

Wife 43

Chapter 43

“Yeah, it’s just me. My mentor decided not to move in,” Clara said.

Arthur nodded. His gaze shifted to the backpack and laptop bag Clara

carried. *wŵ.ñ@Vēlwrð©mm.(c)om*

“Let me take those for you,” Arthur offered, stepping forward with a courteous gesture. *wŵW.(n)(o)VēlWorm.com*

Clara smiled, shaking her head. “No need. It’s just a laptop; it’s not heavy. I can handle it.”

Arthur’s insistence was gentle but firm. Reluctantly, Clara handed over the laptop bag and backpack.

Arthur’s smile widened, and he guided her through the grand entrance with a professional yet warm demeanour.

Arthur wasn’t in the loop about Clara’s background. He’d served. Yohan at the Morris residence. When Yohan moved to Hillhaven Garden, Arthur had transitioned with him, taking on the role of butler in this sprawling villa.

Arthur managed every aspect of the villa’s operations and had earned Yohan’s unwavering trust. He was keenly aware of Yohan’s attitude. toward young women. Besides Mandy, Yohan was typically icy and distant, never permitting unfamiliar young women inside his private domain.

The idea of someone moving in with Yohan was utterly inconceivable.

Yohan’s personal call to Arthur, instructing him to prepare the guest rooms for Clara, was a clear signal of her importance. The

meticulous preparations spoke volumes about how crucial she was wŴW.ñôvélWør®.cOm to him.

As Clara stepped into the villa, Arthur ushered her to the plush couch

and went off to fetch a glass of warm water. He returned with a courteous smile and stood by as she settled into her new surroundings.

Having fulfilled his task of assisting with the move, Bruce didn’t

linger. With Clara now inside, his job was done, and he left to report back to Yohan.

Still unfamiliar with Arthur and awkward about their conversation, Clará took a sip from the glass of warm water he had provided.

After a moment, she looked up and said, “Mr. Gardner, could you show me to my room? I’d like to unpack and get some rest.”

“Certainly,” Arthur replied. *ŴWŴ.ñOV©lWØrM.(c)om*

He took Clara’s laptop bag and backpack and led her up the staircase. As they ascended, he pointed out each room on the second floor, explaining that this was Yohan’s domain.

Yohan was known for his meticulous nature, and Arthur was keen to ensure that Clara wouldn’t accidentally intrude on any of the spaces. Yohan frequented.

The arrangement seemed intentionally designed to prevent any

accidental intrusions into Yohan’s private domain in the middle of the night. Yohan had clearly directed Arthur to assign Clara a room far from his own master suite.

Arthur opened the door to Clara’s new room with a polite smile. “Ms. Fowler, I’ll leave you to settle in. If you find anything amiss or need anything, just use the intercom, and I’ll make sure it’s taken care of.”

Clara took her belongings from him, expressed her thanks, and wished him a good night before stepping inside.

As the door clicked shut behind her, she allowed herself to take in her new surroundings, which would be her home for the next year.

Though termed a guest room, the room was palatial compared to the modest home she and Mark shared. It featured a spacious layout

with a bedroom, a small study, a mini bar, a cozy living area, a walk-in closet, and a generous balcony.

Clara couldn’t suppress a wry smile as she muttered to herself, “Poverty really does limit your imagination.”

Her phone rang just then, the sound jolting her out of her thoughts. It was Mark calling.