

Wife 111

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“Yes, it’s nothing. Go back to sleep. I’m going for a morning jog. I’ll be back in the hotel to catch up on sleep later, not going back to Yohan’s place,” Clara reassured Mark. *(w)Ww.fl0v.eLw0Rm.com*

She added, “His mother is here, and once she finds out about my relationship with Yohan, she’ll probably kick me out.”

“What is there to fear? Yohan will support you. You need to trust him; he is capable enough to handle your relationship with his mother,” Mark said. “Whether this mother–in–law and daughter–in–law relationship works out depends on how much the man can step up.

Clara took his words lightly. She and Yohan had no feelings for each other, and Yohan wouldn’t care about her. *wW(w).n0v(e)lW0Rm.com*

After their call ended, Clara wandered around the villa area, not wanting to go home to avoid an awkward confrontation with her mother–in–law.

Unfortunately, the man wouldn’t let her linger outside. A call came through to her phone.

“Clara.” *(w)Ww.fl0v(e)lW0Rm.com*

Yohan’s deep voice asked, “Where have you run off to? Why aren’t you back for breakfast?”

Clara quickly replied, “Mr. Morris, you need to get to work soon. Go ahead and eat without me: just have Mr. Gardner save me some breakfast.”

Yohan paused before saying, “I don’t have to go back to the office today; there’s a banquet tonight.”

“Oh, you can eat first then. I’m still outside, I want to enjoy the nice scenery in the villa area,” Clara replied.

“Do it after your meal,” Yohan ordered.

Clara thought it was time to confront him. “... Mr. Morris, did you tell your mother about our relationship?” “It was my grandmother who mentioned it to her, not me.” Yohan’s voice rang through the receiver.

Clara responded with an “oh” and continued, “Your mother told me we’re not a good match. I think so too, why don’t we just get a divorce? You’re so amazing: if you want to get married, plenty of outstanding girls are lined up waiting for you to choose.”

“Clara, you were the one who initiated this. You wanted to marry me; I didn’t force you into it. Only I can bring up the divorce; if I don’t mention it, you’re not allowed to!” Yohan rejected her idea. *W(w)(w).No0E/0oRm.Co0*

“Oh, but I’m mentally ill! I’m a crazy woman! You wouldn’t want to be associated with me,” Clara explained. “We’re in a secret marriage; no one outside knows you’re my wife,” he replied,

Clara thought, “This is why he wouldn’t be embarrassed.

*Come back now; I’m giving you 15 minutes. If I don’t see you, I’ll find you myself.”

With that, Yohan hung up.

Clara grumbled, “He just knows how to order me around.”

Despite her complaints, she obediently returned home

Before she entered the house, she heard her mother–in–law’s dissatisfied voice.

“Bonnie, if Clara had a slightly better background, I would have accepted her as my daughter–in–law since she and Yohan have signed the papers. But she’s an abandoned child, raised by a shaman. What kind of

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family are we? If people find out that the eldest daughter–in–law of the Morris family is a shaman, where would we stand?”

“I will accept Clara as my daughter–in–law. No one knows about their relationship anyway, so getting a divorce in silence will minimize the harm to Clara,” she added.

“They don’t have feelings–she said it herself; she doesn’t love Yohan and doesn’t even know how they ended up with a marriage certificate.”

Jennifer was furious to learn from her mother–in–law that Clara had married her eldest son. She kept repeating her point in front of her mother–in–law, with only one goal: to get her son to divorce Clara.

Even marriages that were a good match weren’t necessarily happy, let alone one that wasn’t.

The old lady sat calmly, sipping a cup of warm water. Yohan remained composed, sitting beside his grandmother. Only Jennifer was visibly agitated.