

Wife 141

Chapter 141

After hanging up, Clara sent a voice message to Mark. “Are you up yet? Mr. Bond just called me. He’s rushing us over to solve their issue. The bridesmaid’s ghost has shown up two nights in a row. The Clays are scared out of their minds. Mr. Bond’s voice was quivering when he talked to me just now.”

However, despite his crippling fear, Bond still didn’t tell her the truth.

He deserved to get scared to death by that bridesmaid to atone for

what he did.

Mark replied with a picture of a delicious breakfast. How could he pass up on Sunville Hotel’s delicious, nutritious breakfast?

After sending the picture of his breakfast, he finally replied with a voice message. “It’s up to you, Clara. If you want to go help them out, it’ll be a good chance to get some cash. It’s not a bad price for our first job in the city. Once we finish this job, we’ll have enough to last. us for at least six months.”

Mark never asked his customers for high prices. Whenever the

Casville villagers asked him for help, they usually gave him around 201 to 30 dollars. The highest he would get from them was maybe 50. dollars.

He would only get higher pay when the bigshots from the city asked

for his services.

“Let’s just go. We have nothing to do tonight anyway. I don’t want their money, nor do I pity them. I just want to help that poor

bridesmaid. Whether human or ghost, it’s only going to hurt her more to hold onto such a grudge.”

“Okay. After my breakfast, I’ll go take a walk to digest my breakfast and go back to take a good nap. You should too. After all, you need to

have all your energy to go listen to some ghost stories.”

He couldn’t see or hear them. He needed Clara to tell him, as if he were listening to some regular bedtime stories.

“Take your time. Don’t eat too much, okay? You’re a real glutton sometimes. Do it for Yohan’s sake. If people find out you’re his father- in–law, who knows what people will say?”

“Okay, okay. We’ll be going back home after this anyway. Who knows when we’re going to get the chance to have such licious food?”

Clara didn’t send any more messages.

She finally knew why she was a little glutton. Mark had trained her. **Ww.n0v(ε)0W0rM.coM**

After chatting to Mark for a little while, she was no longer sleepy. She was also beginning to feel hungry.

She got up and washed up as quickly as possible. After changing, she walked out with her phone and prepared herself for a delicious breakfast.

There was one good thing about Yohan. He knew how to enjoy life, and food was never an issue while she lived under the same roof as

him.

When she opened the door, she spotted Yohan standing in front of her room as if he had been wondering whether he should enter or not. The moment she opened the door, he looked as if he wanted to dig a hole and crawl into it. It was a rather interesting expression to see on

him.

Clara’s pretty eyes sparkled as she asked curiously, “Is something the matter, Mr. Morris?”

“N–No.”

Even Yohan didn’t know what he was doing in front of her room.

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He’d been wanting to see her since last night. He didn’t know what he wanted to see her for. All he knew was that he wanted to see her, so he ended up walking to her room.

“Oh, I wanted to warn you about my mom. She’s a big stickler for etiquette and rules, so just be aware of that during breakfast so she doesn’t nag us about being a bad match for each other again,” Yohan said, finally coming up with an excuse. **0Ww.n0Vε(ι)0W0rM.coM**

Clara chuckled and said, “She can enjoy her food while I enjoy mine.

Her rules won’t affect me.”

Rich families seemed to have more rules than anyone else.

“Thanks for letting me know, though. Are you still going for your daily jog today?”

Yohan shook his head. “I drank a bit too much last night and woke up with a headache this morning, so I won’t be going for a jog today. Your can go jog in our backyard if you want. You don’t have to go outside. all the time.”

“Since you would prefer not to be seen with me in public, I have to go, somewhere else. Since you’re not going for a jog today, I’ll use the backyard. A couple of rounds should be enough.”

His backyard was huge. Two rounds were enough exercise for a day.

He pressed his lips into a thin line. **www.n0vε(ι)0W0rM.co(η)**

He was starting to regret adding that part to the agreement.

“Is something else the matter, Mr. Morris?” Clara asked, noticing that he hadn’t moved yet.

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