

# The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

## Chapter 13

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As Duncan walked up to the security man that had politely called out to him in a respectful manner, he recognized the man and the other security man standing next to him as the security men that had mocked him the other night he arrived.

“Good morning, sir,” they greeted him, bowing. Duncan was a bit surprised by their show of regard.

He buttoned his sleeves, giving a nod in acknowledgment. “How may I help you?”

“Nothing, sir. We just want to apologize to you for our misbehavior on the night you came. We are truly sorry.”

The men had actually gotten to know that Duncan had booked the Golden Exquisite suite and were taken aback. They had decided to by all means meet him and apologize for their taunts so as to protect their jobs.

“It’s alright” Duncan waved and they glanced above his shoulder at something. He tilted his head to see what they were looking at but saw nothing.

“Sir, I hope you haven’t complained to Madam Zelda about us,” the other security man asked, shaking.

Duncan lifted a brow, understanding why he asked that. They had seen Lady Zelda enter the hotel yesterday, out of curiosity, one of them had gone to ask the ladies at the reception and got to know that she had come to see Duncan.

So they were scared that Duncan already informed her about what they did. They know well that Lady Zelda wasn’t an ordinary person and she must have had a good relationship with him.

“It’s alright. I didn’t inform her. I’ll leave now.” He turned to leave.

“Is madam Zelda your Aunt? Or mother?” Hearing the question, Duncan made no move. He turned and gave the man a why-care look, causing him to blink with fear of the unknown. I’m sorry, sir. You can go.

Duncan shook his head and headed to his car. When he entered the car, he felt a bit strange and looked through the rearview mirror at the boot of the car. He shrugged off the weird feeling he had and started the car.

He drove to the Walton domicile. Arriving at the house gave him a shocked feeling like the last time, but this time, he headed straight inside. He was highly welcomed by the Butler.

When Zelda was informed that Duncan was here to see her, she was astonished. She quickly left the study room to see him, Luke following behind.

“Duncan?”

Duncan arose when she emerged “Good morning.”

“You came? That means?” She smiled, excitedly as her hand flew to her mouth.

She rushed up to him and pulled him into an embrace, holding back her tears.

Duncan felt good deep inside. He wanted to smile and put his arms around his real mother to

enjoy the momentum as her but didn’t. When she let go of him, she held his face. “I am sorry, my son. Your mother did you wrong but please find it in your heart to forgive me.

“It’s okay.” Duncan held her hands and gently pulled them down. “I don’t know when I’ll finally accept you as my real Mom but...”

“I’ll be patient, my son. It’s alright.”

“Congratulations, ma’am,” Luke said and bowed to Zelda who smiled. “Welcome, young Master

Walton.”

“Luke, I’ve finally got my son back: I want the whole world to know my one and only son.”

“No,” Duncan refused, holding up a hand. They stared at him, surprisingly.

“Son, what is it?” Zekda glanced at Luke and gnashed her teeth upon recalling what he had told her earlier about Duncan’s family. “Is it because of your wife, the Lennart family?”

Duncan’s eyes grew a little bigger in shock. “How did you know about my wife and the Lennart family?”

“Son, I know they’ve been treating you like trash for years. Your wife is Zinnia Lennart. Now, they should know whose son you really are.”

“No, I don’t want my true identity to be known. I want them to pay for what they did to me.”

“How will you do that if they don’t get to know who you really are?”

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“Duncan is right,” someone said and Duncan turned to see Karla walking up to him. He was surprised. “I agree with him. His Identity shouldn’t be known.”

“You, how did you get here?” Duncan asked, almost yelling.

Karla lowered her brows and held her right earlobe, pulling a baby-face expression. “I’m sorry but I got into your booth and ”

“What? Damn, you...” Duncan sighed, becoming speechless, he didn’t want to seem vile in front of

them so said no more words.

“Alright, son. You don’t want your identity to be revealed. Still, you need to have productive people by your side.” Zelda smiled and tilted her head. “Babette!”

Shifted their gaze to the staircase as they heard the sound of a door opening.

Duncan wondered who it was she had called, likewise Karla who was standing next to him.

An elegant lady emerged from the study room behind the stairs, her black hair gracefully tied up, accentuating her features. Her striking gray eyes sparkled with intelligence and confidence. She appeared to be in her mid-twenties, exuding a youthful yet mature aura.

She was dressed immaculately in a formal outfit. The tailored attire accentuated her God figure, highlighting her poise and elegance.

In her hands, she had some files and a tablet. While Duncan was getting impressed as she walked up to them with a short smile, Karla couldn’t conceal her frown when she saw his intense-like gaze fixed on the girl. She felt a bit jealous and when she realized that when the lady reached

them, she shook her head slightly.

What’s wrong with you, Karla? Why are you feeling this way? There’s nothing between you and

him.”

‘She’s not looking bad, Duncan thought, smiling.

“Really? You find her appealing, hm?” Karla asked him in a whisper and he looked down at her, surprised about how she got to know what he was thinking about.”

“Well, she’s more feminine and pretty than you,” Duncan answered in a whisper. That stung Karla’s guts. She wanted to retaliate but he looked at her from head to toe,

making her realize how unappealing she looked in her sports outfit. She felt a bit embarrassed.

“I can’t believe I’m letting a jerk like you get under my skin,” Karla hissed, making sure that only Duncan heard it. She was getting annoyed then she remembered how he saved her and took back the last word she uttered.

He saved me, so he’s no jerk, she thought and exhaled, looking away as Duncan stared at her in an

amusing manner.

“Son, this is Babette,” Zelda introduced

Babette smiled. “Good day, young Master. I’m Babette Swan,” she introduced herself.

“I’m Duncan Duncan shook hands with her.

“Duncan, she’s the manager of running out companies,” Luke said.

Karla’s eyes grew bigger and Duncan took another good look at Babette, surprised.

“She’s young, son, but she’s really dedicated and meticulous.”

Duncan nodded. He has observed the weight of responsibility which was evident in her confidence when she was walking up to them, but despite the professional burden she could possibly be carrying, he was impressed that her warm and pleasant smile never wavered. Her smile was radiating an inviting and approachable demeanor.

“I can tell that she’s truly competent. Seeing you, I felt a sense of awe and admiration and now I understand why I felt so. You’re a force to be reckoned with.”

“I feel elated to be graced with your compliment, Sir.” Babette bowed.

“She’ll help you with some things related to the business

“What do you mean?” Duncan lifted his brows in obliviousness.

“You are my son. And you are the rightful heir to the Walton Imperial conglomerate,”  
Zelda declared and Duncan’s jaw dropped in shock.