

Wife 67

Chapter 67

William saw Clara standing at the villa entrance and turned to Yohan, saying, “Mr. Morris, it’s Ms. Fowler.”

Yohan remained silent. He had already noticed Clara earlier.

Without a response from Yohan, William quietly drove past Clara and into the villa. The bodyguards’ cars followed suit.

Bruce even rolled down his window for a glance.

After Yohan’s car went inside, Clara looked back into the darkness, but Noel’s spirit did not reappear. She wondered if the lights from the cars had hurt him.

Clara sighed inwardly, feeling sorry that Noel couldn’t find peace. even in death.

Just as she turned to go inside, she almost collided with Yohan, startling her. It caused Clara to step back quickly. In haste, she stumbled and fell. *www.nóveLw©rm.Cómm*

Yohan’s eyes flashed with concern, and his hand moved slightly, as if he wanted to help her up. However, whether he chose not to or was just too slow, he ultimately watched as his new wife fell before him. *©ww.nóvé©woŕM.Có(m)*

It seemed she got scared by his sudden presence.

How frightening could he be?

Yohan was aware that many people feared looking directly at him. They found his expression too stern and his gaze too sharp and cold, as if he could see through them.

From the moment Clara first appeared before him, she had never

shown fear of him.

But unlike Yohan, Clara didn’t overthink things. She quickly stood up, dusting herself off, and complained, “Mr. Morris, are you a ghost? How’d you walk over here so silen and stand behind me without making a sound? You should’ve chirped or something.

“You gave me such a fright! You ought to know scaring people can be deadly! You almost scared me to death!”

She had seen countless ghosts without getting scared, but a living. person like Yohan had made her fall in fright.

Thankfully, there were no ghosts around to laugh at her.

At that moment, Yohan merely pressed his lips together.

Knowing he didn’t talk much and that they had little in common, Clara didn’t expect him to respond.

“Well, I’m not a mouse.”

He finally spoke, his deep voice pleasant to the ear. Without looking at him, Clara felt she could easily become enchanted just by hearing his voice.

“Of course, you’re not a mouse. No mouse is as handsome as you. Mice have pointy mouths, and yours is not pointy at all.”

Yohan’s gaze locked onto her face. “I don’t chirp.”

Clara paused for a while before saying, “You could have coughed or something to let me know you were behind me.”

Yohan didn’t reply.

“Mr. Morris, why’d you come back early tonight?”

“This is my home. I come back whenever I want.” *www.(n)óVèlW©rm.(c)Óm*

Chapter 17.

Clara was at a loss for words. This man was a conversation killer.

“What were you doing standing out here?”

Now, it was Yohan’s turn to question her.

Clara mimicked him, “My legs are attached to me. I stand wherever I want.”

Then, Yohan turned and walked back inside.

Was he angry? *©ww.NóVe!WóŔm.Cóm*

Clara pouted, secretly pointing at his back and muttering, “How petty. You’re even more petty than a ghost!”

Yohan suddenly turned around.

Her pointing hand froze, but she quickly reacted by putting her finger in her mouth.

Yohan’s gaze grew even deeper.

Clara, who feared nothing, felt a bit uneasy under his intense stare,

“Clara, you’re 25 this year, right?”

The man of few words finally spoke.