

## Wife 70

### Chapter 70

Arthur was startled by this and asked repeatedly, “Mr. Morris, are you feeling unwell?”

“No, just a routine check–up,” said Yohan.

Arthur finally relaxed after hearing his response. He wanted to ask. more, but Yohan had already hung up..

The night grew quiet.

After finishing her update, Clara shut down her computer. She browsed through the news on her phone, and then went to take a

bath.

Half an hour later, she lay on her big bed, feeling incredibly comfortable. Off to dreamland she went.

Having spent the day outside, she quickly fell asleep. Then she began to dream.

Usually, her dreams were ghostly encounters, with spirits visiting. her dreams to ask her to deliver messages to their loved ones. They treated her like a medium, asking for her help.

Typically, it was the ancestors of Casville who came to her in dreams, and she would help convey their messages.

She couldn’t be of much help to the wandering spirits. *w@w.nerveLW(o)rm.cô@*

Tonight, however, her dream was filled with Yohan’s images. He was staring at her, making her uneasy even in her sleep.

After finally shaking off his gaze, she woke up to find it was

morning. Clara was stunned for a while before coming back to her *@(w)(w).(n)(o)(v)eLWoRm.c@m* senses.

“That damned Yohan Morris. Why’d you stare at me in my dream? Haven’t you seen a beautiful woman before? That guy was staring at me all night, making me nervous even in my dreams.”

After cursing at Yohan several hundred nes, Clara finally went downstairs. She wanted to go for her morning jog.

Nonetheless, she suddenly heard Yohan sneezing continuously while on the stairs. Clara immediately stopped.

“Let me have a look, Mr. Morris. You seem to have caught a cold. Since I arrived, I’ve noticed that you kept sneezing.”

The speaker’s voice was gentle and pleasant. It was Clara’s first time hearing this voice—it was a stranger. Maybe a visitor?

Yohan replied coolly, “Perhaps someone’s cursing me behind my back.”

Clara was speechless. *WW@.@Ov(e)llwórm.cô(m)*

No way. She was just cursing him out earlier, and now he kept sneezing?

Couldn’t it have been a cold? He wouldn’t blame that on her, too, would he?

The gentle voice laughed, “Who’d dare to curse Yohan Morris?”

Yohan remained silent.

Clara guessed that if Yohan actually thought of someone who would curse him, it had to be her.

The family doctor examined Yohan and said, “It looks like everything’s normal, Mr. Morris.”

It wasn’t a cold, nor was it rhinitis.

Could it be that someone was truly cursing at him behind his back, causing him to sneeze repeatedly? *wVWV.noVéLWORM.com*

Yohan asked, “Are you sure? I think I’ve been hearing things lately.”

“You’ve been hearing things?” The family doctor was visibly surprised.

Clara crouched down on the stairs, afraid of being discovered.

“Clara?”

The culprit behind Clara’s constant “talking to herself” suddenly spoke beside her.

Clara turned her head sharply, meeting Daniel’s kindly, smiling face.

“Mr. Morris Senior, are you trying to scare me to death? You-”

Clara quickly covered her mouth to avoid being heard by the men, downstairs. She glared at Daniel, wondering if he was an

especially high–level ghost. Other spirits would disappear at dawn, but he was still around.

Daniel himself didn’t know why he could come and go so freely lately. As long as the environment suited him, he could appear at any time.