

# The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

## Chapter 5

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No word was able to fall out of Duncan's mouth as Luke placed the credit card in his hand.

He felt like slapping himself out of the dream world he supposed he was but when Luke shook him a little and quickly apologized as he glanced at him, he realized everything that was happening was real.

"Sorry, young Master. I didn't mean to shock you."

What do you mean? You've already shocked me beyond imagination, Duncan thought.

Then he dropped his gaze to the gold credit card that was gleaming and screaming magnificence.

No, this does not sound real, he thought again, looking away. He hadn't met the man before and due to his shallow mind, he again thought they were frauds.

I know what you guys are up to but I won't fall into your traps, he said in his mind.

“Young Master Walton, I know you must be shocked beyond my imagination, but, please, Lady Zelda awaits you.”

“Who’s she?” Duncan asked, his forehead creasing.

“She’s...” Luke abruptly paused and glanced away. “You’ll get to know her more if you see her. Please, follow us.” Luke motioned to the cars.

Duncan took a step back. He felt something was suspicious because Luke didn’t tell him who the woman was, and that made him firmly believe that everything that was happening was an act.

He felt they wanted to take him to somewhere he knows not off and maybe trade him with some foreigners.

He had heard a few things about how young men were being kidnapped and made to lose their memories before they were sold off to foreigners.

I’m way much smarter than to be fooled in this way, he thought as an idea crawled into his mind.

“Please, Young Master...”

“You can not force me. I am not going with you guys,” Duncan said, adamantly.

Luke bowed to him, Duncan was a bit shocked. “Okay, please think about it. Please, promise me you’ll give it a thought and come to see ma’am Zelda tomorrow morning.”

If you guys are imposters, it would be great if I get away from you all first, Duncan thought.

He nodded. “I give you my word. I will. ”

He didn’t expect Luke’s next action.

Luke held out a key to him in a respectful manner.

“Young Master, please use this car to go wherever you want to go.” He placed the key in Duncan’s hand and motioned at a particular car. “You should have a good sleep at a befitting hotel too, I suggest, please.”

Duncan slowly nodded and walked to the car. He gave them one last glance then entered the car, then immediately, he drove off.

He stopped down the street and twisted on his seat to stare back through the mirror, he was surprised not to find any car coming after him. He only saw them far off, watching him with heads slightly bowed.

He had thought they would chase after him and take the car since they were frauds.

Then it dawned on him that they weren't frauds nor were they imposters.

He got out of the car and checked it out in excitement. The seats were exquisite.

The car seemed like a brand-new car that was newly manufactured. He couldn't believe he had ridden such a car.

He got into the car and drove off.

"Where should I pass the night?" Duncan thought aloud while he drove. A smile curled his lips when the Emporium Hotel crept into his mind.

It was the biggest and best club in the City. He had heard that only senators, politicians, and noblemen from wealthy families were able to book a room in the hotel.

He didn't think twice as he drove down to the hotel. When he got there, he drove in.

“Hey, who are you?” One of two security men who immediately walked up to Duncan as he got out of the car, asked.

Duncan unintentionally ignored them as he was taken aback by the huge building he stood in front of.

The exterior was oozing the air of luxury and the distinctive and distinguishable lighting around the building was so pleasant to stare at.

“Hey, man.” The security guard poked his arm with a baton, jolting him from his other world.

“Oh, pardon me. I am...”

“Oh, I see you are one of the senator’s drivers,” the other security man with bald hair said.

Duncan frowned.

“What? When do they take delivery boys as drivers?”

The men laughed and gave Duncan a dismissive look.

“I am not a driver of anyone,” Duncan said.

The men looked at each other and nodded their heads in a funny way.

“Okay, delivery guy. So, you’re a designated driver, hm?”

Duncan shook his head.

“What? You do multiple jobs to feed, right? You should be lucky a rich man had pity on a miserable-looking guy like you and called for your service,” the man with the bald hair said.

“I don’t think any senator called for his service. It must be one of the hotel’s low-ranked customers.”

“I am not a designated driver, nor anyone’s driver. I actually came to book a suite here...”

Before Duncan could finish talking, they roared in laughter like drunk men.

“It’s okay. It’s normal to dream high, boy.”

The other man added with scorn. “But you shouldn’t dream far.”

“I know you’re pulling our legs, man. Just go see whoever called for your service and leave this place. We don’t want delivery men ruining the environment.”

Duncan looked down at the Polo he was putting on which had the name of the restaurant he was walking for and the words- ‘Delivery Man’ imprinted at the back of it.

He didn’t bother about what he was putting on and simply waved off what the security men had said then walked in.

Duncan entered the hotel and went to the ladies behind the counter at the reception.

“Hello, I would like to book a room.”

The ladies lifted up their heads, seeing what Duncan wore, they gave him a dismissive look. Duncan repeated. “Excuse me, I’m here too...”

The lady putting on an official cap interrupted him in a rude manner. “Please get lost. I don’t think we ordered anything here.”

“Pardon...”

“Are you deaf?” The other lady asked. “She said you should leave. We did not order anything from your restaurant.”

“I am not here to deliver anything to you both.”

“Then...?”

“I’m here to book a suite.”

The ladies looked at each other and hissed.

“Are you insane? Do you think we are mad like you or don’t you know where you stand?”

“This is EMPORIUM hotel, not some garbage motel,” the other fired at him, slamming the counter surface.

“I think you both are confusing yourselves here and not me. I’ll say it again. I am here to book a room.”



Their lips parted, seeing the seriousness in Duncan's eyes. They couldn't believe he wanted to book a room in the hotel.

The girl on the cap leaned forward and sneered at him. "No room for creeps like you. Take the exit."

Duncan got infuriated and banged the counter surface with his fist, forcing some people in the foyer to avert their gazes to him.

"I'm not leaving. I need to book a room. Not just any room. I want to book the Golden Exquisite suite."

The ladies' eyes grew bigger and their mouths fell open in awe. They couldn't believe their ears.