

Wife 39

Chapter 39

“Why would he want you to move in with him?” Mark asked curiously.

He’d learned from Clara that she had married Yohan. One had been driven by a sense of duty, while the other had been hurried into marriage by his grandmother’s relentless pressure.

“His grandfather said it was his grandmother who was pressuring him. They adore him, and he’s very devoted to them,” Clara explained.

“Being devoted is admirable. If he weren’t, no one could keep him in check. My skills are modest, but I can still glimpse some aspects of his fortune. He’s got the makings of great wealth and a long life but also a powerful, almost dominating presence with grand ambitions.”

Having glimpsed a bit of Yohan’s future, he believed that Clara might struggle to keep up with him and could end up being overshadowed.

Moreover, the gap between them was too wide, which led him to advise Clara to consider a divorce. Sadly, that advice hadn’t led to the outcome he had hoped for.

“You move in with him if you want. I’m not going. I can’t get used to living in a big villa. I still prefer the mountains—quiet, undisturbed, and free.

To Mark, a gilded cage could never hold a candle to one’s own humble home.

Clara asked, “Aren’t you afraid I’ll be bullied?”

“I’d be grateful if you didn’t bully anyone,” was the response. [www.NoVeLWorM.cOm](#)

Clara almost rolled her eyes.

“Move in with him and see if anything develops between you. He said he wouldn’t divorce you within the year, so use that time to test the

waters. Plus, living with him will help you find out if he’s really the CEO of Morris Corporation, unlike what Mr. Anderson claimed.”

Liam had said the CEO of Morris Corporation had an illegitimate child.

Clara muttered something under her breath, but Mark didn’t catch it. [wWw.NoVeLWorM.CoM](#)

Clara and Mark stepped out of the hotel and meandered down the bustling shopping street. After each picking out two new outfits, it was time for dinner. Clara dialed Evelyn and her close friend Sasha Carlson, urging them to join for a meal.

As Clara chatted on the phone, Mark, standing beside her, said, “You should at least let Evelyn and Sasha know where we’re meeting. It’ll save them from wandering around.”

Clara glanced at him and asked, “Where do you want to eat?”

“I’d love to go to the Sunville Hotel, but it’s way too pricey. If you treat them there, you’ll blow your whole month’s salary,” Mark replied.

Mark lowered his voice. “Let’s just go to a regular place.”

Clara and Mark had some savings, but not enough to splurge. They [WwW.NoVeLWorM.cOm](#)

couldn’t even afford to pave a cement road up the mountain, so treating guests at the Sunville Hotel was simply out of reach.

“Evelyn, my mentor and I are at the west gate of the shopping street now. Swing by, and we’ll meet here. I’ve also given Sasha a heads-up. Once you both arrive, we’ll figure out where to eat,” Clara said.

“Sure thing, I’m on my way. Just got off work,” Evelyn responded cheerfully.

A few minutes later, Evelyn and Sasha showed up.

“Mr. Fowler,” Sasha greeted Mark first, then exchanged pleasantries with Evelyn before pulling Clara into a warm hug.

The two had been inseparable since middle school, their bond forged

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through years of shared desks and secrets.

Evelyn teased, “You’re never this warm with me. The moment you see Clara, it’s all hugs and smiles. Sasha, you’re so biased.”

Sasha laughed, “We see each other at work all the time. It’s rare to catch up with Clara. After not seeing her for a while, a hug is nothing. And you call me biased?”

In the professional world, Sasha was a force to be reckoned with, often running into Evelyn during business dealings with her boss.

Clara liked to joke that she was the least accomplished of the three. But Evelyn and Sasha, in turn, envied Clara’s freedom and lack of constraints. [www.NoVeLWorM.CoM](#)

After the hug, Clara glanced over Sasha’s shoulder.

Not seeing the elderly woman who usually accompanied Sasha, she recalled how, for as long as she had known Sasha, an old lady would always trail behind her, especially in the evenings.

It wasn’t until later that Clara saw a photo of the old woman in Sasha’s photo album and learned she was Sasha’s grandmother.

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