

Wife 78

Chapter 78 w@W.noVèlW(o)r*m*.čóm

Clara instinctively glanced toward the door when she heard Yohan. and Mandy's conversation. When they walked in together, she

immediately stood up, quickly stuffed her phone into her pocket, and tried to leave casually.

Yohan stopped in his tracks upon seeing Clara. He stared at her. w@w.NoVèlW@(*r*)*m.cOm*

Noticing Yohan's stern expression, Mandy was worried that he might take his frustration out on Clara. She quickly intervened, saying, "Yohan, it's my fault. I asked Clara to wait for me here. I need her help with something."

As soon as Mandy spoke, both Yohan and Clara turned their

attention to her. ww*W*.N_eVÉ(ı)Ŵô*Rm.com*

Mandy winked at Clara, signaling her to play along. Otherwise, if Yohan got angry, it could cost Clara her job.

Clara remained silent.

Yohan soon shifted his gaze back to Mandy. Instead of asking Clara to leave, she said in a deep voice, "Clara, please make a cup of coffee for Mandy."

Clara met his dark, intense eyes.

"Don't know how to make coffee?" Yohan asked.

Clara snapped out of her daze and quickly replied, "I can make it."

"Good."

Yohan gave a curt response and walked past Clara.

Mandy intentionally lagged a few steps behind and whispered to

Clara, "You're stuck now. Just do whatever he asks. Don't worry. If he's unfair to you, I'll back you up.

"Thank you."

Clara appreciated Mandy's kindness.

Sure enough, doctors were compassionate. Even though she was a dentist, she still had that caring nature of a medical professional.

Clara headed to the kitchen to make the coffee.

Considering Yohan had gotten up early, she assumed he might also want a cup. So, she made two steaming cups of coffee. Ŵ*w*W.N@vElw_e(*r*)m.c@®

When Mandy saw that Clara had also prepared a cup for Yohan, she looked at Clara with some concern.

Clara noticed the concern and wondered if Yohan didn't drink coffee. Perhaps he wasn't into coffee with sugar.

"Ms. Smith, Mr. Morris, please enjoy your coffee. I'll step out to get some work done," Clara said politely, trying to slip away.

"I didn't tell you to leave." Yohan's deep voice rang out. Clara stood rooted to the ground. It was as if invisible nails had pinned her feet to the floor, and she couldn't move.

"Clara, go get Yohan a glass of warm water. He's very particular about his coffee and only drinks it if someone specific makes it," Mandy said kindly, trying to help Clara out of the situation. She added to Yohan, "Yohan, Clara is new and doesn't know your preferences yet. Don't hold it against her."

Clara realized that Yohan wasn't avoiding coffee altogether. He simply wouldn't drink coffee made by her. He had to have coffee made by someone he specifically wanted.

She wondered if he feared someone might drug his coffee to

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deceive him.

"Forget it," Yohan said coldly, pointing to the armchair across from him. "Clara, sit over there."

Mandy and Clara both paused.

Clara hesitated but eventually walked over and sat in the armchair across from Yohan.

She could see his strikingly handsome face every time she looked up.

She told herself to just think of it as enjoying a beautiful winter landscape.