

Chapter 60

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Aaaghhrrr!

Peterson, fueled by anger and frustration, groaned loudly, expressing his intense emotions. In a fit of rage, he impulsively kicked one of the cushions in his living room, seeking an outlet for his pent-up feelings. However, his action quickly backfired as a sharp pain shot through his foot, causing him to wince and hop in discomfort.

Feeling the throbbing pain subside, Peterson slumped onto the couch, his anger gradually giving way to contemplation. As he mulled over his current situation, a sudden realization struck him like a bolt of lightning. The name "Duncan" echoed in his mind, bringing forth memories of their recent conversation and Duncan's peculiar behavior that morning.

With a mix of curiosity and suspicion, Peterson began to connect the dots. Recollecting the details of their earlier interaction, he wondered why Duncan hadn't denied his accusations when confronted. The pieces of the puzzle started falling into place, and a startling thought emerged in Peterson's mind.

"Could that idiot be responsible for all my sufferings?" he wondered aloud, his eyes widening with a mix of disbelief and anger. The possibility of Duncan's involvement in his misfortunes sent a surge of adrenaline through Peterson's veins, intensifying his emotions.

His mind raced with a mix of fear and determination. He couldn't dismiss the possibility that Duncan might be responsible for his sufferings, and the thought unsettled him deeply. Overwhelmed by the fear of the unknown Peterson's panic intensified, causing him to rise from the couch and resume pacing.

As he paced back and forth, Peterson's breathing became heavy, his mind consumed by thoughts of the potential consequences. The weight of the situation pressed heavily upon him, and he knew he couldn't simply stand by and watch everything he had worked for crumble.

With a newfound resolve, Peterson made up his mind. "I won't wait and watch," he said aloud to himself, his voice filled with determination. "I'll do what I think is right now."

Driven by his decision, Peterson headed up to his room, his steps purposeful and resolute. He needed to gather his thoughts, strategize, and take action. Time was of the essence, and he couldn't afford to waste a moment.

Later in the evening, in the Lennart Mansion, Duncan hurried home after attending to the pressing matters that required his attention in the Walton Group of companies. As he entered the house, his mind preoccupied with his own affairs, he went straight to Zinnia's room which he shared with her, unaware of the storm brewing in Peterson's mind and the suspicions that were starting to unravel.

As Duncan closed the door behind him, he moved cautiously toward the left side of the closet, which he knew was his designated space. Among his folded clothes, he located a particular item—a box that didn't quite fit in with the rest. He carefully shifted the box aside, revealing a surface with a hidden password lock.

Without hesitation, Duncan pressed four code numbers on the surface, causing the lock to slide open smoothly. Inside the box, he retrieved an iPad, a device he used for surveillance purposes. Turning it on, the screen displayed a live feed from different areas of the house.

His attention was drawn to the kitchen, where his wife was visible, sweating as she prepared dinner. Duncan smirked, observing her perspiration. He attributed it to the absence of air conditioning in the kitchen, possibly due to his wife's grandmother taking matters into her own hands.

"I guess her grandmother turned off the AC there," Duncan mused to himself, a hint of amusement in his voice. The sight of his wife's discomfort seemed to bring him a sense of satisfaction, further emphasizing the complexities of their relationship.

Duncan couldn't help but revel in his wife's distress, finding amusement in her disheveled appearance. A cruel smirk tugged at the corners of his lips as he watched her struggle. "You deserve this and more to come," he muttered under his breath, his voice laced with a mixture of satisfaction and vindictiveness.

Returning the iPad to its hiding spot within the lock, Duncan decided it was time to freshen up. He made his way to the bathroom, leaving his wife to her own struggles. Moments later, as Duncan emerged from the bathroom, he was met with the sight of his wife, Zinnia entering the room, her appearance disheveled and worn.

Duncan folded his hands, leaning against a nearby surface, silently observing his wife's actions. He watched as she instinctively increased the AC level, seeking relief from the stifling heat. With an exhausted sigh, she slumped onto the bed, seemingly unaware of Duncan's presence in the room.

As Duncan focused his gaze on his wife's weary face, a wave of amusement washed over him once again, causing him to burst into laughter. His laughter echoed through the room as he looked away,

unable to contain his delight at her plight.

Unbeknownst to Duncan, Zinnia, his wife, had risen from the bed, her eyes fixated on him, a mix of confusion and concern evident in her expression.

"Why are you laughing?" Zinnia's hiss of a question caught Duncan off guard, causing him to shift his attention back to her. Her words were laced with contempt and anger, making it clear that she was not amused by his laughter.

"I'm surprised, my dear wife," Duncan replied, his tone dripping with sarcasm, "you look gracious in your wifely state." He couldn't resist adding a touch of mockery to his words, reveling in the power he held over her at that moment.

Zinnia, however, was not one to be easily deterred. She sneered at him, rolling her eyes in a display of defiance. She saw right through his sarcastic remark, understanding the underlying meaning and intent.

With a determined expression, Zinnia stepped closer to Duncan, her voice dripping with venom. "I see you're one of the many foolish husbands who are happy to see their wives looking miserable," she retorted. "But let me tell you this..." She paused, her eyes locked with his, before snapping her fingers dismissively in his face. "When I regain my position, I'll make sure you live your worthless life forever beneath me."