

# The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

## Chapter 10

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As her eyes met his, a flicker of recognition sparkled within her.

“You?” Karla mumbled, not able to believe that it was no other person than Duncan standing before her with an air of confidence and strength.

Shock washed over her, momentarily distracting her from the dangerous circumstances.

Duncan eyed her before taking a careful step forward as the menacing thief glared at him and with a swift and purposeful stride, he covered the distance between himself and the thief. Like a predator stalking its prey, he moved skillfully, seizing the upper hand.

In a display of sheer power that marveled Karla, he manhandled the thief, forcing him to release his grip on Karla.

Not letting the opportunity pass, Karla’s bravery surged forth and with a sudden burst of strength and agility, she unleashed a roundhouse kick that landed powerfully against the thief’s side, incapacitating him further. It was a tribute to her resilience and determination.

Though, still in shock, Duncan grabbed her hand and pulled her away from the chaotic scene. Together they dashed through maze-like streets, taking a different route from the one she had expected, but later ended up in front of Duncan’s car.

Duncan forced her into the car before entering. Confused and breathless, Karla tried to catch her breath as she protested, her voice filled with urgency “Wait! What about my car? It’s just around the corner.

Duncan ignored her and ignited the car without a moment of hesitation and the engine roared to life as he drove expertly navigating the streets, leaving her car behind.

As they sped away, Karla's heart still pounding, she couldn't help but wonder why he came to save her at the last minute.

In the confines of the car, she finally found her voice again, her curiosity overpowering her unsettled mind. "Why did you save me?"

Duncan glanced at her, his eyes filled with a mixture of anger and tenderness.

"I wouldn't want to feel a bit guilty when I get to know about a stupid woman who lost her life foolishly trying to take back her purse from a wild thief."

"Hm. I thought you said I should mind my business. Then why get into my business?" She rolled her eyes at him, realizing the woman he was referring to was her.

"I was minding my business." He gave her a spiteful look before glancing down at the purse she was clutching to her stomach like it was her baby. "You had asked me for help before going after the thief, forgotten?"

"And I had thought wrong of you. I'm sorry..."

"I don't care." Duncan snapped and roughly took a turn.

Ugh, his attitude is just too much, she thought as she looked away.

"Um, please, I'm thirsty."

Duncan furrowed his brows before he suddenly halted by the road in front of a store.

"Get out. Get your water and find your way back to the hotel."

"Excuse me? I have no penny in my purse..."

"Then why chase after the thief for your purse like you've got it loaded with money."

"It had my valuable things like my ID and passport

"Shut up and wait here." Duncan got out of the car and a smile appeared on her face as she saw him disappear into the store.

The smile disappeared the next second as she recalled how rude he was a moment ago.

“Damn, I’m feeling a bit suffocated here,” Karla groaned, stepping out of the car. She took out her phone which she had perfectly tucked in her back pocket, feeling glad that the thief’s attention had not gone there.

She went to the front of the car, poking her head forward, she saw Duncan paying for the bottle of water he had taken. She spun, her eyes on her phone screen, and walked back to the passenger door. She was about to pull the door open when a speeding car drove past, brushing her. She shrieked as she felt a muscle shift before dropping to the ground.

The car came to a halt in front of Duncan’s car and the driver came out of the car.

“Hey, you want to die!” The man yelled.

Duncan, who was heading back to the car, heard the man yell and fastened his pace.

He was surprised to reach the car and saw Karla on the ground, struggling to get up to her feet.

“Hey, what happened to you?” He held her and stood her up.

“He brushed past me with his car and he’s being rude,” Karla said, wincing due to the sharp pain she felt down her ankle.

“Don’t blame me, woman! You had your eyes on your phone. Why walk casually by the side of the road.”

Enough!” Duncan held up a hand to the man’s face, giving him a shock. “You are blaming her? Why were you driving at a high speed? I’m certain you were driving above the speed limit. You owe her an apology,” he defended her brazenly to her unexpectedness.

“Apology?” The man smirked, deridingly. “That’s far from happening.”

Duncan gnashed his teeth, getting provoked by the man's impudence. "You won't leave if you don't."

"Then, I'll make a way for myself." The man started cracking his knuckles, causing Duncan to

sneer

At the same moment, the other car door swung open, and a milk-skinned woman emerged, gracefully stepping out onto the pavement. Her blonde hair cascaded in medium-layered waves, delicately framing her face, with a set of stylish bangs brushing gently against her forehead. Each strand seemed to catch the starlight radiating a soft golden glow.

She was apparelled in an impeccable sparkling blue dress, exuding an air of elegance and

sophistication. The dress hugged her curves in all the right places, accentuating her slender

figure. Completing the ensemble were matching heels, their sleek design adding an extra touch of glamor to her appearance.

Her piercing blue eyes, like sapphires, shone brightly against the backdrop of her fair complexion. Set in a perfect oval face, they commanded attention and revealed a depth of

intelligence and allure.

Enhancing her features, her lipstick painted a shade of deep red, exuding confidence and allure. A subtle yet captivating perfume enveloped her, leaving a lingering fragrance of opulence and luxury in her wake.

As she stepped out, her gaze fell upon Duncan who had inadvertently caught her attention with his audacious demeanor. Her beauty spot, nestled just below her cheekbone, added a touch of uniqueness to her visage, drawing further intrigue.

Duncan, seemingly unaware of her presence, had unintentionally captivated her with his brashness, leaving her astonished and intrigued by his boldness.

“You better get out of my sight or I’ll beat you to a pop, boy!” The man growled, not noticing the woman who was walking up behind him.

“I dare you to!”

“You”

“Stop it!” The woman’s voice cut in, forcing the man to whirl and bow to her. “What’s wrong with you?”

“Ms. Waclaw, I was about to take care of this mess then...”

“Be mindful of what you refer to us as,” Duncan warned, glancing at the woman.

“I’m sorry, my driver was a bit above the speed limit and he didn’t intend to brush past her. My sincere apologies.”

“He should be the one apologizing.” Duncan returned his gaze to Karla who could clearly see concern in his eyes. “Are you okay?”

“Uh, maybe.” Karla attempted to take a step forward but was about to fall when Duncan held her arms firmly. “Gosh, I think I sprained my ankle.”

“Damn. I’ll take you to the hospital.”

Duncan swept her off her feet to their surprise after shooting a stern look at the man and took her

over to the other side of the back seat.

As he placed her inside the car in a gentle manner, the woman watched him in amazement. Duncan entered the car and drove to the nearest hospital.

Almost reaching the hospital, they faced a traffic jam

“Is the pain severe?”

“Uh, me?”

Duncan hissed and eyed her. “It’s only the two of us in the car

“Oh. Yeah. I no, I mean the pain is bearable for now.”

Duncan nodded, impatiently waiting for the traffic jam to die. His eyes went out through the window. He was surprised by who he saw at the front of the club a bit far from the pavement by

the roadside.