

## Chapter 41

After the long silence, Sir Logan said, "Though I haven't personally seen my grandson, I can beat my hand on my chest and say that he's no less a man like his father, my late son, Dunstan. In fact, I believe he's better than his father and I can't wait to see my grandson. I have been longing to see him for two decades now. I want to know how he has grown all this while." 1

"I am happy you believe him too, Father. I don't know what's wrong with Luke."

Lady Zelda felt a growing unease settle within her as she pondered the recent argument with Luke. Though she understood his concerns for her son, Duncan, she couldn't shake the feeling that there was something more beneath his reaction. A subtle shift in his demeanor or the tone of his voice had caught her attention, leaving her with a lingering sense of uneasiness.

Her thoughts drifted to Duncan, who was currently working on securing a crucial deal for their company. Lady Zelda's heart swelled with a mix of pride and worry for him. She silently offered a prayer, hoping that Duncan's efforts would bear fruit and bring success to the company. It was not just about the business; it was about the hope she had placed in him and the desire to spend quality time with him after their recent reunion.

Lady Zelda's mind wandered to Sir Logan who shared her excitement about Duncan's involvement in the company. The prospect of spending cherished moments with her son and father-in-law filled her with a deep longing for family unity and joy. She yearned for peaceful times, free from the tensions and uncertainties that currently clouded their lives.



As she contemplated these thoughts, Lady Zelda found herself torn between her concerns for Duncan's well-being and her desire to foster a strong bond with him. She knew that her role as a leader demanded a delicate balance between personal and professional matters, and she resolved to address the uneasiness she felt with Luke at a later time. For now, her focus remained on her son, hoping that his endeavors would bring about positive change and bolster her own sense of hope.

"I'm sorry, Lady Zelda, if I startled you with my reaction." Luke apologized and bowed.

Feeling eased by his apology, Lady Zelda acknowledged his apology with a nod before sitting next to Sir Logan.

"Luke, I trust you and I hope you will do your best too to guide my son into achieving greater heights instead of doubting in me."

"He will do that, Zelda. Don't worry," Sir Logan said, placing a hand on Lady Zelda's shoulder.

"I will head out to do something important now. Welcome back, sir Logan."

"Thank you."

Luke nodded and left the house, Lady Zelda watching him with worried eyes.

"Zelda, are you alright?"

"Yes, father. I'm happy to have you back in good health. I was worried about you. I hope you don't resent me for not visiting you regularly in London?"

"Resent you? Why would I? I understand you, my dear. It wasn't easy for you. You were shouldering all the responsibilities of the business alone. You've been doing that for over twenty years and at the same time grieving over the loss of your husband and your son's absence. I am happy you have found him."

"It was thanks to Luke, father. I wouldn't have found Duncan if it wasn't because of Luke's unwavering support and constant efforts."

"He has been by your side during your tough times. Don't worry, he had Duncan's best interest in mind. I think you both were almost raising your voices earlier before you saw me emerge."

"I was about to lose it, sorry."

"It's okay, Zelda. Just know that Luke cares for you too. I am sure he's extremely worried about what Duncan went ahead to do because he doesn't want what you've built in these years to crumble because of Duncan's obstinacy."

"My son is not obstinate. He just has purpose and he's ambitious and that's why I made him take over the business. I was rounding up things in my hands and planning to come see you but now you're here, and you're doing fine, not angry with me, I feel more happy."

"Your face is glowing now. It is good."

Lady Zelda smiled and summoned the Butler to assist Sir Logan to his room.

Meanwhile, In the elegant office of Burton Investments Company, the atmosphere exuded professionalism and success. The spacious room boasted tasteful decor, and on the sleek desk sat a polished plaque that

read "CEO of Burton Investments Company." Karla, the CEO herself, stood by the tall window, gazing out at the city skyline. Her demeanor was poised and sophisticated, befitting her official attire.

Lost in her thoughts about Duncan, Karla's mind drifted to his important presentation. She couldn't help but feel a mix of pride and apprehension for him. As she stood there, contemplating the outcome, her assistant entered the room and handed her a stack of files.

"Ms. Burton, I'm sorry to bring this but you've not been around sometimes and the works that needed your assessment and approval were stalled."

"Angela, I understand," Karla said, almost in a whisper, not bothering to glance at the files on the desk. Sensing her preoccupation, her assistant quietly left the office.

Karla began pacing around the room, her eyes occasionally glancing at the wall clock. It was now fifteen minutes before 2 pm, the time when she was expecting Duncan to be done with his presentation and maybe give her a call, but not even receiving a message from him increased her worries. The weight of uncertainty settled on her shoulders, as she wondered if he had successfully delivered his presentation and garnered the desired response.

"I worked all night to get those necessary papers ready, I hope they came in handy," she thought, before letting out a deep sigh.

The minutes ticked by slowly, each one amplifying her restlessness. Karla found herself caught between her present work and the realization that there was nothing more she could do at that moment for Duncan. As the CEO of the company, she understood the boundaries of her role, not intending to delegate her work to her assistant or any other staff who

was competent, but she couldn't feel upset for worrying about Duncan at the moment.

Yet, the sense of powerlessness gnawed at her, highlighting the fine balance between her bond with Duncan and her obligations as the heiress. With each passing moment, the anticipation grew, and Karla's thoughts became consumed by the possibilities and outcomes of the presentation.

While she thought of shrugging off her worries, her phone buzzed, and thinking it was an incoming call from Duncan, she rushed to grab her phone from the desk. Seeing the caller ID, she realized it was her father calling and reluctantly answered the call. "Hello?"

In the well-plushed study room, adorned with elegant bookshelves lining the walls and a soft, golden-hued carpet underfoot, sat an average man in his fifties. His salt-and-pepper hair was neatly combed, and a pair of bifocal glasses perched on the bridge of his nose. A warm smile graced his face as he heard the voice of his daughter, Karla, emanating from the other end of the line.

"Karla, my dear, how are you doing?" he inquired, his voice filled with a blend of paternal affection and genuine curiosity.

"Mr. Samuel Burton, I'm doing great," Karla responded, her words carrying a touch of formality. Despite the formal tone, her father's heart swelled with happiness at the sound of her voice.

The man leaned back in his plush leather chair, his smile growing even wider. He had dedicated much of his life to building and nurturing his business, and knowing that his daughter had taken the reins and was diligently working to preserve his legacy filled him with a profound sense of pride.

"I am happy to know," he replied, his voice tinged with a mixture of contentment and relief. "And..."

Karla interrupted him, abruptly, "Like you wanted, I'm doing my best for your company."

Karla's presumed dedication to the family business only deepened her father's admiration for her. He had always hoped that she would one day show an interest in continuing his entrepreneurial endeavors, and her commitment and competence in managing the company were a testament to her abilities.

"I appreciate your dedication, Karla," he replied, his voice brimming with paternal affection. "But, my dear, I just called to ask about you. How are you faring? Are you taking care of yourself?"

Samuel's concern for his daughter's well-being was evident in his voice.

As Karla's father mentioned that he had called solely to inquire about her well-being, Karla's expression softened, betraying the lingering hint of anger she had harbored toward him for years. The knowledge that he cared enough to reach out and check on her seemed to chip away at the walls she had built around her heart. It was a small but significant gesture that touched her deeply.

Taking a deep breath, Karla mustered the strength to respond, her voice now laced with a newfound tenderness. "I'm fine, Father," she replied softly, her words carrying a mix of vulnerability and warmth. Wanting to reciprocate his kindness, she inquired, "What about you? How are you doing?"

Her father's response was concise but reassuring. "Good," he affirmed, his voice infused with a gentle affection that resonated through the

phone line.

Feeling a pang of regret for her earlier curt response, Karla quickly tried to regain her composure. "Okay," she murmured, her tone slightly apologetic. "Um, I'm busy, so..."

Her father, understanding the demands of her schedule, interrupted her with understanding. "I understand, my dear. I'm happy to hear your voice. I just want to kindly request that you please drop by the house this weekend. Can you, dear?"

"Um." Not wanting to hurt him by refusing to see him for the umpteenth time, Karla decided to grant his request, but indirectly. "Maybe, I'll think about it. I'm busy right now."

"Okay. Please, let's talk later when you have more time."

Karla couldn't stop her heart from swelling with gratitude at her father's understanding and unwavering support. "Alright," she managed to reply, her voice tinged with both relief and a touch of melancholy.

As the call ended and the line went silent, she fought back the overwhelming emotions threatening to consume her.

Slumping into the chair behind the desk, Karla closed her eyes, willing herself to hold back the tears that threatened to spill. In that moment of solitude, she contemplated the depth of her father's love and the sacrifices he had made, at the same time about how he had hurt her deeply. The weight of her own unresolved emotions tugged at her, and she realized that her anger was merely a shield she had constructed to protect herself from the pain of their strained relationship.

In the quiet of the study room, Karla allowed herself a moment of vulnerability, recognizing the significance of her father's call and the

genuine concern he had shown. She vowed to work towards healing their bond, to let go of the anger that had burdened her for far too long. With renewed determination, she wiped away a stray tear, straightened her posture, and resolved to reach out to her father later, ready to engage in a conversation that would close a little of the time she had stayed away.

With a refocused mind, she arose, cast a long glance at the stack files before grabbing the telephone and informing her assistant that she'd be away for a while.

She dropped the telephone, grabbed her bag, and left the company, ignoring the prying eyes of the staff on the ground floor of the building.

Karla went into her car, drove to a place a kilometer away, and changed into a casual outfit before driving to Walton business estate. She was a little surprised to arrive there thirty minutes later and found Abigail in Duncan's office.

"What are you doing here, Abigail?"

"Excuse me? This isn't your office. I dropped by to see Duncan."

"You're kind of dropping by regularly, is that the norm of a strict business woman whose time ought to be precious as gold to her?"

"What?" Abigail chuckled. "You shouldn't ask me that since you're a businesswoman too. Aren't you the heiress of Burton Investments company?"

"I won't disclose."

"I know you are. Don't hide obvious things, it's just too silly."

Karla opened her mouth to retort but stopped herself as the door was



pushed open and Duncan worked in with a smile that almost disappeared when he saw both of their strong expressions which lightened up the next second.

"Duncan, you're back? How was the presentation?" Abigail was the first to ask as she walked up to Duncan at the door.

Duncan sighed and shook his head before walking past Karla to the desk.

"I almost flopped."

"And? You got the deal, right?" Karla asked, not wanting to anticipate the worst.

Duncan opened his mouth to say something but the door was flung open and Babette walked in, grinning.

"Sir Duncan, you got the deal! Congratulations!!"