

Wife 46

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Clara felt like a stranger in this vast estate.

She hadn't tried to cover the entire grounds--its enormity was daunting. Instead, she had run for half an hour before deciding to

head back.

After another half hour of jogging, she finally approached Yohan's villa. Just as she neared the front door, she saw a vaguely familiar

figure. wŴŵ.ŊóVêŁWσRm.com

It was the elderly woman she had encountered on the road the day before, the one who had been a kind listener.

The old woman spotted Clara and greeted her with a warm, inviting smile and a friendly wave.

Beside her stood a tall, dashing man in a tailored suit radiating the air

of a successful businessman.

Clara made her way over to them.

"Good morning, ma'am. Fancy running into you again," Clara said with a cheerful smile.

It really did feel like fate.

Bonnie's face brightened. "Yes, what a wonderful coincidence."

Next to her was Chuck. Bonnie had moved into Chuck's house with a

small suitcase just the day before.

Chuck had been puzzled by Bonnie's early morning strolls until he saw Clara, and everything suddenly made sense.

Bonnie had clearly been waiting here for a chance encounter with Clara.

Connecting the dots with what Yohan had said about being married, Chuck realized that the young, attractive woman with the friendly

smile was Yohan's new wife.

However, it seemed that Clara didn't recognize Bonnie or know

anything about her background.

Chuck suddenly had a revelation--Bonnie had moved into his house. to keep tabs on Yohan's new wife!

What kind of secret could there be between them? And why was Bonnie concealing her identity?

Chuck's curiosity was thoroughly piqued.

As Clara glanced at Chuck, Bonnie seized the opportunity to introduce. him. "This is my god--grandson, Chuck Potter."

"Mr. Potter, hello," Clara said with a polite smile.

Chuck responded with a nod.

"Ma'am, do you live around here?" Clara asked.

Bonnie flashed a warm smile. "I don't live here. I'm visiting an old friend and staying with my god--grandson for a few days. That house. over there belongs to him."

She pointed to the large villa next door to the Morris family's.

Clara noted the close proximity and thought it was quite a coincidence that Bonnie's temporary home was so near Yohan's.

"Miss, it seems we've run into each other again by chance. I don't think I've caught your name yet. Which house are you staying in? We should get together while I'm here."

Bonnie's lie flowed effortlessly. There wasn't even the slightest hint of hesitation. wŵŴ.ŋOve(i)wôrm.com

Watching from the sidelines, Chuck thought, "What a crafty old fox."

Clara hesitated briefly before introducing herself, "I'm Clara Fowler, staying in the house next to Mr. Potter's."

Bonnie's face brightened. "Really? That's wonderful! We're so close. now. We can visit each other every day and catch up."

Chuck cleared his throat twice.

Hadn't Bonnie said she'd only be here for a few days? The idea of daily visits suggested she might be staying longer than planned.

Both women turned their attention to Chuck, awaiting his response. Chuck calmly rubbed his nose and said, "I think the air conditioning was set too low last night. I might have caught a chill."

"A chill?" Bonnie's concern was immediate. "Well, when you get back, I'll make you some hot apple cider to help you warm up."

Chuck quickly replied, "Mrs. Morris Senior, that won't be necessary. I'm young and healthy--I'll recover just fine on my own."

The truth was, he'd had more than enough of Bonnie's overly sweet and spiced concoctions.

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