

Wife 36

Chapter 36

“Clara, I’m speaking the truth here,” Daniel insisted. “If you doubt me, you’re welcome to find out for yourself.”

Clara paused, then replied, “Mr. Morris Senior, it sounds like you’re nudging me to move in with your grandson.”

“It’s not a nudge,” Daniel said smoothly. “You’re married now. It’s only natural for a married couple to live together.”

Clara fell silent, processing his words.

Moments later, Yohan stepped out of the study. He paused at the door to survey Clara, who was seated on the couch, deep in thought.

He frowned, wondering if he was hearing things.

Why did it seem like Clara was conversing with someone?

Determined to resolve the mystery, Yohan decided to schedule an appointment with his family doctor first thing in the morning. The auditory hallucinations he kept hearing were making him question his sanity.

Turning on his heel, Yohan retreated back into the study.

Once he was out of sight, Clara said to Daniel, “Mr. Morris Senior, please stop talking to me. If Yohan sees us, he might think I’m losing my mind.” *www.NoVELWe(r)(m).com*

Daniel chuckled softly, “Oh, he’ll not only think you’re a bit touched but might also start wondering if he’s losing his own grip on reality. Don’t worry, I’ll keep quiet. Let me see what that young man’s up to in the study.”

With that, Daniel shuffled toward the study.

Inside, Yohan was engrossed in drafting an agreement.

Daniel sidled up behind him, peering over his shoulder at the computer screen.

In life, he needed reading glasses. Now, he squinted at the screen, the effort showing on his spectral face as he struggled to decipher the

text.

The agreement Yohan was working on was a meticulously crafted set of rules designed to govern Clara’s behavior once she moved into his home. She would be expected to adhere to every stipulation.

When Daniel reviewed it, he could hardly contain his frustration. He smacked Yohan lightly on the head.

Yohan remained stoically unaffected.

“You’ve got some nerve,” Daniel said sharply. “When your

grandmother shows up, I’m going to show her this mess. You’re

laying down all these restrictions on Clara, but where are the rules for yourself? *W⊗W.n.eV(e)ℒ(w)ORm.cem*

“I’ll make sure Clara knows not to sign this. It’s blatantly unfair.”

With a final mutter of discontent, Daniel exited the study.

Yohan, unfazed by the criticism, deemed the agreement satisfactory. He printed two copies, signed them both, and walked out, holding the documents.

Seeing his grandson approach, Daniel warned Clara, “Clara, don’t sign that. You hear me? Don’t sign it. It’s nothing but a set of rules designed to confine you. *w(w)⊗.n⊙v⊕W⊔Rm.cm*

“It says you can’t enter his room, you can’t go where he is, and if he’s on the couch, does that mean you can’t even step foot on the first

floor?”

He added, “Bottom line, it’s a raw deal. Signing it would only put you at a disadvantage.”

Clara kept quiet: With Yohan now in view, she didn’t want to risk appearing insane by continuing her conversation with Daniel.

Yohan approached, holding out the agreement. “Ms. Fowler,” he said, “ since we’ll be sharing the same space, I’ve drawn up this agreement to ensure we respect each other’s privacy. Please take a look and sign if you agree.”

Clara examined the document. It was surprisingly simple and direct.

The agreement outlined three key points. First, privacy in the marriage; second, a quasi–roommate arrangement with no

interference and no entry into each other’s personal space; and third, aside from when Bonnie comes by for her check–ins, the couple

should avoid being in the same place at the same time whenever possible. *www.nôvêlw@rm.côm*

In essence, if Yohan was on the first floor, Clara should steer clear of