

Wife 48

Chapter 48

Arthur was waiting for Clara at the stairway entrance. When he saw her coming down, he smiled and said, “Ms. Fowler, Mr. Morris

instructed us to save breakfast for you. Would you like to eat now or later?”

Clara wasn’t home, but Yohan made sure to leave breakfast for her.

The usually cold and indifferent Yohan was worried that she might be hungry and that the household staff might not treat her well, so he specifically gave those instructions. [W\(www.N@VeLwoOm.com](#)

This indirectly showed that Yohan cared about Clara.

Well, maybe it was too early to draw such a conclusion, but it was clear that Clara held a special place in his heart.

“There’s breakfast for me? I was planning to eat out. I’ll eat at home, then. Thank you, Mr. Gardner.”

Clara thought Yohan didn’t care about her meals.

Smiling, Arthur said, “Ms. Fowler, from now on, you can have

breakfast at home instead of going out. It’s served between 7:00 am and 8:00 am. If you have plans and can’t make it during that time, just let me know in advance, and I’ll save your portion for you.”

“If I miss that window and don’t tell you in advance, there’s no food for me?” Clara asked, surprised at the strict rules.

Arthur, still smiling, said, “If you miss the time slot, the meal would have to be prepared again. Mr. Morris prefers to eat within half an hour of the food being made. He believes it loses its flavor if it gets cold.”

Clara was rendered speechless.

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“What about lunch and dinner times?” Clara asked, wanting to understand the rules to avoid going hungry. Life in a wealthy family seemed full of regulations.

“Mr. Morris rarely eats lunch and dinner at home, so there’s no set schedule for those. We can eat whenever we want. If he decides to dine at home, he’ll call ahead. Usually, lunch is between 11:30 am and 12:30 pm, and dinner is between 5:30 pm and 6:30 pm.”

Clara nodded. “That sounds a bit more flexible.” [www.movelwdrM.CoM](#)

Hopefully, Yohan wouldn’t come home for meals often.

“Are you planning to go out later, Ms. Fowler?”

“Yes, I have to go to work,” Clara responded while walking toward the dining room.

Suddenly, she stopped and turned to ask Arthur, “I’m not forbidden from leaving the house, right?”

Life as a wealthy family’s lady seemed challenging, with numerous. restrictions. Some wealthy families indeed didn’t allow the ladies to work outside. [@Ww.novelwdrM.co\(m\)](#)

Clara thought that if Yohan restricted her freedom, she would. stubbornly insist on a divorce.

There were too many uncertainties in a flash marriage.

Why did fate push her into it? Heavens always did the most. unpredictable things to her.

Just then, a loud clap of thunder rumbled..

Clara cursed in her mind. Did the heavens rumble thunder just because she complained a little? Were they trying to strike her down with it?

Arthur quickly answered, “Nothing of the sort, Ms. Fowler. You can go

wherever you want. I was just asking casually. It seems like it might rain, so please remember to take an umbrella when you go out.”

“I have an umbrella in my car.”

Maybe it was just thunder without rain.

But first things first, she needed to eat. [@Ww.\(n\)ovelwdrM.coM](#)

Clara entered the dining room, and Arthur had someone bring out her breakfast. Soon, the table in front of her was filled with a variety of dishes, enough to feed three grown men.

Seeing that, she was at a loss for words. She had a big appetite, but she wasn’t a pig.