

My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

Chapter 11

A moment later, Mark said, "Clara, now that you've followed your destiny by marrying that man, you should get a say in your life from now on. Seek him out tomorrow and tell him that you want a divorce."

"Should I really get a divorce before getting to know him?" Clara stopped munching on her omelet. "That means I'll be going through a whirlwind marriage and a hurricane of a divorce."

"I didn't know your spouse came from old money! Those blue-blooded families are extremely difficult to deal with, Clara. Those families are known to be extremely picky with whom their children get to marry. There must be a reason why that man agreed to marry you. Maybe he's disabled—"

"From the way I see it, he has a steady gait. Also, all of his limbs are intact. He's not disabled," Clara disagreed.

Mark was silent for a moment. "Perhaps he's disabled in... that sense."

Clara didn't understand what Mark meant. "What does that have to do with me?"

Mark was both frustrated and helpless. Left without a choice, he could only point out the obvious while feeling quite awkward.

"What I mean is... He might be sexually inept, as in... He looks like a man, but he can't perform his biological role as a male at all. Otherwise, why would a CEO of a large-scale company get into a whirlwind marriage with you? He doesn't know you at all."

Realization dawned on Clara. "Ah, so that's what you meant. Well, I can't say for sure. After all, I left right after getting the marriage license. I didn't try his sexual prowess out. Besides, I don't sleep with men I'm not romantically interested in. I'll cross that bridge if I do end up developing feelings for him.

"Also, he doesn't seem to have problems with his body. His grandma kept nagging him to get married, so he got mad at her. If not for that, he wouldn't have agreed to marry me in the first place. He's using me as an excuse to shut his grandma up.

"Oh, and he also told me that I shouldn't reveal my relationship with him to anyone else. Our marriage is supposed to be a secret."

Mark was aghast. "That means you're going to suffer a lot! It doesn't matter what the reason is—the fact that he comes from old money means that you can't stay married to him! Seek him out tomorrow and talk about getting a divorce with him!"

"Tomorrow? Ah... That means I need to go to the city again..." Clara seemed quite reluctant.

She enjoyed living in the mountains. Every day, she got to sleep as much as she wanted before waking up. Then, she'd write a four-thousand-word chapter and upload it. After that, she would care for her flowers and plants. She could even pass the time by planting vegetables in the back garden. When it was time for her to wind down, she would lounge in the gazebo Mark built and enjoy a good book with freshly brewed coffee.

Upon noticing Mark's glare, Clara quickly relented. "Alright. I'll seek him out tomorrow and talk about getting a divorce with him."

"Good. Let's have dinner."

Mark was done with roasting the vegetables at that moment, so Clara picked up the plate of potato omelets and walked out of the kitchen. As she walked, she began munching on another omelet.

The sight of Clara being such a glutton prompted Mark to lecture her again. "Just look at how casual and laid-back you are. His family will definitely treat you with disdain. Don't mistake my advice for words of cruelty. It's not that I want to force you to divorce him, you know."

"Mr. Fowler, I don't mind divorcing him. I just got married because of fate, anyway. That stage passed once I got my marriage license. I'll just go ahead with the divorce. I'm not sad at all."

Clara never had feelings for Yohan in the first place. Why would she be sad about it?

She wasn't sad at all. She just felt that it was tiring for her to go to the city again tomorrow.

Wasn't it better for her to just spend the day reading a nice book with a cup of coffee at home?

Clara and Mark's current residence was located in a place that was akin to a utopia. It was the best place for elderly people to retire.

Soon, Mark fetched a bottle of beer. Clara quickly placed two glasses on the table.

"You need to fetch your handbag and phone from the car later on, so you can't have any drinks. If you were to get drunk and pass out at the side of the road, I wouldn't be strong enough to carry you home.

"You're a grown-up now, Clara, and I've grown old. I can't carry you home from just about anywhere whenever you fall asleep out there like in the old times."

Clara snatched the beer bottle from Mark's hand before drinking the glasses. "I know how much I can handle, so I'll be careful not to get drunk.

"Seriously, Mr. Fowler, you really like nagging these days. Why don't you try the nachos out? They're made by the restaurant we frequently visit. Yum, they taste amazing!

"The sausages are really crispy and nice. I was thinking that we could enjoy the beer by nibbling on the sausages from time to time, so I chose to buy them."

Mark grabbed an omelet for himself.

Clara quickly added, "Your omelet-making skills are getting better, Mr. Fowler! It smells so good! Then again, you only get to improve this much because I like eating them."

Mark was amused, to say the least. "You made it sound like I'm the one benefiting from you in this case."

Clara just grinned cheekily. She nibbled on a sausage while drinking from her glass. As she peered at Mark's happy face, she sighed blissfully, thinking that this was the perfect life.

Suddenly, a ringtone pierced through the atmosphere. Clara didn't bother moving. Her phone was left in her car, so the ringing phone definitely wasn't hers.

Mark put down his glass and fork. He got up and headed to the coffee table to grab his phone. After that, he answered the call.

A few minutes later, he walked back to Clara. "I'll follow you to the city tomorrow. I just received a commission that needs to be dealt with in the city. I'll scope it out first to see if I can handle it. If not, I'll turn it down."

"Can you even turn down a commission that you've already accepted? Shouldn't you scope things out first before negotiating the price and accepting the commission?

"Seriously, you keep accepting commissions left and right all the time. Don't you know your actual skill level? Judging from your current level, you'll definitely become a part of the afterlife community if I don't go with you," Clara grumbled.

"Being a part of the afterlife community, eh? That sounds like a great ideal!"

Clara just glared at Mark, who immediately backed down.

"Alright, alright. It's my fault. Mr. Anderson was the one who called me just now. One of his sisters is having a hard time right now. He wants me to check on her to see if there are any hauntings at her place. Apparently, her son and his wife went through a major personality change. They don't even take care of his sister now."

"Even if a haunting did occur, there must be a reason why. Is it because she did something wrong and her son and her daughter-in-law lost love for her? Perhaps that's the reason they don't want to take care of her anymore. Maybe your client's sister doesn't want her maternal family to find out about the truth. Or... There's a chance that her maternal family thinks the son must forgive her regardless of the things she's done just because she's the mother."

Clara, who was an avid believer in cause and effect, was in the middle of chomping on another sausage. She always enjoyed munching on it because of how crunchy it was.

"I didn't ask Mr. Anderson those questions. Let's see how things fare tomorrow. Mr. Anderson promised to reward me handsomely if I could deal with this matter properly.

"I haven't been able to accept any commissions this month. It's rare for me to be able to accept such a hefty one, you know. If I succeed in dealing with this matter, our living expenses for next month will be covered!"

The businessmen, who were a part of Mark's clientele, would pay him thousands of dollars if he could get the job done. Since Clara and Mark lived on the mountain, they needed the money to buy grains and meat. They could plant their own fruits and vegetables. Even their oil was harvested from the olive trees that they'd planted.

That was why they didn't need to spend that much. A few thousand dollars was enough to cover two months' worth of expenses.

"Since you're getting a divorce tomorrow, I can take the opportunity to see what my son-in-law looks like."

Clara retorted, "I'm about to divorce him soon, so what's the point in you meeting him in person?"

Mark was silent for a moment. "You're right. You can meet him yourself."

"Mr. Fowler! Mr. Fowler!" someone yelled from the outside.

Clara said, "I'll go check what's going on."

"Okay."

Clara put down her fork before getting up to leave the cottage.

There was a man standing outside the wooden gate with a flashlight in hand. He was the one who had called out for Mark.

When he saw Clara exiting the courtyard, he asked, "Clara, is your mentor home?"