

Chapter 90

"He is Zinnia's unfortunate husband," Peterson uttered with a bitter tone. "That bitch was at my beck and call before I lost my fortune."

Sarah raised an eyebrow, absorbing the revelation about Zinnia's marital status. "Oh, so Duncan is Zinnia's husband. Interesting. And what is Duncan's involvement in your financial downfall?" she inquired, seeking to understand the connection.

Peterson's frustration was palpable as he responded, "He is definitely involved, Sarah. I can feel it in my gut. I just have not been able to piece together how he is connected to the Waltons and their influence."

Sarah leaned back in her seat, contemplating the situation. "So, what is our plan now?" she asked, emphasizing the word "our" to convey their shared commitment.

"We made a deal, Sarah," Peterson explained, his voice tinged with a mix of anger and disappointment. "Duncan promised to help me regain my lost wealth, which mysteriously vanished. But after what I did to secure my release, he abandoned me. There is something about him, some strange power that I'm unaware of. Regardless, my focus now is to ruin the Walton Group and bring Duncan down with them."

Determination burned in Peterson's eyes as he spoke, his desire for revenge and justice evident. The Walton Group of Companies had become their target, and Duncan South, with his enigmatic connections, stood as their primary adversary.

As the car continued on its journey, Peterson and Sarah shared a common resolve. The path ahead was treacherous, but their shared mission to dismantle the Waltons and expose Duncan's involvement was

unwavering.

Meanwhile, Duncan entered his office, almost lost in thoughts. He had just settled into his comfortable leather chair when the door swung open, and Babette walked in with an anxious expression on her face. Her brows were furrowed, and her eyes darted around the room as if searching for answers.

"Sir, I got to know Peterson was bailed about an hour ago," Babette blurted out, her voice tinged with concern.

Duncan sighed, already aware of the recent development. He leaned back in his chair and motioned for Babette to take a seat. "Yes, Babette, I know," he replied calmly, his voice steady and composed. "You don't need to panic."

Babette looked at him, her confusion evident. "But, sir, it's strange how he got out so easily. Shouldn't we be worried about that?"

Duncan maintained his gaze, trying to convey his unwavering confidence. "It is fine, Babette. Sometimes setbacks happen, but we can not let them deter us. In fact, I see this as an opportunity to deliver an even stronger blow next time."

Babette's confusion deepened, and she leaned forward, her eyes searching Duncan's face for answers. "What did you mean, sir? How can we give him a bigger blow?"

Duncan held her gaze for a moment, his expression serious yet determined. "What I meant, Babette, is that we won't let this setback define us. We will use it as motivation to gather more evidence, build a stronger case, and ensure that Peterson faces the full consequences of his actions. We won't back down."



Babette blinked, slowly processing his words. His unwavering confidence seemed to seep into her, and a glimmer of understanding appeared in her eyes. "I see, sir. We will not let this setback discourage us. We will gather more evidence, strengthen our case, and fight even harder." 1

Duncan nodded, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. He leaned back in his chair, contemplating the steps they needed to take. "Babette, I need you to gather all the evidence we have against Peterson related to the theft from the company. We are going to file a case against him," Duncan instructed firmly.

Babette's voice came through, filled with determination. "Alright, sir. I will start compiling the evidence immediately. Is there anything else I should focus on, sir?"

Duncan paused for a moment, considering Babette's question. "For now, Babette, I want you to focus on managing our companies and ensuring their smooth operations. If I need your assistance with the case, I will inform you. We need to maintain business continuity while we tackle this legal battle."

Babette nodded, even though Duncan couldn't see her. "Understood, sir. I will handle the day-to-day operations and await further instructions regarding the case."

"Good. Keep me updated on any significant developments, and remember, we will fight this with determination and integrity," Duncan said, his voice filled with resolve.

"Of course, sir. I won't let you down," Babette replied with confidence. She bowed and left.

Just as he settled back into his seat, his phone rang again. It was Karla

calling.

"Hello, Karla..."

"Duncan, Peterson got bailed," Karla cut in, her voice filled with concern.

"I know, Karla. But we have a plan in motion. I don't want you to worry about that," Duncan reassured her, his voice steady.

Karla hesitated for a moment before responding, "But..."

"Let's talk later, please. We have work to do, and I will update you on our progress," Duncan interrupted firmly.

"Alright," Karla sighed, understanding his need to focus, and ended the call.

Duncan leaned forward, his mind already racing with the next steps to take. Rising to his feet, he leaned on his hands as he rested them on the desk surface. "Peterson, now you're directly up against me. I will make sure I send you back behind bars and you will rot there for good," Duncan said and exhaled as he stared vaguely at the door, activating his action mode senses.

The next minute, he took his phone and contemplated calling Abigail.

As Karla entered her house, she couldn't hide the weight of her concerns. She tucked her phone into her bag and walked towards the living room with a long face, lost in her thoughts. Her cousin, Julie was already there, lounging on the couch, seemingly oblivious to Karla's somber mood.

"What's up, Cous?" Julie asked cheerfully, winking at Karla as she plopped down next to her on the couch. However, Karla's preoccupied state prevented her from immediately responding.

Lost in her own thoughts, Karla didn't register Julie's question at first. Julie, unaware of Karla's current situation, continued speaking. "I was supposed to go out shopping with my friend, Sarah, but she canceled our plans. Did you happen to see her outside?"

Karla's mind began to shift gears as she realized Julie was seeking her assistance. She snapped out of her reverie and shook her head unconsciously, indicating that she hadn't seen Sarah.

Julie, unaffected by Karla's lack of knowledge, pulled out her phone, eager to share a photo of her and Sarah. "Look, this is Sarah," she said, showing Karla a picture on her phone.

As Karla said nothing but only glanced at the photo, Julie noticed her worried expression and asked, "What's wrong with that face you've got, Karla? Are you alright?"

Karla shook her head, her gaze fixed on the photo. "Something bad happened."

Julie's concern deepened. She knew Karla well enough to recognize when something was truly bothering her. "Let me guess. It has to do with Duncan, right?"

Karla nodded silently, not wanting to disclose the issue. Then a sense of urgency washed over Karla. Her phone suddenly beeped, drawing her attention. It was a notification from a spyware app.

Karla's heart sank as she read the notification. "Duncan is going to see Abigail," she muttered, her voice filled with a mix of anxiety and frustration as she arose.

Julie arose, staring at Karla with a mix of shock and disbelief. "What did

you say, Karla?"

Karla took a deep breath, realizing the weight of what she had just revealed. She met Julie's gaze, her own eyes filled with a mix of determination and concern. "I just got to know Duncan's next destination. I need to head to the Imperium Hotel. He's going to see Abigail."

Julie's expression turned even more incredulous. "What? How did you know?" Her voice carried a hint of accusation and surprise. Karla grabbed her back, thinking of what to say next. Then Julie's eyes widened as she voiced her suspicion, "You installed a spyware app in Duncan's phone?"

Karla hesitated for a moment, her gaze shifting to the ground before reluctantly meeting Julie's eyes again. She knew she couldn't hide the truth any longer. "Yes, Julie. I installed a spyware app on Duncan's phone."

Julie gasped, her hand instinctively covering her mouth.

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