

# The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

## Chapter 11

The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Zinnia and Peterson Rogers smooching in front of the club so shamelessly.

Duncan's eyes went dark. When he didn't utter a word, Karla lifted her eyes to the steering which Duncan was clutching so tightly and her lips parted as she felt the iron beneath the steering clothing could bend in no time.

She noticed he was staring at something as his brows furrowed and she quickly followed his gaze

and saw them.

"Oh oh. Couldn't they rent a room to do their stuff? Gross. They are shamelessly kissing in public." She shook her head dismissively. "Oh my, is that her?" She lowered her head a bit, pressing the button by the door that widened down the window to the lowest level. Her eyes narrowed and she gasped in realization "That's her Zinnia." She chuckled bitterly and looked back at Duncan who was still staring at them. And if eyes could kill, Karla was more sure that they would have been below six feet under the ground, which made her wonder why he was reacting that way.

"But, doesn't she have a husband?" She thought aloud before tapping her bottom lip with her index fingertip. "I doubt it was rumored that she had a husband people presumed was worthless..."

"Aargh!" Duncan's growl interrupted her, startling her. He bashed the steering three times with his fists taking his eyes off his shameless wife and her lover.

"Hey? Are you okay?" Karla was appalled, her heart pounding as she thought of his sudden

outburst

Duncan averted his gaze to his wife and saw her giggling, he was boiling inside with rage. Just when he thought of driving away, Zinnia took off their wedding ring and tossed it to the ground. He saw Peterson slide in another ring to her fingers before Zinnia jumped on him, almost filling his face with lipstick marks as she kissed him.

Duncan gnashed his teeth, not wanting to shed any drop of tears from the ones that were welling in his eyes. He watched them slithering into the club, both lost in their ecstasy before he got out of the car.

“Hey, you...” Karla went speechless as she watched him go to the front of the club and picked something from the ground.

“Huh, what did you go to take?” She asked when he entered the car.

“It’s none of your business,” Duncan said, giving her a bombastic side-eye.

“Oh oh, sorry.” Karla asked again, not getting affected by his rude remark. “Do you know the

woman who was over there a while ago?”

Duncan ignored her question and started the car. He started driving while she stared at him expecting him to give her an answer, but the car suddenly stopped later in less than a minute to both surprises.

“Damn!”

“Uh-oh, was my question really damnable?”

Duncan flicked a glare at her, goaded by her annoying question

“What?”

“What what, hm? Didn’t you see the car just stopped?”

“Oh, yeah. Why did you halt?” She furrowed her brows.

“Why would I do that when I want to get rid of you?”

“Then...”

“The car just stopped.” Duncan hissed and got out of the car. He was about to go and open the car’s bonnet when his eyes caught the deflated tyre.

“Shit.” He lowered his head and stared at Karla who leaned forward. “The tyre is flat. I guess it got

punctured.”

“Too bad and she abruptly paused as she slowly looked away.

Duncan observed her expression change and got suspicious.

“Gosh, it’s my fault.” She returned her gaze to him, biting her lower lip. “I’m sorry.” She held her

ear lobe.

Duncan rolled his eyes. “What are you sorry for?”

Earlier, back in the hotel, I punctured your tyre with a needle. I never thought it would really

deflate since it was a needle and...”

“Bam!” Duncan jabbed the pillar of the car, causing Karla to shriek.

“Why the hell did you do that?”

“Because I didn’t want you to leave and drive in anger, your life might be in danger if you’re

driving in anger.”

“And why did you care?”

“Look, chill. I’m sorry. I totally forgot to tell you about my deed when you left the hotel bar.”

“You?” Duncan pointed a finger at her before he swiftly turned upon hearing a coming car. It was

an Uber i. He stopped it and went over to carry Karla out of the car.

“The hospital, nearby,” he told the driver as she sat inside the car.

“Hey, are you sending me there alone?”

Duncan opened his mouth to talk but said nothing. He took his key from the keyhole, pressing a button, the windows winded up and the car doors got closed.

Karla stopped herself from smiling as she watched him go over and enter the car.

“Go now,” Duncan ordered the driver and he drove off. They arrived at the hospital in ten minutes and Duncan took Karla inside to get her sprained ankle checked.

Meanwhile, the lady with whom they had encountered, who was a famous businesswoman, one of the top 3 Influential and successful businesswomen in the country, Abigail Waclaw, had asked her driver to trail Duncan’s car, got pissed off when her driver pulled over.

“What’s it, Ben?”

“Sorry, Ms. Waclaw, I lost them due to the traffic back there.”

“Shit.” She frowned. He opened his mouth to pacify her but she made the four fingers gesture, silencing him. “It’s alright.”

“Pardon me for asking ma’am, why asked me to trail him.”

A pleasant smile curved her full heart-shaped lips as she muttered, “He seems to be a special man. It’s strange but I’m solemnly piqued.

“Ms. I didn’t hear you very well, sorry.”

“You don’t need to.” She put on a serious look and relaxed her tensed shoulders. “Do this, get me some information regarding him.”

“But, I don’t know him.”

With a threatening voice, she spoke. “Ben?”

“I’ll do my best, Ms.”

“Good. Hurry off to the meeting location.”

What happened to you, Abigail? She thought while he drove. She had an important meeting to attend to and couldn’t believe that she had ordered her driver to tail Duncan’s car instead of going to the meeting venue.

After Karla’s ankle was checked and bandaged, Duncan was helping her leave the hospital. She complained of thirst when they got to the Uber waiting for them and Duncan left her to grab a

bottle of water for her.

Karla crossed her arms, almost diving into what had happened the last few hours when someone walked up to her, brushing his hand over her face.

“Hello, pretty doll?”

She sneered, lifting her gaze to meet the jerk in front of her who was obviously not in his right

senses.

“Who the heck are you? How dare you touch me?”

“Pretty, I can give you anything in this world. Just be mine for the night.”

“Get lost.” She pushed him back, causing him to stumble.

He gained his footing and laughed as he leaned forward and grabbed her arm.

“Don’t be saucy. Just spend the night with me”

“What? Let go?” Karla was surprised that he didn’t let go but tightened his grip. She was about to slap him when Duncan hurried up behind him and grabbed his hand off her arm.

“Stay away

“Huh? You?” The guy pointed at Duncan as a girl walked up next to him and he roared into laughter.

Duncan’s frown deepened as he recognized him to be Aaron, Zinnia’s dirty cousin.

“Duncan!” He yelled “Wait? What are you doing now? I bet you couldn’t survive after leaving last night and you resulted in being a petty driver, hm?”

Karla’s brows furrowed. She couldn’t believe that he would mistake him for his driver.

“Look, lady, this man here is a worthless piece of trash!” He turned to the girl beside him who was his casual girlfriend. “Look, he’s Duncan, babe. My poor cousin-sister, Zinnia’s good-for-nothing

husband.”

The girl broke into laughter and eyed Duncan.

“I bet he’s working hard for his daily bread,” she spat, causing Karla to roll her eyes at her.

“Oh, look at her ankle. I’m sure he got into an accident and got her injured. Oh, his driving skill is poor too. He has not even entered a car let alone driven it and perhaps he got overwhelmed. Report

him to the police, lady.”

“Shut up!” Karla scoffed.