



Chapter 95

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Back in the office, Duncan felt the need to check up on his other mother. He picked up his private phone and dialed Jack's number.

"Hello, young Master?" Jack answered respectfully.

"Jack, how's my mom been doing?" Duncan inquired, his voice filled with concern.

"Are you asking about your other mother, Mrs. Sarah?" Jack sought clarification, aware of the unique family dynamics.

Duncan nodded, even though Jack couldn't see the gesture. "Hm," he affirmed, waiting for the update.

Jack reassured him, his voice conveying a sense of comfort. "She's been doing well. As you ordered, I've got one of the best nurses and doctors in the hospital to keep an eye on her and take care of her. She's recovering well now."

Duncan let out a sigh of relief, grateful for the attentive care that had been arranged for his mother. "Good," he responded, his tone reflecting a mix of gratitude and satisfaction. "Thanks for the update, Jack."

With that, Duncan ended the call, feeling reassured about his mother's well-being and grateful for the support he had in managing her care.

After a minute of contemplation, Duncan made up his mind and picked up the telephone to call Babette.

"Hello, sir," Babette greeted warmly.

"Babette, I want to ask you something..." Duncan began.

"Okay, if you need my help, I will be there in a jiffy," Babette responded eagerly, ready to assist.

"No, don't bother, Babette. I just wanted to know my schedule for today. Do I have any meetings to attend in the next couple of hours?" Duncan inquired.

"Um, yes, sir. You've got three meetings to attend within a 30-minute interval," Babette informed him.

"Ah, really?" Duncan expressed surprise at the number of meetings awaiting him.

"Yes, sir. Don't worry about your outfits; I've got them ready too," Babette reassured him, indicating that she had taken care of his wardrobe preparations for the day.

Taking a sigh of resignation, Duncan rose from his seat, indicating a sense of urgency and the need to attend to something important.

"Sir, is there a problem?" Babette, sensing his unease, inquired with concern.

"Not really, but please reschedule or postpone the meetings to later in the day. I've got to go somewhere now," Duncan requested, implying that he had an urgent matter to attend to.

"I will try my best to communicate with the other parties and provide a reasonable excuse," Babette assured him, understanding the gravity of the situation.

"I know I can count on you. Thank you," Duncan expressed his gratitude, appreciating Babette's reliability and support. With a smile on his face,

he ended the call, feeling reassured.

Putting on his jacket, Duncan swiftly left the office, his mind focused on the pressing matter at hand. Moments later, he arrived at his destination—a hospital where Sarah was admitted. Duncan parked his bike in front of the hospital.

Straightening the sleeves of his jacket to compose himself, Duncan walked purposefully into the hospital. With a determined expression on his face, he navigated the corridors until he found Sarah South's room.

Quietly opening the door, Duncan's eyes fell upon Sarah as she sat upright on the new, comfortable bed provided to her. A sense of relief washed over him as he took in the sight of her. Unlike the last time he had visited, she appeared significantly improved and healthier. Seeing her engrossed in a book, his heart swelled with joy.

Sensing someone's presence, Sarah lifted her head, her eyes meeting Duncan's. A gentle smile parted her lips, radiating warmth and happiness.

"Duncan, my son?" she called out, her voice filled with love and affection, acknowledging his presence in the room.

A heartwarming smile adorned Duncan's face as he walked closer to Sarah. "Mother," he greeted warmly, his voice filled with affection. He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a loving embrace. The embrace spoke volumes about their deep bond and the joy of their reunion.

As they broke the hug, Duncan couldn't help but notice tears welling up in Sarah's eyes. Concerned, he gently inquired, "Why the tears, mother?"

Apologizing softly, Sarah composed herself and spoke, her voice filled

with emotions. "Sorry, my son. It's been over a month and a couple of weeks since we last saw each other, but it felt like it's been years. Hearing your voice and seeing you now has truly made my day, son," she expressed, her words reflecting the longing and love she held for her son. She tenderly held Duncan's face, planting a loving kiss on his forehead before enveloping him in another heartfelt hug.

"Why did you decide to see me now?" She asked, curious.

"I missed you, mother. I'm sorry that I only spoke to you on the phone all this while," Duncan expressed with a touch of regret in his voice. He carried a sense of remorse for not being physically present during their time apart.

"It's all right, my dear. I hold nothing against you," Sarah reassured him, her voice filled with understanding and unconditional love. Her response took Duncan by surprise, as he had expected some level of disappointment or longing for his presence.

Duncan, curious about his mother's perspective, decided to share the main reason behind his decision to visit her. "It's a bright morning, right?" she asked, a glimmer of hope in her eyes. Duncan nodded in agreement. Sensing her concern, he replied, "Hope everything is okay with you, son?"

A soft smile touched Duncan's lips as he appreciated his mother's caring nature. "You keep asking that first. Don't worry about me," he assured her, wanting to shift the focus of their conversation back to her well-being.

Sarah chuckled, her laughter filled with warmth and affection.

"Well, I have something to tell you, Mother," Duncan continued, sensing

the perfect moment to share his news.

Nodding in acknowledgment, Sarah encouraged Duncan to share his news. "I'm all ears, son," she said, indicating her readiness to listen.

Taking a deep breath, Duncan gathered his thoughts before revealing his request. "Mother, I need you to leave the city," he stated, his words causing Sarah's eyes to widen with surprise.

She arched her brows, staring at him inquisitively. "Why, son?" she questioned, seeking an explanation for his unexpected request.

Reassuringly, Duncan quickly responded, "Don't worry, mother. It's nothing serious, but I've got this covered for you." He wanted to alleviate any concerns she might have and assure her that he had a plan in place.

Confusion filled Sarah's expression as she tried to understand his intentions. "What do you mean?" she asked, eager to comprehend the situation fully.

Before Duncan could elaborate, the door swung open, interrupting their conversation.

"Hello, Mrs. Sarah!" Karla's vibrant voice boomed as she entered the room, carrying several shopping bags in her hands. Her arrival diverted their attention, momentarily pausing their discussion and leaving Sarah with a mix of curiosity and anticipation for the impending revelation.

Turning to see her, Duncan lifted a brow in surprise as Sarah smiled broadly, staring at Karla.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Excuse me. I'm here to see her," Karla chuckled, walking up to the other

side of the bed. "Good morning, Mrs. Sarah."

"Hello, dear, good morning. My joy has doubled seeing you again."

"Aww, I'm glad to know," Karla grinned and gave her a side hug.

Shifting her gaze to Duncan, Sarah revealed, "You know Karla has been dropping by here to see me."

Duncan was taken aback when he discovered the extent of Karla's constant visits. Sarah added, emphasizing Karla's regular presence compared to Duncan's sporadic visits. "You know Karla has been dropping by here to see me." She playfully rolled her eyes, teasing Duncan about his infrequency.

Caught off guard, Duncan locked eyes with Karla, still processing the new information. He couldn't help but feel surprised that she had never mentioned her frequent visits to Sarah before.

Sensing his surprise, Karla spoke up, seemingly reading his thoughts. "You don't need to be surprised. I and Mrs. Sarah have developed a stronger bond. It's almost stronger than yours with her and that's why she didn't miss you much."

"Hm," Sarah nodded in agreement as she listened to Karla's response. She acknowledged Karla's positive influence, expressing gratitude for her continual support. Sarah mentioned how Karla had been encouraging her to prioritize her medication, highlighting her understanding of Duncan's limited availability due to important commitments. Karla's reassurance seemed to have alleviated Sarah's concerns about their relationship.

"She said with time you would tell me about it and that's why I'm not bothered, my son."

Duncan couldn't help but smile, relieved that Karla had explained on his behalf and that Sarah seemed to understand. He appreciated Karla's efforts in bridging the gap between them and fostering a sense of understanding.

"Anyway, I got you something healthy and yummy. I'm sure you're getting tired of the hospital foods."

"Oh, really?" Sarah lifted her brows in excitement.

"But the doctor permitted me to make something for you," Karla announced, reaching into one of the bags she had brought with her. She carefully placed a flask on the eating board in front of Sarah, who looked intrigued.

Curiosity piqued, Sarah opened the flask, and her eyes widened in astonishment as she caught sight of the food inside. It was a colorful and appetizing dish of quinoa salad with grilled vegetables, topped with a light lemon dressing. The vibrant colors and fresh ingredients made it an appealing and healthy option for a sick patient.

Sarah couldn't help but voice her surprise. "Did you make this food?" she asked, a hint of skepticism in her tone.

Karla nodded with a proud smile. "Yup, with the help of my caretaker, Rose. I wanted to make something nutritious and tasty for you."

Duncan, always one to inject some humor, chimed in. "Hm, it looks delicious. I hope it's as good as it looks," he teased, earning a playful frown from Karla as she eyed him.

"I know it's super delicious, even more than it looks," Sarah affirmed, unable to resist the temptation any longer. She took a bite and savored

the flavors. "Hmm, it's yummy."

Karla chuckled in response. "Woah. I thought I messed up when making it," she admitted, joining in on the laughter. The shared moment of lightheartedness further solidified the bond between them.

Breaking the jovial atmosphere, Sarah expressed her desire to enjoy her meal in peace. She insisted that Duncan and Karla leave the room to have a private conversation.

Duncan, concerned about his mother's comfort, suggested that she should eat first, but Sarah was firm in her decision.

"No, I know you want to talk to her, so you both leave," Sarah urged, her motherly instincts guiding her intuition about their need for privacy.

Karla nodded, understanding Sarah's intentions, and Duncan took the lead, guiding Karla out of the hospital room. As they left, a smile graced Sarah's lips, and she murmured to herself, "They would make a good pair."

Sarah's remark hinted at her approval and recognition of the connection forming between Duncan and Karla. It showcased her hope for a meaningful relationship to develop between them, beyond their current circumstances.

But as Sarah's thoughts turned to Duncan's marital status, her smile faded, and a tinge of sadness crossed her face. The realization that Duncan was already married to Zinnia cast a shadow over her initial excitement about his connection with Karla.

"Oh, how I wish Duncan had met Karla before Zinnia," Sarah mused aloud, her voice tinged with regret. "I wouldn't have let him marry Zinnia if that were the case." She paused for a moment, contemplating

the past. "Anyway, I hold no regrets since Duncan's marriage to Zinnia led to him having a better home to live in."

Sarah took another bite of the delicious meal Karla had prepared, her mind still preoccupied with her son. Concern etched her features as she spoke softly, almost to herself. "I just hope everything is alright with Duncan." She took a deep breath, her concern evident. "But what's been keeping him so busy all this while?" Sarah couldn't help but wonder, her thoughts drifting to the unknown, as she continued to eat her meal.