

Chapter 68

Peterson felt Duncan's emotions were running high, and his words were fueled by anger and hurt, he didn't try to think that Duncan was trying to mess with his head a bit.

However, Peterson was determined to maintain his own integrity and not let the situation devolve into further personal attacks. So he calmly requested. "Put Zinnia out of this, please."

Seeing his words were annoying him the more, Duncan went on. "Why should I put her out of this? You slept with my wife, and now you want me to forget about it?"

"Sorry to say but Zinnia threw herself at me," Peterson interjected. He didn't want to ruin his dignity anymore. "Yes, she's beautiful and attractive and I couldn't look away when she threw herself at me. She even gladly accepted that we had sex at one of their farmhouses."

Not caring much about the revelations of his wife's dirty actions, Duncan went on moving his head to the rhyme of the song. Though deep down, Duncan felt his heart crushing again to know how cheap his wife was.

"Zinnia offered me sex because I promised to help her with some money. Sorry to say, but I know it sounds like there was a combination of factors at play, including financial strain and personal circumstances that influenced her decisions. I understand that you may be feeling betrayed and hurt by what transpired."

Duncan shrugged, relaxing his shoulders and throwing a deaf ear to Peterson who thoughtlessly continued blabbering.

"Though I couldn't give her the money and after I lost my job, I guess

that's why she jeopardized my chance of taking that contract and snatched it from me."

Duncan chuckled, amazed at how Peterson was trying himself in confusion. "I thought you said you think I'm responsible for that too, so why blame Zinnia now?"

Realizing he had said something contrary to what he claimed before, Peterson hissed.

"Let's forget that and please just help me. I know you can help me in some way to recover all I've lost."

"Hm, I should help you?"

"Yes, I would appreciate it, honestly."

"Okay." Duncan turned to face him, nodding his head in a playful manner. "I think I can help you but first convince me you need my help," Duncan relayed, putting on a serious expression as he stood before Peterson.

Baffled, Peterson asked, "How?"

"Fall on your knees and beg me," Duncan said with a sly smile as he stared at Peterson.

As Duncan made his demand, Peterson's eyes widened in disbelief. He found himself in a difficult position, torn between his desperation to regain what he had lost and the dignity he wished to maintain.

However, with a glimmer of hope still flickering within him, he reluctantly decided to comply with Duncan's request, recognizing that it might be the only way to secure his assistance.

Feeling a sense of helplessness and desperation, Peterson slowly sank to his knees, the weight of the situation pressing upon him. His pride and self-respect momentarily set aside, he looked up at Duncan, his eyes reflecting a mix of vulnerability and determination.

"I need your help, Duncan," Peterson pleaded, his voice laced with sincerity. "I've lost so much, and I'm willing to do whatever it takes to rectify the situation. Please, consider extending your support and expertise. I understand the gravity of what I'm asking, and I'm truly grateful for any help you can provide."

In that moment, Peterson's actions and words conveyed his genuine desperation and the extent to which he was willing to go to seek assistance. He hoped that his display of vulnerability would strike a chord with Duncan, prompting him to reconsider and offer the help that Peterson so desperately sought.

As Duncan observed Peterson Rogers kneeling before him, he couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. Taking in a deep breath of the surrounding air, he whispered to himself, "This is just the beginning for you, Peterson Rogers."

Folding his arms, Duncan's smile grew wider as he noticed people around him beginning to whisper. The growing murmurs pleased him, especially when individuals started reaching for their phones to capture videos and pictures of the scene unfolding before them.

"Oh my, that's Peterson Rogers," a woman exclaimed to her companion, her voice filled with amusement.

"He seems to have lost everything, honey," the man responded, and they both burst into laughter.

It appeared that Duncan's actions had attracted attention and were having the desired effect on those witnessing the spectacle.

As the situation unfolded, more people joined in the conversation, expressing their opinions about Peterson's apparent downfall.

"He lost everything and now he's kneeling in front of someone who seems insignificant," remarked one person, emphasizing the perceived power dynamic.

"I guess he's begging for alms, knowing full well he'll go bankrupt soon," added another, contributing to the negative judgment surrounding Peterson's circumstances.

"I'm taking a video! It's going to gain millions of views," the girl whom Duncan had winked at earlier said in excitement, causing him to giggle softly.

Caught in the midst of the attention, Peterson began to feel worse. The realization that people were taking pictures of him intensified his discomfort. The thought of escaping the bar briefly crossed his mind, but he quickly dismissed it.

Peterson, determined to maintain his belief that he would overcome his current situation, found it increasingly difficult to endure the scrutinizing gazes of the people in the bar, even for a mere minute. Fueled by a mix of frustration and defiance, unable to cope any longer, he directed his words towards Duncan, his tone laced with derision.

"Duncan, I'm on my knees like you wanted. So, what now? Will you help me?" Peterson questioned, hoping to provoke a response.

Duncan, seemingly unfazed by Peterson's tone, responded calmly, "

Hmm, I think so. But, you just have to do what I say, Peterson."

Confused by Duncan's words, Peterson's annoyance grew, and he pressed for clarification. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

With a hint of mystery in his voice, Duncan continued, "I know you're probably jobless now. You never can tell, I might be able to offer you work."

Sensing Duncan was making a joke of him, Peterson arose in frustration. Meeting Duncan's taunting gaze, unable to keep his cool anymore, he grabbed Duncan by the collar and punched him.

"How dare you lowlife try to mess with me, hm?" He groaned.

Duncan chuckled in disbelief, lifting his brows. "You dare hit me again, Peterson Rogers?"

"Yeah, and you're lucky I've got things to do now if not I would have pounced on you like I did the other night you got to know Zinnia cheated on you with me." Staring at Duncan with contempt, hot fumes escaping his nostrils, he spat, "Idiotic psychopath!"

"Alright then." Duncan shrugged, not feeling affected by his words. "I guess you don't need my help anymore."

"I was wrong and stupid to think you could help me. You're capable of nothing. Damn you!" With that, Peterson stomped out of the bar, trying to hide his face with his hand to avoid clear photos and videos of him being taken.

Meanwhile, Duncan casually wiped away the drop of blood that had formed at the corner of his lips, a result of Peterson's punch. A smirk adorned his face as he contemplated the events that had transpired. "

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You'll see what I'm capable of, Peterson Rogers," he made a silent promise. Downing the remaining contents of his glass, Duncan settled his tab with the bartender and exited the bar. 📖

 Gem Lynne author

“Peterson doesn't know what's coming his way next 😏😏. He seems to like trouble, so grab your popcorns and wait to see him crumble 🍿🍿🍿”

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