

Wife 18

W(w).N@VElworm.čom

Chapter 18

Justin and Chuck turned their attention to Yohan, then exchanged glances. They both sensed that something was off with Yohan that day.

Yohan fished his phone out of his pocket and saw that the call was from Clara. A frown crept across his handsome face. Naturally stoic, Yohan’s rare frown made his imposing presence even more intimidating.

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Justin knew his brother well and instinctively slowed down. He nudged Chuck, signaling for him to do the

same.

“See that look on Yohan’s face? We should probably keep our distance. We’re not the ones who upset him, but we might end up bearing the brunt of it.”

Chuck whispered, “Did Yohan get into some trouble? Or is Mrs. Morris Senior bugging him about getting married again?”

“It’s probably Grandma bugging him about getting married. He’s not the only one suffering that, though. I am being nagged as well,” replied Justin. The mere mention of being nagged got Justin’s handsome face

to scowl. (w)w@.nov@lworm.côM

Their grandmother always pressured them to find wives. Despite being tall, handsome, and wealthy, she accused them of being lazy about love.

Chuck replied, “You think I have it better? Things are fine if I don’t run into Mrs. Morris Senior, but if I do, get nagged, too! Whenever I hear she’s coming over, I will make a quick exit. I am terrified of running into her.”

Chuck’s grandmother was Bonnie’s close friend, and she had watched Chuck grow up. At 31, still single, Chuck was often the target of Bonnie’s matchmaking attempts. wur@.n@V@lworm.c@ (m)

He wondered if the older generation was simply too bored and had nothing else to focus on, leading them to fixate on the younger generation’s marital status.

Yohan didn’t pay attention to the conversation happening behind him. He picked up Clara’s call

“Mr. Morris, are you still busy?”

“My meeting had just ended.”

Clara murmured an affirmative reply, then asked, “Then do you have time to discuss the matter between us? Mr. Morris, I wasn’t joking earlier.”

“I treat this matter seriously as well. I never make jokes,” said Yohan. “Don’t forget, Ms. Fowler, you are the one who came to me.”

Yohan kept his voice extremely low. He was worried that the two guys whispering behind him would overhear and come to the wrong conclusions.

Clara didn’t know how to respond to that.

She had supernatural foresight and was simply following the path destiny had already set for her.

Unfortunately, she couldn’t tell Yohan that was why she approached him.

Mark had repeatedly warned her that she mustn’t tell anyone about possessing supernatural abilities. Although she knew Mark wasn’t always right, his love for her was evident. They had lived together for 25 years, and he had always treated her like his biological daughter.

Clara was convinced that Mark would never put her in harm’s way,

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“Then... I'm sorry for bothering you.”

Clara ended that call in exasperation. w(w)w.nOVêLŴorm.(c)ô (m)

After hanging up the call, Yohan saw that Clara had sent him numerous texts and voice messages.

He skimmed through it and realized that everything she wrote and said was about getting a divorce. It annoyed him so much that he wanted to block and delete her number.

However, Yohan’s rational side warned him against it. If he did that, he wouldn’t be able to find her the next time he needed her help.

Yohan returned to his office and sat in front of his desk. His expression was extremely grim.

Justin and Chuck entered the room and saw the expression Yohan wore. Neither approached nor

disturbed Yohan. Instead, they sat on the couch designated for guests. The two of them kept their voices down as they discussed corporate matters.

They let Yohan deal with his thoughts by himself.

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