

Wife 45

Chapter 45

Yohan lingered by the door for a moment after Clara shut it. Eventually, he turned and headed back to his own

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Once inside, he locked the door with a deliberate click, as if that small gesture might somehow change things.

Daniel emerged from his watch, observing Yohan’s actions with a mix. of pity and exasperation.

“Clara isn’t interested in you, not even a little,” he said bluntly. “Stop deluding yourself. Even if you left the door wide open and lay on the bed naked, Clara wouldn’t give you a second glance.”

Daniel sighed heavily, shaking his head in disbelief. “How did I end up with such a foolish grandson?”

His voice carried a note of frustration. “I can’t even stand to watch you.”

After his rant, Daniel slipped back into the watch, seeking solace and rest. He needed to recharge so he could frequently step out and chat. with Clara, whom he had a genuine affection for.

It was strange, though; none of his other descendants could see him, yet Clara could see him and communicate with him.

Unaware of his grandfather’s constant presence, Yohan approached the mini–bar. He mixed himself a drink but set it aside.

He first headed to the shower and let the hot water ease his tension. Once clean and refreshed, he returned to the drink, savoring it before heading to bed. The cocktail had a way of smoothing his path to sleep.

Despite his youth and good hr lth, the relentless grind of a busy schedule and insufficient rest began to take its toll. Even the

strongest body could only endure so much without proper sleep.

That night, Yohan fell into a deep, restful slumber.

Yohan's internal alarm clock jolted him awake the following day at 6:

30 am.

He slipped out of bed, changed into his workout clothes, and headed out for his morning run. As he stepped into the hallway, he nearly

collided with Clara.

Clara stopped in her tracks. “Good morning, Mr. Morris. Should I make myself scarce?”

Yohan responded with a detached nod, “No need. Just don’t follow

With that, he moved past her and descended the stairs.

After Yohan had disappeared from view, Clara muttered under her breath, “They should’ve put me on the first floor. Sharing the same floor makes it impossible to avoid running into each other.”

She waited until she saw Yohan leave the main house before she

ventured downstairs herself.

Once outside, she sighed in relief upon finding Yohan nowhere in sight.

Considering he struggled with the arrangement and didn’t like living. with strangers, she sympathised with him—he was forced into a

marriage he never wanted.

Given his good looks and pitiable situation, she resolved to be his shield for the year.

“Good morning, Ms. Fowler.”

Clara greeted the butler, Bruce, and William, among others, who all returned her smile with warm nods.

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She returned the greeting and asked Bruce, “Which direction did Mr. Morris head for his run?” *Wwuw.no⓪elw(o)rM.cOm*

Immediately, their smiles faltered. *Ŵwuw.n0VèlW0Řm.c@m*

Yohan's whereabouts weren't exactly public knowledge.

Noticing their reaction, Clara quickly clarified, “I'm just trying to avoid running into him.”

The smiles resumed. Bruce replied, “Mr. Morris usually takes a few laps around the backyard before coming in for breakfast. If you steer clear of the backyard, you shouldn’t run into him.”

Clara nodded with a relieved smile. “Alright, I'll stick to the outside. That way, I won’t cross paths with Mr. Morris.”

Bruce, his face etched with concern, said, “Ms. Fowler, if you're

heading out for a run, please don’t stray too far. What if you get lost... Did you bring your phone?” *w(w)w.nôVēŁW(o)rM.cσ(m)*

Clara smiled reassuringly. “Don’t worry, my phone’s always with me. I'll call you to pick me up if I get lost.”

Bruce hesitated. If Clara was to become the future lady of the house, would Yohan be displeased if Bruce had to rescue her?

After a brief pause, Bruce said, “I'll send you a location pin if you get lost. That way, you'll know how to get back.”

“That works,” Clara replied with a grin. “But I don’t think I'll get lost. I have a knack for finding my way.”

She gave a final wave to Bruce and the others before jogging toward the villa’s main gate.

In the hush of the early mo g, the Hillhaven Garden villa was

tranquil. It was disturbed only by a few early risers like Clara out for their morning run.

As she moved along the paths, occasional joggers and walkers passed her. Some exchanged polite nods, while others couldn’t resist stealing glances at her.

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