



Chapter 28

John was shocked by what Duncan said but he laughed it off. He thought Duncan was beginning to lose his senses, so he decided to remind him of the night they last spoke.

"Duncan, I know you might be traumatized by what Zinnia did to you on the night of your birthday, it's expected, but don't let it get over you."

Duncan waved and dipped his hand into his pocket. John stared at him wondering what he was trying to get from his pocket, until Duncan took out five notes of a thousand bucks.

Seeing such an amount, John rolled his eyes in surprise and his jaw fell when Duncan took his hand and placed the money on it.

"Duncan, this is...?"

"I remember borrowing some hundred dollars from you some days before my birthday. You gave me, not knowing whether I'll return the money because I had some debts to pay and my salary was little to cover it all. I had borrowed that money to complete my money to buy my wife a present."

"Yes, I remember. It was only five hundred dollars, but what are you giving me now?"

"It's nothing much. Just five thousand dollars. Use it to get a meal."

"Meal!" John yelled, staring at the money in shock. He thought Duncan was joking. Who on earth of his caliber would use 5 thousand dollars for a single meal? It was definitely impossible.

The more John stared at Duncan in total disbelief, the more Duncan got elated until the entrance door was pushed open and a girl walked out holding a black bag filled with dirt and a sweeping brush at the other hand.

When she saw Duncan, her frown deepened. She dropped the bag and folded her hands, standing up next to John.

"So, look who decided to come to work today after so many days, and you didn't think it wise to come unusually early, rather you came in late. Bravo, Duncan," she said sarcastically, forcing John to cast a displeasing look at her.

"Hey, Abigail, that's not the right way to talk to Duncan," John defended.

"Oh, please, don't teach me manners, rather teach your irresponsible colleague to be responsible. You know the manager has been so angry." She gave a brief pause and eyed Duncan. "If you had been showing up these past few days then I wouldn't have to be doing my work as a waitress here and doing the cleaning. You know Jax couldn't do the cleaning because sometimes he had to shift to being the delivery boy in your absence after John's work time is over. 1

"I didn't mean to add to your work," Duncan said. "Don't take any offense, Abigail."

(Yes, she has the same name as Abigail Waclaw, please, don't get confused.)

"Save your apology because it won't relieve me of the aches my hands felt doing the cleaning!"

Hearing her yell, Karla who had been watching what was happening

inside the car, stepped out upon hearing the lady yell. 1

"You know what?" A sneer appeared on Abigail's face as she stepped forward to Duncan. "I'm sure you'll get a mouthful from the boss. Go and get over it. I pray you get sacked. You're incompetent as always."

Karla's eyes widened upon hearing that, she clenched her fist to go and chide Abigail but stopped herself and watched Abigail walk past Duncan, pushing him back slightly with her shoulder.

"What a wretch," Karla scoffed before entering the car when Duncan glanced at her.

"Oh, man, I'll go wrap up the shit inside now." Duncan patted John on the shoulder and went inside as John tried to find words to say. He headed to his Manager's office.

In the office, a man in his early 50s was seated behind the desk with legs plopped on the desk. When Duncan entered the office, the man's demeanor worsened when he saw him and he placed his feet down on the floor.

"You stupid fool! So you finally decided to come over now, hm?!"

"Lawson, if you keep yelling like that, your throat will end up burning as hell," Duncan retorted, knowing how much it would anger him.

Lawson gasped and his eyes widened as he stared at Duncan in utter disbelief.

"Duncan, did you just call me by my name?"

"Yes, what's wrong? You address me in bad names all the time, you know. You should be glad that I have not addressed you as such rather I

only called you by your name."

"How dare..."

Duncan silenced him as he casually waved his hand. "I'm not here to listen to nonsense. Let's get to the point." He straightened his shirt and sat on the couch by the desk, causing Lawson to rise up.

"How dare a lowlife like you sit on my couch?!"

"It's not your couch. This isn't your restaurant. You only manage it, so sit down your sorry ass, and let's talk."

"Ah ah." Lawson shook his head, walking to the front of the desk as he unbuttoned his suit jacket.

"I see you've lost your senses, but I ain't care. I'm going to show you that Lawson Jobs doesn't take nonsense from commoners. Duncan, you're fired!"

"Oh really?" Duncan shrugged in a strange manner that mesmerized Lawson and he arose.

"Look, I don't need this nonsense job, Mr. Jobs, you can employ someone else that will listen to your annoying voice. And I know it was Lena who put you to this. I'm I right?"

"You're talking nonsense. I see your mother gave you no good training. Just get out..."

Duncan went and grabbed Lawson by the collar before he could finish talking. "You!" He groaned, making Lawson start trembling. "If you dare to as much utter my mother's name, I'll make sure you lose your teeth, got it!"

Lawson nodded, almost choking.

"Now, tell me, didn't Lena put you to fire me?"

"S...she d...did," Lawson managed to say, trying to breathe well in Duncan's clutches.

"Good. Anyway, I don't care about your pathetic job. I was here to resign."

Lawson's eyes widened as he rolled his eyes to Duncan.

"Yes. Are you shocked? You shouldn't be because you'll get more shocks in the future from me."

Duncan let go of him, pushing him back to one of the seats and he left him there gasping for air.

When Duncan stepped out of the restaurant, he still met John at the same spot he had left him. He shook him, jolting him back to reality.

"Hey, man, how did it go?" John asked, with a tone mixed with worry and confusion.

"I got fired, though I resigned."

"What? You shouldn't have. Do you want to work as a full-time cleaner in your in-laws' company? You know your atrocious wife would make your life worse than that of an insect if you do."

"Forget about that. Nothing can happen. By the way, how's your mother doing?"

"Um, she's fine. Honestly, this money you gave to me is going to go a long way. My Mother got admitted to the hospital and hopefully, I will be

able to survive this week with this money you gave me and send some to my younger brother to look after himself."

Duncan felt touched by what John said. He pulled a worried expression and John forced a smile.

"Hey, don't worry about me, Duncan. Honestly, I'm worried about how you would survive now you've lost this job."

"Don't worry about me, and..." Duncan paused as he dipped his hand into his pocket and took out a bundle of money. He stretched it out to John. "Have this."

John shook his head. Duncan chuckled and tucked the money into John's pocket.

"Please, use it for your mother's treatment and your brother's upkeep. I hope you'll be able to manage that till you get your salary in a couple of weeks."

"What?" John took out the money from his pocket and confirmed it really was 50 thousand dollars. "D...Duncan, how did you get this morning? I'm sure you didn't steal it, but..." John went speechless as he dropped his gaze on the money. When he finally regained his voice, he pulled Duncan into a hug, trying to hold back his tears. "Duncan, this is five times my salary."

"I know. Just manage it."

"No!" John let go of him, shaking his head vigorously. "This is a lot. Shouldn't you have some?"

"No. I have more than I want."



"What do you mean?"

"You'll know the tale soon, just don't worry about me. If money was my problem now, I wouldn't have resigned."

"You, what?!"

Duncan turned to see Abigail behind him, her mouth agape.

"Yes, I just resigned."

"Are you kidding me?" She laughed and when her eyes went to the money in John's hands, she quit laughing and walked up to him. "I see, you both stole from the Manager, right?"

"Be mindful of what you say, Abigail," Duncan said.

"Excuse me? I'm calling the cops now."

John hissed. "Abigail..."

"No, let her do it, John. Go on and call the cops, then I'll file a case against you for defamation."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Duncan gave me the money. It's 50 dollars," John said, elated as he held the money up to her eyes.

"You're lying. How could he get such money to just give away?" She rolled her eyes to Duncan. "Do not tell me you're the famous unknown zillionaire heir, Duncan."

John's brows creased, baffled by what she said.

Chapter 28

 **Gem Lynne** author

“Hey guys, what do you think about Duncan? I would like to know your thoughts in the comment section. Love y'all 💕”

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