

My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

Chapter 10

Once Clara parked the car, Lilia approached her with a smile on her face.

"Clara, did Evelyn buy some things and ask you to bring them back for me?"

"Yup, she did."

Clara got out of the car and opened the backseat door. She grabbed a few bags before passing them to Lilia.

"Evelyn bought you and Uncle Jonas a set of clothing."

Lilia smiled happily, but she still complained about Evelyn's spending habits out of habit. "My husband and I have enough clothes to last us a lifetime. Really, Evelyn likes spending her money willy-nilly."

"Aunt Lilia, Evelyn bought you new clothes to show how much she cares about you. She isn't spending money willy-nilly."

All elderly people were like that. Although they were elated to have received gifts from their children or grandchildren, they still loved complaining about their spending habits. Then, they'd wear the new clothes and parade them around the village the next day.

Mark was the same. Whenever Clara bought something for him, he'd complain about her spending habits before leaving the mountain. That was when he paraded around the village under the pretense of looking for someone to play chess with just so he could brag about having a caring student.

Lilia smiled happily. "Ah, yes. Evelyn's a wonderful and caring child. I won't nag her anymore. Clara, would you like to stay for dinner?"

"No, thank you, Aunt Lilia. I'll have dinner at home. Mr. Fowler called me just now and urged me to go home. I bought some food for him as well to have with his beer."

"Hurry up and go, then. It'll be difficult for you to make your way up the mountain when it gets dark. One of these days, you should come over for a meal."

Clara smiled. "Alright."

She and Mark parked their cars in the Caddels' courtyard, so they were the closest to the Caddels. Occasionally, they'd have a meal with them.

After saying her goodbyes to Lilia, Clara walked out of the courtyard and took a left turn. That was when she realized she'd almost forgotten something.

She returned to her car and grabbed another bag that contained the food meant to accompany Mark's beer. Whenever she went out, she'd always buy food for him.

The weather in Donford City during September was still quite warm, but the temperature was quite cool high up in the mountains. It had been a cloudy and potentially rainy day today. Even though it had yet to rain, the sky became dark relatively quickly due to the setting sun being concealed.

By the time Clara reached the summit, the sky was completely dark. She turned back to look at the bottom, where sparks of light dotted across the land. Those were the lights in the villagers' houses.

A cat, which had been lying on the stone table in the courtyard, meowed loudly. The moment it saw Clara, it hopped off the table and ran to the gate. Then, it jumped onto the wooden gate nimbly. A few leaps later, it landed next to Clara's feet.

Clara bent down to pick up her cat. Then, she opened the wooden gate and walked into the courtyard, which was filled with beautiful flora. She reached the cottage after crossing the courtyard.

The front door was left open, and the lights were already turned on. Clara could smell the mouth-watering aroma of food being cooked. It appeared that Mark was in the middle of preparing dinner.

"Mr. Fowler, I'm home!" she called out while heading toward the kitchen. "I've bought nachos and sausages for you. We still have some frozen fries left. Once I deep fry the fries, you'll have enough sides to go with your beer."

"Mr. Fowler, what are you cooking for dinner tonight? It smells so good! Ooh, are you making potato omelets?"

Clara put down her cat before placing the food on the kitchen counter. After washing her hands, she saw that he was making potato omelets. That was her favorite dish.

Hence, she didn't hesitate to pick up a piece of an omelet with her hand and stuff it into her mouth.

"Can't you use a fork? Are you still a child? Why are you using your hand?" Mark chided. "Also, why do you need to be out the whole day just to get married?"

Clara grabbed a fork from the drawer before grabbing herself another bite of the omelet. "Aunt Lilia wants Evelyn to buy stuff for her. Evelyn treated me to lunch and asked me to bring the stuff she bought home. When I was on the way home, I was stuck in a traffic jam. That's why I spent the whole day out there."

Mark grabbed two more plates before dumping the sausages and nachos into them respectively. The sausages were still warm, so he asked, "Did you buy them from the town?"

"Yup."

"Where's your marriage license? Show it to me."

Clara felt her pockets, only to come up with nothing. "It's in my handbag."

"Go get it, then."

A moment later, Clara said, "Mr. Fowler, I think I left my handbag and my phone in my car. I'll head down the mountain and grab them from the car after dinner, then."

"Mr. Fowler, I'm already married, so you don't have to worry about your son-in-law disappearing anytime soon. By the way, he's super handsome. He's even more handsome than those celebrities out there. He looks strong and fit. I can tell just by one glance that he's super healthy."

"You know, those single female ghosts intended to make him their husband right after taking a look at him. But his life energy is so strong that none of them could get close to him."

Mark snorted. "What's the use of having good looks? Men need to be capable enough to earn a lot of money so that their families can have good lives."

Upon finding out that Clara had left the marriage license and her phone in the car, Mark knew that he wouldn't be able to take a peek at her husband's face for now. Hence, he turned back to the stove and continued cooking.

Dinner was relatively simple. Typically, they usually had two dishes on the table. Tonight, Clara had bought two extra dishes, making the dinner fancier than usual.

While Clara focused on attacking the potato omelets, she continued, "He's quite capable, you know. He's the CEO of a large-scale company despite being only 30 years old. He owns a Maybach and has a private driver who drives him around. Also, he has a group of bodyguards following him everywhere."

"Are you speaking the truth, or is this just a part of your online writing bullshit?" Mark turned to ask Clara.

Clearly, he refused to believe that Clara was capable of marrying a handsome and rich CEO.

Mark was somewhat skilled in fortune-telling. Not to mention, the villagers in Casville helped him get his reputation out to the rest of the region by branding him as a powerful fortune teller who lived in seclusion. Clara's spectral vision also helped him out from time to time. That was how he accumulated his fame in Donford City.

There were times when rich businessmen hired him to read their fortunes for them. Mark had met quite a lot of them over the years. Those businessmen were either people around his age, or they tended to have beer bellies and bald spots on their heads while decking themselves in thick gold chains to showcase their wealth.

All in all, Mark had never met a businessman who was below 40 years old. Everyone he met so far definitely exceeded that age.

He knew that Clara was an online author. The novels she wrote either centered around love stories between CEOs and plain Janes or supernatural stories. Clara was skilled in writing supernatural stories anyway, seeing as she could see ghosts practically every day. It was easy for her to churn out chapters with supernatural elements.

Readers found it extremely easy for them to immerse in the supernatural stories Clara wrote. Besides, the stories she wrote weren't scary at all.

"Mr. Fowler, I can tell the difference between reality and fiction. I'm telling you, I speak nothing but the truth!"

"Did he tell you that?" Mark remained skeptical.

"Nope. I saw it with my own eyes. Then, I asked him about it. Right, he's the CEO of Evelyn's company. I seriously can't make this up."

A mixture of shock and disbelief was present on Mark's face.

"What's his name? I'll call Mr. Shepherd later and ask him if he knows this person. I still find it hard to believe you, Clara. The businessmen I've met so far are neither young nor handsome."

Clara replied, "The businessmen you meet belong to the middle or small-scale companies, Mr. Fowler. We've never met the CEOs who come from old money so far, have we? That doesn't mean they don't exist. I think your son-in-law was definitely born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

Mark fell silent at the speculation.

Did Clara seriously get her hands on a perfect man as her husband?