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As Abigail sat up on the bed lost in her thoughts, the door suddenly opened, causing her to snap out of her reverie. Linda, her assistant, and Xia, her bodyguard, walked into the room, their concerned expressions immediately catching Abigail's attention.

"Ms. Abigail, are you okay?" Linda inquired, her voice filled with genuine concern. Abigail couldn't help but smile unconsciously, her happiness radiating from within.

"Hm? What...?" Abigail blinked in confusion, momentarily unaware of the change in her demeanor.

"You look very happy now compared to earlier," Xia remarked, her observant nature picking up on Abigail's transformed mood.

Abigail blinked again, processing their words. She realized that her internal joy had manifested on her face without her even realizing it. Quickly, she straightened her dress and composed herself, putting on a serious expression.

"Let's leave," she simply said, her tone commanding. With that, she walked out of the room, her companions, Linda and Xia, exchanging questioning glances before following her.

Abigail's sudden shift in demeanor left both Linda and Xia curious, wondering what had caused her sudden happiness and subsequent return to composure.

The Lennart Mansion

Duncan cautiously entered the house, his footsteps echoing through the

empty space. As he glanced around, he noticed the absence of any signs of life. It seemed that everyone had retired for the night, leaving the house in silence.

Walking down the hallway, Duncan's eyes were drawn to the kitchen. The gleaming floor caught his attention, appearing to have been recently mopped. Its polished surface reflected the soft glow of the moonlight filtering in through the nearby window.

Curiosity piqued, Duncan reduced his footsteps to a near-silent tread. As he approached the kitchen, faint noises reached his ears. The muffled sounds seemed to originate from within the room.

With caution, Duncan peered into the kitchen and saw Zinnia, standing near the wall tiles. Her face wore a deep frown, and she appeared to be engrossed in her task of cleaning. Oblivious to Duncan's presence, she diligently scrubbed the tiles, her movements purposeful as she babbled to herself in obvious discomfort.

A mischievous smile played on Duncan's lips as he surveyed the scene. Seizing the opportunity, he silently retrieved his phone from his pocket and began recording a video of his unsuspecting wife. He carefully framed the shot, ensuring he captured her cleaning efforts and the persistent frown etched upon her face. The lighted kitchen provided an intimate backdrop to the clandestine recording.

With each passing second, the video accumulated evidence of Zinnia's actions, completely unbeknownst to her. Duncan took care not to make any noise that might alert her to his presence, relishing in the secret he was capturing.

As the video continued to roll, Duncan's amusement grew. He briefly scanned the rest of the kitchen, ensuring he captured the details of the

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room as well. The tension of the moment was palpable, and the anticipation of revealing his cleverly obtained footage made his heart race.

Silently savoring the moment, Duncan continued recording, preserving the scene before him, thinking of how it would come in handy.

As Duncan quietly retreated from the kitchen, Zinnia's senses suddenly heightened. A faint feeling of being watched tickled the back of her mind, causing her to pause in her cleaning routine. She turned her head slightly, scanning the area for any signs of movement or presence.

Feeling a nagging curiosity, Zinnia took a step towards the kitchen doorway, contemplating whether to investigate further or dismiss the sensation as mere imagination. However, a wave of exhaustion washed over her, reminding her that it was late and everyone was likely fast asleep.

"I can't believe I'm cleaning at this time, aargh! It's all because of that riffraff, Duncan!" Letting out a frustrated groan, Zinnia acknowledged the futility of her suspicions.

In an act of frustration, Zinnia tossed the cleaning rag she had been using into the sink, its wet fabric landing with a splat. She then moved to a nearby stool, sinking onto it with a sigh. She could feel her heart pounding in her chest, a combination of exertion and unresolved tension.

Taking a moment to catch her breath, Zinnia surveyed the kitchen. The room, now devoid of any activity, seemed to mock her efforts. Frustration lingered in the air as she contemplated the unnecessary task she had undertaken at such a late hour.

When she was done, Zinnia decided to retreat to her room, her thoughts

shifting to the idea of finding solace in a soothing bath. The image of cool water cascading over her tired body offered a glimmer of respite from the stress of the evening.

With a determined stride, Zinnia left the kitchen behind, her mind preoccupied with thoughts of relaxation and rejuvenation.

As Zinnia made her way toward her room, she absentmindedly gathered her hair and began tying it up, preparing for a relaxing bath. But her actions came to an abrupt halt as her eyes fell upon the muddy footsteps staining the floor near the entrance of her room. A gasp escaped her lips, and her hands instinctively released her hair, allowing it to fall freely around her shoulders.

Her gaze traveled backward, tracing the trail of muddy footprints that marred the once-pristine hallway she had diligently mopped earlier. Confusion gave way to a rising tide of anger, evident in the furrowed brows and tightened jawline.

"Who was the imbecile that did this?" Zinnia muttered under her breath, her voice laced with frustration and disbelief. The sight before her shattered any sense of tranquility she had hoped to find in her room.

With a determined stride and her anger fueled, Zinnia clenched the doorknob of her room tightly and forcefully pushed the door open. Her eyes widened in astonishment mixed with heightened anger as she laid her gaze upon Duncan, comfortably seated on the couch, his foot moving in a rhythmic manner.

The sight of Duncan's nonchalant presence, seemingly unaware of the chaos he probably had caused, only served to stoke the flames of Zinnia's anger. Her eyes practically bulged from their sockets, her eyebrows furrowing even deeper, and her face reddening with fury.

Zinnia's eyes narrowed as she noticed the muddy soles of Duncan's shoes. The sight further fueled her anger, intensifying her growl of disapproval as she walked up to him.

"You fool!" Zinnia spat, her voice laced with venom and frustration. She stood directly in front of Duncan, her gaze piercing into his eyes.

Duncan, attempting to feign obliviousness, greeted her with an innocent tone, "Hey, wifey, what's up?" His attempt at nonchalance only served to aggravate Zinnia further.

"How dare you ruin the floors and this room with your muddy shoes!" Zinnia's voice quivered with anger, her words punctuated by her pointed finger directed at Duncan's shoes.

Baffled, Duncan lifted his eyebrows, pretending to be surprised. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice feigning innocence. However, his attempt at deception crumbled as he lifted one of his feet and saw the unmistakable mud stains on the sole. His eyes widened in realization, and he stammered, "Oh, oh. How did I get that?"

Zinnia's patience wore thin as she saw through his act. She saw his feeble attempt to play ignorant and couldn't contain her anger any longer. "Stop pretending, liar!" Zinnia's voice resonated with fury as she clenched her fist, her frustration reaching its peak.

Her eyes blazed with fury as Duncan callously dismissed her efforts and suggested she clean up the mess once again. His nonchalant attitude further fueled her anger.

"You know I put in so much effort to clean this entire house today, and a person like you comes along and messes it up, completely disregarding me. Who the hell do you think you are?" Zinnia scoffed, her voice

dripping with anger and frustration.

Duncan, seemingly unfazed by Zinnia's outburst, shrugged casually and stood up. "Hey, relax. Just clean again, no big deal in it," he replied, his tone betraying his lack of remorse. "You're simply reaping what you sow, you know."

Zinnia's incredulity grew as she stared at her husband in disbelief. "Excuse you...?!" she exclaimed, her voice carrying a mix of outrage and disbelief. She couldn't fathom how he could be so callous and dismissive of her feelings.

Duncan's response took her by surprise. "Yes. You frustrated my life too when I used to clean. But I didn't intentionally ruin the floors, dear," he retorted, his words laced with a hint of bitterness.

"Liar!" Zinnia shot back, her voice sharp and filled with accusation. "Clean up this mess now!"

Duncan's defiance grew as he crossed his arms, refusing to back down. "I won't. Instead, you should clean my shoes," he countered, his words dripping with sarcasm and a touch of spite.

Zinnia's eyes widened in disbelief as Duncan unceremoniously removed his shoes and threw them at her feet, demanding that she clean them. The audacity of his request left her speechless for a moment.

"Are you mad?!" Zinnia finally managed to respond, her voice laced with a mix of anger and disgust. "I would rather skip my meals for a day than do that."

Duncan, undeterred by her refusal, leaned back with a smug expression on his face. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. He searched out a video and held it up for Zinnia to see. "Forget about

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skipping meals and watch this," he taunted, his voice filled with a sense of superiority. He proceeded to play the video he had taken, revealing Zinnia cleaning the wall tiles with a frown on her face, completely unaware of being recorded.

Zinnia's eyes widened in horror as she realized the depth of Duncan's betrayal. The threat he posed became clear as he continued, "You better clean my shoes, or I'll upload this video online." A smirk played on his lips as he reveled in his power over her. "Your reputation is on the line now, dear," he added, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

A mix of anger, humiliation, and fear surged within Zinnia. She was faced with a difficult choice, forced to clean the shoes to protect her reputation or face the consequences of having the embarrassing video made public. The weight of the situation pressed upon her, leaving her with a sense of powerlessness in the face of Duncan's manipulation.

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