

My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

Chapter 12

"He's here, Mr. Powell. What do you need him for?" Clara answered as she walked to open the log gate to let Stuart in.

Once the man entered, he headed straight for the house while calling out, "Mr. Fowler, I need your help."

"What is it?" Mark was eating with one hand and a glass of wine in his other hand. He took a bite of his food, which was instantly followed by a sip of wine. Even when he heard Stuart's somewhat frantic voice, he merely turned his head to give him a glance before continuing with his meal.

"Oh, you're eating. Sorry to interrupt your meal," Stuart said with a forced smile.

Mark was used to the occasional interruption from the villagers who lived at the foot of the mountain. He responded calmly, "Just say what you need."

"Mr. Fowler, my son has been crying non-stop tonight for some unknown reason. Even his mother can't soothe him, and he's refusing to eat. My mother suspects he may have come into contact with evil spirits. I'd like to ask you to come over and see what's wrong with my son," Stuart said.

Stuart's son was very precious to him. So, he looked very worried when he talked about his son.

Clara came in soon after. She asked, "Have you eaten, Mr. Powell? Would you like to join us?"

"Oh no, it's fine. I've already eaten," Stuart replied.

Since he had eaten, Clara didn't bother to get him a plate or cutleries. She walked back to her seat and continued eating her meal.

She could guess why Stuart's son was crying nonstop, but no one asked her, and it was none of her business. If she meddled in everything, Mark wouldn't need to lift a finger or do anything.

"What's your son's birth date and time?" Mark asked.

Stuart disclosed the information Mark wanted right away.

Mark calculated something using his fingers and said, "He is indeed possessed by an evil spirit. I'll give you some charms to be burned and mixed with his bath water. Bathe him with this water for three consecutive nights. I'll give you another one that is to be worn at all times. Also, burn some candles behind your house, and he will stop crying."

Right as Mark's words fell, he put down his wine glass and got up to fetch the charms and candles for Stuart.

"How much should I pay you, Mr. Fowler?" Stuart asked.

"Just pay me whatever you think is appropriate," Mark answered. He didn't specify a price, knowing that he couldn't be greedy in his line of work. He accepted whatever people offered.

Stuart handed a 20-dollar bill to Mark, thanked him, and left in a hurry.

After he left, Clara smirked and said, "His son will likely be weak until he reaches adulthood. It's their karma, which his son has to bear."

Mark glared at her and retorted, "You haven't gone down to check. How do you know it's his daughters causing trouble again?"

Clara replied, "His daughters are full of resentment. Who else would it be if not them? It's all the fault of his parents. Their family's luck won't improve in these two generations due to their heavy sins."

Mark rebuked her, "It's not like you know geomancy or fortune-telling."

"I believe in karma. They've committed so many sins. It's against the law of the heavens if they still prosper and become wealthy." Clara spoke her mind.

"Eat your food," Mark said sternly.

Clara stuffed a piece of potato omelet into her mouth and stopped speaking.

After dinner, Clara reluctantly went down the mountain to Evelyn's house under Mark's repeated urging to fetch her handbag from the car. She then returned to show the marriage license to Mark.

Mark took a good long look at the license and a photo of Yohan. Then, he said, "Divorce him immediately. You hear me? You must divorce him. He's not someone you can handle, and his love luck is incredible. You'll have many rivals in your relationship with him. You're not the type who can handle tricky love rivals. It's best if you get divorced as soon as possible."

From Yohan's face, he had the look of a man who would be wealthy in life and enjoy a long life. It was just that he was unsuitable for his beloved apprentice.

"Yes, sure thing. I'll go to the city tomorrow morning to find him. We'll make another trip to the City Hall to finalize the divorce," Clara responded nonchalantly.

Just like she dared to get married in a flash, she didn't mind a quick divorce either.

Nothing more was said that night.

The following day after breakfast, Mark took his backpack containing his tools and descended the mountain with Clara.

At Evelyn's house, they each drove their own cars. Ever since Clara got her driver's license after coming of age, they no longer traveled in the same car. Mark said it was better this way in case there was an accident—at least one person would survive to handle the aftermath.

Clara agreed that traveling separately was indeed more convenient. She could go wherever she wanted without having to accommodate Mark's schedule.

40 minutes later, Mark pulled over by the roadside. When Clara caught up, he rolled down the window and said, "Clara, you go handle the business with your husband. I'll see Mr. Anderson. Call me if you need anything."

"Alright," Clara replied. Then, she stepped on the gas pedal and sped off.

"She's always in such a hurry," Mark muttered, forgetting that it was Clara who had to speed up to catch up with him the whole way. Mark's car had better specifications, so he was able to drive faster.

Clara made a beeline to the Morris Corporation. Since they had left early, she arrived at the entrance of the Morris Corporation before 8 00 am. The employees were coming in for work in their cars one after another.

Afraid that Evelyn would see her, Clara stayed in her car and parked it far away to avoid attracting attention. Only after seeing Evelyn drive into the Morris Corporation building did she dare to move her car closer so that she could watch out for Yohan's arrival more easily.

Yohan had no idea Clara was here again.

He had a habit of leaving home at 7 45 am. It would take him 15 minutes to get from the villa he was staying to his office. Traffic was usually a bit congested, so he typically arrived at the company around 8 15 am, perfectly avoiding the rush hour in the morning.

There would always be a black BMW that drove in front while Yohan sat in a Maybach behind that car. Another black BMW would trail behind him. His bodyguards rode in the two black BMWs.

Bruce sat in the front passenger seat of the black BMW, so he was the first to spot Clara's car. At this time, all the employees had entered the company. A car that was parked at the entrance stood out like a sore thumb. As Yohan's personal bodyguard, Bruce was highly vigilant and immediately paid attention to that car.

As they drew closer, Bruce recognized the car as the one they had intercepted yesterday based on his excellent memory. He knew that Clara was here.

Bruce instinctively turned his head to look but soon realized that Yohan was in the car behind. He hesitated, unsure whether to inform Yohan that Clara was up to something.

Upon seeing Yohan's car approaching, Clara quickly got out of her car. Yohan's car stopped in front of her as the security guards had just activated the gate switch, and the gate would take several seconds to fully open.

Clara assumed Yohan saw her, so she approached his car and bent down to knock on his car window.

Her knocking startled both William and Yohan. William glanced outside and recognized her. He instinctively turned to look at Yohan, who was in the back seat.