

Wife 40

Chapter 40

When Sasha was young, her parents were always busy working, leaving her and her sibling in the care of their grandparents. She often said her grandmother loved her the most.

In Sasha’s first year of middle school, her grandmother fell and passed away a few weeks later.

Clara had grown used to seeing the spirit of Sasha’s grandmother.

Not seeing her now, Clara glanced around.

“What are you looking at, Clara?” Sasha asked suspiciously.

“Nothing. Let’s go eat,” Clara replied, dismissing the absence of the spirit.

Sasha’s grandmother didn’t always appear, so Clara didn’t think much,

of it.

“I’ll cover the bill tonight. My company paid me today, and I got a bonus too,” Sasha offered.

With her salary and bonuses, Sasha’s annual income had soared past a million, dwarfing Evelyn’s earnings.

Clara shook her head. “No way I’m letting you do that. I’m the one.

who invited you both out, so this meal is on me.” *www.novelsworm.com*

Sasha’s laugh was warm and infectious. “Keep a tab for now.

Tonight, dinner’s on me, no arguments.”

Mark interjected, “Sasha, let Clara treat us this time. Every time we’re in town, you’re the one paying. We really feel awful about it.”

Sasha’s gaze was steady. “Don’t feel bad. Don’t treat me like an outsider. Clara, Evie, and I are close friends. You’re Clara’s mentor, so you’re mine too. It’s settled. If anyone tries to argue, I’ll lose my

temper.”

“Let’s go to Evie’s Sunville Hotel for a fantastic meal,” Sasha suggested with a grin.

Evelyn quickly corrected her. “Sunville Hotel isn’t mine; it’s owned by the company.”

Sasha chuckled, “It’s under your company’s umbrella. Since you work at Morris Corporation, I figured it’s practically yours.”

“Next time, be a little more careful with your words,” Evelyn said. “I don’t want anyone thinking I’m interested in Mr. Morris. Honestly, he makes me uneasy. He’s so cold and intense.”

Sasha nodded sympathetically. “I get it. Whenever I’m with my boss at meetings with Mr. Morris, just his look makes me want to turn and

run.”

Clara couldn’t help but wonder... were her friends really that frightened of Yohan?

She glanced over at Mark, who winked at her.

Clara quickly grasped what Mark was implying.

Just moments ago, Mark mentioned wanting to eat at Sunville Hotel, and now Sasha suggested it.

It seemed like everything was falling into place perfectly.

Suddenly, Clara’s phone rang.

She fished it out of her bag and saw Bruce’s name flashing on the

screen.

“You all go ahead,” she said, her eyes flicking to her friends. “I need to take this.”

Sasha nodded. “Head over to Sunville Hotel. We’ll be waiting for you.

I’ll reserve a private room.” *WWW.Novelsworm.COM*

Clara gave a brief nod and watched as Mark and the others climbed into the car. She answered Bruce’s call as soon as they were on their

way.

“Mr. Bruce, what’s up?” *www.novelsworm.com*

“Ms. Fowler, just call me Bruce. When’s your move scheduled? Mr. Morris has asked me to be ready to help out.”

After Clara left, Yohan handed the responsibility of assisting her with the move over to Bruce. *www.novelsworm.COM*

“Just text me Mr. Morris’s address. I’ll head over after dinner. I don’t have much to move—just a couple of outfits. Does Mr. Morris have fresh daily essentials at his place? If not, I’ll swing by the store and grab some.”

Bruce was momentarily stunned.

Was moving really this effortless for Clara?

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