

## Wife 63

Chapter 63

“Wait up. Don’t go yet, Mr. Morris. It was this old gentleman who touched your car.”

The hotel security stopped Mark and Clara while turning to Yohan.

Mark quickly looked at Yohan, still feeling that this young man looked familiar, but he couldn’t remember where he had seen such a formidable presence.

If he had met him before, he surely would have remembered. Then again, he was getting older, so his memory wasn’t what it used to be.

“My mentor loves cars. Well, all men love cars. When he saw Mr. Morris’ car, he got jealous and couldn’t help but touch it a couple of times, triggering the alarm. But he really didn’t mean any harm; he wasn’t trying to steal Mr. Morris car.”

Clara explained to Yohan before Mark could speak.

Yohan’s gaze was deep. His lips were tightly pressed together, exuding coldness. After a brief stare—off with Clara, he turned to look at Bruce for a moment, then spun and walked away. The

bodyguard team stayed with Bruce while the others followed Yohan.

Everyone watched as Yohan’s figure gradually disappeared at the hotel entrance. *ŴŴ(w).Ńσ(v)elwøℜm.©(o)mm*

Mark quietly asked Clara, “He left one person behind. Is he planning to take me to the police station?”

He had only touched the car, not scratched it. *wŵŴ.Noʋelwørm.Cóm*

Meanwhile, Bruce pulled out his phone and called William.

William, who had been wandering nearby after Yohan got out of the car, was waiting for someone to bring Yohan. lunch over.

“No need to call, Bruce. I started heading back when the alarm.

went off.”

William had returned just in time.

Bruce hung up, put his phone back in his pocket, and waited for William to approach. He then extended his hand, asking for the car keys.

William handed him the keys while asking, “Did someone hit Mr. Morris’ car? I heard the alarm less than 500 feet away.” *ŵŵŵ.NoʋelŴôrm.©omm*

Yohan and his group had heard the alarm as soon as they entered. the hotel and then came back out.

“Hello, Ms. Fowler,”

Seeing Clara and her mentor, William quickly greeted them.

Mark looked at William, then at his apprentice.

Wait. Clara had just called that cold man “Mr. Morris” earlier.

Holy crap!

That man was Yohan Morris—the wealthy, handsome husband his apprentice had married on a whim!

Mark’s face turned inexplicably red, He had secretly touched. Yohan’s luxury car, triggering the alarm and drawing attention. Not to mention, Yohan knew it was he who touched it.

Great. He had made a bad impression on his son in law.

Yohan might think he was either a car thief or a bumpkin who had never seen such a car before and couldn’t resist touching it.

Mark regretted not listening to Clare just now.

Well, that brat should have told him earlier that it was Yohan’s car.

Meanwhile, Clara nodded and greeted William.

After getting the keys from William, Bruce handed them to Mark, kindly saying, “Since you like Mr. Morris’ car so much, you should take it for a spin, sir.”

This was Yohan’s intention.

Bruce had been with Yohan for years and understood his wishes with just a glance.

At that moment, Mark was stunned.

He quickly chuckled awkwardly, “There’s no need. I wouldn’t dare to drive such an expensive car. I’m afraid my legs will shake, and my driving skills will falter. I might crash it, you see. By then, even selling my apprentice here wouldn’t cover the damage.”

Clara was taken aback. He actually said he would sell her. *wŴŵ.nôʋelŴôrm.coM*