

## Chapter 98

Karla's eyes narrowed as she processed the information, her mind working quickly to decipher the location of "Night 101." In an instant, Abigail provided the missing context. "It is a bar, Karla," she clarified, her voice carrying a hint of impatience.

Karla's initial confusion gave way to a feigned understanding. "Oh, I... I knew," she responded, her voice attempting to mask her momentary lapse.

Abigail let out a dismissive scoff, clearly unimpressed by Karla's attempt at deception. "Pff and it's actually..." she began to say, seemingly ready to provide further details.

But Karla, eager to take charge and begin executing her plan, swiftly cut Abigail off. "That information is enough for now. Bye," she stated abruptly, ending the call without giving Abigail a chance to say more.

A smile tugged at the corners of Karla's lips as she tightened her grip on the steering wheel, a surge of anticipation coursing through her veins. "A perfect location to carry out my plan," she muttered to herself, her voice filled with a mix of confidence and determination.

Shifting her gaze to the rearview mirror, Karla's eyes fell upon the duffel bag resting on the backseat of her car. It held the tools she needed, meticulously prepared for the task ahead. The reflection in the mirror showed a glint of excitement in her eyes as she prepared to navigate the intricate web of her own design.

She stretched her hand out, her fingers wrapping around the handle of the bag. With a firm grip, she lifted it off the seat and placed it carefully on the front seat of her car. As she unzipped the bag, a mischievous smirk

formed on her lips, revealing her excitement.

Her eyes sparkled as she pulled out a multicolored shiny lace short dress, examining it with delight. Glancing at the other contents of the duffle bag, a smirk appeared on her lips. With a satisfied nod, she carefully tucked the dress back into the bag and zipped it up, ensuring everything was secure.

Feeling a surge of anticipation, Karla tied up her hair in a ponytail, allowing her to fully embrace the sense of freedom that lay ahead. She let out a deep breath, a confident grin spreading across her face as she prepared herself mentally to carry out her plan.

Reflexing her muscles, she flexed her arms and shoulders, a display of her strength and determination. With a renewed sense of purpose, Karla firmly grabbed the steering wheel, her fingers wrapping around it tightly. Her eyes lit up with determination as she spoke with a hint of sarcasm, "Now let's go ride Peterson Rogers."

Starting the car, Karla felt the engine roar to life, its vibrations coursing through her body. She couldn't contain her excitement as she pressed her foot down on the accelerator, causing the car to zoom off, leaving behind a cloud of dust. As the cool night breeze rushed through her hair, she couldn't help but hum along to the energetic rock music playing from the car's speakers, the rhythm fueling her adrenaline.

In the dimly lit entrance of the bar, the atmosphere was tinged with a mixture of anticipation and a hint of seediness. A lady, dressed in a nondescript hoodie, stood at the entrance, her eyes drawn to the billboard positioned by the side of the door. The billboard featured provocative images of strippers on a pole, their bodies adorned with the inscription "NIGHT 101." Her gaze lingered on the display momentarily, her expression betraying a sense of disdain.



"Such a place he found to waste himself," she muttered under her breath, her voice carrying a hint of sarcasm and judgment. With a flick of her hair, she pushed open the door and stepped inside, the noise from the bar instantly engulfing her.

As she made her way further into the bar, her eyes fell upon a group of strippers performing on the pole dancing stage. She rolled her eyes in annoyance, feeling a sense of irritation wash over her. The flashing lights and the thumping beat of the loud hip-hop song blaring from nearby speakers only added to her discomfort.

Looking around at the crowd, she couldn't help but emit a hiss of disapproval. The scene before her seemed to embody everything she disdained—a world of superficiality, objectification, and hedonism.

As her searching gaze scanned the bar, her eyes finally landed on the person she had been looking for. With a determined stride, the lady made her way towards him.

Peterson Rogers sat at an inconspicuous and almost hideous corner of the bar, his attention seemingly fixed on the sensual moves of the strippers. His expression, however, betrayed a sense of despondency as he took occasional swigs from his bottle of beer.

"Hey, waiter, get me more bottles!" he hollered.

As she approached him, she reached out and roughly pulled his hand down, preventing him from calling the waiter at the adjacent corner. Then she took the other seat by the table.

Surprised and infuriated, Peterson let out a groan of frustration. He looked up at the lady who had abruptly interrupted his solitary moment. His brows furrowed as he mustered up the courage to voice his

displeasure, "Who the hell are you?"

The lady locked eyes with Peterson, her gaze intense and unwavering. "Who else," she replied, a hint of amusement in her voice, as she reached up and pulled off her hood, revealing her face. The rotating, shining lights of the bar flashed upon her features, allowing Peterson to have a clear view of her. A smile spread across his face as he recognized her.

"Sarah, you finally came," he exclaimed, a mix of relief and joy evident in his voice.

Sarah's expression, however, was a mixture of disbelief and disapproval. She shook her head, scoffing at Peterson's choice of venue. "Gosh, Peterson. I can't believe you've been hanging out in this place," she exclaimed, her tone laced with exasperation.

Confusion flickered across Peterson's face as he tried to comprehend Sarah's reaction. "What do you mean, sis? I seek solace here," he explained earnestly. "I stay at that uncondusive house you gave me during the day, but I come here at night to chill out a bit and sneak back into my own house to sleep. Do you know how miserable my life has become? I can't even freely enter my own house without facing judgment."

"I understand, bro," Sarah responded, her voice tinged with empathy. "But if you hadn't immersed yourself in petty debts, the situation wouldn't be so difficult for you." She didn't mean to hurt him with her words but wanted to express her concern.

Peterson let out a sigh, his frustration was evident. "Whatever. I'm owing the bank, you know," he whined, his voice filled with a sense of helplessness. "I don't even have access to my own properties anymore."

Sarah remained silent for a moment, her eyes scanning the surroundings of the bar. Peterson's question broke the silence. "Why did you decide to see me now? I told you to come yesterday."

A flicker of annoyance passed through Sarah's eyes as she turned her attention back to Peterson. "Please, don't hold me to that," she said, her voice tinged with exasperation. "I have got my own life to live too, Peterson. I have responsibilities and commitments that I can't always drop at a moment's notice."

She flung her hair back, a gesture expressing her frustration at the implication that she should always be readily available. Sarah wanted Peterson to understand that she had her own challenges and limitations. However, underneath her exasperation, there was still a flicker of concern for her brother's well-being.

"Then you should have just left me in the station to face charges, get a sentence, and rot in prison," he spat, his voice filled with bitterness and resentment. The words dripped with anger and a sense of betrayal.

"I am not as heartless as you, who forgot about me and my mother after you made it," she retorted, her tone laced with disappointment and hurt.

"Damn. Forget about the past, Sarah," he pleaded, his voice softening slightly. "You know I did some things for you too. It wasn't all one-sided."

"Exactly, and I'm not ungrateful like you," Sarah responded, her voice tinged with a mixture of frustration and determination. "That's why I came to your aid when you asked, and I helped you. I didn't forget about you."

"Thank you," he said, his voice filled with gratitude. "But I'm still

suffering, Sarah. Out of the period given to me by the bank, I've got only three days from now to repay my 20 million loan." His words revealed a deep sense of desperation and fear, as the weight of his financial burden seemed almost insurmountable.

Sarah was astonished, her eyes widening in disbelief. "You took a 20 million dollar loan from the bank when you were financially stable?" she exclaimed, struggling to comprehend the magnitude of the situation.

"It was actually 10 million," he corrected, his voice filled with regret and frustration. "I had taken it to upgrade my secret company, believing it would lead to even greater financial stability. But the unbelievable happened overnight. I lost all my money in my account, and to make matters worse, the hacker took a loan of 10 million using my mobile banking app."

Sarah's eyebrows furrowed as she processed the information. "The person must be a really skilled hacker," she commented, her tone a mixture of concern and realization. "There is only one of that kind in a hundred people, you know. It's rare to encounter someone with such expertise."

"Shit," he muttered, his voice filled with desperation. "If I do not repay the loan, Sarah, they will confiscate my properties." The weight of the consequences weighed heavily upon him, and the fear in his voice was evident.

"You said you have got a secret business journal of the Walton Group of Companies, right?" Sarah asked, her voice tinged with curiosity and a hint of concern.

"It's nonsense," Peterson sneered, his tone dismissive and filled with contempt. "I don't see any value in it, and I'm getting rid of it soon." His

words conveyed a lack of interest or regard for the contents of the journal, suggesting that he didn't consider it significant.

Sarah's expression turned slightly troubled. "Peterson, I've done my best to support you, but I am sorry, I can't help you financially," she responded, her voice laced with restraint.

Peterson's frustration grew evident as he retorted, "So, you want me to end up behind bars later?" His words carried a mix of desperation and accusation, suggesting that he believed Sarah's lack of financial support would lead to dire consequences for him.

Confused by his statement, Sarah asked, "Why would that happen?" Her voice conveyed genuine confusion, indicating that she was unaware of the gravity of the situation.

With a sense of urgency, Peterson leaned closer and revealed in a strong whisper, "You know I literally stole from the Walton Group of Companies. I stole that journal too." His confession hinted at a serious crime he had committed, potentially placing him at risk of severe legal repercussions.

"I am sure they've found out about it, and they are searching for me," Peterson added, his voice filled with a mix of fear and paranoia. The weight of his actions had finally caught up with him, and he believed that the consequences were imminent.

"You shouldn't have stolen worthless things, Peterson," Sarah responded, her tone laced with disappointment and resignation. She stood up, preparing to leave the conversation behind. "I've got no way out for you. But... don't lose hope."

As Sarah turned to walk away, Peterson desperately grabbed her hand,

his grip tight. "Help me with some bucks to pay for what I had drunk here. Maybe a few hundred bucks will do," he pleaded, his voice tinged with desperation.

"What? You've drank that much when you can't afford it? What's wrong with you?" Sarah exclaimed, a mixture of surprise and frustration evident in her voice. She couldn't comprehend how Peterson had indulged in excessive spending while already facing financial turmoil.

"I guess the total bill is a hundred bucks," Peterson muttered, his admission highlighting the extent of his reckless behavior.

Sarah's expression turned stern as she contemplated the situation. She was torn between her sympathy for Peterson's predicament and her displeasure with his actions.

"I did not pay for what I took the last couple of days here, that's why it accumulated to that," Peterson explained further, his voice tinged with a mix of guilt and justification. He tried to provide an explanation for his inability to cover the expenses he had incurred.

"Gosh," Sarah hissed, her frustration evident in her tone. Feeling a sense of sympathy and perhaps a glimmer of understanding, she dipped her hand into her pocket, retrieved three hundred dollars, and dropped it on the table. Peterson's grip loosened, and a small smile played on his lips.

"Nonsense," Sarah muttered under her breath as she turned to walk away. The encounter had left her feeling conflicted, torn between her desire to help and her frustration with Peterson's choices. She made her way towards the exit, her mind still preoccupied with the weight of the situation.

However, as she reached the exit, she accidentally bumped into a lady



walking in. "Damn, are you blind?" Sarah exclaimed, her annoyance evident in her voice as the unexpected collision caught her off guard.

"I can ask you that too, sweetheart," the lady retorted, her voice laced with a hint of sarcasm. With a flick of her wrist, she pulled down her fancy eyeglasses slightly, revealing a mischievous wink directed at Sarah. The encounter added an unexpected twist to the moment, leaving Sarah momentarily taken aback by the lady's response.