

### Chapter 94

After a brief moment of intense silence, Zinnia inhaled deeply, saying, "Fine. I accept..."

"But until when will she keep doing the house chores and cleaning, Mother?" Laila asked, obviously infuriated. "Isn't it enough already?"

"It's until she has proven herself worthy again, sister-in-law," Bella said, tauntingly.

Ma'am Luna eyed Bella and said, "Zinnia will keep doing the housework until I say it's over."

"Alright, I will keep hanging," Zinnia muttered to herself, sneering.

"What an obedient sweetheart you are, my wife," Duncan sarcastically said and chuckled when Laila and Zinnia shot him a bombastic side-eye. As they continued eating, Duncan felt bothered by Ma'am Luna's sudden decision.

"Why has she ordered Zinnia to resume again? What's her secret reason for that?" Duncan silently thought.

Some minutes later, Ma'am Luna arose and left the dining room. As she walked down the hallway, heading to her study room, she halted.

Narrowing her eyes, Ma'am Luna muttered to herself as she started walking slowly. "The Walton Group of Companies seems to be making waves in the business world even after Archi's death. I need to be updated." Increasing her pace, she walked to her study room. Entering inside, she closed the door before making her way to a shelf filled with books.

Spacing some books in a specific order, an inconspicuous button was revealed. She pressed it and took a few steps back as the shelf slid, revealing a hidden door. With a determined expression, she approached the door and it swung open.

Stepping into the secret dim-lit room, Ma'am Luna pressed a button, causing the door to close behind her. She walked toward a drawer, took out a phone, and dialed a number, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid with disbelief.

"Hello, ma'am?" A coarse voice boomed at the other end of the line.

With a disgusted look, she said, "You piece of garbage, why haven't you updated me all this while concerning the Waltons?!"

"I am sorry, ma'am. You were unreachable. I thought of coming to your house, but..."

"Don't you dare come here!" she interrupted, her voice dripping with anger and warning.

"Noted, ma'am."

"Good. Now, update me. It seems like the Walton Group of Companies has gained their stand again."

"Sorry to say, but they've been leading in the business for quite some time now."

"What? And you didn't tell me, fool?!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am. I thought it's not important news for you since they've not been a threat to your company."

"You are mad. Listen, I'll call you again. We need to talk properly, or maybe we'll see each other next time at our usual place."

"Noted, ma'am."

"Gather all the important information regarding them for me. I need to know everything about them when we meet," Ma'am Luna instructed firmly before ending the call. She groaned in frustration and sighed heavily as she sat down on a seat, shaking her head.

"I won't let another storm sweep me, never," she said to herself, her eyes burning with hidden desire mixed with annoyance and agitation.

Meanwhile, after breakfast, Duncan headed to the Walton Group of Companies. He was surprised to see Lady Zelda there.

"You're here?" Duncan asked as he walked up to his mother, who was standing before the desk with her back facing him.

She turned upon hearing his voice, a smile gracing her face. Though Duncan felt a sense of disturbance, wondering if she was here because of the diary.

"Yes, son. Good morning," she replied warmly.

"Um, sorry, good morning," Duncan said, slightly taken aback. Lady Zelda walked up to him, and her expression sought permission to hug him. Duncan nodded, and she embraced him.

Breaking the hug, she said, "I just missed you, son."

Duncan nodded, feeling a sense of unease. Scratching the back of his head, he said, "But, I had lunch with you and Grandfather yesterday."



"Oh, I know. I just thought of paying you a visit at your office today. Did I do something wrong?" Lady Zelda replied, her voice laced with concern.

Duncan shook his head quickly. "No. You can come whenever you wish." He looked around the office, his nerves getting the better of him. "Is there any other reason why you came?"

As they locked gaze in silence, Duncan felt a wave of tension wash over him. He hoped that his fear wasn't about to come true.

As a smile parted Lady Zelda's lips once again, Duncan sighed softly, feeling a sense of relief. She said, "No other reason, son. I just felt I should come over and have a little talk with you if it's okay with you, Duncan."

Duncan nodded and gestured for her to take a seat. The office became quiet once again as Lady Zelda settled herself down.

"My son, I hope the company isn't stressing you too much?" she asked, her voice filled with concern.

"No. The staff are supportive, and Babette has been really helpful. She goes above and beyond what is expected," Duncan replied, his tone appreciative.

Lady Zelda listened attentively to Duncan's response, her expression thoughtful. She felt impressed by the support he was giving. "Interesting," she said, her voice filled with intrigue. "You should offer to increase her paycheck then."

Duncan nodded in agreement, leaning back in his seat. "That's a good idea, Mom," he replied. However, he expressed some hesitation. "Though, Babette doesn't want such a reward. She's just too happy to

selflessly help me out in whatever I do."

Lady Zelda smiled warmly. "That's good to hear. She sounds like a sweet and gracious lady, young and full of kindness."

Duncan's attention shifted briefly to some files on the edge of his desk, but a question formed in his mind, causing him to look back at Lady Zelda. Leaning forward, he indicated his readiness to ask his question.

"Duncan, are you okay?" She inquired, showing concern for his well-being.

Nodding in response to Lady Zelda's question, Duncan took a moment to gather his thoughts before posing his own question. "Can I ask a question concerning... my father?"

Lady Zelda blinked in surprise, her reaction almost uncontrollable. She hesitated for a moment, then adjusted her sitting position, preparing herself for a potentially difficult conversation. "Yes," she replied, her voice carrying a mix of curiosity and caution.

Duncan took a deep breath, his tone serious. "I would like to ask about my father's death," he said, his voice filled with a mix of longing and uncertainty.

"Huh?"

"How did he die?"

Lady Zelda's initial surprise turned into a heavy sigh, and she nodded somberly. "You... don't remember that night?" she asked, her voice tinged with a hint of sadness.

Duncan furrowed his brow, his eyes narrowing as he shook his head. His

lack of memory only deepened his curiosity and desire for answers. Lady Zelda acknowledged his response with a solemn nod of her own, understanding the weight of the topic they were about to discuss. "That fateful night was horrible," she sighed, her voice carrying a burden of pain and sorrow.

Duncan urged Lady Zelda to share the details, unable to contain his curiosity and need for closure. "Please, tell me what happened that night," he implored, his voice filled with a mix of vulnerability and longing.

Lady Zelda took a deep breath, her eyes reflecting a mix of sadness and empathy. She began to provide the painful truth. "Your father had a fatal car accident," she began, her voice filled with sorrow. "You were involved in it, but fortunately, you survived... and unfortunately, he didn't."

Duncan listened attentively, absorbing the weight of the revelation. The loss of his father and the realization of his own survival in such a tragic event stirred up a whirlwind of emotions within him. He couldn't help but yearn for more information, hoping there was something beyond the surface of that fateful night. "Is that all that surrounded his untimely death?" he asked, his voice tinged with a mix of hope and trepidation.

Lady Zelda shook her head, her expression indicating that there was nothing more to be said on the matter. "Nothing more to say concerning that, son," she replied, her voice heavy with the weight of unspoken secrets.

"Oh. I see." Duncan nodded slowly, his mind processing the information and grappling with the unspoken truths that lingered. He cleared his throat, contemplating whether to delve deeper into the unanswered questions that swirled within him.

After a brief moment of silence, Zinnia, feeling a sense of discomfort, wondered what other question Duncan was going to ask her. She secretly hoped that it wouldn't be related to his father's death, as the topic was emotionally challenging for both of them. Her unease grew palpable as she anticipated his next inquiry. 1

Glancing at her wristwatch, Zinnia's eyes widened in surprise. The realization that she had a meeting to attend in the next few minutes caused her to jerk up from her seat. She chuckled nervously, trying to ease the tension in the room. "Uh, sorry," she said, her voice filled with a mixture of apology and distraction. "I have got a meeting to attend to. It's coming up soon."

Duncan nodded understandingly, realizing the time constraint. "I hope your meeting goes well," he replied, his voice carrying a genuine well-wishing tone.

Lady Zelda nodded in acknowledgment, appreciating his understanding. She waved at Duncan and forced a smile before making her way out of the office, leaving Duncan to contemplate the unanswered questions that still lingered within him.

Stepping out of the office and taking a few hurried steps, Lady Zelda's emotions overwhelmed her, and she found herself needing to pause and gather herself. With a heavy sigh of relief, she tried to steady her breathing and regain her composure. However, her anxiety and inner turmoil were evident.

At that vulnerable moment, Luke appeared in front of her. Sensing her distress, he immediately reached out and gripped her arms, offering support and strength. "What's wrong, Lady Zelda...?" he asked, his voice filled with concern.

Lady Zelda looked into Luke's eyes, her own filled with a mix of regret and guilt. "Luke, Duncan asked me about Dunstan's death today," she confessed, her voice tinged with a hint of anguish.

Luke's brow furrowed, and he searched her face for further clarification. "So?" he questioned, not fully understanding the weight of the situation.

Lady Zelda's grip on Luke's arms tightened, seeking solace and understanding. "I... I lied to him," she admitted, her voice trembling with remorse. "I hate it. Actually..." She took a brief pause, collecting her thoughts, and straightened up, a determination taking hold. "When I found my son again, I promised myself to build a good relationship with him. But now, it's all going wrong," she confessed, her voice filled with a mix of sadness and frustration.

The weight of her actions and the consequences they might have on her relationship with Duncan weighed heavily on Lady Zelda as she stood there, seeking support and guidance from Luke.

Luke listened attentively to Lady Zelda's distress, offering reassurance in response to her concerns. "Don't worry, Zelda," he said soothingly. "There's still plenty of time. Building a relationship takes patience and understanding. It's natural to encounter challenges along the way."

Lady Zelda's expression reflected a mix of relief and guilt as she recounted her actions. "I lied about having a meeting to attend to and quickly left before he could throw another question," she admitted, her voice filled with regret. "I hate lying to my son. It goes against everything I wanted for us."

Luke's understanding gaze met hers. "I understand," he replied gently. "But... you didn't tell him the secret?" he asked, his voice tinged with



curiosity and concern.

Lady Zelda stared at Luke, her eyes filled with a mixture of sadness and conflict. After a brief moment, she shook her head, feeling devastated by the weight of the secret she carried. "I couldn't tell him," she whispered, her voice filled with anguish. "He shouldn't know anything, Luke. I have to protect my son at all costs, regardless of what was prophesied."

Taking a deep, steadying breath, Lady Zelda composed herself. She put on her glasses and prepared to face the challenges ahead. With a heavy heart, she left, carrying the burden of her choices and the determination to safeguard her son, even if it meant keeping painful truths hidden.