

Chapter 99

The exchange with the lady hinted at the presence of a confident and playful character, introducing an additional layer of intrigue to the unfolding events.

Sarah, unimpressed by the lady's response, rolled her eyes and continued on her way, leaving the encounter behind. The lady, on the other hand, couldn't help but smirk at Sarah's reaction, finding amusement in the situation. With a confident stride, she continued walking forward, seemingly unfazed by the brief exchange.

Meanwhile, as Peterson glanced back, his attention was caught by the presence of the exotic lady. She exuded an air of allure, dressed in a glittering short gown that accentuated her figure. His eyes filled with a mix of desire and admiration as he took in her beautiful features. The sight of her walking gracefully and slowly, surveying her surroundings, captivated his attention. He found himself particularly drawn to her bare legs, appreciating their elegance.

To Peterson's surprise, as the lady's gaze met his, he mustered up the courage to wink at her. In response, she blushed, her cheeks turning a faint shade of pink. Emboldened by his gesture, she approached him, her steps still carrying an air of confidence and grace.

"Can I sit, handsome?" she asked, her voice laced with a flirtatious tone. Peterson was taken aback by her request, momentarily stunned by the sudden turn of events. He nodded dumbfoundedly, unable to articulate a coherent response.

The lady gracefully pulled the seat closer to him, her movements exuding confidence and allure. With a seductive smile, she sat down, positioning

herself in a way that commanded attention. As she removed her jacket, Peterson's eyes widened, captivated by the sight before him. His gaze fixated on her tempting cleavage, accentuated by the strapless gown she wore, which showcased her curvaceous and alluring figure. The subtle curves and contours of her bubbling breasts stirred a sense of desire within him.

Adding to her captivating appearance, the lady had vibrant pink hair that further heightened Peterson's attraction. The unique and bold choice of hair color seemed to complement her overall enchanting aura. Turning her attention towards him, she leaned forward, creating an intimate atmosphere between them. Her sultry voice filled the air as she spoke, "So tell me, what is a handsome man like you doing here all alone?"

Peterson was about to respond, his mouth slightly parting to form words, but before he could speak, the lady gently placed her fingers on his face, delicately tracing his features. Her touch was electric, sending shivers down his spine and causing his words to falter. The soft caress of her fingers silenced him, leaving him captivated by her presence and eagerly anticipating what would unfold between them.

After a brief moment of being mesmerized by the lady's presence and her teasing remark, Peterson could only manage to utter a simple phrase, "You look hot, lady." His words carried a hint of awe and desire, expressing his immediate attraction to her.

The lady responded by pouting, further enhancing her allure and tempting Peterson to make a move. "You are a bad boy," she said, her tone filled with playful seduction. Her words were an invitation, an open challenge for Peterson to embrace his daring side.

Intrigued by her response, Peterson mustered a confident smirk. "I am not sure, beauty. Maybe after we share a moment, you can be certain

whether I'm a bad boy or not." His words carried a touch of mystery, leaving room for anticipation and excitement.

A knowing smile played on her lips as she prepared a response, her tone filled with a hint of mischief. She leaned in closer, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Oh, really? Okay. Where should we go then?" Her question hung in the air, inviting Peterson to take the lead and suggest their next destination.

Caught off guard by her question, Peterson hesitated for a moment, his mind racing to come up with a suitable suggestion.

Sensing his uncertainty, the lady took control of the situation. "Umm..." she prompted, her voice laced with a hint of impatience. "First, I am thirsty," she declared, her tone suggestive. "Get me some Rosé wine."

Peterson's eyebrows raised slightly at her request, contemplating the situation. He couldn't help but wonder if she would disappear during his absence, leaving him alone and longing for her presence. Expressing his concern, he voiced his apprehension. "Hm, what if you disappear when I leave?"

The lady smirked, clearly enjoying the power she held over him. "Hm, give me your phone," she demanded, extending her hand. "I will save my number in your contacts. While I do so, get me my drink."

Peterson, feeling a mix of excitement and obedience, nodded like an obedient dog. He handed over his phone to the lady, silently acknowledging her request. At that moment, he became both captivated and willing to fulfill her desires, eager to see where this encounter would lead.

"I will be back, honey," Peterson said, leaning in for a kiss. However, the

lady playfully leaned back, evading his advance and letting out a mischievous giggle. Her actions fueled the flirtatious energy between them.

"Playful bad girl, huh," Peterson remarked, pointing a finger at her while laughing. The lighthearted banter further cemented their connection, showcasing their shared sense of humor and a mutual understanding of their roles in this playful encounter. With a teasing smile, he turned and walked away, making his way to the counter.

As Peterson approached the counter to order the Rosé wine, the lady took advantage of his absence to explore his phone. Engrossed in her task, she didn't notice his return until he tapped her on the shoulder, causing her to stiffen in surprise.

Caught in the act, the lady's eyes widened slightly, her playful demeanor momentarily faltering. Peterson, wearing a smirk on his face, asked, "What were you doing?"

The lady, quick to recover her composure, met his gaze with a teasing glint in her eyes. "Nothing, boy," she replied, her tone filled with mischief. "Just checking if you've got some hot videos on your phone."

Peterson chuckled, thoroughly amused by her audacity. The exchange showcased their shared sense of adventure and willingness to push boundaries. As she handed him back his phone, he playfully responded, "Ah, bad girl." Their laughter filled the air, a testament to the playful dynamic they shared in this intriguing encounter.

Peterson took his seat and handed her the glass of wine, watching with a hint of anticipation as she took a sip in a graceful manner. "So, babe, why don't we go chill a bit somewhere," Peterson suggested, his voice laced with a sense of invitation.

"Huh?" The lady's lips parted in a slightly puzzled expression, twirling her hair absentmindedly.

"We had an arrangement, didn't we? Or were you just flirting?"

Peterson's tone held a touch of suspicion, wondering if she had been merely toying with him.

"Nah," she responded reluctantly, her expression shifting from confusion to acknowledgment. With a nod, she agreed, albeit hesitantly.

"Let's go."

Taking the lead, Peterson reached out and gently took her hand, intertwining their fingers. The connection between them felt electric, a tangible current of desire and anticipation. He guided her out of the bar, choosing a different exit that led to the back area.

As they emerged by the pool, hidden from the bustling crowd, Peterson swiftly wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her close to him. Their bodies pressed against each other, the tension between them reaching its peak. The soft glow of the pool lights accentuated their silhouettes, casting an intimate ambiance around them.

The lady was taken aback by his sudden aggressive behavior, her shock turning into anger and disgust. As he moved closer, intent on starting something in a forceful manner, she reacted instinctively. With a swift motion, she slapped him across the face, the sound echoing through the air, and pushed him back with all her might.

"How dare you, pig?!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with righteous indignation. The gravity of his actions had ignited a fire within her, fueling her defiance and determination to defend herself.

He was momentarily stunned by her bold reaction, caught off guard by



her strength and resistance. Anger flashed in his eyes as he spat out a derogatory insult. "You slap me? Bitch!" The venom in his words showcased his disrespect and disregard for her boundaries.

Undeterred, she gathered her courage and pushed him back once again, refusing to be subjected to his advances. With each forceful movement, she asserted her power and reclaimed control over her own body.

Realizing that she needed to make her escape, she took off running towards the exit at the other end of the pool. Her heart raced with adrenaline as she sprinted, the sound of her footsteps pounding against the ground.

However, her path was obstructed as two guys suddenly appeared, seemingly blocking her way. Panic surged through her veins as she tried to assess the situation and find an alternative escape route. Her mind raced, searching for a solution to evade her pursuer and find safety.

"Hey, baby, where are you running to?" one of them asked.

"Don't let the bitch escape," Peterson said to the guys. "She got me at the peak and simply wants to leave. We can all have a taste of her, guys."

"Hmm, nice idea," the other guy said, both staring at the lady with lust.

Instinctively, the lady gave one of them a roundhouse kick to their surprise, despite wearing heels, before they could seize her. But one ended up punching her and grabbed her in the split second of her helplessness. Peterson approached her to seize the moment, but she quickly kicked him away.

Peterson flew into the pool of water, his body splashing as he hit the surface. The lady managed to free herself from the guy's clutches just in time before the other one could come and grab her. With a burst of

adrenaline, she unleashed a series of punches and kicks, swiftly incapacitating her pursuers.

Realizing the danger she was in, the lady wasted no time and started running off, her heart pounding as she tried to put as much distance as possible between herself and the men who were chasing her. The men, fueled by a mix of anger and determination, were hot on her heels, their footsteps echoing through the deserted streets.

Meanwhile, Duncan had halted in front of the bar, purposefully stepping out of his car. He had been staring at the entrance door, lost in his thoughts, but his attention was abruptly diverted when the lady burst out from a corner and accidentally bumped into him. Reacting quickly, he reached out and grabbed her, preventing her from falling to the ground.

Duncan's eyes widened in surprise as he caught her gaze. "Karla?!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief and concern.

Panting heavily, she locked her gaze with him, her expression a mix of fear and relief.

Duncan could sense the fear and desperation in her eyes. "What are you doing here and..." Duncan began to ask, but before he could finish his sentence, he sensed the approaching presence of the men who had been chasing her. Karla, sensing the urgency of the situation, grabbed Duncan's hand tightly and pulled him towards his car.


"Get in and drive, quickly!" she exclaimed, her voice urgent and filled with desperation as she entered the front seat of the car.

Without hesitation, Duncan entered the car and started the engine. Glancing at the men who were closing in, he revved the engine and swiftly pulled away, accelerating to a high speed.

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As the distance between them and their pursuers grew, an overwhelming sense of relief washed over Karla. She let out a deep sigh and rested her head against the headrest of the seat, finally feeling a momentary sense of safety.

"Oh my God," Karla whispered, her voice shaky with a mixture of exhaustion and lingering fear. The adrenaline rush began to subside, and she allowed herself a moment of respite, grateful to have found Duncan in her time of need.

 **Gem Lynne** author

“Oh my, I'm sure none of you expected our Karla to be the flirt and a badass in this chapter 🤩. I would love to know what you enjoyed most in this chapter. And tell me what more you would like to see happen. ..”

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