

Wife 120

Chapter 120

Clara suddenly felt something furry rubbing against her foot. Looking down, she saw the white dog Bruce had been walking earlier.

It seemed the little creature had taken a liking to her.

Bruce had returned with the dog, Clara looked up, only to find it was Yohan approaching instead. He was holding the leash of the brown dog in his hand.

Soon, he and the dog stood in front of Clara.

"Mr. Morris," she said in greeting.

Yohan didn't say anything. He handed the leash to her.

Clara was puzzled but accepted it nonetheless. $w\dot{W}W.(n)_{ve}l\omega\mathbb{D}rm.c\sigma^{(n)}$

"Since you have some free time, could you help me take care of them?" he asked in a low voice.

"Bruce takes care of them quite well, doesn't he? I'm not home every day. Once my master finishes his work, I plan to return to Casville with him," Clara replied

No matter how large, beautiful, or luxurious Yohan's villa was, she still preferred the peace and quiet of the mountains.

Living in Yohan's home made her feel like a guest. She felt constrained by all the rules and restrictions Yohan's gaze deepened as he looked at Clara for a long moment before saying, "My grandmother sat under the pavilion where we were earlier. She mentioned moving in with us. If you leave, I won't be able to handle her."

Clara laughed, "Your grandmother is kind; she's not scary."

"You don't understand my grandmother. She's cunning because she was spoiled by my grandfather," Yohan muttered.

"Isn't it also because you younger ones pamper her? If it weren't for you all, she wouldn't be so

rained," Clara joked.

Clara hadn't seen the darker side of the old lady. However, Bonnie was respected within the Morris family, and no one would dare disrespect her.

It was a sign of filial piety and indulgence from the family.

An elderly person spoiled by their descendants could act freely and do whatever they wanted.

Yohan's eyes deepened further as he considered Clara's perspective. She had a unique way of seeing things.

"Mr. Morris, is it true that we can't take photos here?" Clara asked. $\mathbb{W}w^{(w)}.no\ve\mathbb{W}o\mathfrak{R}^{(m)}.\acute{o}\acute{o}\mathbb{m}$

Yohan's dark eyes flickered, and he replied coolly, "That's correct."

After a pause, he added, "If you enjoy taking pictures, just keep them in your phone's album and don't post them on social media. It's to protect my privacy."

Clara quickly responded, "I haven't posted anything. I've deleted those photos I'd taken earlier. If your privacy gets exposed later, it won't be because of me.

"I didn't know that taking photos wasn't allowed. I just liked the beautiful scenery and took pictures out of habit. If I had known, I definitely wouldn't have taken any."

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Mr. Gardner hadn't informed her.

Yohan was right alongside her, observing her as she snapped pictures without saying a word.

"Okay," he said indifferently.

"The house is too quiet, so I got two dogs and two cats to keep me company. But I'm usually busy with work, so I don't have time to care for them. If you're bored, you may consider it as a way to keep yourself occupied."

Clara instinctively replied, "I've never had pets before, so I might not take good care of them. It's better to leave it to Bruce. If I want to keep myself busy, I'd rather dig up some empty corners and plant vegetables.

There were many empty corners in the front and back gardens, and Clara felt a strong urge to till the soil and plant vegetables, which would keep her busy.

Yohan was left speechless. He wondered whether he should let his wife plant vegetables in the backyard.

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