

# The Rise Of The Unknown Zillionaire Heir by Gem Lynne

## Chapter 19

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It was Karla and Duncan's heart skipped a beat after he laid eyes on her. The transformation in her appearance was astonishing. Despite the impeccable makeup and luxurious attire that exuded wealth, he could still recognize her unmistakable features.

"Karla?" The shock on his face mirrored the surprise he saw reflected in her widened eyes and the

slight gulp she took in response to hearing her name.

Confusion washed over Duncan as he tried to make sense of the stark contrast before him.

This time, Karla wasn't looking a bit like the eyesore woman who had annoyed him in the past few days. She now radiated an aura of affluence and sophistication that seemed completely at

odds with his previous encounters with her.

Duncan's gaze shifted from her momentarily, turning to his mother, a small smile playing on her lips. He couldn't find the words to speak, his mind grappling with the unexpected turn of events.

Just as his bewilderment reached its peak, a man walked into the room, catching John's attention.

"Miss Burton," the man called, stretching out a phone to her. "You're having a call."

"Uh, don't disturb me. Leave," Karla said, looking away from Duncan.

"Alright, Ma'am." The man bowed and left.

Karla straightened up, ignoring Duncan, she walked past him and went to stand next to the bed, returning Susan's smile.

"You guys seem to know each other. Have you both met before?"

Karla stole a glance at Duncan who said nothing but kept staring at her. Then she cleared her throat and replied. "Not really."

"Oh, I thought otherwise."

"Hm. Now eat this." Karla set the bed dining table and placed a covered bowl of soup on top of it. She took out a spoon and started feeding Susan.

"The soup tastes nice," Susan mentioned.

"I'm glad, but I didn't cook it."

"Oh, you don't know how to make soups?"

"Uhh, not really." Karla chuckled.

"Don't worry. My son can teach you. He knows how to cook."

"Oh." Karla nodded. She tilted her head and just when Duncan took a step forward, the door was gently opened and the man who had come in earlier walked in. He was actually Karla's assistant.

"Miss, I'm sorry but you've got an urgent call."

"Damn, just let it be, Brown. Go out."

The man nodded and left.

"Dear, go answer the call, okay?" Susan suggested.

"When I'm done feeding you, I will."

"I'm full. Please, go."

"Okay, since you're insisting. I'll be back. Excuse me." Karla took a long glance at Duncan before

leaving.

"Son?"

Duncan came closer and Susan held his hand. "You seemed lost earlier. Are you alright?"

Duncan nodded. "Tell me, Mother, when did you meet this woman?"

"Today. She's nice and..."

"Excuse me." Before Susan could ask a question, Duncan was out of the room.

Duncan saw Karla just opposite the room, answering a call. When she was done, she spun and was

a bit startled to see him.

He stared at her with a frown, rendering her speechless. She was about to walk past him and enter

the room when he spread aside a hand, blocking her way.

"Duncan..."

"Ssh. Duncan glanced at the door and before Karla could utter another word, he grabbed her hand and pulled her to the entrance of the hospital

"Hey, what's wrong?"

"Who the hell are you? You've been faking to be someone else, right?"

"Excuse me?"

“You are an imposter,” Duncan accused, trying not to raise his voice. “You’re Karla Burton? Wait, are you the CEO of Burton Multinational Investments?”

Karla’s lips parted and she sighed as she nodded her head in admittance.

Duncan became speechless for a while as he recalled checking up on the net about some wealthy

people in the city two nights ago.

He had seen Mike Burton who was the third richest man in the city. He had gotten to know that he was the president of Burton Multinational Investments and the heiress of the company was his daughter whom the internet haven’t gotten much information about.

He had never believed that Karla would turn out to be the heiress. He felt bad that she had hidden

her real identity from him and he grew more suspicious of her.

“Duncan, I didn’t intend to keep my identity from you. I just.....”

“Now I get it. Just like that night when you offered to book a room for me in the Emporium Hotel, you decided to pay off my mother’s bills to show off your supremacy, huh?”

“What are you saying, Duncan?”

I’m telling the truth so stop pretending like you’ve got no idea of what I’m saying, Karla. What do

you want to prove? That I’m an ungrateful person? That I don’t care for those who helped me when

I needed them?”

“No, you’re getting me wrong.

“Why are you interfering in my life? I told you to stay away.

“Look, I had no idea that she was even your adopted mother.”

Duncan started clapping. “Wow, you’re a fantastic liar.”

“Stop it. I won’t take that,” Karla uttered, choking back her tears.

“Don’t fool me again. You couldn’t use me then you opted for my mother? Why? I bet you want to be clingy now you know who I really am. Tell me, was that how your mother raised you?”

Duncan’s words stung Karla but she uttered no word in retort. As Duncan’s gaze kept boring a hole into her eyes, she decided to speak.

“Duncan, I just want to say…”

“Just leave, now!”

Brown, who was standing by the car in front of the hospital, rushed up to Karla when he heard Duncan yell.

“Miss, are you okay?”

“No, I mean yeah Karla sniffed and turned to face him. “Let’s go.” She headed to the car. Brown got in and Duncan watched as the car drove off before entering the hospital.

Susan, who was wondering why Duncan left the room in such a manner sighed when she saw him.

walk in

“Oh, Duncan.

“Mother.” Duncan faked a smile.

Susan glanced at the door, expecting someone to walk in. “Where’s the woman?”

“Forget about her,” Duncan said, grouchily.

Susan was surprised. “Why?”

“She’s two-faced, mother. She’s a liar and...”

“No, wait. She’s not two-faced. She has got a genuine heart. You know I was almost thrown out of the hospital.”

Duncan’s eyes grew a little bigger. “What? Really?”

“Yes. The doctor said Marcus told him that the Lennart family has no relationship with me and that you won’t be able to pay the bills. Then that woman showed up. She saved me.”

“What?”

“Yes. The nurse said she comes secretly to do donations. She’s a good person, son.”

Duncan took a step back in disbelief, looking away Duncan had thought that Marcus had only threatened him earlier. When the nurse at the reception told him earlier that his mother was in

her room and he came in, saw her, and then Karla walked in, he had rashly conceived that Karla had staged everything to help his mother so she could have him indebted to her.

He thought that she wanted to get close to him so she could take advantage of him. He had heedlessly judged her and made her leave. He felt bad for what he did.

Looking at his sudden change of expression, Susan wondered if something wrong had happened

so she asked.

“What did you do?”

Duncan couldn't bring himself to tell her how he had been rude to Karla and asked her to leave. He

felt ashamed.

"Just excuse me, Mother" He quickly ran out of the room. He went out of the hospital and looked around, hoping he'd see Karla around. Then he remembered watching her car leave and sighed.

"Marcus, you dare humiliate my mother, I'll make you pay" He sneered as he took out his phone and sent a message to Babbette to give him a call if she was less busy

He returned to his mother's room and had a little talk with her before watching her fall asleep. He

got out of the room and tried to reach out to Karla. He groaned, slamming his hand on the wall

when he realized that he didn't have her number.

He decided to first punish Duncan before trying another means to reach out to Karla

He got out of the hospital and called Babbette.

"Hello, sir. I'm sorry, I just headed out of a meeting and was about to call you."

"No, it's alright. Babbette, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, sir. I'm all ears."

"Can you hack a system?"

"Unfortunately, no. But, sir, I can get you someone who's a good hacker."

"No. I can't trust anyone. I'll find someone else."

"Okay, sir."

Duncan hung up. He took a step forward then stopped. He thought of Abigail and decided to call

her.

“Hi, Duncan.”

“Hello, Abigail. I’m sorry if I called a businesswoman at the wrong time.”

He heard her chuckling and smiled.

“It’s not that. I’m less busy. What’s up?”

“Nothing much, but I want to meet you.”

“Okay. Do you mind if we meet at my house?”

“Um, no. That would be fine.”

“Okay. I’ll send you my address after you end the call.”

“Okay. I’ll see you by 8 pm.”

“Alright.”

Duncan hung up, and in three seconds, his phone beeped. He received a message from Abigail containing her house address.

He was about to leave when he got a call from the other phone Zinnia had returned to him last night. He answered the call.

“Hello, pathetic brother-in-law?”

He gnashed his teeth as he recognized the voice that spoke. It was Marcus.

“You.”



“Shut up, now tell me you want my help in talking to the doctors to readmit your mother. I’m sure she’s almost dying outside the hospital in the cold. You can’t bring her home because you know what my grandmother would do to you.”

“I don’t care. You’ve spun the bottle, but trust me, Marcus, the outcome won’t be in your favor.”

Marcus roared in laughter like a mad dog, getting Duncan more angry.

“You’re a hopeless man, Duncan. The countdown hasn’t even ended and I’ve given you a big blow. You’re still being cocky, hm? I’ll make sure I leave you shattered before the countdown is over.”

Duncan nodded, a smirk crawling up in his face. He ended the call and exhaled.

The countdown isn’t over yet. Let’s watch as the game plays on.”