

## Wife 147

### Chapter 147

Clara slept until the evening before she finally got up. As soon as she stirred, there was a knock on the door.

“Ms. Fowler, are you awake?” Arthur’s voice called from outside. ” Dinner is ready. Mrs. Morris Senior would like y

downstairs to eat.”

o come

Clara walked over and opened the door. “I’ll be down soon.”

Earlier in the day, before she fell asleep, Clara had called Arthur to let him know she wasn’t having lunch and preferred not to be disturbed. Now, she was feeling quite hungry.

“Alright,” Arthur replied before turning to leave.

A few minutes later, Clara descended the stairs with her handbag in hand.

She planned to head to Sunville Hotel to meet with Mark after dinner. Together, they would go to the Clay residence to meet the deceased bridesmaid. They wanted to determine whether she had accidentally fallen to her death or was pushed.

Since her death, her spirit had been haunting the Clays and the

groomsmen who had pranked her that day. This suggested that her death was connected to those individuals.

Clara was aware of the existence of wedding pranks in some places, which could be extreme and lead to serious problems. The most egregious involved men taking advantage of bridesmaids during these pranks. Such behavior was downright disgraceful and abusive.

When Clara graduated, she had made it clear to her classmates that if they got married, she would attend their wedding, but she would not be a bridesmaid due to her fear of such pranks. *Www.nOveLwOrM(c)©m*

Seeing how wedding pranks had led to a bridesmaid’s death during Bond’s wedding and her spirit haunting those involved, she felt her fears were justified.

Bond’s marriage had turned into a lonely one, and his groomsmen didn’t fare any better. None of them could have a decent life

afterward.

Clara suspected that those groomsmen had acted inappropriately toward the bridesmaid. *www.NôveLwOrM(c)©M*

As for Maddison, she too faced retribution and torment, likely because she hadn’t supported her bridesmaid, who was also her best friend.

Weddings were meant to be joyous occasions, a time for celebration and well-wishes. Why should they be marred by excessive pranks that could lead to such tragic outcomes? When things went too far and resulted in the loss of life, no one could come out unscathed. *wwW.©o(v)ëllwOrM.com*

In the dining room, Bonnie, Jennifer, and Yohan were waiting for Clara. When she entered, Jennifer said coolly, “Clara, please come down for meals on your own without needing to be called. Arthur has already informed you of the dining times.”

Clara glanced at Yohan, who was also looking at her.

After sitting down, she gave a soft hum in acknowledgment. Yohan glanced at her with a hint of gratitude, perhaps appreciating that she had avoided making a scene with Jennifer.

Clara smiled. After all, there was no reason to make a scene. It was her fault for oversleeping and needing Arthur to call her down for dinner. If Jennifer wanted to comment on it, so be it. She didn’t mind.

During the meal, everyone remained silent.

Clara ate quickly, eager to finish and head out to her exorcising task.

While the others were still eating, Clara had already finished her meal.

She wiped her mouth with a napkin and addressed Bonnie a Jennifer. “I’m done, Bonnie, Mrs. Morris. Enjoy your meal.”

“Done? Already?” Jennifer remarked with a hint of surprise.

She thought that Clara had eaten very little. In fact, Clara had eaten quite a lot, but she did it quickly, so Jennifer hadn’t noticed how much she had eaten.

“Yes, Mrs. Morris.” *WwW.©NôveLwOrM.com*

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