

The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

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Marcus, who was greatly stunned by who it was that had just kicked him, held his jaw.

“You son of a bitch!” Marcus growled as the person darted off “Stop there!”

Duncan watches in awe as the person runs fast to a bike at the rear of the parking space, jumps

onto it, and starts the bike.

“Stop that person!” Marcus yelled to no one in particular and was about to stand up and go after the person but Duncan held out a leg, causing him to stumble on it and crash back on the ground.

Barbette laughed and hearing the engine of the bike roar to life, Duncan averted his gaze to the biker as he sped down the alley, driving rough and energetically which indicated to Duncan that

whoever it was was confident and skilled behind the handlebars

Before the security men could stop the biker after hearing Marcus yell, the biker had disappeared down the estate road, it was clear that the person was not one to waste time.

“Come on, Marcus, you can go catch the biker now,” Duncan said, sarcastically, making Marcus

sneer.

He arose, still holding his jaw which was aching badly. “Duncan, believe me when I say that I’ll

make you pay for this. In the next forty-eight hours. ”

“Is that the countdown?” Duncan let out a mocking chuckle and stepped forward.

“Duncan, let’s watch and see who goes down before the countdown is over.”

Marcus’ eyes grew in disbelief. He couldn’t believe that Duncan would dare to stand up straight in

front of him and give him a threat. He gnashed his teeth ignoring its ache and nodded

“Okay, Duncan. Just watch and see.” Duncan eyed Babette and headed back to his car and entered

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After Marcus’ car had left, Babette turned to Duncan

“Sir, do you know him?”

“He’s my brother-in-law.”

“He was rude and insolent. If I’m not mistaken, he’s the grandson of Ma’am LL, right?”

Duncan nodded. Ma’am LL who was Luna Lennart is Zinnia’s grandmother who wasn’t around

when he left the house.

“Hm, the Lennart Empire, Marcus is the COO of the company and I think he was here to propose a deal with one of the under companies.” She paused and seemed to be pondering about something before she let out a silent laugh. “Sir, do you know the strange biker?”

Duncan shook his head, still in awe. “I don’t. Can’t tell if it was a guy or a lady.”

“It certainly was a lady, sir.”

Duncan lifted his brows. “How can you be certain?”

“She was putting on black heel boots and I saw some hair slipped out of the helmet.”

“Babbette, some guys have hairs too.”

“I know, but I’m a woman too. I know how women carry themselves. It definitely was a woman.”

Duncan didn’t argue because thinking about it a second time, he felt she was right.

Who could the woman be? He thought.

“Whoever she is, I must admit that she’s skilled, Sir.”

“You’re right.”

“And, she must know you,” she added.

“I’m not sure I know her,” he mouthed and headed to his car.

Meanwhile, as the biker, who actually was a woman, drove down a narrow deserted road, the wind

rushed through her hair, resulting in strands of her brown ombre locks cascading over her shoulders

The road was stretched ahead, free from any traffic or obstacles, and that allowed her to fully embrace the exhilaration of the moment.

With a sudden jolt, she brought the motorcycle to a halt, the tyres skidding slightly on the pavement. The engine slightly hummed softly as she switched it off.

She unfastened the chinstrap of her helmet with a practiced ease and lifted it off, revealing a vibrant smile on her face, sparkled with a sense of accomplishment and pure satisfaction as she surveyed her surroundings.

The open road held a sense of freedom and adventure, and she had just experienced it fully. Returning her attention to herself, she gently bounced and arranged her hair, ensuring it fell in a way that complemented her appearance.

As she continued to revel in the moment, she reached up and removed the nose mask that had concealed her face. It was no other person than Karla.

Her face exuded a natural radiance, accentuated by a touch of rosy blush on her cheeks. Her eyes, framed by long, fluttering lashes, glimmered with a mixture of determination and contentment.

Her lips curved into a soft smile, showcasing her confidence and a hint of mischief. The combination of her tousled hair, bright eyes, and a warm smile formed a captivating and alluring presence. The wind gently caressed her face, carrying with it a sense of liberation and joy.

Earlier, she was returning to the hotel after biking when she saw Duncan's car leave the hotel and

she followed it.

She had got there and saw Marcus insulting him. She felt vexed that Duncan was not reacting to his taunts, and just when she was walking up to them to give Marcus a scold, she heard him mention his mother and decided to set him straight with a roundhouse kick.

"I'm sure Duncan would be in a state of astonishment now. He would never come to know it was

me," she said to herself and rode back to the hotel.

When Duncan went to take his card key from the receptionist, he was surprised to know that someone else had taken it. When he got to the room, he found Karla filling a suitcase with his clothes

“What are you doing?” He asked, sounding upset.

“Hey, you said you were leaving soon so I decided to be a good partner and help you pack.

“Yes, but how did you know that I would leave today?”

“Honestly, my instinct told me so.”

“Whatever. You shouldn’t have taken my key and done this. I wonder how they gave you my card

when I didn’t ask them to.”

“Well, I talked them into it. I deserve a thank you.”

“No thanks because I don’t appreciate this. I hate people touching my things.”

The smile on her face diminished as she stepped aside, letting him close the suitcase.

I’m sorry.”

“No need to apologize. Anyway, I’m not taking these clothes with me.”

“Why?”

“It’s been only 3 days now. I left the house with nothing so I should return with nothing.

“So what happens to the clothes?”

“I bought them out of impulse. Anyway, I’ll give them out to someone who needs them. I’m sure there are thousands of people out there looking for such clothes to wear.”

“You’re generous.”

“I thought you said I was a jerk?”

“I don’t recall. But.”

“Don’t compliment me,” Duncan snapped, causing her to roll her eyes. “You wouldn’t believe what

happened today.”

“What?”

“I met Marcus...”

“Your peevish brother-in-law.”

“Yeah, how did you know?”

“I guess.

Duncan shrugged. “Well, he was annoying as always and he insulted me in a terrible way, and dragged my adopted mother in. Before I could react, a strange biker, I supposed a woman, showed up and gave him a stunning roundhouse kick. Marcus is still in severe pain, I guess. His jaw bones must have broken.”

“Woah. That serves him right.”

“And, the woman was great. To be honest, if I happen to come across her again, I would give her a hug. She left really quickly so I couldn’t do that.”

“She missed a lot then,” Karla mumbled, twirling her hair around her finger.

“What did you say?”

“Nothing. I’ll leave now. She spun, feeling crestfallen. She was heading to the door when Duncan stopped her.

“Karla?”

She was surprised he called her by her name for the first time. “What?” She turned back to face him, pouting

He walked up to her, slipping a hand into his pocket. His gaze went down to the bracelet she had on. He grabbed her hand to her surprise.

“Hey?”

“I’ve got you,” he uttered.