

The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

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Duncan's entire body vibrated and his heart sank like the titanic as he stood at the door watching them. He felt dumb and numb for a while.

The man who appeared to be around the same age as Duncan, or likely to be two or four years older than him, was frantically enjoying his wife. Their moans suddenly filled the room and Duncan slowly clenched his fists. He couldn't stop tears from welling up in his eyes and rendering his vision of his wife who suddenly wrapped her legs around the man's waist.

He felt more disgusted by how she was sensually muttering some words to the man which he couldn't make out of. It was a pure sign that she was enjoying the throb made of their bodies.

They were lost in their crazy pleasure, and so were oblivious to the fact that Duncan was standing at the door, a few meters away.

As he choked back his tears, not wanting a drop to fall, he gnashed his teeth as they began rolling on the bed, bodies intertwined. The rage that started building inside him was extreme, so he ignored his heart telling him to turn around and leave.

Not able to withstand it anymore, he took two steps forward and hollered his wife's name.

"Zinnia!" He growled

His growl sent the two disengaging as it broke through the haze of pleasure that had enclosed her a second back. She tilted her head and saw Duncan standing in front of the bed, his tears which he had failed to hold back rolled down his cheeks.

Zinnia couldn't believe her eyes. She has never in her wild imagination thought that Duncan would come there.

Her face went bleak and she quickly rolled out of the bed, covering herself with the quilt, looking at Duncan with a surprised and a tint of guilt expression.

The man, on the other hand, was pissed off, it was obvious by the ugly look he had on his face as he hurriedly got out of the bed and reached out to his clothes on the floor.

As he dressed up, though staring at his wife, Duncan could feel the man glaring at him with a sneer on his face.

"D...Duncan, what are you doing here?" Zinnia asked, trying to hide her nervousness as she stupidly surprised a chuckle.

“Oh, I should have stayed home, hopelessly waiting for you while you have a lot of time to enjoy this scum riding on you,” he said, with a pure sarcastic tone.

Zinnia was irked, but she couldn't maintain eye contact with him.

“Come on, Duncan. It's not what you're thinking that happened, okay?” She glanced at the man and shut her eyes, trying to think of what to say next.

“Look, I can explain, just hear me out...”

“Screw you!” Duncan cut her off with a bawl. “You're trying to say that you both were just rubbing bodies earlier or that he wasn't banging you?” Duncan gave a brief pause. “Do I look like a fool?” He asked, his voice growing louder.

The man who got more pissed off by Duncan raising his voice asked. “Hey, Zinnia, who the hell is he?” He walked over to her.

Duncan was amazed. He let out a bitter chuckle and took a step forward. “You're asking who I am? Aren't I supposed to be the one inquiring about you, trash bag?” Duncan brushed past his wife with his shoulders to face the man who was behind her trying to button up his long sleeves button. “Tell me who the hell you are?” He asked, his eyes brimming with rage.

“Man, get away from my sight. You don’t need to know who I am,” the man said, pointing at Duncan in the face. He tried to shove him aside and walk past him, infuriating Duncan the more.

Duncan blocked the man’s way, and grabbed him by the collar of his shirt. He was eager to see the man rolling on the floor in the next few seconds feeling excruciating pain. He pushed the man to the wall and gave him a series of jabs before kicking him and sending him to the floor.

He grabbed the man’s neck and held him up. “I caught you having sex with my wife and you’ve got the bloody guts to ask who I am,” he groaned.

Zinnia was boiling in abrupt rage as she watched Alex slap the man like he was a kid before rushing up to him. “Snap out of it, Duncan. How dare you hit him?”

Her words struck him and something like a sigh of relief escaped the man’s lips as Duncan slowly let go of him. He turned to face Zinnia glaring at him, his eyes gleaming with fury.

“What? How dare I? How dare you cheat on me with this trash bag, Zinnia?”

“So? Tell me, what if I cheated on you with him? At least I got good taste because this man is nothing like you. He’s far from being something like you. Do you know him? He’s Peterson Roger. He’s an affluent man in the city and he’s the COO of a worldwide known under-company which is part of a huge conglomerate.”

Duncan was thrown off balance by the way his wife defended the man. Never in his life had he seen her stand up for someone like that, let alone him.

But she didn't stop there, she went on to add salt to his wounds. "You called him a scum? You were calling him a trash bag?" Zinnia laughed hysterically, shaking her head. "The one you call those names is capable of having you stripped off and begging for alms in the streets of Imperium City. It's laughable that you think he's like you. And it's stupid of you to disregard him. He deserves the utmost respect from you, got it?"

Duncan didn't know what to say. He was spellbound.

"Peterson, he's my worthless husband whom I once talked about."

"Oh, I don't keep worthless people in my memory," Peterson mocked.

Duncan took a step forward to trash him but Zinnia came in between, stopping him.

"You've done a lot, now get out!" She grabbed his arm and dragged him out of the house.

Duncan half-mindedly walked to his scooter and took a last glance at the farmhouse.

He decided to go to the house. When he got home, after a while, Zinnia walked in, and he grabbed her hand, demanding an explanation for what she did.

“Let go of me!” Zinnia screamed and the living room was soon filled by the family members. She jerked her hand off his grasp and pushed him back, furiously.

“Who the hell do you think you are?” She smirked.

Everyone stared quizzically at them.

Duncan was knocked off by his wife’s audacity. “Zinnia, you cheated on me!” He shouted at the top of his lungs.

But the reaction of the family members baffled him.

“So? She cheated on you, it’s nothing,” hearing his mother-in-law say that, Duncan whirled to see an appeased smile on her lips. He glanced at the orders and saw that they were more amused than shocked or showing disdain for Zinnia’s deed.

“Duncan, I deserve to sleep with a great man rather than keep feeling disappointed in having a worthless punk like you for a husband.” Zinnia’s words pierced Duncan’s heart like a dagger and he staggered back like a wasted man.