

My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

Chapter 1

It was 8 00 am. The sky was dark and heavy with clouds, a sign that a heavy downpour was about to occur.

"Mr. Fowler, bring me my identification documents. I'm going to marry a man today."

Clara Fowler's words stunned her mentor, Mark Fowler, who was in the midst of practicing Aikido.

He turned to look at Clara. She was an abandoned baby he had found while globetrotting. Back then, Clara was on the verge of starving to death. Her skin was filled with red bumps, courtesy of the red ants crawling all over her.

Back then, Mark felt that fate must have brought him and baby Clara together, so he scooped her up and brought her back to Nameless Mountain, where he had been recuperating. He took great care of Clara, and just like that, baby Clara gradually grew up.

When Clara learned how to talk and walk, Mark discovered her peculiarities.

Clara often spoke to the air. Whenever Mark asked her why she did that, she told him she was talking to other children. She even described the features of those said children.

Mark knew a thing or two about mystic arts. He knew right away that the "children" Clara saw were ghosts.

Since Clara didn't seem afraid of them and didn't fall sick, Mark decided to let Clara continue talking and playing with the ghost children. After all, life in the mountains could get boring at times.

He initially thought Clara wouldn't be able to see any ghosts once she got older.

Little did he know that Clara could see ghosts all the time. It didn't matter how old she was or when she saw them—there were even times when she could see them in broad daylight.

It appeared that Clara was blessed with spectral vision. Not only that, but Mark also found out later on that Clara's supernatural foresight was extraordinarily powerful.

Thankfully, Mark and Clara were the only ones living in the mountains. Occasionally, visitors made the trip to the summit just to visit them. During those times, Mark would remind Clara not to bring up whatever she saw to avoid scaring their visitors.

"Clara, you don't even have a boyfriend! How can you marry a man?"

After snapping out of his trance, Mark quickly questioned Clara, "Did you predict something? Or did you see something?"

Clara explained, "Five minutes ago, I suddenly saw myself with a tall man in a black suit going through the marriage registration procedures in City Hall.

"Mr. Fowler, please bring me my documents. I'm going to head down the mountain. I'm sure I'll meet that stranger soon and marry him."

Her supernatural foresight was extremely powerful. The events she foresaw would definitely happen. No one could change the trajectory or the ending. She tried to change the outcome in the past, only to fail miserably.

Since then, Clara had been following fate's arrangements. She no longer tried to change them.

"Stranger?" Mark's expression changed drastically.

He gazed at his student, noting her delicate and beautiful features. Clara was a natural beauty with a pair of enchanting eyes. But sometimes, she could easily frighten others if her gaze were to turn sharp and cold.

Clara was 25 years old. After she graduated from college, she opted to return to Nameless Mountain instead of finding a job in the city.

Nameless Mountain was a place with vibrant greenery and a tranquil atmosphere. It was a great place for one to temper themselves and hone their traits.

The village located at the base of the mountain was developing quite well. Concrete roads were paved throughout the village. Every family had their own car, making it very convenient for them to travel anywhere they wanted.

No one disrupted Mark and Clara, who lived on the summit. Mark was a fortune teller with half-baked abilities. Coupled with Clara's powerful abilities, they resolved some of the biggest problems the villagers faced in the past, earning everyone's respect and admiration.

Mark had been living in the mountains for the past 30 years. Everyone in the village knew him as a secluded old man with insanely powerful abilities. Since he protected the village, it was only natural for the villagers to take care of him and Clara. Of course, they wouldn't destroy the environment of Nameless Mountain, either.

Clara's only two friends knew about her unique abilities. Both friends had jobs in Donford City. They often kept in touch via their phones. Occasionally, Clara would drive into the city to attend gatherings with her friends.

But she never had a boyfriend before.

Clara told Mark that all the young men she met weren't destined to be her future husband. Since that was the case, why would she waste time and effort starting a romantic relationship with them? It would be a waste of time.

That was why her sudden declaration to marry a stranger scared the shit out of Mark earlier.

"Mr. Fowler, I don't have a boyfriend. I'm only getting married today because it'll be a whirlwind marriage."

Mark was dumbfounded. "Clara, is it possible for you to change the outcome?"

He was indeed worried about Clara's marriage prospects, seeing as she was a single 25-year-old woman. But that didn't mean she could just get into a whirlwind marriage!

"Nope."

"Well, what does he look like?"

Mark knew very well that the scenes witnessed by Clara via her supernatural foresight would occur on the same day. That was God's arrangement, after all. Both mentor and student didn't have the capability to go against God's arrangements and rewrite their destinies.

Even though Clara was blessed with spectral vision and supernatural foresight, she was no master of the mystic arts. Although she might have grown up interacting with ghosts, she didn't know how to exorcise them or run a fortune-telling business.

Clara loved spending her days in the mountains writing webnovels. The money she earned from publishing those webnovels would net her at least a few thousand dollars. She'd plant flowers, vegetables, and fruits in her spare time. Thanks to her efforts, the garden outside their cottage was extremely beautiful.

Mark had complained about Clara's low income. He wanted her to find a job in the city.

Clara rebuked him, saying that she couldn't work at any company with souls with unfinished businesses. They made the environment unbearable for her, so she tended to leave those companies quickly.

After switching several companies, Clara decided to give up on working in a corporate setting. That was when she decided to return to the mountains and keep Mark company. Her job as a webnovel writer was just a side gig which could net her enough money to cover her expenses.

Occasionally, Clara would follow Mark into the village and help resolve the villagers' problems. In return, she got to earn some extra income. Both Fowlers had been living in the mountains this whole time without having to worry about food and other basic necessities. Life was great for them as long as they had some savings.

Since Mark and Clara weren't destined to be rich, they wouldn't give up everything just to seek fortune. But if they were bound to get rich in the future, all they had to do was wait for the opportunity to come. As long as they used the opportunity well, a life of riches awaited them.

"I don't know what he looks like."

Mark fell silent at the answer.

Whenever Clara's supernatural foresight was activated, she only got to watch a scene that lasted for a few seconds. After that, the scene would end.

Most of the time, Clara had to search for clues and go through the trial-and-error process after she received hints from her supernatural foresight. Unfortunately, she wasn't the type who could see into the future and get all the answers she wanted.

Ten minutes later, Mark brought Clara her identification documents. "If that man's rotten on the inside, you should get a divorce with him as soon as you find out."

Clara replied, "I'll need to spend some time with him to discover his true nature. I won't hesitate to divorce him if he really is a bad apple."

After Clara received the documents, she stuffed them into her handbag, along with her phone and a few hundred dollars worth of cash.

"I'm heading down the mountains now, Mr. Fowler."

"Alright. Come home soon."

"Okay."

Clara walked to the courtyard and opened the wooden gate. Since the fence was made of logs, it was only natural that the gate be made of wood.

Once Clara left the cottage, Mark tried to read Clara's fortune. Yet, he couldn't yield any results.

Clara's lifestream was a blur. Whenever Mark tried to go through her lifestream, he'd always come up with nothing.

Perhaps his skill level was too low.

Mark did consider taking Clara to seek out the masters of the mystic arts and have them examine her lifestream. But he was also worried about others discovering Clara's unique abilities, which might lead to them manipulating her into committing misdeeds.

In the end, he gave up on that idea.

Clara told him before that humans were meant to live their lives one step at a time. Why bother finding out about how their lives would progress?

So what if they knew what would happen in their lives? Could a human being truly rewrite their destiny and go against God?

Once a person was born, all challenges in his life were already set in stone. He might as well go along with the flow and accept the outcome.

Every life was filled with ups and downs. No one could lead a life filled with only happiness and glory.