

Chapter 54

Zinnia's frown deepened as she glared at Peterson, her anger intensifying at his audacity. The frustration in her voice was unmistakable as she confronted him.

"What fucking money are you talking about?" she demanded, her words laced with seething anger. She refused to let him manipulate or intimidate her any longer.

Peterson's smirk widened, a smug expression crossing his face as he shook his head. "Don't you dare act oblivious now, bitch!" he retorted, his voice dripping with contempt and disdain.

Zinnia's patience reached its limit, and she couldn't tolerate Peterson's presence any longer. "Get out of my face," she hissed, her voice filled with venom. She turned and walked away, seeking refuge in the living room, determined to distance herself from the toxic confrontation.

However, Peterson, fueled by a toxic mix of anger and entitlement, refused to let her go so easily. He followed her into the living room, closing the distance between them. Ignoring the growing audience of the assembled family members, he reached out and grabbed her arm, his grip firm and forceful.

"Do not play me for a fool a second time," Peterson scoffed, his voice laced with a mixture of bitterness and resentment.

Zinnia's eyes flashed with defiance, undeterred by Peterson's grasp. She met his gaze with unwavering resolve. "You are already a fool," she remarked, her voice heavy with contempt, refusing to back down in the face of his aggression.



Zinnia's eyes darted around the room, her frustration evident as she twitched her mouth in disbelief. She couldn't comprehend how Peterson had gained access to the house, and her anger intensified.

"Who the hell allowed this madman into this house?" she exclaimed, her voice filled with a mix of incredulity and anger. The audacity of Peterson's intrusion only fueled her fury.

But instead of backing down, Peterson's response was laced with a threatening tone. "Keep your sharp mouth shut and do not anger me any further, got it?" he snarled, his voice dripping with malice.

Zinnia's defiance flared, refusing to be silenced by his intimidation. "No. Let go of me!" she retorted, her voice filled with a mix of defiance and desperation.

Peterson, however, was not one to tolerate disobedience. He bellowed, "Quiet!" his voice booming through the room, causing Zinnia to shiver involuntarily. His grip on her arm tightened, causing her to emit a shrill cry of pain.

At that moment of distress, Zinnia glanced at her brother, who callously ignored her plight, choosing instead to sit down with Bella and Lisa, seemingly enjoying the spectacle. Her heart sank at his indifference, feeling a sense of betrayal.

Her gaze then shifted to Duncan, who stood impassively at the top of the stairs, his indifference cutting deep. It was clear that he had no intention of intervening or offering any assistance. The apathy in his eyes stung Zinnia further, intensifying her feelings of isolation and vulnerability.

As the scene unfolded, the dynamic within the room became increasingly tense, with Zinnia trapped in Peterson's grip and the rest of the family

seemingly disconnected from the turmoil that had engulfed them all.

Duncan smiled as Zinnia rolled her eyes at him. He was least bothered that another man was harassing her in his presence.

"You cheated on me with him, so enjoy the harassment, my dear wife," he murmured to himself and chuckled.

Zinnia exhaled. "Look, Peterson, I do not know what you are talking about. The flash drive that got swapped then wasn't my doing. It was Lisa's." She pointed at Lisa who didn't fret but watched with pleasure as Peterson glanced at her and shook his head in disbelief.

He uttered, "You did it, now you are blaming her. Great, Zinnia."

Zinnia was taken aback by Peterson's refusal to believe her. She had expected him to trust her and go after Lisa. The shock was evident on her face as she stared at him, her eyes wide with disbelief.

As she glanced at Lisa, Zinnia noticed a hint of complacency in her eyes. Lisa's smile, seemingly innocent, only fueled Zinnia's frustration. It was as if Lisa knew she had the upper hand and reveled in the chaos unfolding around them.

Peterson continued. "I don't care about that," he exclaimed, his voice tinged with exasperation. "It was you. I am sure you did it because you wanted to remove me from your way. You wanted the opportunity to represent your company and take all the credit for yourself."

Peterson's accusation hung heavy in the air, but Zinnia remained unperturbed. She didn't waver as she calmly replied, "I have no idea what you're talking about, Peterson. You're making baseless accusations."

Turning to her brother Marcus, Zinnia sought support. "Marcus, wasn't it

Lisa who swapped the flash drives?" she implored, hoping he would confirm the truth. However, Marcus seemed unwilling to get involved in the escalating conflict. He shrugged his shoulders, a gesture that spoke volumes.

"I don't know anything," Marcus lied, his voice neutral. "And don't involve me in this mess."

Zinnia felt a surge of frustration and disappointment. It seemed like she was fighting this battle alone, with no one willing to vouch for her while everything she said was true. Her frustration surged through her veins, her teeth gnashing together in a mixture of anger and determination. She understood all too well that her brother, Marcus, relished in witnessing her humiliation. But she refused to succumb to his desires.

Summoning her courage, Zinnia forcefully freed her arm from Peterson's grip, surprising him with her sudden burst of strength. As she pushed him back, Peterson stumbled, momentarily losing his balance.

With a renewed sense of confidence, Zinnia unleashed her words like a verbal assault. "To hell with you, Peterson," she spat, her voice laced with defiance. "If you don't believe me, fine! Now get lost before I get the security guards to toss you out just like you were from your previous company and the Walton business estate did."

Her threat hung in the air, charged with the weight of her determination. She was taken aback by Peterson's unyielding demeanor. Despite her attempt to assert herself, he remained unfazed, standing his ground. He closed the distance between them, his voice demanding and filled with determination.

"I'm here to take back every single penny I've spent on you since we started this relationship," Peterson insisted, his tone resolute.

Zinnia's eyes widened in disbelief. "You're mad. Did I force you to spend money on me?" she retorted, her voice tinged with anger and disbelief.

But Peterson continued, undeterred by her protest. "You seduced me, and I fell for it. You're a shameless harlot," he accused, his words laced with contempt.

Fury welled up inside Zinnia, her patience wearing thin. "Shut up and get lost," she snapped, her voice filled with a mix of frustration and defiance. In a moment of defiance, she pushed him back, hoping to assert her authority.

But Peterson wasn't finished. He struck at the heart of her vulnerability. "You called your husband worthless, but the truth is that you don't deserve him. He deserves better than a woman like you," he sneered, his words cutting deep.

Zinnia's face reddened with anger and hurt. She realized that Peterson's intentions extended far beyond reclaiming his money. He sought to undermine her, to belittle her worth, and to tarnish her character.

"You're a golddigger and a vile woman," Peterson said, causing Zinnia's anger to reach its boiling point.

She couldn't believe the audacity of his words, and without thinking, she acted on her impulse. Zinnia's hand swung through the air, delivering a resounding slap across Peterson's face.

"How dare you, Peterson?" Zinnia's voice quivered with a mix of fury and disbelief. "You're a scumbag!"

Realizing that reacting violently would only escalate the situation further, Peterson managed to regain his composure. He smirked, clearly

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reveling in Zinnia's anger, before turning away and leaving the room. His departure left a void, filled only by the lingering tension and the shocked gazes of those present.

Then Laura who hadn't witnessed the altercation, rushed to Zinnia's side, demanding to know what had happened. Concern etched across her face, she sought an explanation for the sudden outburst. Zinnia's eyes briefly darted toward Duncan, who walked past them with a smirk, seemingly amused by the entire spectacle.

Feeling a mix of embarrassment, frustration, and exhaustion, Zinnia slumped onto a nearby couch. She buried her head in her hands, attempting to shield herself from the prying eyes and the weight of the situation. The room fell silent, save for the sound of Zinnia's heavy exhale, as she contemplated the events that had unfolded and wondered how to navigate the turmoil that had consumed her life.

Meanwhile, Duncan continued to smirk as he walked out of the house, closing the door behind him. He noticed Peterson rubbing his cheek, a clear indication of the impact of Zinnia's slap. Amused by the situation, Duncan couldn't resist taunting Peterson.

"Did my fleece wife's slap dislocate your face?" Duncan's words dripped with sarcasm, causing Peterson to pause in his tracks. He turned to face Duncan, his expression filled with a mix of anger and annoyance.

"You again, huh?" Peterson's voice carried a sharp edge as he approached Duncan, clearly not pleased by his presence.

Duncan maintained his cool demeanor, his smirk widening. "How are you doing? Have you recovered from your losses? I'm sure more loss will come your way."

Confusion flashed across Peterson's face as he tried to comprehend Duncan's cryptic statement. "What do you mean?" Peterson asked, his voice tinged with suspicion.

Duncan chuckled, relishing the tension he was creating. Peterson's eyes widened, realizing there might be more to the situation than he initially thought. "Are you the one?" Peterson's question hung in the air, heavy with accusation and uncertainty, leaving both men locked in a moment of intense confrontation.

Duncan's eyes narrowed as he stared at Peterson, his curiosity piqued by the questions directed at him. Folding his arms, he adopted a defensive posture, ready to respond.

"What do you mean?" Duncan asked, feigning innocence but giving off an air of guardedness.

Peterson's suspicions were growing stronger, and he decided to confront Duncan directly. "Were you the one behind all my losses? My job loss and my contract failure?"

Duncan chuckled, maintaining his facade of obliviousness. "How can I be the one? I'm just a nobody, right?" His words dripped with sarcasm, hinting at a hidden agenda.

As Peterson pressed for a clear answer, Duncan smiled, a sly and enigmatic expression playing upon his lips. He seemed to relish Peterson's reluctance to give a straightforward response. Without any further explanation, Duncan casually got on his scooter and rode away, leaving Peterson to watch him in bafflement.

Peterson couldn't shake off the strange and sneaky aura that seemed to surround Duncan. His avoidance of a direct answer and the air of mystery

left Peterson with a nagging feeling that there was more to Duncan's involvement in his misfortunes than met the eye. Frustrated and confused, Peterson pondered over the encounter.

Duncan pulled up to a deserted-like road, bringing his scooter to a halt. He stepped down from the vehicle, reveling in the solitude and the refreshing air that surrounded him. A satisfied smirk played on his lips as he surveyed his surroundings.

"So, I guess it's Peterson and Marcus now," Duncan muttered to himself, a sense of anticipation building within him. "Good, things will go according to my plan. All of those people who demeaned me and treated me like trash will pay one by one for it."

His sneer grew more pronounced as he considered the consequences that awaited those who had underestimated him. Duncan's eyes glinted with a mix of vengeance and satisfaction as he envisioned the downfall of his adversaries, particularly Peterson.

"You won't even dream of what's coming next, Peterson Rogers," he whispered, a chilling undertone weaving through his words.

With his resolve firm, Duncan took out his phone and messaged Jack. In less than five minutes, Jack arrived in his car, ready to assist Duncan in executing his plans.

"Take care of my scooter," Duncan instructed Jack, his tone laced with authority. "I'll see you later at the usual place."

Jack nodded in acknowledgment, understanding the importance of his role in Duncan's scheme. As Duncan climbed into the car, the door closing behind him, he couldn't help but feel a surge of anticipation. With his allies in place, he was ready to set his intricate plan into motion,

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ensuring that all those who had wronged him would face the consequences they deserved.

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