

Wife 42

Chapter 42

Sasha shook her head with a look of genuine fear. "I'm too scared to

go." Ww.ñOVêℓwORm.čom

Clara glanced over at Evelyn, who was also shaking her head.

Once devout atheists, both women had their skepticism tested through their friendship with Clara. Seeing Mark's ghostly encounters and witnessing his ability to help those tormented by spirits completely upended their worldview.

"Chicken," Clara teased with a chuckle, her eyes sparkling with amusement as she waved goodbye.

With one last wave, Clara slipped into her car and drove off into the

night.

Back at Sunville Hotel, Clara didn't bother with unpacking. She grabbed a backpack containing her two sets of clothes and slipped her laptop into its bag. Slinging the backpack over one shoulder and carrying the laptop bag, she dialed Bruce as she headed out the door.

"Bruce, send me the address. I'm on my way," she said. Ww.(n)δ⊙@lwçrm.com

She'd been expecting the address earlier, but it still hadn't come

through.

Bruce's voice crackled over the line. "I'm waiting for you at the hotel

entrance."

Clara grumbled to herself, "Why does it seem like every high-and- mighty heir has such a peculiar bodyguard?"

It wasn't like sending an address was rocket science, yet here she was, following Bruce's car ju get to the location. Was the address really that secret?

A few minutes later, Clara trailed behind Bruce's security vehicle as they left Sunville Hotel and made their way to Hillhaven Garden. wwW.noV(è)l⊗ðrm.com

After about ten minutes, they pulled up in front of an imposing villa. The entrance, flanked by grand gates, hinted at the scale of what lay beyond.

Bruce tapped the horn a few times, and shortly, a gatekeeper emerged

to open the gates.

As Clara drove in, she was taken aback by the sheer size of the estate. The open-air parking lot alone could easily hold a hundred cars. The garden was a masterpiece of design, and even before she had fully exited the vehicle, she was struck by its grandeur.

Yohan clearly had a taste for the finer things in life.

Daniel had described Yohan's private villa as both vast and luxurious.

While Clara couldn't yet assess the interior, the garden was already a testament to exquisite taste—a splendor that deeply impressed her.

Beyond the expansive parking lot, the estate revealed its splendor—a cozy garden, a rockery with a cascading fountain, a charming little. bridge arching over a gently flowing stream, and a pristine swimming pool. www.noVêℓwo⊙M.ÇoM

The musical fountain played in harmony with the music, its waters rising and falling with an almost hypnotic rhythm. Clara was tempte to whip out her phone and capture the scene, but she restrained herself.

She couldn't afford to look like a naïve country girl overwhelmed by the city. Yet, in truth, that was exactly how she felt.

Usually, on her ghost-hunting excursions with Mark, she had visited the homes of the wealthy, but none of those palatial estates could hold a candle to the grandeur of Yohan's villa.

A middle-aged man approached with the effortless grace of someone. accustomed to moving among the wealthy.

Bruce got out of the car, and Clara followed suit.

"Mr. Gardner," Bruce greeted.

Clara couldn't help but smile. The name "Mr. Gardner" was a staple in her novels for butlers.

She was amused to find that her hastily-married husband's butler had the same name. It was an odd, almost ironic twist she didn't want to draw attention to—better to avoid any suggestion that her fiction was blending with reality.

Arthur Ga

the butler, gave Clara a thorough, respectful glance before speaking, "Ms. Fowler, Mr. Morris asked me to prepare for your arrival. I've been expecting you for some time now. Please, come inside."

Arthur's gaze lingered on Clara. "Ms. Fowler, is it just you?"

He had been instructed to ready two guest rooms, anticipating that Clara might not be alone.