

Wife 72

Chapter 72 **www.(n)OVélwσr(м).C(ο)(м)**

“Could she be Mr. Morris’ girlfriend?” Henry asked.

“Doesn’t seem like it. They interact less than rangers, replied Authur.

Henry murmured an acknowledgment, growing even more curious.

Clara was unaware of these conversations. She jogged around the villa area as she did the previous day and once again encountered Bonnie and Chuck.

“Hello, Ms. Fowler.”

Bonnie spotted Clara and walked toward her with a smile. **wlwW.(n)⊙•reIŴ⊙⊙m.(c)Ⓟ**

Chuck inwardly grumbled, “She woke me up this early for a walk, but I know it’s just to run into Clara. Who knows what she’s up to? Maybe she doesn’t want Clara to know her true identity and is using this to assess her character. That must be it!”

“Good morning, ma’am and Mr. Potter.”

Clara stopped in front of them and greeted them politely.

Chuck nodded with a smile. “Ms. Fowler, what a coincidence to run

into you again.”

“There aren’t many people out for a jog in the morning, so it’s easy to run into each other,” said Clara.

Chuck agreed. Every household had a gym in this area, so there was no need to go outside for a run.

“Are you out for a jog too, ma’am?”

“I can’t run with these old bones. My god–grandson here is just

accompanying me for a walk. Ms. Fowler, shall we find a place to sit and chat?” **(w)lw•w.noVIEŁwoⓅm.ⓐm**

Chuck didn’t want to. He reminded Bonnie, “Grandma, I have an

appointment with Mandy to check my teeth. She might arrive soon.

His tooth was mildly aching, so he called Mandy over. She

suggested he visit her clinic, but he said he was too busy. Hence, Mandy agreed to come over in the morning and have breakfast at his place.

Chuck was preoccupied with this. With his beloved coming over, he wanted to cook a special breakfast for her himself.

Then you should go back. Clara and I will have a chat here.”

Bonnie had come out specifically to meet Clara.

Chuck told Clara, “Ms. Fowler, I have to go. Enjoy your chat with Grandma. Grandma, remember to go back for breakfast.

Bonnie shoed him away, “Go on then. Stop nagging me.”

After Chuck left, Bonnie warmly linked arms with Clara. The two simply strolled and chatted. She complained to Clara, “I’m 80 now, but I’m still in good health. Yet, everyone around me treats me like a child. My grandchildren, even my god–grandson, love to nag and boss me around.”

Clara laughed, “You should be happy, ma’am. They nag at you and take care of you because they care. If they didn’t, they wouldn’t look at you, let alone pare for you. **wlw(w).ñeVeILŴσⓇ(м).com**

She had seen many ghosts who died unnoticed until their decomposing bodies alerted neighbors to contact their children. This was all due to their children’s neglect.

Some of these spirits peacefully moved on, awaiting their next course of life. Others harbored resentment, finding ways to torment the living.

And because of that, Mark would have a business to handle.