

Chapter 52

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The next morning, the Lennart family gathered around the dining table, ready to start their day. Duncan took on his usual role of the server, pouring cups of coffee for each family member. As he moved around the table, a sense of warmth and familiarity filled the air.

Zinnia emerged from her room, her hair disheveled, which immediately caught the attention of Lisa and Bella. The mother and daughter exchanged amused glances, trying to stifle their laughter as they watched Zinnia take her seat next to her mother.

"Good morning, grandmother," Zinnia greeted, her voice slightly apologetic.

"Save your greetings," ma'am Luna responded curtly. "Why are you late to the dining room?"

Zinnia's expression softened as she replied, "Grandmother, I... I'm sorry. I got really tired because of the workload and..."

Before Zinnia could finish her explanation, Duncan interjected, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "You didn't do much," he teasingly remarked, causing Zinnia to shoot him a glare.

Duncan, however, quickly came to her rescue. Sensing the tension, he decided to diffuse it with a little white lie. "I helped you," he claimed, his voice filled with a hint of mischief.

Zinnia's eyes went round in astonishment as she slammed the table surface, her gaze fixed on Duncan with a mix of shock and anger. The intensity of her emotions was reflected in her widened eyes, which seemed to grow larger in response to the disbelief she felt. Her pupils



dilated, emphasizing the depth of her surprise.

The vibrant color of her irises now appeared more pronounced, almost shimmering with a blend of frustration and astonishment. The usual warmth in her eyes had given way to a colder, more piercing glare, reflecting the betrayal she felt at Duncan's blatant lie.

As she confronted him, her gaze remained fixed, unwavering, and filled with determination. Her eyes seemed to convey not only her anger but also a sense of hurt and disappointment. The force of her emotions seemed to radiate from her eyes, making them the focal point of her intense expression.

Zinnia's clenched fists trembled slightly as she spoke, her voice laced with a mix of indignation and fury. "How dare you lie?" Her words were sharp, punctuated by the slamming of her hand on the table, a physical manifestation of her anger.

Duncan, caught off guard by Zinnia's reaction, attempted to feign annoyance. His eyebrows furrowed and he raised his hands in a dismissive gesture, trying to downplay the severity of the situation. "What? Why are you flaring up, Zinnia? I helped you when I returned from my job hunting," he protested, his voice tinged with insincerity.

But Zinnia was not easily swayed. Her eyes narrowed, her lips forming a tight line as she glared at him. She could see through his facade, and her anger only grew stronger.

Laura who had been silently listening, now joined the heated exchange. The anger in her voice matched Zinnia's as she defended her daughter.

"Shut up! What proof do you have now, hm?" she demanded, her tone filled with a fiery mix of rage and frustration.

"Mother-in-law, I have proof. Zinnia, why don't you just acknowledge that I helped you out? There's no big deal," Duncan responded, his voice falsely calm and composed.

Zinnia's eyes flashed with a renewed intensity, her gaze fixated on Duncan. She hissed through clenched teeth, her voice dripping with contempt. "You're mad!" Her eyes seemed to burn with a mixture of anger, hurt, and a steely resolve. The confrontation had ignited a fire within her, and her eyes reflected the intensity of her emotions, leaving no doubt about her feelings towards Duncan's deceit.

Not liking the commotion that had erupted, Ma'am Luna slammed the dining table surface with a firm hand, demanding orderliness. The sudden loud sound reverberated through the room, catching everyone's attention.

"That's enough," she declared, her voice commanding and firm. Her eyes, a piercing shade of blue, scanned the room, silently urging everyone to settle down and listen.

Laura, visibly distraught, pleaded with Ma'am Luna, seeking her support. "Don't believe what he said, mother. He's out to get my innocent daughter again," she cried, her voice tinged with desperation.

However, Lisa, a voice of dissent, chimed in with a sly smirk, provoking a glare from Zinnia. "Your daughter isn't that innocent, Aunt Laura," she stated, her tone laced with a hint of superiority.

Zinnia, her expression a mix of defiance and frustration, met Lisa's gaze and shot her a withering glare in response. The intensity of her eyes conveyed her strong disagreement with Lisa's statement.

Interrupting the tense exchange, Ma'am Luna directed her attention

towards Zinnia. Her eyes, now focused and unwavering, held a stern gaze. "I ordered you to do all the cleaning, and you disobey me, Zinnia?" she inquired, her voice a blend of disappointment and authority.

Zinnia, determined to defend herself, met Ma'am Luna's gaze with equal determination. "No, grandmother," she replied, her voice steady and resolute. "He's lying and has no proof." Her eyes, though filled with frustration, held a flicker of hope, pleading for understanding from her grandmother.

Ma'am Luna nodded, her gaze shifting to Duncan as he spoke with a hint of frustration in his voice. She listened attentively, her features displaying a mix of curiosity and skepticism.

"Grandmother, I know my wife is selfish and won't acknowledge the help I rendered to her yesterday, but just watch this video," Duncan explained, his tone tinged with a combination of exasperation and determination. He retrieved his phone and swiftly played a video, showcasing himself cleaning the house while Zinnia lounged majestically on a couch, seemingly unaware of the household chores.

Ma'am Luna's lips parted in surprise as she witnessed the evidence before her eyes. The video revealed a different perspective, contradicting Zinnia's claims. She took the phone from Duncan's hand, her eyes fixed on the screen, watching intently.

"Zinnia!" Ma'am Luna's voice rang out, her tone a mix of disappointment and reproach. She turned the phone screen towards Zinnia, displaying the incriminating footage. Zinnia's initial reaction was one of surprise, her eyes widening in disbelief. She couldn't fathom that it was her captured in the video, seemingly neglecting her responsibilities, but it was all fake. 1

Zinnia's disbelief transformed into determination, her eyes narrowing as she rose from her seat, pointing at the screen of the phone. Her head shook in vehement denial, her voice filled with conviction. "This isn't true, grandmother. I don't know how that video came up, but believe me when I say that I did all the work in the house yesterday, as you instructed me to."

Ma'am Luna regarded Zinnia with a mix of concern and skepticism, her gaze fixed on her granddaughter. "Then where's your own proof? Or witness?" she inquired, her voice demanding an explanation.

Zinnia's gaze darted around the room, searching for support or a witness who could vouch for her. Her eyes scanned the faces of those present in the dining room, hoping to find someone who had seen her diligently working.

However, her search yielded disappointing results. Bella spoke up with a hint of doubt in her voice. "I didn't see her doing any work," she stated matter-of-factly, her words undermining Zinnia's claims.

Lisa, seizing the opportunity to contribute, chimed in with a mischievous tone. "I dropped by home yesterday afternoon and saw her sleeping," she chirped, her words further eroding Zinnia's credibility.

Zinnia's heart sank as her hopes for support crumbled before her. The weight of the situation settled heavily upon her, and her eyes reflected a mix of frustration and desperation. It was evident that the testimonies of Bella and Lisa were not in her favor, painting a picture that contradicted her own account.

She realized that without any substantial evidence or a witness to support her claims, her words alone were insufficient to refute the video

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presented by Duncan. The truth seemed to slip further from her grasp as doubt and uncertainty clouded her mind.

Ma'am Luna's gaze shifted towards Zinnia, her eyes narrowing as she assessed her granddaughter. The weight of her scrutiny felt heavy, forcing Zinnia to sit back down under the weight of her grandmother's disapproving stare.

"So what now, Zinnia?" Ma'am Luna questioned, her voice laced with a mix of disappointment and frustration. Her words hung in the air, demanding an answer from Zinnia.

Feeling the pressure, Zinnia's voice trembled slightly as she attempted to defend herself. "Grandmother, this is all a farce. I did as you told me..." she protested, her voice trailing off as doubt crept into her words.

Laura, sensing the urgency of the situation, interceded on Zinnia's behalf. "Yes, mother. Please believe Zinnia," she pleaded, her voice filled with a mix of desperation and concern for her daughter.

Ma'am Luna turned her attention towards Laura, her gaze unwavering. "Okay. Can you vouch for her, Laura?" she inquired, her tone demanding absolute certainty.

Laura's expression faltered as she tried to respond. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came forth. Guilt washed over her as she realized the truth. She had purposefully gone out to the spa yesterday to avoid Zinnia's plea for help with the household chores.

The silence in the room grew heavy, the absence of Laura's confirmation speaking volumes. It became apparent that there was no witness to support Zinnia's claim. The realization hung in the room, casting a shadow over Zinnia's defense and leaving her vulnerable to the weight of

the evidence against her.

Laura, unable to bring herself to lie, spoke with honesty in the given situation. Her statement, "I was out of the house. I didn't see her," indicated that she couldn't have witnessed whatever event or incident was being discussed. As she admitted her absence, she hung her head, likely displaying a sense of guilt or remorse for not being present when she was needed or expected.



Duncan, upon hearing his mother-in-law's truthful response, chuckled knowingly. His amusement showed that he was aware of the implications and consequences that Zinnia would now face. This reaction from Duncan hinted at a certain level of satisfaction or vindictiveness, as he seemed to anticipate Zinnia's increased punishment.


Expressing his frustration, Duncan stated, "Again, my wife wants to make me seem like a fool," implying that this wasn't the first time his wife had attempted to undermine or embarrass him. He pretended to feel bad about the situation. This was an attempt to manipulate the perception of others and elicit sympathy.

Surprising everyone, Ma'am Luna interjected, "Now you can decide her punishment, Duncan."

The unexpectedness of this declaration added an element of surprise to the situation, leaving everyone present to consider their options.

Duncan, seemingly unsurprised by Ma'am Luna's decision, nodded in acknowledgment. He then proposed Zinnia's punishment. "It would be best if Zinnia handled the cooking and serving of food these upcoming days."

 Gem Lynne  author

Hello my dear readers, I hope you enjoyed this chapter . I know you can't wait to see Zinnia's reaction in the upcoming chapter. The coming chapter is going to be feel with reactions and emo 

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