

The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

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*** Some Minutes Earlier ***

A woman in her early 50s is sitting on a grand couch, her expression heavy with emotion. She takes a sip from her flute glass of wine, the rich red liquid reflecting the dim fluorescent light shining directly at her.

The room is dark but exudes an air of luxury and exclusivity. The woman lifts up her chin a bit and stares at a picture on a long, exclusive cupboard, the image of a young boy around 7 years old. Her eyes are fixed on the photo, revealing a deep sense of longing or sadness.

The dim fluorescent light casts a soft glow on the room but also highlights the shadows that seem to envelop the woman's form. Despite the opulence of the surroundings, her mood is somber and melancholic.

As she slowly dropped her gaze, her eyes seeming to be welling up, her phone rang. She reluctantly picks up her phone, answering the call.

"Hello, Luke..."

“Ma’am Zelda, I...wait, what are you doing? Please, don’t tell me you are drinking again.”

The woman’s heavy eyes dropped on the empty half bottle of wine and she rolled her eyes, feeling drowsy.

“What is it, Luke?”

“Ma’am Zelda, your worries will end soon. I finally found him.” The man sounded elated.

“Who are you talking about?” She asked with an interest-filled voice.

“Who else? I’m talking about young Master Walton.”

An overwhelmed smile appeared on her dull face, but, as if recalling something bad, the smile disappeared from her face the next second, and she lost the interest she was having before.

“Stop it, Luke. Your lies won’t work on me this time.”

“I’m not lying. I’m heading to meet him now. Believe me.”

“Don’t dare play me for a fool again. I’m hanging up.”

“No, ma’am, I...”

The woman hung up like she had said before he could finish talking and dropped her glass.

She leaned back to the couch, returning her gaze to the picture.

She let out a bitter chuckle and said. “I know, my son. I’m a bad mother and you won’t be returning to me soon.”

She swallowed deeply as tears streamed down her eyes and she slowly closed her eyes, diving into a slumber.

*** Present Time ***

Duncan was stunned by the breathtaking display of wealth and the greetings of the men. He felt like he was already in his dream world even when he wasn’t asleep, so he pinched himself, he stopped himself from screaming due to the pain he felt from pinching himself and finally admitted that he wasn’t dreaming.

Mutterings of the passers-by began to surround him and he couldn't help but to look at himself from head to toe, thinking he must have been miraculously endowed by God in a great outfit in a flash that made the men greet him with so much respect but he got quizzical when he noticed he was still putting on the ugly pair of baggy trousers and restaurant's delivery guy Polo shirt.

He has never in his life seen such a thing like this, talk less of experiencing such a thing even in his wildest imagination.

He couldn't fathom why they were showing him great respect neither could he understand their display.

"Please, leave me. I don't know any of you," Duncan said when he started feeling embarrassed as none of the men dared to lift up their heads when he didn't acknowledge their greetings.

Just then, a staunch-looking man in his mid-50s who had not gone out from the last car in the line pushed open the back door of the car and stepped out.

He wore a gray suit and just by catching a glimpse of it, Duncan didn't need a soothsayer to tell him that the fabric of the suit was of high quality and it was well made to fit his body stature.

He moved with an aura that clouded his size and took cautious steps, the men in black suits made way for him as he advanced.

Duncan failed to see the elatedness in the man's huge eyes because he felt lost until he stopped in front of him. As the man went down on a knee, the other men dropped to their left knees.

"I'm glad to see you, young Master Walton," the man said with a rumbling voice that made Duncan freeze after he bowed to him.

After a minute of silence, the man requested.

"Your loyal servant asked that you please show your benevolence by granting us permission to rise or we won't rise."

Duncan looked aside, lips parted, then he nodded.

"Y...you all rise," he said with a confused tone.

"Thanks, Master." The man arose and glanced back, making the other men chorus –
"Thank you, young Master."

They arose and stared at him with lit eyes.

“Please, pardon me to touch you,” the man said and hugged Duncan.

“Wait, could he be Mr White?” He thought. Mr. White was the owner of the restaurant he worked for. He has heard from his boss, actually the manager of the restaurant, that Mr White who owns a few other restaurants in the city was a kind man who was wishing to see him because he had been seeing the monthly reviews of the restaurant and was impressed to have good reviews from their customers regarding Duncan who delivers their orders to them in time.

“But, he can’t be this rich and put off this display to show appreciation. Moreover, I’m being paid on time,” Duncan thought in his mind again, mesmerized.

The man let go of him and when Duncan was about to address him as “Mr White”, the man introduced himself.

“Young Master, I’m Luke Gale. Your mother’s right-hand man. I’m so pleased to meet you and I’m sure your Mom would be more pleased to see you.”

“Hold on.” Duncan held up his finger, not wanting to sound rude. “I’m Duncan. South. And I don’t know you.”

“I was the one who called earlier, Master Walton,” the man said and Duncan was taken aback by the words of the caller, he had given his word to be there soon and here he was.

“Oh, I see.” Duncan laughed strangely. “When did you guys get to this level, hm?”

The man was surprised. “What do you mean, Young Master...?”

“So you fraudsters have now become imposters so you could easily fool people and take the little things some of them have, hm?”

“You’re mistaken, young Master.”

“I told you I’m not your young Master. I’m simply Duncan. ‘South’ is my last name. Why don’t you just leave me and go?” He was getting infuriated by the man’s unyieldingness.

“I understand. You’re confused and oblivious. But, you’re not Duncan South or whatever, you’re Duncan Walton.”

“Excuse me?”

“Yes. You’re the heir of Waltons Imperial conglomerate. You’re my young Master and you’re the son of Lady Zelda Walton.”

“What nonsense are you spewing?”

“I’m being honest. You’re the sole heir to Waltons Imperial conglomerate and a five hundred billion asset, estates included.”

Duncan wanted to jump in shock but he felt his feet glued to the ground. He couldn’t believe what his ears had heard.

“The sole heir to Waltons Imperial conglomerate and…” he was almost replaying the words of the man in his head when it struck him.

‘Waltons Imperial conglomerate’, it rang a bell in his head and he gasped upon coming to realization. He has heard of great things about the Walton family at the restaurant and even in malls, sometimes he had paid no attention to the sayings because he was more concerned about making his wife happy.

The Waltons Imperial conglomerate has over fifty recognized companies under them all over the country. They have chains of luxurious hotels too in and across the world, plus estates.

He couldn’t believe the man was addressing him, an impoverished delivery man as the heir to the Waltons Imperial conglomerate.

“Do you mean what you’re saying? Aren’t you mistaking me for your young Master? I understand I might look a bit much like him but I won’t take the advantage because…”

“Sorry for cutting you off, young Master, but you’re my young Master Walton, no one else. I’m glad to see you, please follow us.”

“What? No. I’m not going anywhere with you guys.”

“I’m sorry, young Master, but first I will do what is expected.”

Duncan’s brows quirked as the man hurriedly beckoned to one of the men who walked up to him and stretched out a tablet to him.

Duncan, still greatly shocked, watched as the man clicked the screen, and in less than a minute...

Ding! His phone rang a message alarm. He took out his phone, still staring at the man. The man motioned to the phone when Duncan didn’t remove his gaze from him.

Duncan dropped his gaze to the screen of the phone and what he saw pushed his mouth to fall open like the gates of heaven. His legs became weakened as his eyes grew bigger in awe.

“Is this for real?” He screamed. “I...j...just got credited...2..20 billion dollars,” he stuttered.

“That’s a little welcome gift,” Luke said with a smile.

‘A little welcome gift?’ Duncan thought and his whole body went numb.

“Master, I know that’s little.”

Huh? Little? Duncan didn’t know when he let out a silly short laugh to Luke’s amazement. How can he call 20 billion dollars little? Is he kidding?

Duncan had never caught a glimpse of such an amount in someone else’s account and so he was in great shock.

He was still trying hard to get over the shock when Luke signaled to another man, the man ran up to him with a mini-silver case. He opened it and took out a gold card.

“Master, this card is yours. It’s an unlimited credit card with over 10 billion dollars.”

Duncan felt his bones weaken like jelly and he almost stumbled back, awestruck.