

The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

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Duncan opened his mouth to say something but no words came out of it. He couldn't believe his

ears

"Babette." Zelda gestured to Babette and the lady stepped forward.

"Master Duncan, The Walton Imperial conglomerate has over fifty companies under them all over the country and the globe as a whole. There are also chains of great hotels under it and other estates, Babette narrated

Duncan glanced at Karla who was smiling.

"Mrs. Zelda, are you sure of what you're saying?"

Feeling a bit hurt that he addressed her formally, Lady Zelda forced a smile and held his arms in a loving way. "Everything is yours, my son. Now, I'll step down and let you handle it all. You'll take care of the businesses. You will be in charge now.

Luke's expression turned sour for a strange reason when Lady Zelda said so. He stepped forward and whispered into her ear

"Ma'am, aren't you going too far? He's inexperienced and....

Zelda held up a hand, shunning Luke He straightened and took a step backward

"He's my son. My flesh and blood and I know he's so capable of handling the business. Duncan, I believe in you. Will you help your Mother run the businesses?"

Duncan didn't know what to say. Yes, he was glad that he was the heir to the business but he wasn't sure of whether he could handle it well.

“Hey, I know you can handle it well too,” Karla said to him, almost in a whisper as she tugged my shirt. I wanted to give her a scornful look but her pleasant smile sated my anger for her and gave me courage.

“I’ll do my very best to take the businesses to higher heights,” he said.

Lady Zelda chuckled and pulled him into a hug. Karla’s smile which widened slowly disappeared as she saw a flicker of displeasure in Luke’s eyes before he forced a smile.

“So, Babette, I’ll be relying on you to fill me in on the things related to the companies.

“It will be my honor. When would you come to the Walton business estate to check the companies?

“Um, tomorrow.

“Babette will take you there and give you vital information about the companies by tomorrow morning.”

“Okay

Duncan returned to the hotel with Karla, thinking of his new huge responsibility. It still felt like a dream to him that he was the sole heir of a conglomerate worth billions of dollars.

“Never try to get into my booth again. You better stay away from me,” Duncan warned Karla when

she got out of the car.

I...” she attempted to apologize again but he started walking to the entrance. She ran after him.

When he was approaching the door, a Lady walked past him, answering a call and Karla who had fastened her pace to catch up with him unintentionally bumped into her.

The lady was about to stumble back and fall but Duncan swiftly turned and grabbed her arm, saving her from the fall.

She lifted her head and stared at him, getting lost in his eyes.

“Are you okay, Ms.?” He asked, snapping her out of her trance. She straightened up and nodded.

“Yeah. Thank you for saving me.”

Duncan nodded, trying to remember where he had met her before because she seemed familiar to

him.

When his gaze dropped below her cheekbone, his mind flashed back to the Lady he had met last night.

“Hey, you!” Karla yelled, pointing at her. She nudged Duncan. “Don’t you recognize her?” Duncan ignored her question and returned his gaze to the lady. “Come on, she’s the Lady, probably the boss of that rude driver who brushed me last night, remember?”

“I doubt,” Duncan snapped at her. He knew it was the Lady but didn’t want to prove Karla right in front of her.

“Come on, she’s the one.”

“Uh, sorry about last night. My driver was rude. I sincerely apologize again on his behalf,” the lady said, clasping her hands.

“You’re apologizing on his behalf, it’s wrong. He should do that. I really want to bash you for having such a driver who almost destroyed me,” Karla said, not meaning to sound rude.

“I’m sorry. I’ll pay for the medical expenses if you

“I know you’re rich. You were exuding luxury last night but please don’t rub it on my face.”

“Excuse me? I wasn’t meaning to do so, I just.

“It’s alright,” Duncan cut in and eyed Karla. “You had no fault in what happened. Please, pardon her manners. Excuse us.” Duncan left.

“Hey!” Karla hollered, running after him and waving her hand, frantically.

Another lady ran up to Abigail Waclaw.

“Ms, you left your purse in your office.” She stretched the purse to her, but Abigail was lost in staring at Duncan as he entered the hotel.

The lady tapped her gently and she dropped her gaze on her. “Ms, are you okay?”

“Yes.” Abigail nodded, taking her purse.

Another lady who was Abigail’s personal bodyguard, Xia, ran up to her.

“Ms, I’m sorry I was a bit slow, I saw you bump into that girl. Are you okay?”

“Yes, Xia.” Abigail smiled. “It was a pleasant incident.”

“Sorry, Ms. Abigail, but I saw you staring at the young man. Is there a problem? Did he offend you?”

“Offended me?” Abigail shook her head in a strange manner. “It was far from that.”

“Pardon me for asking this, but do you know him?” Lena asked.

“He’s a man who has my heart.”

What?” Xia and Lena exchanged glances and stared at Abigail in shock.

Noticing how shocked they had become, Abigail cleared her throat and waved.

“Forget it. I was kidding. Xia, let’s go.” She headed to her car

The ladies gave each other a surprised look for the last time before they started walking. They know Abigail to be a serious-minded person and didn't think she meant it when she said she was

kidding.

But, they couldn't still accept what she had said and took it to be a joke, not looking forward to asking her for any sort of clarification

"Ms. Waclaw." Ben bowed when Abigail reached the car and he opened the door of the back seat for her.

She sat in and gestured at him to come closer Ben closed the door and brought down his face to the window. "Ben, did you get any information regarding the man from last night?"

"Oh, yes. Ms. Waclaw, I saw him just entered the hotel. I guess he's staying in the hotel."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Quickly go in and get to know what room he's staying in."

Ben nodded and left. Xia and Lena patiently waited by the car.

He returned a minute later and said.

"Ms, he had booked the Golden Exquisite suite for two nights, but he shifted to another room on

the tenth floor."

"Great," Abigail mouthed, cracking her knuckles. "Let's go. We will return here later in the evening.

"But, Ms, you've got an important meeting this evening," Lena reminded.

Abigail inhaled. "Cancel it. Let's go, Ben." She put on her eyeglass, Xia took the front seat and Ben

entered and drove off.

When Duncan got to his room door, he shot a glare at Karla that came running up to him.

"Hey, what did you do down there?"

"You're annoying and I really dislike you," Duncan said. He entered his room and slammed the door in her face, leaving her in shock.

He thought about how he was going to make his in-laws and unfaithful wife pay before he had

some rest, thinking about how his life had miraculously changed.

Later in the evening, Duncan stepped out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He was going to the closet to grab his clothes when he heard a knock on the door.

He went to open the door and was surprised to meet the lady he had saved earlier.

"You?"

"Yes. Hello." She waved at him, seeming a bit anxious. "Huh, may I come in?"

"Oh, yeah." Duncan opened the door widely, making way for her to enter. She walked in and he closed the door.

"I had no idea at first that you were staying here."

"Pardon?"

"Sorry, I know you left the Golden Exquisite suite this morning.

"What? How?"

Abigail stared at him. She didn't know if it would be right to tell him who she was. While Duncan patiently waited for her to answer him, her eyes dropped to his bare wet chest. She gulped and looked away, comporting herself.

"Actually, I'm the owner of this hotel, Abigail Waclaw."

Duncan's eyes widened a bit. "Really?"

"Yes. What?"

"Nothing." Duncan didn't tell her but he was rather impressed by her calmness and humbleness. He had never imagined that the owner of the Hotel would be the beautiful woman in front of him.

He has heard a few words about how successful the hotelier was but he hadn't thought that he would meet her soon.

"I'm Abigail Waclaw." She held out her hand

"Duncan South." He took her hand.

"I got a call from someone, complaining about how my staff at the reception treated you two nights ago. I sincerely apologize for that."

Duncan nodded, wondering who had called her to make the complaint. "I'll compliment your humbleness."

"Thank you. I heard you left the suite this morning.

"Yes, I'll be leaving soon."

"Please, I would like you to stay in the Golden Exquisite suite till you leave the hotel. Accept my offer."

"No, sorry I can't"

"Don't turn it down. I want to use the offer to cover up for their insolent behavior. Please, accept it."

Duncan didn't want to hurt her by rejecting her offer so he accepted it. She thanked him and just

when she was leaving, she tripped. She lost her balance and was just about to fall on her face when Duncan grabbed her hand.

"Oh, my goodness." She cried.

"Are you okay?"

She nodded, wincing. She tried to gain her balance but stumbled, making Duncan tighten his grip

on her hand and walk her to a couch.

"Please, sit."

"Thank you.

"I guess you sprained your ankle."

"Maybe."

"Do you mind me giving it a little massage?"

Abigail answered with a nod and was surprised when he gently took out her feet from her shoe and gave it a light massage.

She was smiling, enjoying how he massaged her ankle until the door was forcefully pushed open. Karla walked in and her lips parted in disbelief when she saw them

"You, why barge in...?"

Karla waved, silencing him. She folded her arms, frowning. "Let's talk."

She didn't seem like the one who would easily leave so Duncan didn't ask her to

“Huh, I’ll leave now.” Abigail arose, receiving a stern look from Karla.

“Is it hurting? Should I call someone to help you...”

“No. I’m fine. Thanks for the massage.”

Duncan nodded. Abigail wanted to tell him something important but seeing Karla’s fierce-like

expression, she left the room, hesitatingly.

“Woah, I had no idea you were a masseur. You give free services, hm?”

“You’re talking nonsense.”

“Ah, you should feel shameless to be massaging a woman.

“What?”

“Is it because she seems rich? You know people put on a guise, right?”

“Yeah, people like you.”

“Whatever. What’s your plan? I’m talking about your revenge plan.”

“You’ve got no right to ask me that.”

“I can help you.”

“No, I don’t need your help.

“What?”

“You seem as useless as you look.”

“Excuse me? I am...”

“You’re nothing. You can’t even protect yourself.”

“I hope you aren’t judging me based on what happened last night...”

“You’re reckless and annoying, so I don’t want any help from someone like you.”

“You don’t know me.”

“Okay. What else are you than a supposed blue belt?”

Tam

“I can help you” A voice interrupted, walking into the room. It was Abigail.

Duncan’s eyes lit in surprise as Karla’s mouth fell open.