

Wife 44

Chapter 44

“Clara, did you manage to get to Yohan’s place? How did it go? Are there any illegitimate children or anything like that? If so, you’d be

better off leaving right away; it’d give you a solid reason to file for divorce.”

Clara sank onto the couch in the small living room, her bags.

thumping softly onto the floor. “Mr. Fowler, about what Mr. Anderson said—about Mr. Morris having an illegitimate child. [www\(n\).nove\(l\)@vRm.©om](#)

“How long ago was that? Are we talking about Yohan? If Yohan had a secret child, his grandmother wouldn’t be so obsessed with pushing. him into marriage.”

Mark leaned back, thoughtful. “Mr. Anderson mentioned it was over 20 years ago when it was a major scandal. Mr. Morris was just in his early 20s back then, so it would have been a big deal... Oh, right, Yohan’s only 30. He would have been just a kid at the time.”

Mark’s expression softened. “Sg it looks like there’s been a mix-up. I was starting to think my son-in-law might be a real piece of shit.”

Clara scowled at Mark. “Mr. Fowler, you always do this—spreading. rumors without checking the facts. That’s how things get twisted. And you take on jobs without thinking if you can actually handle them, leaving me to clean up your mess.” [w@W.Novelworm.com](#)

Mark chuckled, “If we don’t take the jobs, how are we supposed to make a living? You’re always saying I’ve got only a spoonful of skill. I can handle the everyday stuff, but I need you to help me sort things. out when it gets serious.”

Though Mark was known around Donford City for his ghost-hunting prowess, it was Clara’s unique talents that truly made the difference.

She had a knack for communicating with spirits and negotiating with

them to ensure that the people haunted by ghosts followed through with the terms. That was how they solved the problems that came their way. [wW@.n@vElworm.M.ćom](#)

“I’ve made it to Yohan’s place, Mr. Fowler,” Clara said. “It’s a good thing you didn’t come along. You’d have had trouble sleeping tonight- this isn’t exactly my comfort zone. Anyway, let me start a video call so you can see the guest room Yohan’s butler set up for me.”

She walked around the room and gave Mark a tour through the video. call.

Mark’s voice came through, dripping with amusement. “Clara, sweet dreams. I’m heading off to bed. If you can’t sleep, just find a few ghosts to chat with.”

With that, Mark ended the call, leaving Clara staring at the screen.

“Seriously?” Clara muttered, rolling her eyes. “There aren’t any ghosts. here—I checked, not a single one. I wonder if Yohan’s grandfather will. make an appearance now that he’s back. And he really hung up on me? I hadn’t even finished talking. So much for loyalty, just leaving me here alone.”

She shook her head, continuing, “You always talk about how we’re supposed to share our fortunes and misfortunes. But now, when there’s something good for you, you’re nowhere to be found. And when there’s trouble, you won’t lift a finger. What a deceitful mentor!” Clara tucked her phone back into her pocket and hefted her laptop bag, heading toward the small study. It was already ten o’clock, and she needed to get her update done quickly or risk losing her perfect attendance.

After a frantic hour, she finally wrapped up her update just before 11: 30 pm. In her haste, she hadn’t had time to correct any typos; she posted it straight away.

Once her daily task was out of the way, Clara let out a sigh of relief.

She pulled out her phone, browsed through the latest trending news, and watched a few videos, her eyelids growing heavier with each.

passing minute. Finally, she got up from the study, ready to wash up and head to bed.

She pulled a set of clothes from her backpack and was about to head into the bathroom when she heard a noise outside. Curious, she clutched the clothes to her chest and opened the door to see what was going on. [wWWNov@lworm.cOm](#)

As Clara made her way down the hallway, she caught sight of Yohan.

Though he was alone, without his usual entourage of bodyguards, Yohan exuded a commanding presence. Even without backup, his demeanor made him seem as formidable as a legion.

Their eyes met, and both of them froze.

Yohan’s expression remained impassive, his eyes cold and piercing. The intensity of his gaze made Clara instinctively clutch her clothes tighter. Despite the warmth of her outfit, she could feel a chill.

Realizing the implications of their signed agreement, Clara blurted out, “Mr. Morris, I didn’t know it was you. I just came out to check what the noise was. I’m leaving—immediately. I won’t stay in the same area as you.”

Without waiting for a response, Clara turned and rushed back to her room, slamming the door behind her with a decisive thud.