



Chapter 40

Duncan entered the meeting room with a confident stride. As he stepped inside, he observed the representatives of the company engaged in a lively conversation about the previous presenter which was Zinnia. Their animated gestures and impressed expressions indicated that her presentation had left a positive impact.

Not wanting to interrupt their discussion, Duncan approached the group with a friendly smile and greeted them. The sudden realization of his presence caused a brief pause in their conversation. Acknowledging his arrival, one of them kindly requested him to wait outside the meeting room for a moment.

Respecting their request, Duncan agreed and stepped back out into the hallway. As he stood there, slightly taken aback by the unexpected turn of events, his attention was captured by the sight of Karla rushing toward him, clutching some papers.

Her hurried footsteps slowed as she reached Duncan, and she greeted him with a mix of surprise and concern. "Why are you here?" she unthoughtfully asked, her voice filled with curiosity.

Duncan raised an eyebrow, not expecting to encounter Karla at that moment. He replied, "Excuse me? I'm here to give a presentation. What's going on?"

"Sorry about that silly question." Karla's expression softened, and she quickly handed him the papers she was carrying. "Duncan, you need these papers for the presentation. Take them," she said, her voice laced with urgency.

"Why and...?"

"I'm sorry I made them at the last minute but they would come in handy, trust me."

"Why should I when..."

"Please, come in," the sharp voice from the room interrupted Duncan and he knew he was the one being addressed to. He quickly took the papers and shoved them into his suit jacket then walked into the room.

"Good day, everyone. I'm Duncan South and I'm representing the Walton Group of Companies."

"Wow, we are excited to see your presentation," one of the men said and gestured for him to proceed with his presentation. With a confident demeanor, Duncan approached the projector and inserted a flash drive containing his carefully prepared slides. As the slides illuminated the screen, he began to deliver his presentation.

Stealing occasional glances at the representatives, Duncan felt a surge of joy and satisfaction. Their attentive expressions and rapid note-taking indicated that they were genuinely engaged in his presentation. The fact that they seemed unaware that it was his first time delivering a presentation filled him with a sense of accomplishment.

Duncan seamlessly navigated through the slides, eloquently explaining the key points and providing insightful perspectives. He could feel the energy in the room as every word he uttered resonated with them, and he took pride in his ability to captivate their attention.

When Duncan concluded his presentation, a brief moment of silence lingered in the room. Duncan stood at the front of the room, his presentation finally concluded. He exuded an air of confidence, his demeanor calm and collected. The representatives exchanged glances,

seemingly processing the information they had just received before fixing their attention on him, waiting for an opportunity to speak. Duncan patiently waited, his eyes scanning the faces before him, looking for any signs of feedback or questions.

Finally, one of the men broke the silence. His tone was polite but with a hint of disappointment. "Something is missing in your presentation, Mr. Duncan. We were looking for something which you're yet to deliver."

Duncan furrowed his brow, his mind racing to understand what was being asked of him. He had prepared extensively for this moment, but perhaps he had overlooked something crucial. Doubt began to creep into his thoughts, but he refused to let it show on his face.

Trusting his instincts, Duncan reached into the inner pocket of his suit jacket. His hand grasped the set of papers that Karla had given him just before the presentation. He had barely glanced at them, assuming they were unrelated to his own work. However, something told him that these papers might be the missing piece.

With a mixture of curiosity and apprehension, he handed the papers to the men. Their eyes quickly scanned the documents, their expressions changing from skepticism to surprise. One of them spoke up, his voice tinged with excitement,

"This is fantastic!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with genuine admiration. "You've really hit the nail on the head. Excellent work, Duncan."

The tension in the room dissolved, replaced by a sense of satisfaction. Another man chimed in, a smile forming on his face, adding to the praise. "Nice presentation, young man. You've provided us with exactly what we were looking for."

Duncan's surprise mirrored their reaction. He hadn't anticipated that the information he had unknowingly possessed would be exactly what they needed. It was a serendipitous moment as if the universe had guided him to the right solution.

As the room filled with discussions and praise, Duncan couldn't help but feel a sense of relief. His patience and trust in his instincts had paid off. He had managed to deliver what they had been seeking, even if he hadn't been aware of it initially.

Duncan's shock was evident on his face, as he hadn't anticipated such a positive response. He had met their expectations and delivered the information they needed efficiently. The unexpected praise from the representatives left him feeling a mix of pride and gratitude.

"Thank you, sirs," Duncan replied, his voice filled with genuine appreciation. "I'm glad I could meet your requirements and provide you with the necessary information. If you have any further questions or need additional details, please don't hesitate to let me know."

The representatives nodded in approval, their expressions reflecting their satisfaction. Duncan's successful presentation had left a lasting impression, and he knew he had made a positive impact on the outcome of the meeting. With a renewed sense of confidence, he looked forward to the possibilities that lay ahead, knowing that he had proven himself capable of delivering effective presentations.

It was thanks to Karla whom he had doubted.

Taking a step back, Duncan allowed himself a small smile. He realized that sometimes, the answers lie in unexpected places, and by remaining open and observant, he had stumbled upon a solution that exceeded

expectations.

"I think Walton Group of Companies got this deal," one of them said, almost in a whisper.

Another cleared his throat and said, "You can take your leave. We'll let you know our decision later in the day."

"Thank you all." Duncan nodded, slightly bowed, and left the room. He was over seventy percent sure that he was going to get the deal. He wondered what would happen to his wife who's overconfident that she got the deal.

Meanwhile, In the Walton Domicile, Luke walked in with a long face and almost interrupted Lady Zelda who was making a call.

When Lady Zelda was done on the phone, Luke came in front of her, her brows furrowed in confusion as she looked up, her eyes meeting the figure of Luke. She had grown accustomed to his composed demeanor and unwavering dedication to her, but today there was an uncharacteristic heaviness in his expression that caught her off guard.

"Luke, what's the matter?" Lady Zelda asked, her voice tinged with concern.

Luke took a brief moment to compose himself before responding. "Your son, Young Master Duncan... he decided to represent the company," he said, his words laced with a mixture of disbelief and worry.

Lady Zelda's surprise deepened, her eyes widening slightly. "He's giving a representation to secure a deal, I know," she replied, trying to hide her own uncertainty.

"But, Zelda," Luke continued, his voice tinged with unease, "he's not

experienced. He's just an undergraduate."

Zelda's brows furrowed further, a touch of defensiveness creeping into her tone. "He's my son and the heir," she insisted, her voice carrying a hint of maternal pride. "And I believe in him."

"I think he's incompetent," Luke blurted.

"What?" She jerked up, making him quickly take back what he said.

"I didn't mean to say that." Luke sighed, frustration evident in his voice. "But he refused to listen to me, Zelda. I tried to talk him into forgetting about it and focusing on the other business but he brushed me off. He seemed determined to do the presentation like he was meaning to get something from it."

Zelda's eyes narrowed as she defensively defended her son. "So what? Don't look down on him. He's capable of more than you think."

"But you can't overlook the possibility of the company having a stain if he fails to get the deal."

"Luke, I trust my son," Lady Zelda firmly stated, almost yelling.

The tension between them grew as their argument escalated, their voices rising slightly in the otherwise quiet room. However, their exchange was abruptly interrupted as the sound of approaching footsteps reached their ears.

Lady Zelda turned her head, her attention swiftly shifting to the figure of her father-in-law entering the living room.

Her expression softened, and she quickly composed herself, realizing the need to present a united front in front of her esteemed father-in-law, Sir

Logan. She glanced at Luke, silently urging him to do the same, and together they awaited the arrival of her father-in-law. Her lips parted in astonishment as he walked up to her.

"Father? You've returned?"

"Oh, dear, I couldn't stay away for that long after you said you found my grandson. I insisted I was brought back."

"But, your health."

"I'm getting better, and after hearing the good news of Duncan, my health became better. The doctor checking me there said I was fit."

Becoming sentimental, Zelda took a step closer as Sir Logan embraced her.

"How have you been, my dear?"

"I couldn't be any less better after finding my son."

"That's great."

"Welcome back, sir Logan." Luke bowed.

"Come sit, Father."

Sir Logan nodded as both held his hands and walked him to a couch where he took a seat.

"It seems you both were arguing earlier. What's wrong?"

Luke didn't hesitate to tell him in less than a minute about what Duncan had gone on to do, making Lady Zelda bewildered.

"I am simply looking towards the good and maintenance of the companies. I think young Master Duncan is driven by something else. This deal isn't that important to the company but it's not a small deal either, and if Young Master fails, the company will be looked down on." Like took a little pause to catch his breath before asking. "What do you think, sir? Do you think young Master Walton is capable?"

Pondering on the question, a frown appeared on Sir Logan's face.

 **Gem Lynne**  author

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I would love to know your thoughts about the
characters so far in the comment section.
Uploading this chapter is like a a little milestone 1”*

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