

Wife 14

Chapter 14

Daniel had also told her that Yohan was an indifferent and arrogant person.

“Mr. Morris, are you busy?” Clara asked. (w)ww***w.n0***Ⓢ(e)lworm.c***m***

“What is it?” Yohan asked snappily, unhappy that Clara assumed he had as much free time as she did.

“Mr. Morris, I'm heading to the courthouse and will wait for you at the entrance. Bring the marriage certificate so we can handle the divorce, Clara sald. Ⓢww***Ŵ.(n)0vℰℓ***Ⓢ***0℞***m.čom

She thought he would be happy about the divorce. When they got the certificate yesterday, she could tell he didn't actually want to marry her. He only went through with it because she had overheard him, and he wanted to maintain his image of a man who kept his word.

On top of that, he probably saw it as a way to stop Bonnie from nagging him about marriage.

She had agreed to the quick marriage because her supernatural foresight had shown her a vision of her marrying a stranger, so she went with the flow.

Yohan frowned and asked coldly, “Why do you want a divorce?”

Having her as his spouse meant Bonnie wouldn't pressure him about marriage anymore. She would shift her focus to pushing his cousin to go on blind dates. He would finally get to enjoy some peace and quiet.

Moreover, his new wife was very cooperative and knew her place. She didn't bother him, didn't insist on living with him, and didn't pry into his family matters. Upon finding out about his true identity, she didn't react to it at all. It seemed as if she was just fulfilling a task.

She had even agreed to a secret marriage. If they happened to bump into each other, they could even pretend to be strangers and not bother one another.

Though Yohan had initially felt chagrined about the hasty marriage, he realized the benefits it brought and no longer regretted it. So, he refused instinctively upon hearing Clara mention divorce now. Still, he asked her for the reason.

“My mentor says we're not a good match,” Clara replied,

Yohan was speechless when he heard this. “Your mentor? Not even your parents can control your major life decisions, let alone your mentor.”

“My mentor is like my father. I don't have parents. He found me and raised me. I think we're indeed not suitable. You're a wealthy man from an affluent family, and I'm just a poor young woman. We're not suitable for each other,” Clara elaborated.

She was upfront about Mark's opinion that they were incompatible, and she agreed with him. That was why she proposed the divorce. Since there were no feelings involved, they could marry quickly and get a divorce just as quickly. She believed that marriage should be between individuals who were more or less equal in social status and was adamant about getting divorced.

Yohan frowned and said unhappily, “Clara, marriage is not a game. Please take it seriously.”

“You say marriage isn't a game, yet you married me on a whim yesterday. Don't you think our actions yesterday were very much like playing a game?” Clara questioned.

Yohan's expression soured, “We've already acted on impulse once. Doing so twice in a row isn't a wise move. I didn't force you. You were the one who was eager to marry me as if you were completing some sort of mission. Then, you ran off after getting the certificate.” *Ww(w).nove/wo**RM**.com*

His last remark sounded like a complaint.

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Yohan felt that he hadn't been given much regard and was not happy about it. “My grandmother said we could not get divorced within a year! I finally got some peace. If we get a divorce, she'll be pestering me about marriage again every single day.”

Since Clara brought up her mentor, he felt that he was justified in bringing up his grandmother. Both were their elders, and they were both dutiful children. It was a matter of whose elder was more authoritative.

“You're the CEO of a big company, yet you're still afraid of your grandmother nagging you?” Clara asked incredulously.

“No matter how big my company is, at home, I'm still her grandson. So, her words at home are law,” Yohan replied, sounding awfully righteous.

Clara didn't know what to say to that. After a short pause, she suggested, “Can you come out now, Mr. Morris? Why don't we meet in person and talk this over? If you agree to the divorce, I'll compensate you for your emotional distress for a day. How about that?” *ww(w).noⓈe①**wô**Rm.com*

Yohan almost laughed out loud.

With a stern face, he said coldly, “Ms. Fowler, the only thing I don't lack is money. No matter how much you offer me, I wouldn't care. Even if it's hundreds of billions of dollars, I wouldn't bat an eye. Can you give me that amount?”

Clara was rendered speechless once more. “I can manage a couple of hundred dollars, but hundreds of billions of dollars... The only thing I'm capable of is writing out that figure.”

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