

## My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

### Chapter 4

Clara continued smiling. "I don't. But once I receive my marriage license, I'll know who you are. You are... my man!"

Yohan clamped up after that. He could tell that Clara didn't love him at all. Just 20 minutes ago, they were still strangers who didn't know the other existed.

Just how bold was she to get into a whirlwind marriage with him?

Clara was a looker, not to mention she could logically debate with him. By right, she should be a sane woman. Why would she get into a whirlwind marriage with a stranger?

Could it be that her family was also urging her to get married? Did she hatch the same idea by waiting outside the City Hall just like him?

"Did you bring your identification documents?" Clara asked.

Yohan pursed his lips before saying, "Yes."

He meant to piss Bonnie off, and he was the type who made all sorts of preparations. That was why he brought his documents along.

"Then... let's get married?"

Yohan fell silent again. He had claimed that he'd like to see if anyone was willing to marry him despite staying in the car.

Now, there was a woman who was willing to get married to him without him stepping out of the car. Plus, he was the type who always kept his word.

More importantly, Bonnie wouldn't urge him anymore once he got married. He'd get all the peace and quiet in the world.

A few minutes later, Yohan made up his mind.

Clara extended a hand to Yohan. He didn't want to hold her hand, so he turned on his heel and headed toward the City Hall.

A smile played on Clara's lips as she followed him into the building. Her supernatural foresight was never wrong.

See? She found the man she'd be marrying.

Both of them entered the City Hall. There weren't many couples waiting at the marriage registration counter. Through the window in the City Hall, Yohan could see a long line forming at the courthouse. Those were the people waiting to get divorced.

Yohan glanced at the line, thinking he and Clara would join the line soon enough.

He walked over to the registration counter. When the staff member noticed that a handsome man was about to get married, she was more than happy to offer her services. First things first, she congratulated Clara and Yohan.

Yohan's expression was stern. He didn't even bother looking at Clara as he pulled out his documents. Then, he shed out his wallet and retrieved his ID before placing everything on the counter.

Clara sat next to him. She passed out her documents as well.

In an instant, the staff member realized that something was off. Clara and Yohan were here to get married, and yet they never interacted with each other. Heck, Yohan didn't even bother looking at Clara at all.

"Are you two here to get married out of your own will?" the staff member asked out of concern.

Yohan pursed his lips together firmly. Clearly, he wouldn't answer the staff member's ridiculous question. No one could force him to get married at the City Hall unless it was out of his own volition.

Clara just smiled. "We're doing this out of our own will."

The staff member snuck another glance at Yohan. This time, Yohan met her eyes coldly. His icy voice was laced with a hint of impatience.

"Hurry up. I'm a busy man, and I don't have time to waste," he urged.

The staff member was momentarily speechless. Since both parties decided to get married out of their own will, she'd follow the usual procedures.

The procedures were completed in half an hour. Yohan and Clara were presented with marriage licenses of their own.

Once they walked out of the City Hall, the staff member helped them take photos on their respective phones to commemorate the moment. Clara looked at the photo on her phone, noting how she smiled naturally at the camera. That was because she knew that she'd be marrying a stranger today.

Her new husband, on the other hand, behaved rigidly. He stood before the City Hall as though he was a soldier. If it wasn't for the fact that he was breathing, Clara would've thought she was taking photos with a mannequin.

Soon, Clara stuffed the marriage license into her handbag.

As the newlyweds walked, they didn't bother speaking with each other. Yohan took the lead while Clara trailed from behind.

After leaving the City Hall, they headed toward their own cars. Clara got into her car and started the engine before driving away.

William turned to look at Yohan. He mustered all the courage he had before asking, "Mr. Morris, did you really marry that woman?"

"Yes."

William fell silent at the answer. He never expected Yohan to get into a whirlwind marriage.

"I'm a man of my word. I never expected to be able to marry someone while waiting in my car. Then again, it's just a marriage. I can always file for a divorce."

Yohan didn't mind becoming a divorcee.

He never wanted to get married, but Bonnie kept urging him to. She'd set up hundreds of blind dates for him just so he could get married, and she kept introducing characters of all kinds to him.

Did she seriously think that he'd accept just about anyone?

"Then... who exactly is Mrs. Morris, sir? Which esteemed family is she from?"

That way, William and the rest of the household staff could properly greet Clara's family if they decided to visit the Morris family.

A moment of silence later, Yohan replied, "I don't know. Don't ask such questions. Start the car."

Clara's full name was printed on the marriage license, but Yohan never bothered looking at it. For now, he didn't know his new wife's name.

William dared not ask any questions after that. He started the car immediately.

At the same time, he secretly lamented that Yohan was the only man in the world who didn't know his wife's name despite having married her.

Upon returning to Morris Corporation, Yohan had just walked into the building when he saw his grandmother.

Bonnie was 80 years old this year. She took great care of herself and was in great health, so she looked like a woman in her 60s. She was clad in a classy attire and carried herself elegantly, making her seem friendly and approachable. Due to her old age, her vision had deteriorated, forcing her to constantly wear a pair of gold-rimmed reading glasses.

When Yohan spotted Bonnie, he paused in his tracks for a moment. Then, he approached her.

"Why are you here, Grandma?"

"I'm here to see if you've managed to procure a granddaughter-in-law for me."

Yohan's expression remained stony as he reached out to support Bonnie. But Bonnie slapped his hand away before turning to walk into the lobby.

Yohan just followed Bonnie, his expression still neutral.

Minutes later, both of them walked into the CEO's office, which was located on the top floor of Morris Corporation.

Yohan personally poured Bonnie a glass of water. After placing it before her, he sat across from her and said, "Have some water, Grandma."

"You're only offering me water? Don't you have any snacks?"

Yohan gazed at Bonnie and replied, "You know I don't like desserts, Grandma. There won't be any snacks or junk food in this office."

Bonnie mumbled, "If you ever fall in love with a woman with a sweet tooth, you'll end up just like your grandfather."

Since Bonnie's husband no longer ran the company, the office pantry was no longer stocked with her favorite snacks and desserts.

"Tell me, Yohan. What are the requirements you have for your wife? As long as you tell me those requirements, I'll travel to every inch of this world just to find the perfect woman for you."

Yohan opted not to answer Bonnie. Instead, he shed out his marriage license and looked at it. His wife's name was Clara Fowler. He remembered her to be a pretty woman with animated eyes and waist-length locks.

After that, Yohan slid the marriage license and his phone, which showed the City Hall's photo, to Bonnie.

The moment Bonnie recognized the items, she was surprised. She quickly picked up the marriage license and started going through it properly. Then, she studied the photo on the phone.

A few minutes later, she asked Yohan, "This is real, right? You didn't get someone to forge the marriage license for you, did you?"

"If you don't believe me, you can check the records in the City Hall. If I wanted to forge the license, I wouldn't have waited till today. Besides, I have a photo to prove that I'm married."

That meant the marriage license was the real deal!

Holy shit! That insolent brat did get married!

"Did you get out of the car, Yohan?"

Bonnie distinctly remembered Yohan saying he'd stay in the car for one hour. How could he get himself a wife without getting out of the car?