

Wife 122

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Jennifer stood up and said as she walked out, "Til keep an eye on the dogs. We can't let them fight.. Yohan's dogs are so chubby and cute!" $w(w)w.n0velworm.com$

Once the pavilion was left with just Bonnie and her grandson, the old lady turned to Yohan.

"I want you to build a good relationship with Clara. She's going out, and you don't even see her off. At this rate, when will I get to hold my great-grandchild?"

Yohan sat down on a stone stool, feeling somewhat helpless. “Grandma, you said I’m 30 and should get married. So, I’ve done as you wished and gotten married. Can you not meddle with my life anymore, please?”

"If you give me a great-grandchild, then I won't bother you," Bonnie replied, playfully pinching Yohan's handsome face.

In Donford City, only his grandmother would dare to treat Yohan like this.

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"Hmm, looks like you've got some thick skin; but why don't you know how to pursue your wife? Watching you and Clara interact is so awkward. You're a man; you need to take the initiative. Just like when mother opposed it, you took the initiative to hold Clara's hand. Be proactive!" Bonnie exclaimed.

Mentioning the time he held Clara's hand made Yohan's dark eyes flicker, but he remained silent. Her hand was soft but calloused from work. She was self-sufficient on the mountain. She tended to their small home, grew vegetables, fed chickens and ducks, and even chopped wood.

The fence around their yard was made from materials they gathered themselves, including wood and bamboo. She had even built the chicken coop herself.

According to Chuck's investigation, she was resourceful and knew how to enjoy life.

"Grandma, I don't love her," Yohan said quietly. "Marrying her is already my biggest concession."

He did this mainly for peace. If not, his grandmother would frequently disturb him at work, sometimes bringing several beautiful women to his office, leaving them there while she insisted he spent time alone with them.

He couldn't stand the pressure to get married, which was why he ended up waiting outside the city hall, hoping for fate to give him a wife.

Now that he had signed the marriage certificate as his grandmother wished, she wanted a great-grandchild.

Thinking about how Bonnie might continue to pester him for children made Yohan's expression darken. "Just because you don't love her now doesn't mean you won't in the future. Do you think she loves you?" Bonnie said. "What you said in the house makes sense. Your mother looks down on Clara, thinking everyone loves her son. But Clara doesn't love you at all."

"I thought there wouldn't be another girl who didn't love you besides Mandy," Bonnie teased.

“Grandma!” Yohan said sternly. “Your provocation wont work on me. If you keep pushing for children, I’ll divorce Clara immediately and go back to square one. $\mathcal{W}\mathcal{W}^{\mathbb{N}}\cdot(n)\circ(\nabla)\mathbb{L}\mathbb{W}\mathbb{O}(r)(m).\mathbf{c}\mathbf{o}m$

Bonnie was taken aback. She stared at her precious grandson before saying, "You'd better remember what you said. If one day you fall for Clara and want to be with her for life, but she doesn't want to, don't come asking me for help."

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“That day will never come! It will never happen!” Yohan declared confidently.

Bonnie grew frustrated again. "She's such a good girl! How could you not like her? I'll help Clara look out for better men than you and introduce them to her. When that happens, I'll let Clara leave you and live happily with someone else, and you'll regret it."

Yohan remained unfazed. "You can help her find men right now; as long as she tries to cheat, I'll divorce her immediately."

“Don’t act like I’m afraid of you. What’s the use of this marriage? You might as well stay single. If you’re married but don’t cultivate feelings, don’t sleep in the same bed, and don’t have kids, you’re worse off than being single.

“Get out of here! Don’t sit here and be an eyesore. Just seeing you makes me furious. Your grandfather had a good life, but he just left this stubborn little brat behind to annoy me.”

Bonnie shooed him out of the pavilion.