

Chapter 118

Karla's lips parted in surprise as Duncan's unexpected action took her off guard. She hadn't anticipated such an intimate gesture from him. Nevertheless, her surprise quickly gave way to a sense of warmth and gratitude. Her arms instinctively wrapped around Duncan, holding onto him as if seeking solace and reassurance. The embrace spoke volumes, conveying an unspoken understanding and a deep connection between them.

In that moment, words became unnecessary as their shared bond and care for one another transcended any need for explanation.

Duncan pulled back slightly, his eyes still closed as he relished the peaceful moment, feeling the closeness he shared with Karla. He opened his eyes and gazed at her, a genuine smile on his face. "Thank you so much, Karla," he expressed sincerely. "I really appreciate what you've done for me."

Karla blushed, her cheeks tinged with a rosy hue. She patted Duncan's back gently, reciprocating the gesture of affection. "You're welcome," she replied softly, her voice filled with genuine warmth.

Duncan disengaged from the hug, slowly pulling away from Karla. He waved at her with a smile, a silent gesture of farewell, before turning to leave.

As he walked away, Karla couldn't help but chuckle to herself, the emotions swirling within her. "Gosh, he baffles me most times," she mused, her voice laced with a mix of amusement and fondness. She wrapped her arms around her upper body, feeling a slight shiver run through her as she blushed, savoring the lingering impact of their close embrace.



At that moment, Karla couldn't help but acknowledge the deep connection she felt with Duncan, a connection that stirred her emotions and left her yearning for more.

Later in the night, Karla had finished her bath and sat at the edge of her bed, facing the mirror. The soft glow of the bedside lamp cast a warm light on the room, creating a cozy atmosphere. She reached down to the footrest where she had placed a first aid box before going to shower.

"I'm not going to the hospital to dress my wound. I will do it myself," Karla muttered to herself, a mix of determination and slight guilt in her voice. She had promised the doctor that she would drop by in the evening for the dressing, but she couldn't bring herself to go. The hospital always made her feel uneasy.

Taking a deep breath, Karla opened the first aid box and gathered the necessary supplies. She felt a twinge of apprehension as she prepared to tend to her wound alone. She knew it was important to follow the doctor's instructions, but she also desired independence and self-sufficiency.

With a sigh, Karla loosened her bathrobe and pulled it aside, revealing the bandaged wound on her side. As she inspected it in the mirror, assessing its condition, a sudden noise startled her. The sound of footsteps approaching from behind caused her to freeze in shock.

As Karla turned her head slowly, her gaze caught Rose standing there, her expression a mix of concern and determination. "Miss," Rose called in a whisper, her voice filled with urgency, and quickly closed the door behind her, ensuring their conversation remained private.

Karla, taken aback by Rose's sudden appearance and the secrecy, attempted to fasten her robe, but her movements froze as Rose spoke again. "I know you got shot," she said, her words laced with a mix of



sympathy and determination. "I actually went to get some better supplies to dress your wound for you." With a sense of purpose, Rose dropped a black nylon bag on the bed and motioned for Karla to lie down.

Karla's shock slowly subsided, replaced by a faint smile that crossed her lips. She couldn't help but feel a mixture of gratitude and curiosity. How did Rose come to know about her wound? The details of their connection and the circumstances that led to this moment remained a mystery to her.

"You don't have to help me, Rose," Karla said, her voice filled with a mix of gratitude and concern.

Rose, however, remained resolute. "I'm your caretaker, Miss," she replied firmly, her eyes conveying a sense of loyalty and dedication. "More importantly, I gave my word to someone that I'll take good care of you."

Curiosity got the better of Karla as she probed further, wanting to know who had prompted Rose to take such a personal interest in her well-being. "Who?" she asked, her voice filled with genuine curiosity and a hint of suspicion.

Rose hesitated, her gaze reluctantly shifting away from Karla's. The unspoken answer hung in the air, but she couldn't bring herself to confirm it.

Karla, piecing together the clues, nodded knowingly. "It's Duncan, right?" she asked softly, her voice tinged with understanding. She had suspected as much, considering Duncan's unwavering dedication to her safety and the lengths he would go to protect her.

Rose's few seconds of shocked expression confirmed Karla's assumption. Her gaze flickered between the black nylon bag and Rose, as she realized that Duncan had likely orchestrated this act of care through Rose.



Karla's heart swelled with gratitude and a complex mix of emotions. Duncan's unwavering support and the lengths he would go to keep her safe were both heartening and concerning.

But as Karla's mind wandered back to the previous day, replaying the scolding she had received from Duncan, an involuntary frown formed on her face as the memories resurfaced. "If he was going to show this much care," Karla muttered to herself, "then why did he scold me so much yesterday?" She rolled her eyes, attempting to wash off the lingering traces of anger she still felt toward him from their heated exchange.

Karla observed as Rose gently removed the old bandage around her abdomen, her touch careful and precise. The wound, fortunately, appeared to be superficial. "Thank goodness the wound isn't deep," Rose remarked, her voice laced with relief, as she began applying a fresh bandage.

"Yeah," Karla responded softly, her voice reflecting a mix of gratitude and lingering discomfort. "The bullet just grazed my abdomen."

Rose's skilled hands moved with expertise, ensuring the wound was properly redressed. "The stitches were done well too," she commented, her tone filled with reassurance.

Karla hesitated for a moment before responding, her voice trailing off. "Yeah, I think so..." Her words faded into silence as a wave of conflicting emotions washed over her. Sharply lifting her gaze to Rose, Karla couldn't help but voice her curiosity. "Wait, how do you know that the stitches were done properly?" Her tone carried a mixture of surprise and intrigue.

A faint smile touched Rose's lips as she responded. "I guess you never realized, but I was a medical student about ten years ago," she revealed, her voice tinged with a hint of nostalgia.



Karla's surprise was evident as she processed this newfound information. In all the years that Rose had been working for her, she had never known about her past in the medical field. It suddenly made sense how effortlessly Rose tended to her children's wounds whenever they visited and sustained injuries from their playful escapades around the house.

"Really?" Karla exclaimed, her voice filled with genuine surprise and admiration. The pieces of the puzzle were starting to fall into place, and she couldn't help but appreciate the depth of Rose's skills and knowledge, which she had unknowingly been benefiting from all this time.

Since Rose had been working for her for the last few years, Karla never knew about it. But it was making sense now how she got to take care of her kids most times when they came around the house and sustained some injuries from running around and Rose would effortlessly tend to their wounds despite Karla's suggestions to take them to the hospital.

Rose nodded, her eyes gleaming with a mix of pride and humility. "Yes, really," she confirmed. "Although I didn't continue in the medical field professionally, it's something that has stayed with me, and I've always kept up with medical knowledge and practices."

Karla's curiosity piqued and she asked, "Why didn't you continue it?"

"Huh, I dropped out." Rose forced a chuckle, feeling embarrassed.

As Karla adjusted her robe with Rose's assistance, she couldn't help but inquire further. "Why did you drop out?" Her voice carried a genuine curiosity, tinged with empathy.

Rose sighed softly, her expression a mix of nostalgia and wistfulness. "I had no money," she replied, her voice tinged with a hint of sadness. "You know, I am an orphan." She paused briefly, her eyes meeting Karla's as

she took a seat on the nearby chair, facing her.

Karla listened attentively, her heart going out to Rose as she shared her personal story. The realization that Rose had faced significant challenges in her life only deepened Karla's respect for her. She could only imagine the hardships Rose had endured as an orphan, navigating life without financial support or a stable family.

"When I got married to Frank," Rose continued, her voice filled with a mixture of love and longing, "I felt like I had a complete world, especially when I gave birth to my first child, Louis." A soft smile played on her lips, reflecting the joy she had experienced in motherhood.

"But secretly," Rose continued, her voice tinged with a touch of regret, "I wished I had finished my studies and become a doctor. My kids would have been more proud of me." Her words hung in the air, carrying a sense of unfulfilled dreams and missed opportunities.

Karla felt a pang of empathy for Rose, understanding the weight of unfulfilled aspirations and the desire to provide a strong role model for one's children. She reached out and placed a comforting hand on Rose's arm. "Rose, your children are proud of you for who you are," she said sincerely. "You have been a wonderful caretaker and a pillar of support for our family. Your dedication and expertise, even without a formal degree, have made a significant impact on all our lives."

A flicker of gratitude crossed Rose's face as she absorbed Karla's words. It was a bittersweet moment, acknowledging the unmet dreams of the past while recognizing the immeasurable value she had brought to the lives of those around her.

Karla's voice filled with genuine warmth and appreciation as she expressed her thoughts further. "Louis and Angela would love to see their mom in a white lab coat and a stethoscope around her neck," she

Commented [Ma1]:

said softly, her words carrying a touch of longing for the dreams Rose had shared.

Rose nodded, a mixture of emotions playing across her face. A chuckle escaped her lips, a bittersweet sound that hinted at the depth of her feelings. Karla could see how hard Rose was trying to hold back tears, the emotions threatening to overwhelm her.

"Miss Karla, I had just three years left to complete my studies, you know," Rose admitted, her voice tinged with a combination of regret and acceptance. "Unfortunately, the problems in my life became bigger, and I had to make the difficult decision to drop out. I had to prioritize my younger ones' studies and welfare. It's something I don't regret, though."

Karla's admiration for Rose grew even stronger as she listened to her story. The sacrifices Rose had made, putting the needs of her siblings before her own aspirations, spoke volumes about her character and selflessness. She recognized Rose's strength and resilience, acknowledging the challenges she had faced and the difficult choices she had made.

"You are so nice, Rose," Karla praised sincerely, her voice filled with genuine admiration. "And you're strong too. Your dedication and love for your family shine through in everything you do. Louis and Angela are fortunate to have you as their mother, caretaker, and role model. I'm also fortunate to have you as my person."

Rose, with a warm smile on her face, got up from her seat. "Now, I will let you have some time before you sleep," she said kindly.

"I think I will dress the wound tomorrow evening," Karla replied, contemplating her options.

"Noo. Why dress it every day?" Karla's question made Rose frown



slightly.

"It's necessary to prevent it from coming into contact with germs because of the old dressing," Rose explained, concerned for Karla's well-being.

Frowning as well, Karla nodded in understanding. "But let's leave it until the day after tomorrow, please."

"Okay, Miss," Rose acquiesced. "Goodnight."

"Thank you," Karla responded gratefully. "Good night." She waved as Rose exited the room, watching her leave. Karla let out a sigh, feeling a slight pain as she rose from her seat and gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

The Lennart Mansion

Duncan stepped into the mansion, and he found himself in the midst of a bustling scene. The aroma of a delicious meal filled the air as he entered the dining room. The long table was adorned with fine china and silverware, and family members were gathered around, engaged in lively conversation.

Duncan's attention was immediately drawn to Ma'am Luna, who noticed his arrival and gestured for him to come. He made his way towards her.

Laura seemed surprised by his sudden return. "So, you are just returning home?!" she exclaimed, a hint of bewilderment in her voice. She turned to Ma'am Luna, seeking confirmation. "Mom, can you believe this?"

Bella decided to intervene with a secret intention to piss Laura off. "Your son-in-law probably ran an errand for you," Her playful remark earned a few chuckles from the others.

Laura's gaze shifted to Bella, and a hint of annoyance crossed her face. "Oh, sister-in-law, can you just stay off my matters?" she retorted, her tone slightly sharp.

Lisa quickly came to her mother's defense. "My mom meant no harm, Aunt," she interjected, her voice slightly revealing contempt.

Ma'am Luna cleared her throat, capturing the attention of everyone in the dining room. The room fell into an immediate hush as all eyes turned towards her, awaiting her words.

"Zinnia," Ma'am Luna addressed her granddaughter, her voice firm yet composed. "Did Duncan return last night?"

Zinnia, with a disapproving glare aimed at Duncan, responded curtly, "No, grandmother. As expected, he went fooling himself in a stupid place," she scoffed, her tone laced with frustration.

Ma'am Luna's gaze shifted back to Duncan, her eyes filled with a mix of curiosity and concern. "Where were you all through yesterday? You spent the night elsewhere," she stated, seeking an explanation.

Duncan, maintaining a straight face despite the tension in the room, calmly replied, "My mother missed me, so I went to keep her company throughout yesterday and today."

Ma'am Luna, maintaining her composed demeanor, lifted her gaze slightly and issued a directive with authority. "Zinnia, call his mother, Susan," she ordered.

Zinnia, her phone resting next to her plate, reached for it with a malicious expression. She dialed her mother-in-law's number, her fingers moving swiftly over the screen. Meanwhile, Duncan remained composed, his expression unreadable as he awaited the outcome of the

conversation.

After a few rings, Susan's voice could be heard on the other end of the line. "Hello, Zinnia?" Susan's voice carried a tone of warmth and concern, unaware of the tension in the room.

Zinnia, her voice devoid of pleasantries, straight to the point. "I want to ask you a question," she said firmly, her words laced with a hint of accusation.

Susan, taken aback by the seriousness in Zinnia's tone, responded cautiously. "Are you okay, dear...?"

Zinnia interrupted, her frustration evident. "Don't be informal with me, Susan. You know I don't consider you my mother-in-law."

Susan's voice softened with regret. "Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized, her tone tinged with remorse.

The tension in the room was palpable as Zinnia posed her question, her voice betraying a mix of suspicion and resentment. "Was Duncan with you yesterday?"

The words hung in the air, the silence stretching as everyone awaited Susan's response.

"Yes, Duncan just left the hospital a while ago. He was with me yesterday and today," Susan's voice came through the phone, breaking the silence in the dining room.

Duncan's eyebrows furrowed slightly as he heard his mother's response. He fought the urge to let out a sigh of relief. Earlier that day, he had sent his adopted mother a message, expressing his intention to visit her if time allowed. However, the demanding workload at Walton's Company



had prevented him from fulfilling that plan, leaving him grateful for his mother's confirmation of his whereabouts.

Zinnia, catching Duncan's glance, observed the look he gave her, a mix of vindication and frustration. Rolling her eyes, she begrudgingly acknowledged the truth of his words, her earlier doubts starting to dissipate.

Susan asked, "Is there a problem now?"

In the tense atmosphere of the dining room, Zinnia's frustration with Duncan became apparent as she replied coldly, "Susan, your son is my biggest problem," disregarding the presence of everyone. Without hesitation, Zinnia abruptly ended the call, demonstrating her annoyance.

Lisa, observing the situation, expressed her fake disapproval, pouting and commenting, "Tsk, tsk, that was harsh."

"Mind your business," Zinnia warned, almost yelling. Lisa chuckled, seemingly unfazed by the warning. "And you, Duncan, stop being useless. You better start focusing on working properly in the company..."

"I'm not going to be working in the company until I get a better position in the company," Duncan said, boldly to everyone's surprise. With Duncan's proclamation, the room grew even more tense, as his blunt statement challenged the status quo.

Enraged by Duncan's audacity, Marcus rose from his seat, his anger evident on his face. He confronted Duncan, his voice filled with indignation, "You ungrateful imbecile! How dare you request that? Have you forgotten your place?!"



Rather than cower under Marcus' furious words, Duncan's smirk only grew more pronounced as he retorted, his smooth face betraying a hint



of satisfaction, "My place is at the top. You're the one who doesn't know your place again."

Duncan's retort caught everyone off guard, including Laura, who couldn't contain her emotions any longer. She bawled out, her voice filled with disbelief, "Are you mad, Duncan?!"

Undeterred by Laura's reaction, Duncan fired back, targeting her as well, "You should ask your son that, mother-in-law."

 Gem Lynne 

*Duncan wants to take another bigger step in his plan of revenge. Are you liking his daring reactions? 🤔
Let me know what you think of him in the comment section. Thank you 😊*

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