

Wife 113

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Chapter 113

Yohan tilted his head as he gazed deeply at Clara.

He knew she was struggling against his grip not because she couldn't keep up with him, but because she didn't want to be touched.

Even though it was he who proposed the agreement, her resistance still stirred an inexplicable anger within him.

He was a beloved son who was born into a prominent family with a distinguished status. He was good- looking too.

Despite his cold demeanor, many girls admired him from afar; he simply didn't allow them to get close. Otherwise, he could hardly count the number of admirers surrounding him.

Clara blinked at him and said, "Mr. Morris, I hope you're not falling in love with me, are you?"

Both Bonnie and Jennifer were taken aback.

Yohan's expression darkened as he coldly replied, "Don't flatter yourself, I would never fall for you!"

Clara sighed in relief, saying, "That's good to hear. I'm glad."

Yohan's face grew even colder.

Jennifer leaned over to her mother-in-law and whispered, "Mom, I think Yohan is grinding his teeth; they're making a grating sound."

Bonnie looked amused and whispered back, "Just watch; don't interrupt the show."

"Mom," Yohan suddenly called out in a low voice.

Jennifer, caught off guard while whispering to her mother-in-law, straightened up nervously and looked at Yohan.

"Mom, did you see how Clara is disgusted with me?" Ww.novel(w)OrM.cOm

Jennifer was dumbfounded.

"You think I'm the best, and you say Clara doesn't deserve me. But the truth is, it's me who doesn't deserve Clara. She's the one who finds me unworthy. Don't treat me like a rare treasure; in fact, I am worthless in the eyes of others," Yohan added.

"Yohan, to me, you are a rare treasure," Jennifer tried to deny his words.

Yohan replied solemnly, "In Clara's master's eyes, she's also a rare treasure, but in your eyes, Clara is worthless. Similarly, while I'm a treasure in your eyes, I'm worthless in their eyes."

Jennifer was speechless.

Bonnie tried to stifle a laugh but found it hard to contain herself. She turned her face away, looking elsewhere to hide her amusement.

Meanwhile, the ghost of old Mr. Morris Senior had been sitting in the corner of the sofa, laughing so hard that he was in pain.

After a moment, Jennifer said, "Yohan, what do you mean by all this? I didn't quite catch that."

"I feel humiliated by Clara's disdain. I'm upset and frustrated. I feel like I've been slapped in the face. I want revenge," Yohan replied.

The three women stared at Yohan.

Clara thought to herself, "What a petty man! He's tall and strong but has a heart smaller than a pebble!"

"Yohan, you're a man, is it right to seek revenge on a gin?" Jennifer couldn't help but interject. Ww.NoVeLwOrM.cOm

She didn't dislike Clara; she just hated her background Regardless of her feelings, she couldn't sit idly by while her son targeted a girl like that.

*I've never been looked down upon in my life. Clara has trampled my dignity, and I want revenge. I'll never divorce her; I'll keep her tied to me for life, making her my wife forever. The more she despises me, the more I want her to be my wife. I want to annoy her for [[fe!"

Clara stood there, dumbfounded.

"Wait, Fdidn't look down on him! We had agreed on a year, how did it turn into a lifetime?" she thought. w@w.NeVe/wOrM.c()m

Chapter 114