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Duncan couldn't help but wonder what sort of a person his father was and what kind of miseries he had endured. He still battled to recall his childhood memories with his family since he had the incident when he was young that led his adopted mother to take him.

Conflicting emotions swirled within Duncan's mind. Should he respect his father's plea and put the diary back untouched, or should he venture further into the pages, hoping to uncover the truth behind the mysterious words? It was a moment of decision, one that would determine whether he would honor his father's request or satisfy his burning curiosity.

As Duncan stood there, torn between respecting the writer's wishes and unlocking the secrets within, he couldn't shake off the feeling that there might be something important hidden within those pages. The allure of the unknown tugged at him, urging him to dive deeper into the diary's contents.

With a mixture of trepidation and determination, Duncan turned to the next page, ready to face whatever revelations or sorrows lay within the diary's carefully guarded secrets.

As Duncan continued to flip through the pages, his eyes fell upon some notes that seemed to chronicle his father's experiences on certain days. The entries hinted at a life filled with both joy and challenges, offering glimpses into his father's world that he had never known before. It was a bittersweet feeling, discovering these fragments of his father's life through the written words.

However, an insatiable curiosity gnawed at Duncan's mind, urging him

to explore the other half of the diary. As he turned to the remaining pages, he was greeted by a series of strange cryptic writings. His brow furrowed as he attempted to decipher their meaning, narrowing his eyes in concentration. The symbols and codes seemed to form a language of their own, one that held secrets yet to be unraveled.

Just as he was engrossed in his attempt to comprehend the cryptic writings, the door of the room creaked open, and Lady Zelda walked in. Her eyes widened as they fell upon the diary Duncan was holding, her voice trailing off in surprise and concern.

"Duncan, you're..." she began, but the words seemed to get stuck in her throat as she took in the sight of the open diary in his hands.

Sensing her unease, Duncan quickly turned to face his mother, his expression a mixture of surprise and apprehension. He noticed her eyes growing bigger, and without hesitation, she swiftly walked up to him, her outstretched hand reaching for the diary.

Confused and startled by her sudden reaction, Duncan handed her the diary without questioning her actions. Lady Zelda's face betrayed a mix of emotions—surprise, worry, and perhaps even a hint of protectiveness—as she tightly clutched the diary in her hands.

Duncan couldn't help but feel a surge of curiosity mingled with concern. What was it about the diary that triggered such a strong reaction in his mother? What secrets did it hold that she felt compelled to keep hidden?

As Lady Zelda held the diary close to her chest, a moment of tension lingered between them. Duncan knew that there were answers he sought within those pages, but for now, it seemed that his mother held the key to unlocking the mysteries concealed within the cryptic writings.

With a deep breath, Lady Zelda composed herself, her eyes meeting Duncan's with a mixture of affection and determination. "Duncan," she began softly, her voice tinged with a touch of secrecy, "there are things in this diary that are not meant for your eyes. You don't need to go through it."

Duncan looked at Lady Zelda with a mixture of confusion and intrigue. He could sense that there was something important hidden within the pages of the diary, something that his mother was hesitant to reveal. The weight of her words hung in the air, and he couldn't help but wonder what secrets lay within the worn leather cover.

"What do you mean?" Duncan curiously asked, his voice filled with anticipation. He had always been curious about his father, a man he barely knew. His mother's mention of his father's peculiarities only deepened his curiosity.

Lady Zelda sighed, her eyes betraying a hint of sadness and concern.

"Son," she began, her voice tinged with both nostalgia and worry. "Your father was a strange man, but not in a bad way. He had a unique way of looking at the world, often fixating on things that others would consider trivial or unimportant."

Duncan listened intently, his brows furrowing as he tried to grasp the significance of his mother's words. He wanted to understand his father, to uncover the layers of his personality that were hidden from him for so long.

Lady Zelda continued, her voice carrying a mix of emotions. "This diary belonged to your father, and it holds his thoughts, his worries, and his anxieties. It's a window into his mind, his fears, and his joys. But it also

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reveals the weight of his concerns, and reading it might expose you to a level of anxiety that I don't want for you."

Duncan's curiosity battled with his growing sense of caution. The diary held the potential to unveil a side of his father that he had always yearned to know, yet his mother's concern for his well-being gave him pause. He had to weigh the desire for knowledge against the potential consequences.

He met his mother's gaze, his eyes searching for understanding. "I appreciate your honesty," he said sincerely. "I understand your concerns, but I also feel a need to know more about my father, to understand the man he was. Perhaps there are valuable lessons and insights within these pages that could help me navigate my path."

Lady Zelda looked at her son, her expression a mix of sadness and resignation. She knew that her attempts to dissuade him might be in vain. Duncan had inherited his father's curiosity and thirst for knowledge.

She shook her head, her expression resolute and firm. "Forget about this diary," she insisted, her voice carrying an air of finality. "There's nothing much valuable in there."

Duncan's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he tried to comprehend his mother's sudden dismissal of the diary's significance. He opened his mouth to protest or inquire further, but before he could utter a word, Lady Zelda interrupted him.

"Your grandfather and I are waiting downstairs for you," she declared, her tone leaving no room for argument. "Let's go."

Duncan hesitated, his curiosity still lingering, but he recognized the

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determination in his mother's voice. Reluctantly, he conceded, realizing that for now, the secrets hidden within the diary would remain elusive.

"I've not yet eased myself, sorry," he quickly excused himself, hoping to buy a few moments alone to reconsider his options.

Lady Zelda's expression softened, and she offered a warm smile. "It's fine, go on," she said, permitting him to use the bathroom before joining them downstairs.

As Duncan entered the bathroom and closed the door behind him, he couldn't help but feel a nagging curiosity pulling at him. He glanced back through the slightly ajar door and saw his mother moving with purpose, carefully placing the diary inside a drawer of the cupboard by the bed. It was a discreet act as if she didn't want him to witness it.

A surge of determination flooded through Duncan. He knew that his mother's actions spoke volumes, signaling that there was indeed something valuable within the pages of the diary. His desire to uncover the truth intensified, and he made a quick decision.

With a resolute expression, he closed the bathroom door completely, ensuring he wouldn't be caught observing his mother's secretive actions. He would seize the opportunity later to explore the diary when he had the privacy and time to do so without interruption.

Meanwhile, Peterson Rogers woke up that morning to the sound of a loud beep emanating from his phone. Groggily, he reached for it on the nearby lamp stand, sitting up in bed. However, what he saw on the screen made him jolt upright in astonishment.

"What?" he exclaimed, rubbing his eyes vigorously and staring at the screen of the phone once more. The message displayed his current

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account balance, and it showed nothing but zeros. His eyes widened in shock. "What am I seeing? Zeros!" he exclaimed, his voice laced with disbelief. "Where's all my money?"

Feeling a wave of panic wash over him, Peterson collapsed back onto the bed, his gaze fixated on the screen. Questions swirled through his mind, each one more pressing than the last. How could his entire wealth vanish overnight?

"What happened to my hard-earned money?" He thought aloud, scratching his hair like a broken madman.



Gem Lynne author



How was this chapter, my dear readers? Can you believe Peterson is asking about his hard-earned money 🤔. Please someone should shout out to hi 🙌

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