

The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

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When Duncan returned to the hotel, he thought of going to his suite but found himself heading to the lot. He took out the car key in his pocket, got into his car, and drove off without having any destination in his head.

He drove around the city, his thoughts consumed by recent revelations about his life. He wasn't feeling happy despite the fact that he has discovered that he is the son of a wealthy family.

His mind was clouded with the betrayal of his wife, the shocking confession of his adopted mother, and the struggle to accept the truth because he felt his real mother sort of abandoned him, making him regret seeing her.

As he drove, Duncan got lost in his thoughts, barely registering the sights and sounds around him, until, suddenly, his car brushed past another car, forcing him to halt behind the car as he came to his senses.

The supposed driver of the car came out and yelled at him.

"Are you blind? Don't you know how to drive!"

Duncan stared at the man from head to toe. He noticed he looked more like a bodyguard than just an ordinary driver. He was at fault here and didn't want to talk too much so he offered to pay for any damages he must have caused.

"You must be out of your senses. Do you think this car is an ordinary car? You've caused a scratch

on it."

Duncan got irritated and yelled "What's your problem? Get off my way!"

“I’ll do so when I leave you rolling on the ground and clutching your stomach.”

The man lifted a hand to hit Duncan and just then, a lady stepped out of the car.

“Stop it, Greg!”

Hearing her voice, the man dropped his hand, turned, and bowed. Despite his troubled state of mind, Duncan couldn’t help but be awestruck by the lady’s beauty when he looked up.

She was tall, maybe it was thanks to the six-inch stiletto heels she was putting on, slender, with long brown hair that was perfectly styled into an asymmetrical lob that revealed her beautiful

neck, and piercing emerald green eyes.

As she approached him, Duncan felt a sense of attraction towards her.

“Um, are you okay?” She asked in a soothing voice. “Was there any damage to your car?” Her concern and kindness towards him made Duncan feel a little better, making him relax a little.

“Lady Burton, he was the one who brushed our car,” the man said. She gave him a dismissive wave.

“It’s all fine since we are okay, Greg.”

Duncan felt his mouth twitch into a little smile as he stared at her. Her presence had momentarily

distracted him.

Hearing the honk of some cars waiting behind him, Duncan entered his car and drove off to the

hotel.

When he entered his suite some minutes past 6 pm, he heard a knock on the door. He was surprised to open it and see Lady Zelda and Luke.

“What are you doing here?” He asked, leaving the door for them to come in as he walked to a couch.

“Duncan, I’m here to talk with you,” Zelda said. “My son, you’re all I have. Please forgive your mother who wasn’t able to get to you sooner than now. I know you must have gone through a lot during those years, but now, I’ll make it up to you.”

“I don’t want anything to do with you. You might be my biological mother but I don’t want to have anything to do with you.”

“Please, young Master, don’t leave your mother disheartened. Lady Zelda has been longing to see you all this while.”

“I don’t care, Luke. Please, you guys should leave,” Duncan said, turning his back to them.

Lady Zelda took a step forward but stopped. She felt it would be better to give him a little time to process things. She signaled to Luke for them to leave.

They walked to the door and when Luke pulled open the door, Zelda was surprised to see a lady in

front of the door.

It was Karla. She had actually been eavesdropping on their conversation. She forced a smile and Lady Zelda looked above her shoulder and walked away, ignoring her.

Ma’am, wait.” Karla called out to Lady Zelda, stopping her from entering the elevator. She hurriedly walked up to her.

“Yes?”

“I’ll help you, ma’am,” Karla said, making Lady Zelda narrow her eyes at her in bafflement.

“What do you mean?”

“Just trust me.”

Not understanding what she had meant, Lady Zelda still nodded and left with Luke.

Karla quickly turned to the door of a room when Duncan opened the door and walked out of his suite. She watched him walk down the hallway with the corner of her eyes until he entered the

elevator at the other end.

“Where’s he going? What should I do?” Karla thought aloud. A thought crept into her head, forcing a nasty smile to appear on her face.

Duncan went to the hotel’s bar and ordered some beer. He was done with two bottles and was

about to grab another bottle in front of him when someone snatched it from him.

“You?” Duncan looked up to see the person who had dared to snatch his bottle which was no one

else than Karla.

“You shouldn’t drink too much, man.”

“Mind your business.”

“I would have if you weren’t a prick that made his mother heartbroken.” Karla hissed and took the

seat next to him, not seeking his permission. “I saw the woman who left your suite.

She’s your

mother, right?”

“You wouldn’t know that if you weren’t being nosy.”

Karla frowned. “I wasn’t.”

“Whatever. Stay away from me.”

Duncan stood up and she grabbed his arm. “Hey, where are you going?”

Duncan glared at her hand on his arm and she took it off. He hissed and left.

“Shoot. Is he using his car?” Karla jumped up from the seat and quickly went after him.

Duncan entered his car and drove out of the hotel. He was surprised to notice a car following him

He wondered who it was before taking a turn into a derelict-like street.

He got to the dead end of the street and stopped. He got down from the car and stepped out to see a car stop a bit far down the road.

Someone stepped out of the car and when the person was walking up to him, he recognized the person. It was Karla.

“Are you stalking me?” He sneered when she reached him.

She shook her head. “Just want to save you.”

“To heck with that. I can’t believe you were following me. What do you want?”

“Nothing.”

“Don’t follow me.” Duncan entered the car and when he started the car engine, he heard her scream. He looked through the side-view mirror and saw her struggling with a guy for her purse.

He got out of the car and was amazed by how she delivered a series of front kicks and blows to the guy until he kicked her knee, forcing her to stumble backward. The guy jerked her purse from her and ran away.

“Hey! Stop!” Karla arose and turned to face Duncan. “Please go after him. He took my purse.

Duncan shrugged. “A nosy one like you deserves to be stolen from ”

“You cold-hearted bastard!” Karla growled and went after the guy who she saw disappeared into an alley at the right of down the road.

Despite the crooked path of the dimly lit alley, Karla was still able to run at speed and catch up with the guy that had taken her purse.

They had engaged in a tussle again until she grabbed her purse from his pocket and was about to dart off when the guy took out a knife from his pocket, grabbing her by the hair.

“You better drop the purse or you’ll die,” the guy threatened her.

Karla didn’t know what to do. He was holding her so tightly, his arm around her neck, and she knew that he was likely to use the knife if she acted smart.

Fear and determination intertwined within her, her heart pounding in her chest as she assessed her situation. She didn’t know what to do. She didn’t want to drop the purse because it had her

valuables inside.

As she thought of taking the risk of riling him, it was then a strong voice spoke.

“Let go of her!”

Karla lifted her gaze and was shocked to see the person in front of her.