

## Wife 41

### Chapter 41

Bruce insisted, “Ms. Fowler, are you absolutely sure you don't need any help?”

Clara waved off his concern. “No need. It's just a few outfits. It's not a big deal.”

Bruce sighed in resignation, “Alright, I'll send you the address shortly. When you get there, just give me a call two minutes before you arrive, and I'll come out to meet you.”

“Got it,” Clara said.

“Ms. Fowler, what time should I expect you?”

Clara said, “I can't pin it down exactly. Probably before 9:00 pm. Is there a deadline?”

Bruce replied, “There is no hard deadline, but try to get there before Mr. Morris returns. He usually shows up around 11:30 pm.”

Clara assured him, “I'll definitely be moved in before 11:30. I won't hold you up. By the way, Bruce, could you find out if Mr. Morris will be at Sunville Hotel later tonight?”

Bruce paused for a moment before answering, “Mr. Morris usually dines at Sunville Hotel almost every day. However, he tends to use a private entrance unless it's a formal occasion.”

Clara pressed, “Does he have any dinner plans there tonight?”

Bruce replied, “I'm afraid I can't provide that information.”

Clara read between the lines and chose not to press further. **wWw.N(°)vélw©Rm.čom**

“Got it,” she said. She hoped she'd avoid running into Yohan again.

In the evening, fate seemed determined to test Clara's patience. When

she arrived at Sunville Hotel, she ran right into Yohan, much to her chagrin.

He was dining with clients, surrounded by a posse of sharply dressed men. A middle-aged man Clara didn't recognize was at his side. **www.NOvellWorm.có™**

Clara kept her distance, unable to approach. The crowd around Yohan was too thick, like a wall. she couldn't penetrate.

Yohan didn't glance her way. Engrossed in conversation, he and his entourage soon melted into the hotel's interior.

To Clara, it was as if their encounter had never happened. It didn't affect her in the least.

“Clara!”

Sasha greeted her with a warm embrace, linking arms as they walked inside together. “I've reserved a private room. Evelyn and Mr. Fowler are already there waiting.

“If you'd arrived a bit earlier, you would have seen quite a show. Evie's boss made an entrance that was nothing short of royal. I happened to step out of the elevator just as they did and had to scramble out of sight. Even though they weren't sharing our elevator, I couldn't help but hide.”

Clara raised an eyebrow. “Is he really that intimidating? You and Evie both seem to shiver just talking about him.”

Clara couldn't help but wonder why Yohan seemed to inspire such fear. To Sasha and Evelyn, he was a figure of intimidation.

Yet, Clara herself found it hard to see what the fuss was about. He was undeniably handsome, with a striking presence that made him easy on the eyes.

To her, Yohan's aloofness was no more terrifying than the ghosts she had grown up with. Compared to the apparitions of her childhood, **wWw.no©(e)l(w)DrM.(c)đm**

Yohan's cold demeanor seemed almost benign.

Sasha shook her head with a chuckle, “He's definitely imposing. But since you're not in the corporate world, you might not fully appreciate it. Let's not dwell on it, though. We wouldn't want to spoil our evening.”

Clara laughed.

After dinner, Mark decided to stay at the hotel for some well-deserved. rest, given his age. Meanwhile, the three girls ventured out for a shopping spree. Evelyn picked up a few things and asked Clara to bring them back to her parents when she returned to the village.

At 8:30 pm, Clara's phone rang again. It was Bruce.

With a sigh, she turned to her friends and said, “Evelyn, Sasha, I need to help Mr. Fowler with something tomorrow, so I've got to get some rest tonight. I'm heading back to the hotel now. You two should try not to stay out too late; you've got work tomorrow, too.”

Evelyn and Sasha, aware of Mark's ghost-hunting escapades and Clara's involvement, were both intrigued and a little spooked. They were so fascinated by Clara's stories about Mark's spirit encounters that they couldn't sleep without the lights on and the blankets pulled over their heads.

“Go on,” Sasha said with a playful smile. “We'll catch up on the weekend. Be sure to fill us in on all the details of your spirit-hunting. adventures with Mr. Fowler.”

Clara chuckled, “Want to join us and see for yourselves?” **w(w)w.n(°)vélw©RM.cóM**