

My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

Chapter 5

Yohan's expression was starting to crumble. He was silent for a moment before shaking his head. "No."

"Then..." Bonnie looked like she was ready to hear some gossip being spilled. She wanted to know how on earth did her new granddaughter-in-law manage to get into Yohan's car and convince him to marry her.

"She overheard our phone conversation. Then... things progressed to this point."

Bonnie was stunned, to say the least. She didn't think things would turn out like that.

A while later, she managed to snap out of her stupor. She asked Yohan, "And you actually went along with it?"

Yohan's expression darkened even more. He didn't want to go along with the now, but Clara had heard everything he said to Bonnie over the phone. She even asked him if he was a man of his word. Of course, he had to make it clear that he always kept his end of the bargain.

After that, Clara told him to register their marriage in a delighted tone. She said something about waiting for God to materialize a husband for her as well.

Yohan was currently plagued by immense regret. To think that he, Yohan Morris, would get manipulated into marrying a woman!

"Grandma, I'm a man of my word."

Bonnie laughed heartily at Yohan's words. She was laughing so hard that she no longer cared about her appearance.

"This is absolutely hilarious! I can't believe this actually happened to you, Yohan! This is what you get for refusing to go on blind dates and insisting on fighting with me!

"You must be happy now, right? After all, you practically skipped all the way to the marriage part! You even have your own marriage license! To think that you were still a single, unwanted man without a girlfriend this morning!"

Yohan glared at Bonnie sullenly. Him being a man of his word was the first reason. The second reason was that he wanted to make things difficult for Bonnie.

Thanks to his stubbornness, he was officially married.

"Where's my granddaughter-in-law? Why didn't she come here with you after the registration?"

Once Bonnie calmed down, she instantly developed a strong interest in Clara.

Yohan replied curtly, "She left after she got the marriage license."

"She didn't ask about your family or your address?"

"Nope." Yohan recalled Clara's attitude. It seemed like she was waiting outside the City Hall. As long as she could get her hands on a marriage license, she could get married to practically anyone.

That thought frustrated Yohan.

"Where is her address, then?" Bonnie asked.

"I don't know."

"Talk about an actual whirlwind marriage..."

Bonnie stared at Clara's photo on Yohan's phone for a moment. "Then again, my granddaughter-in-law's looks are on par with yours. I see a glint in her animated eyes. Overall, she gives off a comfortable feeling.

"Clara Fowler... This is a good name as well. It makes her seem elegant and well-educated. It's good that we know her name. I can launch an investigation on her right now. Wait, no. I can't be the one doing that—you'll have to be the one doing that. She's your wife; you should be the one getting to know her."

Bonnie wanted to order her connections to investigate Clara, but she quickly dispelled that thought. She'd prefer it if Yohan was the one doing the investigating instead.

After all, it would be inappropriate for a husband to not know anything about his wife.

"There's no need for that. We'll be filing for a divorce sooner or later."

Yohan retrieved the marriage license and the phone from Bonnie's hands before stuffing them into his pockets. Then, he returned to his desk.

"You must be satisfied now, right? There's no need to keep urging me to get married anymore. You can now switch targets."

"Don't you dare file for a divorce! You aren't allowed to do that unless you've been married for one full year!"

Bonnie wanted to give Yohan one year to get to know Clara well. If romantic sparks were to fly between them, their marriage would last for a long time. But if they couldn't click at all, they could file for a divorce once the one year was up. That way, their youth wouldn't be wasted on each other.

"When are you going to announce your marriage?"

"What's there to announce? Do you want the mass media to constantly stalk her?"

As the husband, all Yohan knew about his wife was the fact that her name was Clara Fowler. He didn't know anything else about her. Heck, he didn't have her contact number.

Again, what was there to announce?

Bonnie smiled. "So, you're saying that you want your marriage to stay a secret, yes? Do whatever you want, then. Although you two got to know each other via a whirlwind marriage, this is still a work of fate. Only fated people are destined to meet each other again. I'd like to see how long you can keep your marriage a secret."

She picked up her glass and took two sips from it. After setting it down, she rose to her feet.

"You should get on with your work. I'm leaving now."

Yohan didn't even raise his head. "Goodbye, Grandma."

It was almost noon by then. Yohan focused on his work after that. Soon, it was time for lunch.

His home was located 20 minutes away from the company. Most of the time, he never returned home for meals. Instead, he'd drive to Sunville Hotel, which was located five minutes away from the company if he were to travel there by car.

Sunville Hotel was one of Morris Corporation's businesses. It was also one of the most luxurious hotels in Donford City.

William, as well as four professional bodyguards were waiting for him in the lobby. Upon noticing Yohan walking out of the CEO's exclusive elevator, William approached him immediately.

Yohan knew that William had something to say. He glanced at William without stopping in his tracks.

William walked next to him while murmuring, "Sir, Mrs. Morris is here. She's waiting for you at the entrance."

Yohan halted in his tracks immediately. He frowned as he tilted his head to look at William. His gaze was cold and deep as usual.

William felt chills running down his spine. He wasn't the one who summoned Clara here. Why was Yohan staring at him like that?

God, he was so scared that he had cold sweat forming on his back!

He was the only one who got to see Clara back when Clara and Yohan got married. Not even Yohan's personal bodyguards knew of Clara's existence. That was why he had to wait in the lobby just to inform Yohan of Clara's arrival.

"What is she doing here?" Yohan asked coldly. "How did she end up I'm here?"

He and Clara never asked each other any questions related to each other. How on earth did Clara end her way here?

William shook his head. "I don't know. Mrs. Morris is still driving the same car we saw this morning. The car is parked outside the entrance. The moment she got out of the car, she leaned against the hood with her hands in her pockets. She just kept staring at the company while looking very relaxed. I think... she's waiting for you, sir."

Yohan frowned deeply. Suddenly, he was starting to regret his decision.

He regretted marrying a stranger so impulsively. After all, he didn't know anything about her.

Yohan was used to having everything under his control. He didn't like this feeling of helplessness at all.

He thought for a few moments before giving his orders to William. "Drive away from the company later. Just ignore her."

Yohan didn't want everyone to find out that the woman waiting for him outside the company was his wife.

William didn't know what to say.

Yohan just shot William a glare.

Startled, William quickly replied respectfully, "Got it, Mr. Morris."

After that, Yohan strode out of the company. His bodyguards followed suit. William wiped his brow before following them hastily.

It was true that Clara was waiting outside Morris Corporation. But she wasn't waiting for Yohan.

The truth was, she didn't even know that Yohan was the CEO of Morris Corporation. On the way home, she had received a phone call from Evelyn.

Evelyn found out from Lilia that Clara was in the city for the day. So, she called Clara and invited her out to lunch.

Coincidentally, Evelyn was an employee of Morris Corporation. This was the reason why Clara showed up at the company's entrance.