

## My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

### Chapter 7

Bruce replied, "Yes, sir."

Yohan wanted him to detain Clara later on and take her to him.

"Sir, where would you like me to take her to?" Bruce asked.

Yohan was silent for a moment. "Take her to the presidential suite on the top floor of Sunville Hotel. Use the hidden route. Don't let anyone see you."

Having received Yohan's orders, Bruce's curiosity was instantly piqued. To think that Yohan wanted him to block Clara's car on the road before taking her to the hotel. The thing was, they mustn't be seen by anyone else.

What was Yohan planning to do to that woman?

No matter how curious Bruce was, he dared not ask Yohan any questions.

Meanwhile, William noticed that Yohan didn't remind Bruce not to hurt Clara at all. He lagged behind slightly before tugging at Bruce's sleeve.

Bruce slowed down as well.

William murmured, "Bruce, when you block that woman's car later, please be nicer to her. Do not harm her at all."

Bruce stared at William, clearly confused.

"Nothing will go wrong as long as you listen to me." William couldn't just tell Bruce that Clara was Yohan's wife.

Seriously, Yohan really was a piece of work! He had already married Clara, and yet he never uttered a word to his own bodyguards! He even ordered Bruce to block Clara's car, for goodness' sake!

Wasn't he worried that Bruce and Clara might get into a conflict? What if Bruce accidentally hurt Clara?

After dropping the reminder, William quickly caught up to Yohan.

Bruce stared at the figures before him. He muttered to himself, "They're all acting so mysterious and strange. Ugh... I just can't help but wonder what's going on. But no one ever bothers to explain everything to me."

On the other hand, Clara had no idea that her husband had actually ordered someone to stop her car. After she had lunch with Evelyn, they went to the nearby shopping street to look around.

Evelyn bought the things Lilia had requested before handing them to Clara. "I'll leave them to you, Clara. Thank you for your help."

"All in a day's work. It's no trouble. Your lunch break is almost over, right? I'll drive you back to the company."

Evelyn didn't refuse the offer.

Clara drove her back to the company. After making sure that Evelyn walked into the lobby, she finally turned the car around and drove away.

Ten minutes later, Clara was cruising down a road when she heard the car behind her honking loudly. So, she switched to the right lane.

Unexpectedly, the car was still honking at her. A car quickly zipped past her car and shifted into her lane. It gradually slowed down afterward.

Clara frowned immediately. Did a scammer intend to target her?

So, she slowed down as well.

Another car drove next to her. The man sitting in the front passenger seat wound down his window and began yelling at her.

"Stop the car! Hey, you! Stop the car!"

What the hell was going on?

Clara glanced at the man before realizing that the car ahead of her slowed down even more. Since she couldn't switch to another lane, she was forced to apply the brakes and pull over to the side of the road.

The moment she did, the other cars did the same.

Clara waited for the man to come over and knock on her window. Only then did she wind down half of it.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Sorry to disturb you, miss, but Mr. Morris wishes to see you. Please come with me."

The man was Bruce, who was tasked with stopping Clara's car.

"Mr. Morris?" Clara looked at Bruce's car. She didn't see anyone in the backseat. Heck, there weren't even any ghosts sitting there.

"Is it Yohan?" she continued to ask.

She remembered that Yohan's driver had addressed him as "Mr. Morris" this morning.

"Yes, miss."

Since Clara knew Yohan's name, they must know each other.

In that case, why did Yohan insist on meeting up with her so secretly?

"Where is he? Give me an address. I'll drive there. There's no need for you to tag me down like a bunch of robbers."

Since her husband wanted to meet her, he could've just dropped her a message. She'd definitely meet him there.

Oh, wait. She forgot that they didn't exchange their contact numbers.

By the way, how the hell did that husband of hers find out about her location even without the contact information? Moreover, he even arranged for a few cars to stop her! She thought she was about to be robbed in broad daylight!

"May I ask for your last name?" Bruce asked politely.

"Fowler," Clara replied curtly.

"Ms. Fowler, please come with us."

Clara pursed her lips. "Sure thing. Lead the way."

Observing Clara's docile and calm behavior, Bruce grew even more curious about the true nature of Yohan and Clara's relationship.

He had been serving Yohan for five years. Although he might not stick around all the time, he still knew plenty of things about his employer, seeing as he was his personal bodyguard. The thing was, he had no idea how Yohan got acquainted with Clara. In fact, he couldn't remember Yohan meeting up with Clara in the past at all.

Right, Yohan only wanted William to accompany him this morning, so he didn't bring the bodyguards along. Since William was the one reminding Bruce to be polite to Clara, did that mean... something interesting had happened this morning?

Bruce's curiosity had reached its peak. Still, he dared not ask any questions.

Yohan was being a jerk for hiding such big news from the bodyguards. Also, William clearly knew what happened, and yet he never said a word to anyone.

20 minutes later, Clara followed Yohan to the entrance of the presidential suite located on the top floor of Sunville Hotel. She saw three tall and stocky men in black guarding the door. All of them wore equally icy expressions.

The moment they saw Bruce and Clara, one of the men knocked on the door. A moment later, he opened the door and took two steps into the suite.

"Mr. Morris, Bruce is back," he reported respectfully.

Clara had sharp hearing, so she could catch the wisps of the report. That was when she found out Bruce's name.

Soon, the man retreated from the room. He then motioned for Bruce to take Clara into the suite.

Clara followed Bruce into the suite. She glanced around the luxurious suite before pinning her gaze on her new husband, who was seated on the couch.

"Mr. Morris, Ms. Fowler is here."

Yohan hummed in response before waving his hand. Clara didn't know what the gesture meant, but she saw Bruce leaving the suite immediately. It was when she realized the gesture was used whenever Yohan wanted someone to leave.

Once Bruce closed the door behind him, Clara walked to the seat across from Yohan before sitting down. She gazed at him while asking, "Why did you call me here?"

Yohan didn't answer her, nor did he look at her. Instead, he lifted his left wrist to look at the time on his watch.

He didn't have much time to spare for Clara, so he'd have to make it quick.

After looking at the time, Yohan raised his head to see Clara smiling at him. She even raised a hand to wave at him as a form of greeting.

That sight made Yohan tense up. He pursed his lips together firmly.

Should he return his wife's greeting?

Yohan had no idea that Clara wasn't waving at him. She was waving at an old man who suddenly appeared.

To be more accurate, it was his spirit.

Clara was surprised to see the spirit as well. She never expected that the old man's spirit would hide inside Yohan's watch.

The sight of the old man's kind smile made Clara feel very comfortable. The old man even smiled and waved at her. That was why she waved back out of courtesy.