

Wife 95

Chapter 95

Clara said, “Evelyn is treating us to dinner tonight. She’s been. dreaming of Mrs. Caddel Senior for the past two nights, so she wants you to help her out.”

Mark smiled and said, “We no longer have to worry about our daily meals now. It doesn’t matter if she treats us to dinner or not.

“Let’s head back to the hotel then. We could still have lunch if we hurry. The first–floor buffet at the Sunville Hotel is just too wonderful. I love everything they serve there!” *Ww(w).moveℓworm.com*

Clara didn’t want to listen to Mark’s ramblings, so she rolled up the

car windows and drove away.

“That brat is really teasing me for being a glutton now. Aren’t you a little glutton yourself?” He had an affectionate look on him despite

his complaints.

Both Mark and Clara headed straight back to Sunville Hotel.

“Hurry up, Clara. There wouldn’t be any good seats left when the restaurant gets busy later,” Mark rushed her as soon as he got out

of his car.

“What about your gentlemanly behavior, Mr. Fowler? Be mindful of your lofty sage’s image.” Clara got out of her car with her handbag and locked the door before stuffing her keys into her bag. Only then did she leisurely follow Mark into the hotel.

“It’s Yohan.” Mark suddenly nudged Clara, gesturing for her to look.

ahead. *www.n@V(e)Lworm.Cóm*

She followed his gesture and saw a tall and handsome young man walking out. He resembled Yohan, but it wasn’t him.

No matter what, Yohan was still her legally wedded husband. They were even living under one roof. Clara could still tell her husband apart. That man only resembled him.

Yohan always had a group of bodyguards following him around. He also exuded a commanding presence—one that the other man lacked

That man was making his way toward Mark and Clara. Even though he had a stoic and indifferent expression, he somewhat lacked the dignified dominance that Yohan exuded. That was why Clara ruled out that he was Yohan as soon as she saw him.

Mark was about to greet that man.

“That’s not your son–in–law, Mr. Fowler. Clara pulled Mark aside and whispered, “He only resembled your son–in–law, but that’s not

him.”

“He’s not?” Mark looked at the approaching man in disbelief. Their features were so similar, wasn’t that just Yohan?

Mark blinked and rubbed his eyes. He then stared at the other man for a good while before saying, “He seems a little younger than

Yohan.”

The man approached Mark and Clara but did not look at them. He walked straight past them out of the hotel and turned right

Soon enough, they saw him drive away in a black sedan. The logo of the sedan was the same brand as Mark’s—it wasn’t particularly expensive, around 100 to 200 thousand dollars for one. *@ww.moveℓwó◊m.com*

Mark watched as he drove away and said, “It really isn’t Yohan.

Yohan drove a Maybach, but that man’s car was the same as mine. The cheapest car Yohan owns would probably cost over a million dollars.

“Why does he resemble him so much if it’s not him? No one would bat an eyelash if they were to say they’re twins—they were just too similar! Do you think he might be your brother–in–law, Clara?”

Clara replied indifferently, “I’ve never met Yohan’s siblings.”

She hasn’t met any of her in–laws. The only one she has met was the ghost of her grandfather–in–law, Daniel.

Mark was speechless. He had forgotten that Clara got into a flash marriage with a stranger. *wWw.n@Vℓworm®.com*

Clara asked, “Didn’t you say you wanted to snag the good seats, Mr. Fowler? You should hurry; otherwise, there won’t be anything left for you.”

Mark pulled his gaze away and focused on food once again.