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At that moment, Zinnia's mind was filled with apprehension as she visualized the potentially devastating impact the video of her cleaning the kitchen could have on her self-image if Duncan decided to upload it. Overwhelmed by the fear of embarrassment and humiliation, she made a quick decision to surrender to his demands.

Meanwhile, Duncan observed the situation with a smirk, thoroughly amused by Zinnia's internal struggle. He leaned back comfortably on the couch, casually whistling a tune as he awaited her response.

Summoning all her courage, Zinnia forced a smile, determined to appease Duncan and avoid any further consequences. "Alright, I'll clean your shoes," she reluctantly agreed, her voice tinged with hidden frustration. Duncan nodded in satisfaction, his gaze flickering to her tightly clenched fists, relishing in her visible effort to suppress her anger.

"Give me the shoes." Eager to comply, Zinnia extended her hand toward Duncan, silently urging him to hand over the shoes.

Duncan continued to playfully ignore Zinnia's initial request, maintaining his nonchalant demeanor as he whistled and swayed his head to the rhythm. Zinnia's frustration reached a boiling point, and she couldn't contain her anger any longer.

"I said give me the shoes!" Zinnia's voice rose, almost yelling, causing Duncan to finally pay attention and stop his whistling.

He feigned innocence and amusement, claiming, "Oh, I didn't hear you earlier, wifey," punctuating his words with a chuckle. He pointed towards the shoes, shrugging casually, which only served to further fuel Zinnia's annoyance. She narrowed her eyes at him, a mix of disbelief and anger

flickering in her gaze.

"What?" Zinnia's eyes widened, her voice trembling with incredulity as she struggled to comprehend his gesture. The situation was pushing her to the edge, testing her patience and self-control.

With a dismissive tone, Duncan pointedly ordered, "Go on and take the shoes, my beautiful servant wife." His words were laced with sarcasm, deliberately provoking Zinnia's emotions.

The combination of Duncan's condescending attitude and the belittling remark pushed Zinnia to the brink. Her composure wavered, and she found herself teetering on the edge of losing control. The intensity of her emotions surged through her, her heart pounding in her chest.

Summoning every ounce of restraint, Zinnia took a deep breath, attempting to regain her composure. She stared at Duncan, her eyes reflecting a mix of anger and determination, silently vowing not to let him get under her skin further.

In a firm voice, Duncan urged, "Pick the shoes, Zin."

Zinnia's frustration and exasperation reached a tipping point, and she refused to tolerate Duncan's condescending behavior any longer. She confronted him directly, reminding him of their history and the role she played in his current circumstances.

"Duncan, I'm not your servant! Don't further frustrate me, and let's not forget that it's because of me that you're here today," Zinnia asserted, her tone laced with a sneer. She refused to let him belittle her or undermine her worth.

Duncan arose, his demeanor shifted, his expression turning stern as he responded, "What do you say? You made my life miserable, forgotten?"

He attempted to throw her own actions back at her, suggesting that she had caused him suffering and that she had disregarded their past. 1

Unfazed by his accusation, Zinnia fired back with resolve, "My life was worse because you were nothing." Her retort echoed with a hint of bitterness, emphasizing that she had experienced hardships long before their current circumstances.

"And Peterson? You cheated on me with him!" His reminder only fueled her defiance. She saw through his attempt to use her past mistakes as a means of seeking vengeance.

"Uh-oh, so it's all about that? That's why you want to get back at me now that you have the chance, by annoying me?" Zinnia smirked, her voice dripping with sarcasm. She refused to succumb to his manipulations, dismissing his actions as senseless and irrelevant.

Duncan's chuckle caught Zinnia off guard, and she felt a mix of surprise and irritation at his response.

"You know, Zinnia, you're the pathetic one. It's quite unfortunate."

His words were meant to belittle and undermine her, but Zinnia refused to let them break her resolve.

"Well, let me tell you this, no matter what you do, you won't be able to get me to apologize to you," Zinnia declared firmly, her voice laced with determination. She was steadfast in her refusal to give in to Duncan's manipulative tactics.

"You slept with Peterson and you got nothing, I never knew you were that cheap." His comment struck a nerve.

Zinnia clenched her teeth, feeling a surge of anger rise within her. His

words were intentionally hurtful, designed to provoke a reaction.

"You imbecile," she cursed under her breath, her voice filled with contempt. The temptation to retaliate physically began to take hold as she lifted her hand, ready to slap him. However, a sudden realization of the consequences stopped her in her tracks, as she recalled the previous encounter when she had attempted to confront him physically.

Taking a deep breath to regain her composure, Zinnia lowered her hand and resisted the urge to engage in a physical confrontation. She understood that resorting to violence would only escalate the situation and potentially put her in further harm's way.

Instead, she focused on maintaining her inner strength and resolved to find a way out of this toxic dynamic, where Duncan continued to demean and manipulate her. Zinnia reminded herself that her true power lay in breaking free from his control and reclaiming her independence.

Duncan sensed a shift in Zinnia's thoughts and determination, and a smile crept across his face as she reluctantly grabbed the shoes from the floor. However, before she could make her exit, she stopped abruptly and spun around to face him once again. 1

"Duncan, delete the video now!" Zinnia's voice held a mixture of desperation and frustration, as she implored him to take action.

Duncan, reveling in his power over her, responded with a raised eyebrow, taunting her, "Are you commanding me?"

Realizing that a direct command would only provoke him further, Zinnia sighed and shook her head, attempting a different approach. "No, I'm not," she said, forcing herself to be polite. "Please, do that."

Unfazed by her plea, Duncan saw an opportunity to assert his dominance

and proposed a disturbing condition. "Hm, if you want me to do that, then do something for me in return."

Zinnia's eyes widened in disbelief, her lips parting in shock. "What?" she asked, her voice laced with apprehension.

"Kiss. My. Shoes," Duncan spelled it out, his tone firm and unwavering, fully aware of the impact his request would have on her.

"No, you're joking," Zinnia responded, her voice filled with a mixture of disbelief and defiance. She couldn't believe that he would stoop so low as to demand such a demeaning act.

"I'm not," Duncan stated firmly, his expression unyielding, relishing in his power to degrade and humiliate her.

Again, Zinnia found herself trapped in a difficult situation, torn between her desire to delete the video and her unwillingness to succumb to Duncan's degrading demands. The weight of her decision hung heavily on her shoulders as she contemplated the choices before her.

"You don't have all the time to decide, Zinnia. If you don't do that in ten seconds, I'll not agree to delete the video at all," Duncan declared.

Duncan's ultimatum left Zinnia feeling trapped and pressured to make a quick decision. The weight of the situation bore down on her, and she struggled to find the right words to respond to his demeaning demand.

Zinnia's mouth opened, but her voice failed her. The silence between them was heavy, and her heart pounded in her chest as she watched Duncan intently, his gaze filled with a mix of anticipation and amusement.

"You, are you..." Zinnia tried to articulate her thoughts, but once again,

she found herself speechless in the face of his manipulative tactics. The seconds ticked away, and she sensed that time was running out.

Realizing that she had no other choice, Zinnia reluctantly made a decision. She shut her eyes, took a deep breath, and uttered with resignation, "Fine."

Slowly, she opened her eyes, only to be met with Duncan's sly smile. Disgust welled up within her as she realized he had succeeded in his attempt to exert control over her. "You've won?" she hissed, her voice laden with contempt.

Duncan shrugged, nonchalantly dismissing her question, further fueling her anger and frustration.

"I know you would enjoy this. It would be the last time you will manipulate me though," Zinnia muttered under her breath, her voice laced with a mix of anger and determination. Clutching the pair of shoes tightly in her hands, she brought them up to her face and placed a kiss on them, her lips pressing against the material with a mix of longing and resentment. As she did so, her teeth clenched together, revealing her frustration and pent-up emotions.

Unbeknownst to Zinnia, Duncan, her husband, silently observed her actions. His thoughts echoed with a simmering anger, fueled by the countless instances of misery and betrayal he believed Zinnia had inflicted upon him throughout their marriage.

In his mind, he vowed to make her pay dearly for her actions, ensuring that she would experience the depths of suffering she had allegedly caused him. He envisioned a future where Zinnia would come crawling on her knees, begging for forgiveness and mercy before him.

As Zinnia glanced at Duncan dismissively, her eyes filled with defiance and a hint of indifference, he couldn't help but stifle a yawn. His weariness momentarily overshadowed his anger, and he decided it was time to step away from the tense atmosphere. "I will go take a shower now," he announced, his voice lacking the intensity that brewed within him. With that, he turned and left the room, seeking solace and a temporary escape from the brewing storm between them.

With a deep well of contempt brewing within her, Zinnia's eyes followed Duncan's every move as he made his way towards the bathroom. As he disappeared behind the bathroom door, she couldn't contain her anger any longer. In a fit of frustration, she turned abruptly, only to be met with the unexpected sight of Duncan throwing his clothes out of the bathroom. They landed unceremoniously on top of her, causing her to recoil in surprise.

"Don't forget to wash them, wifey!" Duncan's voice echoed from the bathroom, his words dripping with sarcasm and accompanied by a chuckle. The gesture was clearly intended to provoke her further, to remind her of her perceived responsibilities and the power dynamics at play within their relationship.

The impact of the clothes hitting her served as a catalyst for Zinnia's fury. "Damn you!" she scoffed, her voice seething with anger and resentment. She swiftly gathered the discarded clothes and forcefully threw them into the dirty clothes basket, her actions mirroring the intensity of her emotions. Slumping onto the bed, she found herself panting, both physically and emotionally drained from the heated exchange.

As her breaths gradually steadied, Zinnia's thoughts turned towards retaliation. The weight of Duncan's taunts and provocations fueled her determination to seek retribution. "You will rot in hell, Duncan," she

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muttered through gritted teeth, her voice laced with a mix of determination and vindictiveness. "I will get back at you for all these taunts."

Her eyes rolled in exasperation, reflecting her unwavering commitment to getting back at him for every torment he had inflicted upon her.