

Chapter 83

Chapter 83

Duncan sat back comfortably, a mischievous smile playing on his lips as he held the phone to his ear. As he listened intently, he could clearly hear the rapid, pounding beats of Peterson's racing heartbeat, a clear indication of his furious state. Duncan couldn't help but relish in the satisfaction of knowing how greatly enraged Peterson was.

Just as Duncan was about to respond to Peterson's angry demand for money, Karla, who stood next to him, gestured with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Duncan, I need my money, don't you..."

Sensing the opportunity for a well-timed prank, Duncan seized it. He abruptly pressed the end call button, cutting off Peterson's voice before he could finish his sentence.

Duncan turned his attention to Karla, his laughter bubbling up from deep within. The two of them shared a moment of pure amusement, reveling in the hilarity of the situation he had orchestrated. The tension that had been building between them and Peterson was temporarily forgotten as their laughter filled the air.

"So, what are you going to do now?" Karla asked as she curiously stared at him.

"Peterson had the guts to hit me despite needing my help. That was good though." Duncan smirked, brushing his thumb over his lips.

Seeming dazed, Karla asked, "What do you mean?"

"I want to see Peterson in that crazy manner he was last night."

"What if he presses charges on you?" Karla asked, a hint of perplexity in her voice.

"He won't dare because he has no proof. Don't worry, I've got things covered up," Duncan assured.

"I trust you," Karla said and they locked eyes, smiling.

Meanwhile, Peterson, infuriated by the sudden disconnection, arose from his comfortable position on his living room couch. The overwhelming sense of devastation washed over him, leaving him in a state of frustration and anger.

Earlier that day, he had made a trip to the bank, only to discover that his entire savings had been wiped out by an unknown perpetrator. The bank staff seemed suspicious of him as if they believed he had orchestrated the fraudulent activity himself. This added insult to injury, amplifying his feelings of betrayal and frustration.

Upon returning home, Peterson couldn't shake the nagging suspicion that Duncan might have played a role in his financial misfortune. Having called Duncan to confront him about the situation, and Duncan's reaction on the phone had only fueled Peterson's suspicions further. The phone call had abruptly ended, leaving Peterson to stew in his own thoughts and growing doubts.

Restless and consumed by his emotions, Peterson began pacing back and forth in his living room. The sound of the doorbell interrupted his agitated movements. He walked towards the door, feeling a mix of curiosity and apprehension. As he opened the door, a letter was handed to him, its presence adding an air of mystery to the already tense atmosphere.

As Peterson stepped inside his house, he quickly tore open the envelope, revealing a letter from his bank. However, his creeping excitement quickly turned to dismay as he read its contents. The letter conveyed a heart-wrenching message, informing him that he needed to repay a substantial loan he had taken out several months prior. The urgency of the situation was emphasized, urging him to settle the debt as soon as possible.

Overwhelmed by this new predicament, Peterson's frustration reached a boiling point. He immediately dialed the number of the bank manager, Morrison, hoping for some clarity and assistance. However, the tone of the manager's response was far from welcoming.

"Hello, Morrison, it's Peterson. I received a letter from the bank," Peterson said, his voice tinged with exasperation.

"Yes?" Morrison responded curtly, his tone lacking sympathy or understanding.

Peterson couldn't contain his emotions any longer. "Why? My entire money was stolen overnight, and now you people are sending me this demand for repayment?" he exclaimed, his anger seeping into his words.

Morrison's response was equally unsympathetic. "You're to be blamed, I'm sorry to say," he retorted, placing the blame squarely on Peterson's shoulders.

Perplexed and taken aback by the bank manager's response, Peterson struggled to comprehend the gravity of the situation.

"What do you mean...?" Peterson managed to utter, his voice filled with a mix of disbelief and concern.

Morrison's response only added to Peterson's shock. "You're owing the bank 20 million dollars," he stated matter-of-factly, leaving Peterson momentarily speechless.

"What? Are you kidding me? It's 10 million dollars," Peterson protested, his voice rising with a hint of desperation.

Morrison remained firm in his assertion. "According to our records, you recently obtained a loan from us for 10 million dollars. The transaction was made through the bank's mobile app less than 24 hours ago."

Peterson's mind raced as he tried to piece together the events unfolding before him. It suddenly dawned on him that the same person who had hacked into his account and stolen his money had also managed to gain access to his bank app and fraudulently obtain the loan. The realization was overwhelming, and Peterson struggled to come to terms with the fact that all of this had transpired overnight.

A sense of disbelief and anger washed over Peterson as he grappled with the magnitude of the situation. He felt violated and betrayed, unable to comprehend how his financial security had been shattered in such a short span of time.

Peterson felt a surge of panic and desperation as the bank manager delivered the ultimatum. The weight of the situation became even heavier as the manager coldly stated, "We've given you time, Peterson Rogers. Remember, this is business. You have 7 days to pay off the loan."

The deadline loomed over Peterson like a dark cloud, leaving him stunned and overwhelmed. The realization that his home, the place he had considered his sanctuary, could be seized compounded his distress.

Unable to fathom the magnitude of the threat, Peterson managed to

protest, "What? You can't do that..."

The manager interrupted him with a firm tone, asserting, "We have the right to. It's within our legal power."

Hoping for a glimmer of compassion, Peterson pleaded, "Please, Morrison, for old times' sake, help me out. I've been a loyal customer for years."

However, Morrison's response was resolute and unsympathetic. "There's nothing I can do, sorry," he said before abruptly ending the call, leaving Peterson feeling utterly helpless and abandoned.

Peterson was left alone, grappling with the harsh reality that his financial security, and even his home, hung in the balance. The weight of the situation bore down on him, and he knew that he had to act swiftly and decisively to find a way out of this dire predicament.

He walked into his room, consumed by a mix of frustration, confusion, and disbelief. He couldn't help but lament, "What's all this misfortune befalling me? I never saw any of this coming. How could the bank be so merciless, especially after all the years of transactions I've had with them?"

Feeling a surge of anger, Peterson picked up the letter once more and read it more carefully. The words on the paper only fueled his rage. "What do they mean by accusing me of deceptively planning all of this to abscond with the bank's money? And now they threaten to file charges against me if I don't repay the loan? What's wrong with them?"

As Peterson pondered the situation, a realization began to dawn on him. The manager's earlier statement about him playing games suddenly made sense. It seemed as though the bank was perceiving him of having

a hand in his own misfortune, accusing him of orchestrating this entire unfortunate sequence of events.

Frustration mingled with a sense of betrayal as Peterson grappled with the fact that the bank, an institution he had trusted, was now treating him as a criminal. The weight of the accusations and the impending consequences weighed heavily on him, leaving him with a daunting task ahead—finding a way to clear his name and navigate through this intricate web of deceit.

Peterson's eyes roamed the room, his mind consumed by the weight of the situation. The room's atmosphere seemed to echo his restless thoughts as he pondered aloud, "What can I do?" He knew that he couldn't afford to remain idle and passive. Action was necessary.

Meanwhile, as promised, Duncan had returned to the Walton Domicile to provide his mother with a comprehensive update on his management of the entire business. As he shared their progress and achievements, his attention was momentarily diverted by the arrival of a message on his device. The sender was Peterson.

A smile crept across Duncan's face as he read the message from his enemy. The words "Let's meet, please" instantly sparked his curiosity.

Lady Zelda, his mother, noticing the change in his demeanor, couldn't help but inquire about the nature of the message.

"What are you up to, son?" she asked, her tone a mix of intrigue and concern.

Duncan's smile widened, reflecting a blend of determination and excitement. With a hint of satisfaction in his voice, he muttered, "Dealing with the enemies."