

Chapter 88

With a slight smirk, Duncan's heart skipped a beat as he watched the unexpected video, unsure of what he was about to witness and the consequences it might bring. He braced himself for whatever was captured on the screen, prepared to face the outcome of his calculated message and the impact it had on Zinnia and their relationship.

But as Duncan watched the video playing on Zinnia's phone, his eyes widened in realization. Within the first few seconds, it became clear that the footage was none other than the viral video where he had orchestrated Peterson to kneel before him. A sly grin tugged at the corners of his lips, and he couldn't help but tilt his head in satisfaction.

"Bingo," Duncan muttered under his breath, his voice filled with a mix of amusement and triumph. The unexpected turn of events had worked in his favor, and he couldn't contain his satisfaction.

Zinnia, growing impatient and confused by Duncan's silence, raised her voice and demanded, "Won't you speak? What is this?"

Regaining his composure, Duncan straightened his posture and shrugged nonchalantly. His face returned to its usual impassive expression as he replied, "Peterson asked me for money then."

Without giving Zinnia a chance to respond, Duncan walked past her, almost pushing her aside as he made his way to the center of the room. The sudden movement caught the attention of everyone present, and they turned their gazes towards him, their expressions a mix of confusion and bewilderment.

All eyes were fixed on Duncan, waiting for an explanation for his peculiar behavior. As the silence lingered, Duncan remained composed, ready to

address the curious onlookers.

As his gaze swept across the room, he took note of the various expressions on the faces of Marcus, Laila, Ma'am Luna, and the others. Undeterred by their demeanors, he proceeded to offer an explanation, determined to shape the narrative in his favor.

"That night, I happened to come across Peterson," Duncan began, his voice steady and composed. "To my surprise, he actually approached me and asked for money. Knowing that he was in a tough financial situation, I decided to be considerate and offered him a hundred dollars."

Duncan paused for a moment, allowing his words to sink in. He continued, "However, instead of showing gratitude, Peterson became irate. He suddenly lashed out and punched me before storming off in a fit of anger."

He delivered his fabricated story with conviction, leaving no room for doubt. Duncan had concocted a perfect last-minute lie, one that he believed would paint him as the victim and shift the blame onto Peterson. Judging by the reactions in the room, it seemed that his audience was buying into his tale.

"I'm sure he couldn't dare approach Zinnia directly," Laila interjected, her voice dripping with disdain as she eyed Duncan. "That's why he resorted to asking from his now broke mate which is you."

Laila's words stung, but Duncan maintained his composed demeanor, refusing to let her provocations rattle him. He knew that staying calm and collected would strengthen his position in this delicate situation. With a subtle nod, he acknowledged Laila's remark, silently accepting her claim.

As the conversation continued and tensions grew, Duncan nonchalantly glanced over at Marcus with a casual shrug as he added, "You are right, Mom. Peterson has indeed fallen on hard times."

The room fell silent as Lisa interjected, her voice filled with a mix of curiosity and judgment. "I've been seeing that video circulating online for the past 48 hours," she chimed in. "Tsk, tsk, tsk, Zinnia. It seems you devoured the poor guy and discarded him when he became useless to you."

Zinnia's eyes narrowed, her voice laced with a venomous sneer. "Watch your tongue, my dear cousin-sister," she retorted. "Or I will gladly pull it out for you."

Before any further words could be exchanged, a voice unexpectedly cut through the tension, capturing the attention of everyone in the room. It was a voice they all recognized, and its presence sent shockwaves through their midst. It was none other than Peterson himself, the central figure in the unfolding drama.

"You only act impulsive when the truth is said, bitch!" Peterson's voice rang out, filled with anger and resentment. All eyes turned towards him.

As Peterson approached, his presence ignited a sense of anticipation in Duncan. With a smug grin on his face, Duncan muttered under his breath, "Now the game begins." He took a few steps back, observing the shocked expression on the face of Zinnia in front of him.

Zinnia, visibly enraged by Peterson's unexpected appearance, couldn't contain her anger any longer. She confronted him, her voice filled with fury, "You son of a gun, what the hell are you doing in my house?"

Peterson, never one to back down from a confrontation, responded with

a taunting tone, "Your house? Ah, that's laughable. You can't ever own a house, and the proof of that is your own mother still living under her father's roof."

Peterson's words struck a nerve, causing Zinnia's mother, Laila, to gasp in disbelief. The revelation caught her off guard, and she stared at Peterson with a mix of surprise and confusion. The tension in the room intensified as the confrontation between Zinnia and Peterson escalated, leaving everyone in a state of bewilderment. 1

Zinnia's eyes narrowed, her voice filled with a mixture of anger and protectiveness. She warned Peterson, jabbing a finger in his direction, "Don't you dare insult my mother, Peterson! You're talking nonsense."

Peterson smirked, seemingly unfazed by Zinnia's warning. "Oh, I'm not," he retorted coolly. "You kept badmouthing Lisa when our relationship was thriving. Now, I see it clearly. You disliked her because she spoke the truth, something you couldn't handle."

Zinnia's face flushed with indignation. "Bullshit! Get out!" she ordered, her voice laced with frustration and disbelief.

Peterson, however, remained resolute and unyielding. He glanced briefly at Duncan, a silent understanding passing between them, before turning his attention back to Zinnia. "I'm not going anywhere," he asserted firmly. "I came here for a reason, and I'm going to state it now. I need every penny I gave you, Zinnia."

Zinnia couldn't help but chuckle in disbelief at his audacity. The situation had taken an unexpected turn, and she was determined to stand her ground against Peterson's demands. The room crackled with tension as their confrontation continued.

Zinnia's eyes narrowed further as she processed Peterson's audacious request. Her voice dripped with a mix of disbelief and anger as she confronted him, "Are you for real? Now that you've gone broke, you want to come rubbing skin with me and seek my help after how you've treated me? You're impossible, and you're a big fool."

Taking a moment to catch her breath, Zinnia's resolve grew stronger. She pointed towards the door and commanded, "Get out. Now!"

Peterson, however, stood defiantly, his arms crossed. In a shocking turn of events, he grabbed Zinnia's arm forcefully, causing her to stumble and fall to the floor. She let out a gasp of surprise and pain as she hit the ground.

Witnessing this act of aggression, Marcus, who had been observing the situation with growing irritation, could no longer contain his anger. "What the heck?" he exclaimed, his voice filled with indignation. The audacity and disrespect displayed by Peterson infuriated him, and he was ready to intervene.

Marcus's initial step forward gave Zinnia a glimmer of hope. She believed her brother might finally set aside their past issues and stand up for her. However, to her dismay, Marcus abruptly halted, refusing to come to her aid. A mix of shock and disappointment washed over her, leaving her feeling abandoned at that moment.

As the situation unfolded, the atmosphere in the room became even more tense. Lisa and Bella, seemingly amused by the chaos, exchanged glances and stifled their laughter. Their reaction only added to Zinnia's frustration and sense of isolation.

Refusing to let Peterson's actions break her spirit, Zinnia summoned her

strength and rose from the floor. Her voice trembled with a combination of anger and hurt as she confronted him, "How dare you push me, Peterson?"

A cruel smirk danced across Peterson's face as he responded, his words dripping with contempt, "A promiscuous woman like you is meant to be on the floor. You're even more cunning than Delilah."

Peterson's derogatory remarks struck a nerve, further fueling Zinnia's fury.

Ma'am Luna, who had been observing the escalating confrontation with growing concern, couldn't stay silent any longer. Her voice carried a mix of authority and disappointment as she addressed Peterson, "If that's the case, then you should be ashamed of yourself, just like Samson, for having something to do with my granddaughter, who, according to you, is more cunning than Delilah."

The weight of Ma'am Luna's words landed heavily on Zinnia, causing a pang of hurt to ripple through her. However, she remained composed, understanding that it was best for Ma'am Luna to intervene and assert her authority in the situation.

With a commanding presence, Ma'am Luna continued, "Listen to me, Peterson. I am nothing like Zinnia or my daughter, Laila. I am Luna Lennart, and you are standing under my roof. Get lost this instant!"

In response, Peterson displayed a shocking disregard for respect. He sneered and retorted, "I don't listen to old cargos like you, sorry."

His disrespectful attitude only served to further fuel the tension in the room. The air crackled with a mix of anger, frustration, and disbelief as everyone processed Peterson's audacious response to Ma'am Luna's firm

demand.

George, unable to contain his anger any longer, roared with fury as he swiftly closed the distance between himself and Peterson. In a swift motion, he grabbed Peterson by the collar, his grip tight and unrelenting. "You foolish man!" George's voice boomed with authority. "How dare you walk into the Lennart house and disrespect the head of the family, my mother? Who gave you the audacity, hm?"

Without hesitation, George delivered a powerful punch to Peterson's face, further asserting his dominance and defending his family's honor. Peterson caught off guard, attempted to retaliate, but his actions were abruptly interrupted by the arrival of the police. Two police officers swiftly entered the scene, seizing Peterson before he could regain his composure.

"I knew this would escalate, so I called the police the moment he walked in," George explained, a sense of satisfaction evident in his voice.

Lisa, witnessing the turn of events, couldn't help but mutter under her breath, "You're smart, Father," acknowledging George's quick thinking and protective instincts.

Ma'am Luna, her voice filled with authority, bellowed, "Take this filth bag out of my mansion!" Her words reverberated through the room, leaving no room for argument or hesitation. The police officers complied, escorting Peterson away, and his attempt to cause chaos in the Lennart household abruptly halted.

As Peterson approached the door, a twisted smirk still etched on his face, he couldn't resist hurling a final threat toward Marcus. He turned, facing Marcus directly, and yelled with venom in his voice, "You will go down too, Marcus! All of you will soon!"

Marcus, seething with anger but determined not to give Peterson the satisfaction of a response, simply hissed in frustration. The weight of Peterson's words hung in the air, serving as a chilling reminder of the lingering danger they all faced.

Deciding it was best to ensure Peterson faced the consequences of his actions, George stepped forward, offering to follow the police and provide a detailed statement. His intention was to strengthen the case against Peterson and ensure that he would be held accountable for invading their home and causing such chaos.

Meanwhile, the tension within the household remained palpable. Ma'am Luna, visibly disgusted by the recent events and the troubles caused by her own family members, spat out her words in a mix of anger and disappointment. "In the last few weeks, you've all caused problems for this household, especially you, Zinnia," she expressed, her voice heavy with disapproval.

"Grandmother..."

Before Zinnia could respond, Ma'am Luna raised her hand, silencing her granddaughter. She turned and made her way to her room. Then everyone retreated to their rooms after her.

An hour later, as Duncan stepped out of the bathroom, feeling refreshed after a nice shower, his mind wandered back to the events of the night. He had relished in Zinnia's humiliation, savoring the satisfaction it brought him. However, as he emerged from the bathroom, he realized that Zinnia was nowhere to be found in the room.

A thought crossed his mind, "My poor unfaithful wife, she's probably hiding somewhere in the house, crying her eyes out," he muttered with a

mixture of derision and amusement. He couldn't help but let out a scornful laugh, reveling in the perceived misery of his spouse.

Just then, his phone began to ring, breaking the silence of the room. The caller ID displayed an unknown number, but Duncan didn't hesitate to answer the call. He picked up the phone and asked, "Hello, who's this?" Duncan's voice carried a hint of curiosity and a touch of arrogance.

"Hey, it's me, Duncan," the caller said, his voice barely above a whisper. As the words reached Duncan's ears, a smile slowly spread across his lips, recognizing the voice on the other end.

"Peterson?" Duncan's voice carried a mix of surprise and amusement, pleased that his plan had seemingly worked.

"Yes, I'm glad you recognized me..." Peterson's voice trailed off, hinting at a certain vulnerability.

Duncan's curiosity turned into impatience as he asked, "What do you want?" His tone carried an air of arrogance, unwilling to extend any sympathy.

"Well, you know I'm locked up in the police station now because I did what you asked. I humiliated Zinnia," Peterson confessed, his voice tinged with a mix of regret and desperation. "So, come bail me out, I've got no one. And help me like you promised."

Duncan's lips curled into a sneer as he listened to Peterson's plea. His arrogance and lack of empathy were palpable as he coldly replied, "No. I won't."

A moment of disbelief hung in the air as Peterson processed Duncan's refusal. "What?" he managed to utter, his voice filled with a mixture of shock and disappointment.

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Duncan's sneer deepened as he took pleasure in Peterson's predicament. "Rot there, Peterson Rogers," he spat out, his words dripping with disdain.