

The Wife He Forgot to Marry (Winona and Yule)

Chapter 3

The roar of an engine brought Winona back to her senses. She quickly stepped back from the man's embrace, her voice a little flustered. "Thank you."

The man had sharp features and a commanding presence. He wore a custom-tailored suit, and everything about him suggested power, wealth, and absolute authority. Winona felt a sense of unease after just one glance.-

"You're welcome," Stefan Goddard said calmly once he saw she was steady on her feet. His voice was low and husky, with a unique but pleasant cadence.

Just then, a respectful voice came from behind him. "Mr. Goddard, the car is here. We need to leave now to catch our flight."

Stefan gave Winona a slight nod before walking towards a long-wheelbase Rolls-Royce. An assistant opened the door for him, and he slid into the car. As the car pulled away, the assistant spoke. "Mr. Goddard, you came all the way to Riverton yourself and still couldn't find any descendants of the renowned physician, Leander Jowett. Should we continue the search?"

Stefan rubbed his temples wearily. "Keep looking. My grandmother's illness can only be treated by the Jowett family's unique acupuncture techniques."

"Yes, sir."

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When Winona returned home, the housekeeper, Cora, came forward to take her bag. "Ma'am, where have you been? Mr. Locke just called to ask whether you were home yet."

"I'm fine," Winona said coolly. "I was just out with a friend. By the way, Cora, I'm planning to travel for a few days, so you can take some time off."

Cora was surprised. "But Mr. Locke is coming back this weekend. Why don't you wait for him to return before you go?"

Winona rarely went out, usually spending her days in the study reading or looking into fertility-friendly diets. Her sudden change in behavior was alarming. Cora made a mental

note to call Yulen later and report this. After all, before his trip, he had given her strict instructions to take good care of Winona.

Hearing her suggestion, Winona's expression grew even colder. Cora was the eighth housekeeper they'd had. What made her better than the others was that she wasn't lazy or condescending just because Winona was young. But like all the others, she was more loyal to Yulen.

Winona's tone became sharp. "I said I'm going on a trip for a few days and that you can have a vacation. Do I need your permission to make my own decisions? Pack your things and go home. You don't need to make dinner."

Cora was taken aback by her stern tone. Though annoyed, she nodded meekly. "Understood, ma'am."

As she left, she couldn't help but grumble to herself. What right did this woman have to be so bossy? She was nothing but a low-status trophy wife who couldn't even have a child. Who knew if she'd be kicked out on the street one day?

Back in her room, Winona began to pack. After five years with Yulen, the room was filled with shared memories. She threw out everything: thick photo albums, souvenirs from their travels, pottery they had made together. She wouldn't take the designer clothes and jewelry he had given her, but she wouldn't leave them for Tallulah either. She decided to take photos of each item and list them for sale on a secondhand marketplace.