

Wife 64

Chapter 64

Why didn't Mark offer to sell himself?

"Don't worry, sir. Just drive the car without worries. If you accidentally damage it, you won't have to pay for the repairs," Bruce said.

This person was the mentor who raised Clara. Though called a mentor, he was actually her foster father. Their relationship was more like that of a father and daughter.

Mark kept rejecting Bruce continuously, but his hand couldn't resist reaching for the car keys. **wWw.NOvélw@℞m.Com**

His love for the car ultimately overcame his pride. Mark happily went to test drive the Maybach, grinning from ear to ear.

He had never been able to afford such an expensive car, and he couldn't expect Clara to earn enough to gift him a luxury car. So, he thickened his skin and decided to enjoy the thrill.

After all, it was Yohan's idea.

Clara had anticipated Mark's surrender. She couldn't bear to watch, so she told Bruce and William, "William, Bruce, you'd better go with him. If he gets too excited and actually crashes, we won't be able to explain this to Mr. Morris."

Bruce and William exchanged glances.

Then, William quickly ran over and sat in the passenger seat while Bruce stayed put.

Clara didn't wait for Mark to be done. She entered the hotel and found a spot in the first-floor lobby to sit down, pulling out her

phone to order takeout.

She browsed many restaurants, comparing dishes and prices.

Finally, Clara ordered spaghetti and meatballs for herself and carbonara for Mark. The dishes were packed separately so they could enjoy two plates of food together.

Clara also ordered a honey lemon drink for herself.

The takeout would take half an hour to arrive.

As Mark test-drove Yohan's Maybach, he dared not to go too far. The guy was just circling around nearby before returning to the hotel. **W(w)W.Nôvelw©℞mm.c@m)**

Even so, Mark was satisfied. He walked into the hotel happily and went upstairs to the lobby with a big smile.

Clara saw him come in and called out to him a few times, but he didn't hear her. He was likely still lost in the joy of driving a luxury

car **ww.w.n©vÉlw©℞m.(c)oM**

"Gosh, that old man. He might truly sell me off if someone offered him a luxury car, Clara muttered under her breath, then jogged to catch up with Mark

Meanwhile, Bruce went upstairs to report to Yohan.

Yohan ate at the Sunville Hotel almost every day. The hotel would send Bruce the next day's menu each evening.

Bruce would show it to Yohan, and the hotel would proceed with the order if there were no objections. Then, the pre-ordered dishes would be served a few minutes before Yohan arrived

This way, Yohan wouldn't have to wait to eat. Unless he was

hosting a meal, in which case he would order on the spot and wall with his quests.

By the time the takeout arrived, Yohan was already full and

preparing to return to the office

At that moment, Clara received a call from the delivery person. She quickly ran downstairs to get the food and headed back just as her husband emerged from the elevator

What a coincidencel

Before getting married, Clara had never bumped into Yohan.

Once they were married, it seemed like they always ran into each other whenever they stepped outside,

Perhaps this was fate.

Of course, as a couple in a secret marriage, what did it matter if they were to mest?

Clara simply walked past with a calm expression while carrying her takeout

Surrounded by bodyguards like an emperor patrolling his realm, Yohan also exited the hotel

"Bruce," Yohan suddenly ordered in a low voice. "Tell them that for the days Mr. Fowler stays at the hotel, his three meals are covered If Ms. Fowler comes, her meals are covered, too."

She shouldn't have to keep ordering takeout

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