

Chapter 104

Peterson's eyes widened in shock and astonishment, his hand trembling slightly as he gripped the phone tighter. His mind raced, trying to comprehend the gravity of the caller's words.

At the same time, Karla, who had sat down on the edge of the bed, felt her own shock seep through every fiber of her being. The realization that Peterson was entangled in a dangerous situation sent a shiver down her spine. She felt she had stumbled upon something beyond her expectations, and now the stakes appeared higher than ever.

Breaking the silence, Peterson mustered the courage to ask, his voice trembling slightly, "What do you mean?"

The caller's response was cold and calculated, revealing an intimate knowledge of Peterson's circumstances. "I know you, Peterson. Currently, you're hiding from the people you're indebted to. Soon, the bank will take over everything you've got since you'll fail to pay your debt to them."

Peterson's heart raced as he absorbed the caller's words. The realization that his precarious financial situation was known to this mysterious caller intensified his fear and desperation.

As the caller continued, his words sent shockwaves through Peterson's being. "Some charges might be pressed against you soon by the company you used to work with before, which is one of the subsidiaries of Walton Imperium Group of Companies."

Peterson's surprise grew, and a sense of paranoia started to creep over him. He couldn't help but feel like he was being watched, and monitored in some way. His eyes darted around the room, searching for any signs of

surveillance, any hints that his every move was being observed. But before he could find anything, the caller's voice cut through his thoughts.

"Don't think we are monitoring you," the voice stated matter-of-factly as if reading Peterson's mind.

Peterson's breath caught in his throat, and he became speechless. The realization that he was being surveilled by an unknown entity intensified his fear and vulnerability.

The caller didn't miss a beat and continued speaking, their tone unwavering. "We only get information from the right source."

The weight of those words settled heavily upon Peterson. It became clear that this mysterious caller was privy to sensitive information, likely possessing connections within the company he used to work for. The realization that he was entangled in a complex web of deceit and manipulation left him feeling paralyzed, his mind racing to find a way out of this precarious situation.

"Now, listen carefully. Peterson, come to the address you'll get through a message after this call ends. Be there by 7:30 pm if you want to know more." After delivering their message, the caller abruptly ended the call, leaving Peterson stunned and at a loss for words. He sat there, staring at the phone in his hand, trying to process the gravity of the situation. Confusion swirled within him as he wondered what exactly he possessed that was deemed so important.

Karla removed the earbuds from her ears, her mind buzzing with a renewed sense of curiosity. The conversation she had overheard only fueled her desire to uncover the truth behind Peterson's predicament. As thoughts raced through her mind, she couldn't help but wonder aloud, "What does Peterson have that's so important now?"

Feeling a sense of urgency, Karla decided it was best to inform Abigail, her trusted confidante. She reached for her phone, dialing Abigail's number as she swiftly made her way toward the door.

As Karla opened the door, she was startled to find her cousin, Julie, standing on her doorstep. Julie's folded hands and scolding expression made it clear that she was not pleased. Karla quickly ended her call with Abigail and exhaled in relief.

"You almost scared me, Julie," Karla said, trying to regain her composure.

Julie crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. "Well, you almost scared me too last night when you walked in looking like a badass. Where did you go? Did you know I had made a delicious dinner for us and prepared a movie for us to watch, but you kept me waiting? Why?!" she bombarded, feigning annoyance.

Karla's lips curled into a sheepish smile as she stepped aside, inviting Julie into the apartment. "I'm sorry, Julie. Something unexpected came up. I promise I'll make it up to you.

Julie was quite expressive and had a playful personality. She often used gestures and expressions to convey her thoughts and feelings. When Karla was apologizing, Julie shook her head, indicating that she wanted Karla to continue apologizing. However, Karla hesitated and suggested they talk later, feeling overwhelmed at the moment.

After Karla entered back into her room and closed the door, Julie couldn't contain her surprise and exclaimed, "Oh, my goodness!" It seems that Julie was taken aback by Karla's response or behavior. Despite the situation, Julie maintained her sense of humor and playfully teased

Karla, saying that she would leave the house and not accept any burnt snacks from her later that night. This lighthearted comment was likely intended to lighten the mood and make Karla smile.

Meanwhile, Karla began to focus on other things and took out some clothes she planned to wear from her closet. She then sent a quick message to Abigail, informing her that she was coming to see her at the Emporium Hotel. She felt a sense of urgency and quickly dressed up.

The Lennart Mansion

Duncan was preparing to leave the house when he noticed Ma'am Luna walking down the hallway towards her study room. Intrigued by her behavior, he sensed something secretive about her actions. Duncan discreetly scanned the surroundings, ensuring that no one was observing him, and then silently decided to follow her.

Approaching Ma'am Luna, Duncan noticed that she was engaged in a hushed conversation on the phone. Her tone and manner indicated that she was trying to keep the conversation private. This piqued Duncan's curiosity, and he wondered who ma'am Luna could be speaking to and what the nature of their conversation was.

"Yes. Meet me there soon. Don't keep me waiting." Duncan overheard those words before Ma'am Luna swiftly ended the call. As she turned and noticed Duncan's presence, she seemed taken aback, almost freezing in her spot. However, Duncan responded with a half smile, trying to put her at ease.

Ma'am Luna, clearly irritated, immediately questioned Duncan, asking what he was doing there. Thinking quickly, Duncan concocted a lie, saying that one of the servants had informed him that she was looking for him.

"That was yesterday. Just go away," ma'am Luna snapped, dismissing Duncan's explanation.

"Alright, grandmother," Duncan replied. "Is there anything you want to tell me?"

Duncan's question seemed to catch Ma'am Luna off guard. She stared at him intently, furrowing her brows as if thinking if he had overheard her. Taking a step forward, she shook her head, indicating a mixture of frustration and disbelief. She then asked Duncan, "By the way, why are you still at home?"

"I was about to leave before I recalled you wanted to see me," Duncan responded, trying to justify his presence.

"Whatever," ma'am Luna replied dismissively. "Just make sure you do your job properly in the company and don't give my granddaughter, Zinnia, any stress."

Duncan, determined to keep up with his cover, confidently replied, "She's my wife, so I will look after her." He forced a full smile before turning to leave.

As Duncan departed, Ma'am Luna let out a sigh of relief and whispered to herself, "Phew! Thank heavens the blockhead didn't hear my conversation."

Cautiously, Ma'am Luna walked out of the Lennart Mansion. She approached the waiting car, which was parked on the expansive front lawn of the house. The car's driver, aware of Ma'am Luna's presence, opened the door for her, and she entered the vehicle without any outward signs of suspicion.

As the car pulled out of the mansion's compound, Duncan, who had been secretly observing from a hidden corner, seized the opportunity to follow. He swiftly emerged from his concealed spot and hopped onto his own bike. Donning his helmet, Duncan started his bike's engine and began tailing the car, ensuring he remained inconspicuous and undetected.

"I know you're hiding something and I'm going to know about it today." Duncan's determination to uncover the truth was evident in his silent oath. He firmly gripped the handlebars, his resolve fueled by a deep desire to unravel the secrets Ma'am Luna was concealing.

When Karla arrived at the hotel, she was taken aback by the unusual way Xia greeted her. Xia's mannerisms and gestures were different from what Karla was accustomed to, which surprised her. Xia then guided Karla to Abigail's office, leading the way with a distinct air of formality. Karla reciprocated Xia's gesture with a small smile of gratitude before entering Abigail's office.

Walking up to Abigail's desk, Karla couldn't help but inquire about Xia. "What's up with your foreigner bodyguard?" she asked, curious about Xia's changed unique manner towards her.

Abigail, seemingly nonchalant, simply replied, "Nothing. Why do you want to see me?"

Karla revealed, "I overheard an important phone conversation of Peterson this morning." The weight of the conversation compelled Abigail to rise from her seat, suggesting that Karla's revelation had struck a chord. Karla's words hung in the air, filling the room with a sense of intrigue and urgency. The weight of the situation was evident on their faces as they exchanged glances, contemplating the implications.

"What do you mean?" Abigail asked, her brow furrowing with curiosity and concern.

Karla took a deep breath, her voice steady but filled with anticipation. "I overheard Peterson receiving a call. The unknown caller asked him to meet later tonight. I believe if we follow Peterson, we might be able to uncover more information about this valuable item and the person he was talking to."

Abigail's eyes widened in realization. "We need to inform Duncan. He knows how to handle these kinds of situations."

Without wasting another moment, Abigail swiftly reached for her phone and dialed Duncan's number. The room fell into a tense silence as they waited, their hearts pounding with a mix of apprehension and hope. Each ring felt like an eternity, their gazes fixed on the phone, waiting for Duncan to answer.

When Duncan finally answered the phone after a few rings, his voice boomed out through the speaker, "Abigail, let's talk later or I will see you later in the day. I'm on something important at the moment. We can't talk."

"Wait, L..." Abigail's voice trailed off as Duncan abruptly hung up, leaving her startled and a bit confused. She glanced at Karla, who was across the desk, staring keenly at her, and said, "Wait, ... I will send him a message."

As Abigail's fingers began operating on the screen, producing noises due to her artificial nails, Karla abruptly interrupted her. Holding Abigail's hand, she insisted, "We shouldn't tell him about this."

Confused by Karla's sudden opposition, Abigail furrowed her brow and asked, "Why not?"