

Wife 49

Chapter 49

“Mr. Gardner, I can’t possibly finish this. Don’t prepare so much for me next time,” Clara told Arthur as she sat down.

Smiling, Arthur replied, “It’s my first time serving you, Ms. Fowler, so I wasn’t sure about your appetite. I had them prepare a bit extra. I’ll take note of your preferences and have the kitchen rotate your favorite dishes.”

“I’m not a picky eater. I’ll eat whatever is prepared.”

“That’s great. A varied diet is more nutritious.”

Yohan was picky about food and constantly complained about its taste, so he hired the chefs from Sunville Hotel because he enjoyed their cooking. He spent a lot of time bringing them in just to cater to his tastes.

Clara wasn’t picky about food and ate quickly. Soon, she was full and satisfied.

Even though she had a big appetite, the breakfast spread was too extensive for her to finish everything. Seeing the untouched food made her feel wasteful.

While Clara ate, Arthur stood nearby, observing what she liked and how much she could eat. This way, he’d know how much to prepare for her in the future. *wŴ(w).ÑoveŀŴór@.com*

After resting at home briefly, Clara grabbed her handbag and prepared to leave.

Before leaving, she told Arthur, “Mr. Gardner, I won’t be back for lunch today, so don’t prepare anything for me. I might be home late, but I’ll try to get back before Mr. Morris.”

Arthur smiled as he saw her off. “Alright. Ms Fowler Please call

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in advance if you decide to come home for dinner.”

As he said that, he handed her his business card.

Clara took the card and put it in her handbag. Under Arthur’s watchful gaze, she drove away from Yohan’s villa.

She headed to Sunville Hotel, where Mark and Liam were waiting for her.

“Clara, let’s go. Follow Mr. Anderson to his sister’s house.” When

Mark saw her car, he approached her and told her to stay inside and just follow them. *ŴŴw.n@ve/w@Rm.(c)@m*

Liam didn’t bring his secretary today. Instead, he brought his wife, Katrina Riddle. Liam led the way in their car, with Clara and Mark following in their own vehicles.

Liam’s sister, Ruby Anderson, lived half an hour away from the city center.

Half an hour later, they arrived at an old, dilapidated house in a small town where Ruby lived.

Liam had informed her beforehand that Mark would visit that day, so she was already waiting at the door.

When Ruby saw Liam’s car, she got up from her small stool and took a few steps forward. When Liam got out, she asked, “Where’s Mr. Fowler?”

“Mr. Fowler is driving himself. He’s right behind us,” Liam replied.

Katrina took a box of milk and cookies from their car and handed them to Ruby. “Ruby, these are for you.”

“You always bring me something when you come. You’re too kind.”

Ruby accepted the items from Katrina. Despite her words of courtesy. her face showed no signs of joy. *wŴw.nO∇e(!)w@R(m).c@©*

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Her husband had passed away a few years ago. Her daughter had married and moved far away, only visiting once a year.

Her son, Allen McLeod, and his wife, Bailey Glover, had no intention of taking care of her, so Ruby lived alone in the old house.

Now nearly 80, Ruby was plagued with health problems and couldn’t earn any money. She survived on a meager pension of 300 dollars a month.

When she was healthy, she managed well enough, but as she grew older and her health declined, her pension wasn’t enough to cover her medical expenses.

When she asked Allen for money, he would give her at most 20 bucks, while Bailey gave her nothing. *@@w.ñ@v@ŀŴóŦm.c@m*

Liam was the wealthiest, but Katrina was shrewd. Every time they visited, she brought small gifts, such as a box of milk or some fruit and cookies, which were inexpensive. Ruby would have preferred cash.

At this moment, Clara and Mark found a spot to park their cars.