

Wife 38

Chapter 38

Daniel continued his tirade about Yohan as he followed Clara down

the hall.

Exasperated, Clara finally said, “Mr. Morris Senior, stop complaining to me. If you’re so skilled, why don’t you dive into his dreams and give him a proper scolding or even a good beating?”

Daniel paused, momentarily speechless.

“Mr. Morris Senior, just head back. I don’t want your legs to vanish again.” *Www.Overl0rd.com*

Looking nervously at his legs, Daniel was relieved they hadn’t turned transparent.

With a resigned chuckle, he said, “It’s no surprise you two ended up together. You’re both cut from the same cloth.”

The saying came to mind—birds of a feather flock together. *WWW.novelw(0)r.com*

Clara offered a radiant smile and a swift goodbye before she briskly walked away. In no time, her figure vanished at the elevator entrance. Daniel turned and made his way back to the presidential suite. He found Yohan still slouched on the couch, his eyes locked on the two agreements on the coffee table.

With a grumble, Daniel spat out, “You’re something else, you know that? With your attitude, it’s a miracle you even landed a wife. You don’t know how to appreciate it and are too full of yourself.

“One day, you’ll regret it. It’d be a sight if you fell for Clara and she didn’t return your feelings. Now, that’s a show worth watching.”

“I’m done with you,” Daniel snapped. “I’m heading back to rest. Don’t drag me out if you don’t have anything important.”

With that, Daniel’s spectral form flickered and disappeared, retreating to the watch where he resided.

After a brief rest, Clara returned to her room and decided it was time to check on her mentor. She made her way to Mark’s door and gave it

a firm knock.

Their rooms were on the same floor but several doors apart.

Mark answered promptly. He was already dressed for their outing. *www.0verl0rd.com*

“Let’s head out,” he said, grabbing the room key and closing the door behind him.

“It’s September now. The mornings and evenings can be quite chilly. I’m taking you shopping for two sets of fall clothes. No one should be wearing the same outfits for years on end.”

He chuckled, “Young people need to stay on top of fashion.”

Clara, usually quite indifferent to clothing trends, didn’t mind her outfits being functional but a bit outdated. Yet, Mark, with his old- fashioned sense of propriety, found it hard to accept her reluctance to update her wardrobe annually.

It wasn’t a matter of finances. Living on the mountain didn’t cost much, and they had a modest amount of savings.

“I don’t need any new clothes,” Clara said. “I’ve got plenty of fresh. ones that I haven’t worn yet. I just need to wash and air them out, and they’ll be fine. I don’t follow fashion trends—comfort is what matters.

“But Mr. Fowler, I need to let you know something. We might have to move.”

Mark stopped in his tracks, his brows furrowing. “Move? Why on earth would we need to move? Did you tell anyone about your situation ?”

Mark’s face went pale, and he panicked. “If you’ve let something slip

about your abilities, we need to pack up and leave right now.”

He began pulling Clara toward the door. *(w)Ww.m0vé/(w)0r(m).com*

“Mr. Fowler, it’s nothing like that,” Clara said, her voice calm. “It’s Mr. Morris. He wants me to move in with him, and I said I’d bring you

along. He’s insisted that I move in today.”

Mark’s expression shifted from panic to relief. “Oh, I see. You had me worried there for a moment. I thought it was something to do with your abilities.”

Mark was relieved. At least this wasn’t a matter of dealing with

dangerous people. If it had been, he would have struggled to figure out how to keep her safe from those with ill intentions.