

Chapter 66

Duncan's intrigue was piqued by Peterson's request, prompting him to take a step forward in the hallway. He lowered his voice, adopting a firm yet hushed tone to ensure their conversation remained private and unheard by anyone. He was cautious about the potential consequences of their discussion being overheard.

"What do you need me to do for you?" Duncan inquired, his voice carrying a sense of authority and curiosity. He was willing to entertain Peterson's request, albeit with a hint of skepticism.

Peterson, desperate to gain Duncan's assistance, reiterated his plea, emphasizing his need for help. "Like I said, I need your help. Please, I want to see you, Duncan." The urgency in Peterson's voice was palpable, indicating the gravity of the situation from his perspective.

However, Duncan maintained a dismissive and busy demeanor, refusing to entertain Peterson's request easily. "I'm busy," he replied curtly. "I don't see people like you who go after married women." His words carried a hint of judgment and disdain.

Acknowledging Duncan's rejection, Peterson responded with understanding, albeit with a tinge of resignation. "I understand."

Duncan nodded craftily, sensing the suppressed frustration or irritation in Peterson's tone. Not one to miss an opportunity for a cutting remark, Duncan added, "I don't see losers too, Peterson Rogers." The tone of his voice hinted at a hidden amusement, as he found pleasure in belittling Peterson.

At the other end of the line, the barb left Peterson momentarily speechless, unable to muster a response. Peterson could feel the heat of

his anger simmering just beneath the surface. He clenched his fists tightly, trying to regain control over his emotions in the face of Duncan's derogatory remark. Little did Peterson know, Duncan was secretly relishing the power he held over him, taking pleasure in provoking such a strong reaction.

After a moment of silence, Peterson managed to find his voice, his words laced with suppressed frustration. "Duncan, I understand that you may not consider me worthy of your time, but please, we really need to meet and discuss something important."

Duncan responded with a mocking tone, his words dripping with condescension. "Okay then, Peterson. I can practically smell the desperation emanating from you. Just to alleviate your misery, I'll grant you a meeting. Let's meet at Karun Sweet Bar in ten minutes."

As Duncan spoke, Peterson's frown deepened, and he couldn't help but let out a heavy sigh. He felt a mixture of annoyance and resignation, knowing that he had little choice but to accept Duncan's terms. Despite his seething anger, he realized that meeting Duncan was necessary to address the issue at hand. Despite his annoyance, Peterson managed to force a semblance of gratitude into his voice. "Oh, thank you. I'll be there soon and..."

Before Peterson could finish his sentence, Duncan abruptly hung up the phone, relishing the opportunity to disregard him further. A smug chuckle escaped Duncan's lips as he disconnected the call, finding amusement in his ability to exert control over Peterson's emotions.

Glancing around the empty hallway, Duncan tucked his hands into his pockets, reveling in the sense of power he felt. "Now, game on," he muttered to himself, a mischievous glint in his eyes. Determined to make the most of the situation, he swiftly made his way out of the house.

As Duncan reached the front of the grand Lennart mansion, he surveyed his surroundings cautiously. Not wanting to draw attention from the other members of the household, he carefully mounted his bike, silently plotting different ways to torment Peterson when they finally met face-to-face.

As he pedaled away, Duncan's mind buzzed with possibilities, relishing the thought of the forthcoming encounter. His thoughts were consumed with strategies to further provoke Peterson and assert his dominance, leaving no room for empathy or consideration. Duncan was determined to maximize his advantage and make Peterson's discomfort his own twisted pleasure.

Duncan, preoccupied with his own plans to torment Peterson, hadn't expected a call for help from the man who had slept with his wife to come so soon. Nevertheless, he swiftly drove to the Karun Sweet Bar, which was conveniently located just a short five-minute drive away.

As Duncan entered the bar, he was slightly taken aback to find Peterson already seated at a table in a secluded corner. His surprise was quickly masked by a smirk, relishing the opportunity to make Peterson wait and squirm in anticipation.

Glancing around at the patrons engrossed in their conversations and drinks, Duncan couldn't help but mutter to himself, his voice tinged with a hint of sadistic satisfaction. "Since you arrived earlier seeking my help, Peterson, you should sweat a little to see me."

With that, Duncan turned on his heel and abruptly left the bar, leaving Peterson alone and uncertain of what was to come. Duncan reveled in the power he held over Peterson, savoring the knowledge that he could control the dynamics of their meeting and further fuel Peterson's anxiety.



While Peterson sat anxiously at the Karun Sweet Bar, waiting for Duncan to arrive, Duncan had other plans in mind. He drove to a nearby exquisite café, seeking to indulge himself after orchestrating Peterson's prolonged wait.

Finding a comfortable spot, Duncan ordered a drink and relished the moment. "I should start enjoying myself a little after all, I owe the biggest conglomerate in the city." He chuckled to himself, savoring the taste of the beverage as he contemplated the control he wielded over Peterson's emotions.

After enjoying his drink, Duncan's whims led him to a nearby game shop. He decided to have a little fun, immersing himself in the world of video games, momentarily forgetting about Peterson and relishing the diversion.

Approximately 30 minutes later, as Duncan was engrossed in his gaming session, his phone rang, and the name - IDIOT, which he had recently saved Peterson's contact with, flashed on the screen. He answered the call, feigning casual indifference.

"Hello, Duncan," Peterson's voice carried a hint of frustration. "I've been waiting at the bar for over thirty minutes, and I'm yet to catch a glimpse of even your shoulder."

Duncan couldn't help but suppress a chuckle, his amusement evident in his response. "Oh, Peterson, didn't anyone tell you? Plans change. I decided to make my own fun elsewhere. Perhaps you'll have better luck catching up with me next time. Ta-ta!" With a mischievous grin, Duncan ended the call, leaving Peterson even more exasperated and uncertain about the nature of their meeting.



Duncan's laughter echoed through the air as he pocketed his phone, reveling in the chaos he had created. However, as he made his way out of the game shop, a sense of uncertainty crept into his thoughts. He questioned whether it was the right decision to ditch Peterson and deviate from his initial plan. Regret flickered within him as he considered the consequences of his actions and the probability of missing a good chance to torment Peterson.

But the stars seemed to be in his favor at the moment and just as Duncan contemplated reaching out to Peterson again, his phone began to ring. With a smile spreading across his face, he retrieved his phone from his pocket, realizing that it was Peterson calling. Taking a deep breath, he composed himself, putting on a serious expression before answering the call.

"Duncan, please, don't hang up. I'm still waiting here," Peterson pleaded, his voice carrying a mix of frustration and desperation.

Duncan couldn't resist the opportunity to further taunt Peterson. Instead of responding to his plea, he chose to remain silent, relishing in Peterson's growing impatience.

"Hello, Duncan? Are you there?!" Peterson's voice carried a mixture of frustration and desperation.

Duncan, fully aware of the effect his silence was having, couldn't help but chuckle. He enjoyed the power he held over Peterson, reveling in his ability to manipulate and control the situation.

Finally, unable to resist any longer, Duncan decided to respond, his voice dripping with condescension. "It's fine, Mr. Beggar. I'll grant you your wish. I will be at that bar soon."

Seeking more details, Peterson asked, "Please, when, I mean at what time will you be here?"

Infuriatingly dismissive, Duncan scoffed, "Don't ask me nonsense questions and wait."

Peterson, though clearly frustrated, managed to express gratitude. "Okay. Thank you."

Duncan ended the call, a triumphant smile spreading across his face. Mounting his bike, he relished in the power he held over Peterson, savoring the moment.

"Power is good," Duncan muttered to himself, embracing the satisfaction derived from asserting control and watching Peterson succumb to his whims. 1

Duncan arrived at the bar, a smug grin still etched across his face. Stepping inside, he immediately spotted Peterson seated in the same corner, visibly shaken with impatience. Duncan's gaze briefly lingered on Peterson, relishing the sight of his discomfort, before he proceeded to the bar.

Approaching the bartender, Duncan confidently ordered a drink, casually engaging in small talk while he waited. He positioned himself at a seat that offered a clear view of Peterson, intending to prolong his anticipation and further assert his dominance.

As Duncan sat back, he observed Peterson discreetly checking the time, his impatience palpable. A sense of satisfaction washed over Duncan as he muttered under his breath, "Keep waiting for me, fool," relishing in the control he held over the situation.

Time passed, and Duncan tilted his head, catching Peterson's gaze. Sensing Peterson's frustration, Duncan initially looked away, feigning disinterest. However, he couldn't resist stealing another glance, his eyes meeting Peterson's once again.

Oblivious to Duncan's amusement, Peterson mustered his resolve and rose from his seat, making his way toward Duncan. His expression carried a mix of determination and annoyance, fueled by the prolonged wait and Duncan's dismissive behavior.

 **Gem Lynne** author

“Hope you enjoyed the chapter, my dear readers. What do you think is going to happen next in the coming chapter? It's going to be really fantastic so don't miss to check it out 🤩...”

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