

# The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir Novel

Chapter 23

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Babette decided to confirm what Duncan was asking about, so she asked.

"Sir, are you talking about firing Peterson Rogers?"

"Exactly. Do that now. No questions."

"Alright, sir. I'm on it."

Duncan ended the call, washed his hands, and left the toilet. When he came to the hallway, he saw Peterson closing the door of Zinnia's office touching his wet lips.

When he lifted his gaze and saw Duncan with the trash can, he walked up to him with a mocking expression.

"And, who do we have here? The great cleaner of the building. Hey worthless, how are you doing?"

"I'm not worthless. That should be your first name, Peterson," Duncan shot back, fixing at him a cold, intense, and menacing stare that startled Peterson a bit.

"I see you returned home the other day but you've not yet known your place, you lowlife."

"I'm not a lowlife, Peterson. You should mind what you say."

"What the audacity you've got. But, it's okay, I understand. You're a hopeless man. Any useless man who can't bring happiness to his beautiful wife will surely feel devastated

and frustrated like you, Duncan. You're lucky I'm in a good mood. My lovely Zinnia just gave me a lovely taste of her intoxicated lips and it's messing with my brain." Peterson laughed in a sardonic manner, but to his surprise, Duncan said nothing but smiled.

"I don't want to stand here talking to a nonentity like you, Peterson. You're below my level."

"What? Level? You're nothing, Duncan. You're just Zinnia's lap dog. And if I want, she can get rid of you this instant and you would be thrown out of the house to live the rest of your miserable life in the streets."

"Pull all your stunts, and let's watch from now on who ends up being useless."

"Is that a challenge?"

Duncan tucked his hand into his pocket, curling his lips with a contemptuous expression that was accompanied by a slight raise of his eyebrows.

Peterson smirked and nodded his head in disbelief. "You're not even worthy of being my gateman and you think you're capable of throwing a challenge at me? That's laughable."

"Well, time shall tell." Duncan shrugged.

Peterson nodded, shaking his index finger at Duncan. "You're right, and with time, or maybe soon, your wife shall be mine."

Duncan smirked and glanced above Peterson's shoulder at

Zinnia approaching.

"Peterson, what are you still doing here?" She asked with a lovely voice, ignoring Duncan.

"Nothing. This worthless husband of yours just doesn't know his place."

"What? Did he insult you?" Zinnia asked, casting a glare at Duncan.

"I will let it pass. Anyway, I'll call you to give you good news soon by the time I get to the company."

"Alright." Zinnia leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek before gently rubbing her lipstick off the spot she had contact with.

Peterson hugged her and left.

Duncan turned to leave but Zinnia stopped him.

"What is wrong with you, Duncan? Why did you insult Peterson?"

Duncan ignored her and took a step forward.

"You better respect yourself. He's not of your caliber."

Duncan turned and faced her. "Really?"

"Yes, and you heard him, he's going to give me good news soon. He's going to help me with a huge sum of money."

"You feel proud climbing to the top by using your Vagina, don't you?"

Zinnia's eyes widened in shock. She looked around to see if anyone could have heard what he said. Then she gnashed her teeth as she raised her hand and slapped Duncan.

"How dare you? I cater for you, so you better mind what you say, idiot. Go do your work."

Zinnia was expecting Duncan to react but he simply turned around with complete silence. He smirked, rubbed his cheek, and left. Zinnia watched him disappear down the hallway with a mix of shock and uncertainty. She never expected the cold silence and his attitude had taken her aback.

Dropping her tensed shoulders, she shut her eyes and inhaled, shrugging off. She exhaled and flung her hair as she spun and headed back to her office, her mind looking forward to receiving a good news call from Peterson.

When Peterson Rogers entered the building of Vast Group Company, he received many stares from the staff but ignored them as he headed up to his office with lifted shoulders and a proud look on his face.

"Gloria, has the money been sent?" He asked his secretary when he got to her desk. She arose, giving him a sad expression.

"Yes, sir. It was sent just a moment ago. But, Sir..."

"Excuse me." Peterson walked down the hall and called Zinnia, filled with excitement.

"Hello, Peterson."

"My love, the money has been made. You can come over. I'll transfer the money when I see you."

"Oh my goodness, are you for real?"

"Yes. I'm waiting for you."

Zinnia exclaimed in exhilaration. "Alright. I'll be there in ten minutes." Zinnia hung up and grabbed her bag and car key and left the office.

When she got out of the building, she met Duncan emptying the trash cans he had collected in the dumpster.

A big smile appeared on her face when he saw her and age decided to go to him and mock him.

"Hey, worthless husband, I'm leaving to see Peterson. He's my savior and my delight. You'll forever be a good-for-nothing." She eyed him and headed to her car.

Meanwhile, Peterson's secretary walked up to him to tell him something important but he asked her to talk later and hurried off to the toilet.

When he was done easing himself, he got out of the toilet and when he was leaving the restroom, he almost bumped into a man who was a staff in the company. The man was actually the Chief information officer- CIO of the company and wasn't on good terms with Peterson.

The man gave him a pitiful look and entered the toilet.

"You people that do behave like you're superiors, I'll do well to fire you all when I become the CEO of this company," he swore to himself and headed to his office.

He walked past his secretary's desk and was going to the office when she stopped him.

"Sir, you can't enter the office.

"What nonsense are you talking about? Get off my way." He walked past her, brushing past her with his shoulder, and was surprised to meet two able-bodied men in front of his office.

"Who the hell are you people? Get out of my way this instant!" He barked an order but the men made no move.

His secretary walked up behind him and spoke in a kind of disrespectful voice.

"Mr. Rogers, I've been trying to talk to you earlier but you kept ignoring me. Anyway, you no longer work here."

Peterson lifted his eyebrows, surprised by her utterance.

"What do you mean, Gloria?"

Gloria opened a file and took out an envelope and handed it over to him.

Peterson started grinning thinking it was his promotion letter. "So, the promotion letter has been sent to me. So soon? Well, I was expecting it."

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"Sorry, sir, you got it wrong. It's actually your sack letter."

"What?!" Peterson glanced at the able-bodied men and some of the staff that were now gathering him. "Ah, you must be joking." He hissed and opened the envelope. He took out the letter and surprise showed on his face as he read it.

"Why this letter? What's going on?!" Peterson roared in appalment and threw the letter away.

The CIO walked up to him, having a mocking smile on his face.

"Peterson, you've been fired. What are you still doing here?"

"Sir, kindly evacuate the building now. Your things have been packed from the office and placed in a box. You can take the box from the reception," Gloria said.

"You must have lost it. I know this is all nonsense. I can't be fired. Believe me when I say I'll get you both fired soon. Just wait."

Peterson walked aside and sent a call to Babette, everyone watching him in amazement.

"Hello..."

"Ms. Babette!"

"Oh, Peterson?"

"Yeah, it's me. I don't know what's going on. I got to the



company and I wasn't let into the office. My secretary gave me a sack letter. I know it's all the plan of the evil staff here who want me to fall but..."

"Excuse me, Peterson, you've been really fired. Do well to take your things and leave," Babette interrupted, getting pissed off by his rants.

"What are you saying, Babette? What did I do to get fired? I thought I was going to be promoted?"

"Unfortunately, you'll no longer work for Walton Imperial Group of Companies."

"That's balderdash! I..."

"Have a good day."

"What, no...!"

Before he could finish talking, Babette ended the call. Peterson groaned and walked to Gloria.

"Sir, I'm sure you must have confirmed with Ms. Babette, kindly leave now."

"I want to enter the office first and..."

"Come on, Peterson, don't be stubborn as a mule. You leave us with no choice." The CIO shrugged and signaled to the able-bodied men. They immediately seized Peterson and dragged him out of the building.

Between time, Zinnia had gotten to Vast Group Company and just when she stepped out of the car, she saw Peterson

being thrown out of the building like garbage, resulting in him rolling on the ground.

"You bastards!" Peterson groaned as he stood up, dusting his suit.

He turned and saw Zinnia. She was staring at him with lips apart.

She took two steps forward when he approached her, asking.

"Peterson, what's happening? Why did they throw you out...?"

"I was fired."

"What? Are you pulling my legs? You got a promotion..."

"I just received my sack letter!"

Zinnia gasped and her mouth fell open. She was speechless for a moment until she found her voice.

"Oh, my goodness. Why? What did you do? How could they ...?"

"I don't know!" He yelled at her face, feeling frustrated. He ran his hands into his hair, looking around as Zinnia stumbled back.

She leaned on the car to keep herself from falling. She didn't know what to say.