

Wife 86

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Chuck really loved Mandy. He'd be lucky if she married him. But if she didn't, he'd still offer her his blessings and remain single for the rest of his life.

Chuck's smile disappeared. "I need to find the right moment to say

it.

"When is the right moment? If you're too scared to say it, just get drunk and let Mandy come pick you up. You can confess while you're tipsy. Want me to help set that up for you?"

Chuck hesitated. "I'll think about it."

Yohan scoffed. "Get out of here."

He thought Chuck was such a coward. He couldn't even admit his feelings. It was not like he was having an affair with Mandy. @ww.nÔvElw@rM.(c)om

Yohan was mocking his friend's lack of courage. But one day, when he experienced love himself, it would be Chuck's turn to

mock him.

At the Sunville Hotel, Mark was pacing by the entrance. WwW.nÔv@llw@Rm.cÔm

He wasn't anxious but had overeaten and was feeling a little sick. He had to walk around to help digest the food.

When Clara arrived, she saw Mark in this state. He had been her mentor for 25 years, and she knew his habits well.

She approached him and whispered reproachfully, "Mr. Fowler, how can you gobble down your breakfast like that? You act like you haven't eaten in days."

"I just took too much food by accident. I didn't want to waste it, so I ate them all. Now, I feel much better after viking around and making a run to the restroom. I won't take so much next time."

"Such a glutton."

"So are you."

After all, Clara was Mark's apprentice. It was a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

"Mr. Fowler, what did Mr. Anderson say about the business?" Clara shifted the focus back to the matter at hand.

"He didn't explain much. He just gave me a phone number and an address and told us to go there today. He said someone would meet us. This might be related to evil spirits, so we must check it out. But we have to wait until tonight to solve the problem.

"Have you finished your update yet? You can't stay up writing tonight. You only write a few thousand words a day and make just a bit of money. Why do you always drag it out until the evening? You're just being lazy," Mark teased Clara.

"Life was so relaxed up in the mountains. We didn't have to rush." Clara began to reminisce about their days on the mountain. She told Mark, "Mr. Fowler, once we wrap this up, I'm returning to the mountains with you."

Mark gave her a stern look. "You're married now. You shouldn't come back too often. Your in-laws might not be pleased. Remember, a married daughter becomes part of her husband's family. You shouldn't come annoy me all the time."

"I'll go back often to annoy you!"

Mark playfully tapped her on the forehead,

"You can't even give me some peace for a few days. Let's get to work, complete the task, and collect our reward. Then, we can

return to the mountains. The city may be bustling, but it doesn't give me a sense of belonging. The mountains are still the best."

Both Mark and Clara cherished the tranquility of Nameless

Mountain.