcus' office. Getting to the hallway of the floor of Marcus' office, Duncan saw Marcus emerging from his office and making his way toward the other elevator at the end of the hall. Realizing that his presence in Marcus' office would likely raise suspicions, Duncan swiftly retreated, finding refuge in the nearby hallway. He watched as Marcus disappeared into the elevator and, once he was certain the coast was clear, hurriedly made his way to the office.

With a mixture of urgency and caution, Duncan entered the office, making sure to close the door behind him. He carefully placed the flash drive on the desk. But before he could delve into further analysis or strategizing, he knew he had to disappear temporarily, erasing any trace of his involvement, and with a last lingering glance at the flash drive, he left his office, leaving behind a sense of anticipation for what the future held. The hallway was empty as he made his way out, disappearing into the bustling corridors, the flash drive now a hidden secret waiting to be unveiled at the opportune moment.

****End Of Flashback****

A satisfactory smile parted Duncan's lips as he straightened up.

"You can take the credit, Marcus, but the victory will be mine at the end. No one can overthrow Duncan Walton."

Hearing Ma'am Luna let out an angry yell made Duncan more happy to know the extent of her anger. He knew things wouldn't end well Inside



Chapter 36

there, but he didn't expect what was going to happen next.