

Wife 37

Chapter 37

As Clara skimmed through the agreement, Yohan watched her intently, his nerves on edge.

“Mr. Morris, where’s the pen?” she inquired.

A wave of relief washed over Yohan. He had braced himself for a

refusal, fearing she might balk at the terms. But her willingness was

clear.

He swiftly retrieved the pen and handed it to her.

Daniel watched in exasperation as Clara signed the agreement. Clara, this is seriously unfair. Don’t sign it! At least add a clause for living expenses. You’re going to be at a huge disadvantage otherwise.” (w)⊗w.NŌ(v)elWŌŔM.(c)Ⓚm

“You’re not listening to me!” he implored. “Why does it feel like you’re negotiating a business deal instead of behaving like a married couple?

Daniel was itching to intervene, but, being a ghost, he was powerless. Yohan, completely unaware of Daniel’s frustration, remained focused on Clara.

Clara signed her name, then looked up at Yohan. “Mr. Morris, do you have a stamp pad? It would be better to leave a fingerprint for clarity.”

Yohan retrieved the stamp pad. Clara pressed her fingerprint onto the document, followed by Yohan, who added his own. The agreement was finalized.

Yohan handed Clara one copy of the agreement, but she waved it away. “Mr. Morris, I’m notoriously bad with paperwork. I’d probably misplace it within a week. You should keep it. If I break any terms, just show me the agreement, and I’ll make things right.”

Clara stood up and brushed off her skirt. “If that’s all, I’m going to get

some rest. I have plans to show my mentor around this afternoon. and catch up with my best friend over dinner tonight.” Ŵww.ÑⓈVEℓworm.℄Ⓚm

Her best friend was returning from a business trip, and they had a dinner date to reconnect. Clara also planned to invite Evelyn Caddel. While she and Evelyn weren’t exactly close, they had a solid friendship and enjoyed each other’s company.

Yohan stayed seated, his gaze steady. “Ms. Fowler, when will you be moving in?” ŵwW.noVℓworm.(c)Ⓚ(m)

Clara answered, “Just give me the address, and I can move in

anytime. Could you also arrange for someone to help me set up two rooms?”

Yohan nodded. “I’ll ensure the rooms are prepared. I’ll give you

Bruce’s number. Reach out to him when you’re ready to move, and he’ll handle the rest. If you need anything, just let him know.”

He leaned forward slightly. “I’d appreciate it if you could settle in today.”

Clara nodded. “Understood. I’ll make it happen.”

“Thank you for your trouble,” Yohan said.

Clara smiled and responded, “Looking forward to settling in together.”

She left the presidential suite, with Daniel grumbling behind her, “That ungrateful brat doesn’t even know how to host a guest. He just sat there like a block of wood while you were leaving. How did I end up giving birth to such a wooden grandson?”

Clara remained silent, thinking to herself, “He didn’t give birth to Yohan; his son and daughter-in-law did.”

As Clara headed toward the elevator, Yohan, though not seeing her off, called out to Bruce, “Make sure Ms. Fowler has your phone number so she can contact you if she needs anything. And assist her

unconditionally from now on, no matter what.”

Bruce, ever the professional, quickly handed his number to Clara.

When considering the possible relationship between Yohan and Clara, Bruce had a suspicion but didn’t dare confirm it.

Clara saved the contact and made her way to the elevator. Having W⊗W.noVℓworm.ⓈⓀM

received no specific orders from Yohan, the Morris family’s

bodyguards did not follow her out but merely watched as she disappeared down the hall.