

Chapter 61

Zinnia's words hung heavily in the air, a declaration of her resilience and determination to rise above the challenges she faced.

While Duncan's smile remained unfazed by Zinnia's insult, almost as if her words didn't affect him at all. He brushed off her remark, fully confident in his own superiority.

"Ignorant fool," Zinnia muttered under her breath, her teeth gnashing with frustration. Despite her anger, she couldn't help but fulfill her duty (which she had unwillingly bestowed on herself) and inform Duncan that dinner was ready. Reluctantly, she shared the information, acknowledging that it was her grandmother, Ma'am Luna's, instruction.

Duncan's response was laced with sarcasm and mockery. "Oh, I can't wait to taste the delicacy you've made," he exclaimed, his voice dripping with exaggerated enthusiasm. "I'm sure it's Aweeeee-some." His laughter erupted once again, echoing through the room.

Zinnia groaned in exasperation, feeling the weight of the situation pressing upon her. She entered the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind her, seeking a moment of respite from Duncan's taunting presence. The sound of the door's impact reverberated through the room, symbolizing the growing divide between them.

Meanwhile, Duncan, still wearing a smug smile, left the room, his satisfaction evident in every step he took. The power dynamics between them remained unbalanced, and he reveled in his perceived dominance.

Zinnia stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom, her breath coming in heavy pants as she tried to calm herself. Her mind was consumed with thoughts of Duncan's audacity and newfound boldness since his return to

the house. The once-submissive man had transformed into a contemptible figure who seemed to have no regard for anyone else.

"How dare that lowlife scumbag?!" Zinnia seethed, her voice laced with anger and frustration. "He is nothing, yet he has been flying high like an eagle. Screw him!" The words escaped her lips with force as if to release the pent-up emotions swirling within her.

In her frustration, Zinnia slammed her hand down on the lavatory countertop, the sound echoing through the bathroom. Groaning in exasperation, she wished for a way to put an end to Duncan's dominance and reclaim her own power.

Suddenly, a knock at the door interrupted her thoughts, causing her to roll her eyes in annoyance. "If it's Duncan, I'm going to ruin his face, I swear," she muttered under her breath as she walked towards the door. Her determination to confront him head-on this time was evident in her expression.

Opening the door, Zinnia was surprised to see Rissa, one of the few house helpers, standing at the door. Zinnia descended the stairs below the bathroom door with a derisive sneer still etched across her face, her eyes fixed on Rissa. Each step she took seemed to amplify her simmering anger and frustration. Her face was contorted into a scornful expression as if she were looking down upon Rissa with disdain.

"Ms. Zinnia..." Rissa began tentatively, her voice filled with apprehension.

"What the fuck do you want?!" Zinnia abruptly interrupted, her words laced with venom. The harshness of her tone caused. Zinnia's impatience was palpable as if any interruption or inconvenience was an unforgivable offense.



Rissa struggled to find her words, her anxiety mounting in the face of Zinnia's seething anger. She knew she had to deliver her message, but the hostile atmosphere made it difficult to gather her thoughts.

"Sorry, but your attention is needed," Rissa finally managed to say, her voice quivering slightly. She could feel the weight of Zinnia's gaze piercing through her, intensifying the unease that had settled within her.

Zinnia's blood boiled even further at Rissa's interruption, the memories of her frustrating evening resurfacing vividly. She recalled the hours spent toiling away in the kitchen, sweating profusely due to the lack of air conditioning, while Rissa had simply watched without offering any assistance, following the instructions given to her by Zinnia's grandmother.

The combination of exhaustion and resentment fueled Zinnia's anger, lending an air of righteous indignation to her already sneering expression. In that moment, she felt a surge of superiority over Rissa, as if her own frustration justified treating her with such contempt.

"What the hell do you mean?" Zinnia snapped, her impatience evident in her tone. The interruption had only served to intensify her frustration, and she had little tolerance for further delays.

Rissa stammered, her voice trembling as she struggled to convey the message. The weight of Zinnia's gaze made it difficult for her to maintain eye contact, and she could feel her own anxiety mounting.

"Ma'am Luna wants... y...you in t...the dining room," Rissa managed to say, her words broken and hesitant. She could sense Zinnia's displeasure, but she knew she had to deliver the message regardless.

Zinnia's irritation only grew, and she scoffed at Rissa's response. Her

disdain was clear as she dismissed Rissa's explanation.

"Don't you see how miserable I look, hm? I need to freshen up, so get out!" Zinnia retorted sharply, her frustration getting the better of her. She saw no reason to prioritize anyone else's needs when her own comfort was at stake.

"It's ma'am Luna's order, ma and..." Rissa's heart raced as she caught Zinnia's intense gaze, causing her to pause. The weight of Zinnia's gaze felt oppressive, and she feared that she might collapse under the pressure if she remained any longer. Realizing that further argument or explanation would only worsen the situation, Rissa chose to bow and retreat, leaving Zinnia behind.

As Rissa made her way out, Zinnia grumbled to herself, her voice filled with contempt. "Imbecile," she muttered under her breath, the disdain evident in her words. The frustration and anger that had built up within her continued to simmer, leaving her in a bitter mood as she prepared to face whatever awaited her in the dining room.

Zinnia's initial instinct was to head towards the bathroom, seeking solace and a moment to compose herself. However, the weight of the consequences of ignoring her grandmother's call weighed heavily on her. With a resigned sigh, she reluctantly abandoned her plans and left the room, her face marked by a sense of defeat.

As Zinnia made her way towards the dining room, her expression remained somber and downtrodden. She couldn't shake off the feeling of being cornered and trapped by the demands of her family.

Upon entering the dining room, her eyes fell upon Duncan, who stood behind an empty chair. The sight of him ignited her fury and she knew that facing her family members would likely result in further ridicule and

mockery.

"Mom, do you smell something horrible?" Lisa chimed in with a mischievous tone, a hint of mockery in her voice.

Bella joined in, adding her own dose of disgust to the situation.

"It seems like a butcher is around," Bella remarked, her words dripping with disdain. Zinnia could sense the mockery and intentional provocation in their words, knowing that they were setting the stage for another round of teasing at her expense. Rolling her eyes in response, Zinnia braced herself for the inevitable taunting that would follow.

Lisa's disgust was evident on her face as she made a show of her distaste, uttering an exaggerated "Eew" directed towards Zinnia. Zinnia chose to ignore her taunts, knowing that any response would only fuel the fire.

But the teasing didn't stop there. Aaron, joining in with Lisa, couldn't resist taking a jab at Zinnia too. "It's obvious that you're the stinky one in the midst, Zinnia," he remarked, his words accompanied by a giggle. The siblings seemed to take pleasure in their collective mockery.

Zinnia felt the urge to defend herself, to retaliate against their hurtful comments and bash them too. However, before she could utter a word, her brother Marcus interjected, cutting her off. "Gross, your presence really changed the lovely air around, Zinnia," he added, his tone dripping with scorn.

Zinnia chose not to dignify Marcus's comment with a response. Instead, she pushed Duncan aside, attempting to take her seat at the table. But her actions were abruptly halted by ma'am Luna, who stepped in and stopped her with a curt remark. "You won't dine with us," she declared, her tone final and unwavering.

The realization sank in for Zinnia, a mix of frustration and disappointment settling within her. She had been excluded from the family gathering, her presence deemed unwelcome. Duncan, observing the situation, couldn't help but smile slyly, seemingly relishing in Zinnia's predicament, with all pleasure, he watched shock wash over Zinnia's expression.

Zinnia's confusion and frustration grew as she straightened up, seeking clarification from her grandmother. Her voice carried a mix of assertiveness and bewilderment. "What do you mean, grandmother? I cooked the food. Didn't you call me to join you guys?"

Ma'am Luna's response was firm and uncompromising. "Yes, you cooked the food, but you won't dine with us," she reiterated, her tone leaving no room for negotiation.

Zinnia's brow furrowed, trying to make sense of the situation. However, before she could respond, Duncan interjected, "I guess you've forgotten, my dear wife, but you have to cook and serve the meals for a week, remember?" His words were laced with a hint of smugness as if relishing the opportunity to remind Zinnia of her new obligations.

Zinnia's throat tightened as she swallowed, the weight of her forgotten duty settling heavily upon her. She tilted her head, her glare directed towards Duncan, her frustration boiling over. "Are you mad? How dare you talk when I'm talking to my grandmother...?"

But her Aunt, Bella seized the opportunity to add fuel to the fire, deliberately intending to upset Zinnia further. "He has the right to," Bella interjected, her voice dripping with a mix of amusement and malice. It was clear that Zinnia's family members were united in their attempt to undermine and provoke her.

Zinnia stood there, her anger simmering beneath the surface but unable to find an outlet. She felt trapped and misunderstood, the weight of her family's actions and words pressing down upon her.

"Grandmother, I think..." Zinnia's attempt to speak her mind was once again interrupted, this time by Duncan, who unexpectedly spoke up. His interruption caught everyone off guard, including Zinnia herself. "No, I think I should be the one to dine with everyone while you serve, my wife," Duncan declared, his tone oozing with arrogance. Without waiting for permission or further discussion, he confidently took a seat at the table and cleared his throat, as if asserting his newfound authority.

Zinnia's eyes widened in disbelief, mirrored by the astonishment of those around her. They couldn't believe the audacity of Duncan's actions and his complete disregard for social norms and common courtesy. Yet, he sat there, a self-satisfied smile on his face, his gaze fixated on Zinnia with a fearless mien.

"Now, be a good girl and serve your husband, my dear," he taunted, his tone filled with condescension. His words were calculated to undermine and belittle Zinnia, further fueling her frustration and anger.

"I won't serve you," Zinnia declared, her jaw tightening.

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

get it