

Wife 33

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Chapter 33

Clara stared at Bruce for a moment before finally saying, “Got it.”

Yohan adding her on WhatsApp was pointless. He still preferred sending his bodyguards on errands. He could’ve easily texted her the meeting spot, but no, he had to make his bodyguard run back and forth.

“Tell Mr. Morris I’ll be upstairs in a few minutes.” @www.nOveℓwOrM.com

Bruce nodded. “I’ll let Mr. Morris know. Sorry for the disturbance, Ms. Fowler,”

Clara didn’t respond. She just turned and walked away.

Bruce watched her disappear into the private room before heading out.

Ten minutes later, Yohan stepped out of the elevator, flanked by his entourage of bodyguards. He quickly spotted his new wife crouched. by the door of the presidential site.

Seeing him, Clara stood up, using the wall for support. Her legs were numb from crouching so long.

She quietly moved aside, letting Yohan step forward to unlock the door.

The bodyguards glanced at Clara. Curiosity was evident in their eyes, but none of them said a word. Bruce just gave Clara a nod in greeting.

The presidential suite was Yohan’s private domain. Unless he was hosting guests, he usually dined and occasionally rested there. The door had a facial recognition lock, so only he could open it.

Yohan opened the door without looking at Clara and said in a low voice, “Ms. Fowler, please come in.”

Clara followed him into the suite.

Once inside, she scanned the room. Not seeing Daniel, she headed to

the couch and sat down.

Just like last time, Yohan personally brought her a glass of warm

water.

When Yohan sat down across from her, Clara finally saw Daniel. He had suddenly appeared from the watch. But the old man quickly disappeared again.

Clara figured it was because the sunlight outside was so intense. Even though ghosts could sometimes be seen during the day, it required specific magnetic fields. In bright sunlight like this, they usually stayed hidden.

She glanced at the window. The heavy curtains weren’t drawn, letting the sunlight flood in and brighten the room.

“Mr. Morris, could you close the curtains?” Clara asked.

Yohan didn’t say a word. He picked up a small remote, pressed a button, and the curtains slid shut. The room immediately became

much darker.

Daniel, who had been hiding in the watch, quickly appeared. He smiled warmly at Clara and waved.

Clara, fond of Daniel, returned his smile.

Seeing his wife smile, Yohan felt a strange sense of confusion. She was smiling at him, but it felt like her smile wasn’t meant for him. But there were only the two of them in the room. If she wasn’t smiling at him, who else could it be? wW@.n(ℴ)ℴel(w)óⓈ(m).Com

Yohan tried to smile back, but he was so used to maintaining a stern expression that his attempt looked forced. Clara stopped smiling and watched him with amused curiosity.

Noticing Clara’s intrigued gaze, Yohan quickly reverted to his usual stem demeanor, his lips pressing into a thin line. His eyes turned cold and sharp. He looked at Clara as if she were an enemy rather than his wife. Ww.(n)(ℴ)ℴℓwOrM.com

“Mr. Morris,” Clara said politely, breaking the awkward silence

between them. “What did you want to talk to me about?”