

# The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

## Chapter 15

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Abigail walked up to Duncan and inhaled.

“I know your wife and in-laws, the Lennart family, has wronged you terribly and I would love to help you in any possible way I can, Duncan.”

“Can I trust you?” Duncan asked, his eyebrows creasing. Karla stepped forward and grabbed his

arm

“You can’t trust her. You don’t know her.”

“Step back,” he whispered to her.

Karla rolled her eyes, letting go of him.

“Duncan, you can trust me. I know with time, you’d need my help.”

“What can you help me with?”

“Almost anything.”

“You’re just a businesswoman. Focus on running your business,” Karla snapped

Abigail turned to face Karla, shaking her head. “Don’t judge a book by its cover. I’m not just a

businesswoman, I’m also a Computer Literate.”

“Pff, I am too.”

“Look, I’m a problem solver. I solve problems quickly and effectively too. I’m able to identify

complex issues and tackle them. I have connections and my network is strong. Duncan, If you don’t want my help, then it’s fine.”

Abigail turned to leave but Duncan stopped her.

“I know you’re trustworthy. Now onwards, I can say we are partners.”

Abigail spun with a big smile on her face. She shook hands with Duncan and left.

“Oh my goodness, how can you trust a stranger? Is it because she’s beautiful?” Karla asked,

feigning annoyance.

“Beautiful indeed and smart too. I’m sure she’s as smart as she looks. That’s why I didn’t turn her

down.”

“Whatever. Accept my assistance too.”

“No. I don’t stick with people who I don’t trust.”

“Really? So you trust that sly-looking woman...?”

“Abigail. That’s her name and she’s the owner of this hotel.”

“I know that. I got to know about her a while ago.”

“And, yes, I do trust her.”

“And me?”

“I don’t know, maybe. Though You don’t look trustworthy.” Duncan shrugged and walked to the

bed. “I’ll think about it.

“Hey! I want to help. And I’m not leaving until you accept my offer.”

Duncan saw the determination in Karla’s eyes and gave up on pushing her away.

“Fine. But, no one should know about our relationship. You are the only one who knows about my true identity so you shouldn’t let anyone know.”

“I promise.”

Duncan nodded and she left.

When Karla got to her room, she received a message from her father asking when she was going to come home. She read it and ignored it. She got a call from her father and didn’t answer it. Her relationship with her father wasn’t great. She decided to send him a message.

I won’t be coming home anytime soon. Take care. She tossed her phone to the bed.

She was feeling elated that Duncan had accepted her assistance. She took her laptop and resumed what she was doing early that morning, digging for information about the Lennart family.

The following morning, Duncan had his little things transferred back to the Golden Exquisite suite. He got ready to see the Walton companies.

When Duncan stepped out of the hotel, he met some men. They introduced themselves as his new bodyguards whom his mother had sent to take him to the company’s estate.

“I don’t need a bunch of guards. I don’t want to draw attention.”

“Please, let us do as Ma’am had instructed us,” one of them said. He seemed to be the head of

them. His name was Jack

“Look, this is my order. You all leave. I won’t be needing you all to accompany me anywhere I go.

“Then, please let me take you to the estate. I’ll be the only one to follow you.

Duncan nodded. “Alright.” He gave Jack the key to the car and entered the car.

In less than twenty minutes, Jack was driving up to the entrance of the Walton Group of Companies estate. Duncan’s eyes scanned the vast expanse of the land, the three imposing buildings on either side. The large writing on the entrance gate confirms that he has arrived at the right place. As Jack drives in, he can’t help but feel awed by the grandeur of the estate.

Jack halted and Duncan got out of the car, looking around in amazement at the well-manicured

lawns, fountains, and gardens. The biggest building of them all, located in the heart of the estate, caught his eye and he saw Babette standing in front of it wearing a welcoming smile. He couldn’t

wait to explore the interior of the building.

“Good morning, Master Duncan, welcome to Walton Groups of Companies.”

“Thank you, Babette.”

“Let’s go in, Sir.”

“After you.” Duncan gestured to the entrance door, Babette smiled in appreciation and walked in.

As Duncan enters the building, he is greeted by a spacious lobby with marble floors and elegant chandeliers hanging from the high ceilings. The lobby is bustling with activity, with people rushing around purposefully.

He made his way towards the elevators, which are located at the back of the lobby, following Babbette behind

The elevators are sleek and modern, with polished steel doors and buttons that light up when pressed. As he steps into the elevator, he notices that it is spacious and well-lit, with mirrors on all sides that reflect his image.

Barbette pressed the button for the top floor, and the elevator began to ascend smoothly and silently. As the elevator door opens on the top floor, he steps out after Babbette into a private lobby that leads to the office of the CEO

The office is as impressive as the rest of the building, with floor-to-ceiling windows that offer stunning views of the estate. The walls are adorned with modern art pieces, and the furniture is sleek and minimalist Duncan couldn't help but feel impressed by the opulence of the office.

"Please, sit, sir." Babbette gestured to the huge seat behind the large desk

"Don't worry." Duncan waved, still checking out the office as he took a seat in one of the plush. leather chairs, and he felt a sense of awe at the sheer scale and grandeur of the Walton Group of

companies.

"Sir, I'm sure everyone would love to meet you. I'll call some of the top staff and introduce them to

you...

"No, Babbette. No one should know my identity

"Why so, sir?"

Duncan arose and inhaled. "I've got a plan and I don't want my true identity to be revealed so I can carry out my plan smoothly."

"Sorry to ask, but what plan are you talking about, sir?"

Duncan smiled. "You'll know when the right time comes. Just do as I say for now. No one should

ever know my identity."

"Noted, sir."

Babette went on to fill Duncan in on the Walton Group of companies. She told him that the other five buildings in the estate were under-companies and they are managed by different CEOs

"Will I be the one in charge of those companies and the others?" Duncan asked, a feeling of anxiety running up in his veins.

Babette offered him a comforting smile, revealing her set of dazzling white teeth.

"Don't worry, sir, you're the heir of the Walton Imperial conglomerate. Mr. Luke is technically your right-hand man. He and I will assist you."

Duncan nodded. After they had a few more talks, Duncan decided to leave and Babette offered to walk him to his car.

When he stepped out of the building and was walking to the car, Babette followed him behind, a

car pulled up and he stopped when he saw Marcus, Zinnia's brother, step out of the car.

Marcus saw him and smirked before walking up to him.

"Duncan. My worthless soon-to-be ex-brother-in-law, how has your life been?" Marcus asked,

mockingly.

"Marcus."

“Yes, tell me. I know your life has been a bed of roses for the past two days since you left,” Marcus

said, sarcastically.

“It truly was, Marcus,”

“What? Don’t fool me, Duncan I know you. Don’t tell me you came to this place with the hopes of getting a better job. They won’t even employ you as a cleaner or gardener here ”

“Excuse me, he’s ”

Duncan stopped Babette from finishing her statement

“Duncan, fall at my feet and I promise you that I’ll let you continue working as a cleaner in our company. I’ll be benevolent to pay you a hundred bucks every month. I’m not as awful as Zinnia.”

“Please, leave now before I get you thrown out,” Babbette said, getting annoyed.

“Who are you?” Marcus eyed her and chuckled. “Ah, are you the manager of this company? If you are, I’ll give you some free advice. Don’t employ this good-for-nothing fella if you’re thinking of

doing so.

“Marcus, I never thought you were this stupid. Anyway, just know this, I’ll be the one to employ you here. Now get lost.”

Marcus roared in laughter. I know you’ve started taking hard drugs now your life is worthless. But I won’t spare you for insulting me in this way. Duncan, your wretched mother will pay for your insolence.

Duncan got riled. He balled his fist and was about to punch him in the face when someone putting on a leather jumpsuit and a black helmet over its head, delivered a roundhouse kick to Marcus from behind.

The person landed agile on its heels and Duncan couldn't help but wonder who it was.