

My Wife, The Ghost Whisperer

Chapter 9

Clara suggested, "Let's keep in contact on WhatsApp."

Yohan instinctively replied, "I'm a slow texter."

"You can always send me voice messages or start an audio call. Don't tell me you don't know how to use WhatsApp."

Yohan went stiff. "I was thinking we should avoid contacting each other whenever possible."

Daniel responded by smacking Yohan on the back of his head. Unfortunately, he had no corporeal form, so Yohan didn't react to the smack. To add insult to injury, Daniel's hand even phased through Yohan's head.

Clara was used to such scenes. She didn't even laugh despite the hilarity.

"My dear granddaughter-in-law, don't listen to that brat! Just contact him if anything comes up and ask for his help. He'll de nitely do it.

"Let me tell you this—this brat has a soft heart despite his prickly exterior. He's a responsible man. Now that he's married you, you are his wife. He won't abandon you for real."

Clara wanted to tell Daniel that she didn't need Yohan's help with anything at all, but she managed to hold her tongue.

"I won't disturb you, Mr. Morris. Time is of the essence to you, right? In that case, can I leave now? I don't want to waste your precious time any longer."

"That's all."

Clara picked up the glass and sipped from it. Then, she set it down and rose to her feet. "I'm leaving now."

Yohan hummed once again. He didn't even get up to walk Clara to the door.

Angered, Daniel smacked Yohan's head again.

That brat! What the hell was up with that attitude of his, huh?

Clara walked out of the presidential suite without looking back. Daniel quickly followed her.

As she walked, she heard him say, "Clara, please don't take Yohan's behavior to heart. That brat's temper has always been this way—he's an arrogant piece of shit! When I was still alive, I felt like beating him up whenever I saw his arrogant attitude."

"Mr. Morris Senior, you doted on him a lot, didn't you? You're just running your mouth," Clara pointed out.

She could tell that Daniel favored Yohan the most.

"Well..." Daniel choked on his words. "His grandmother will de nitely whip him! Just complain to his grandmother; I promise she'll give him a good whooping on your behalf! Ah, right. His grandmother is still alive. Don't worry."

"Mr. Morris Senior, I'm not mad at all. There's no need to beat him up just for my sake."

Clara knew that Yohan's grandmother was still alive. The reason why he decided to get into a whirlwind marriage in the rst place was because of her nagging.

"But... But he was mean to you!" Daniel argued.

Clara smiled. "Mr. Morris Senior, Yohan and I got together via a whirlwind marriage. Before the marriage registration, neither of us knew that the other existed. We were both waiting for God to materialize a spouse for us, that's all. The fact that we become a married couple is purely by coincidence.

"It's normal for him to treat me like that. We only got to know each other for a few hours, after all. If we were to act all lovey-dovey, that'd be abnormal. Would you believe Yohan if he were to confess his love to me?"

Daniel shook his head.

Clara replied, "See my point?"

Daniel fell silent for a moment. Then, he changed the subject. "Clara, where do you live?"

"I live at Nameless Mountain."

"I can tell that it's a place where only those who practice martial arts in seclusion live."

Clara was tickled pink. "Mr. Morris Senior, I'm no martial arts practitioner. I'm just broke."

"You're the lady of the Morris family! How could you be broke? The way I see it, you're a good woman surrounded by great luck! You make a great match with my grandson, that's for sure! If you need money, just let me know. I'll give you all the money in the world."

Daniel had been dead for a few years. Occasionally, he could materialize his corporeal form, but none of his loved ones could see him. That was why no one would talk to him.

It was rare for him to bump into someone who could see him, and she wasn't afraid of him at all.

Daniel had completely forgotten that he was a ghost because of how enjoyable his conversation with Clara was. He even promised her that he'd give her money to survive on.

Clara stopped in front of the elevator. Then, she turned around to look at Daniel in amusement.

"Mr. Morris Senior, the money you'll be giving me is all currency meant for the afterlife. How could I possibly use it? Maybe I'll ask for money from you in about a century or so when I nally visit the afterlife as a ghost."

Daniel grinned sheepishly. "Oh, dearie me! I've completely forgotten I'm dead because of how enjoyable our conversations have been! I'll visit Yohan's dreams tonight and instruct him to give you a black card so that you can spend as much money as you want.

"I'll have you know that Yohan's personal assets have reached over hundreds of billions of dollars! Besides, us Morrises come from old money! Feel free to spend our money without worrying about anything."

"Thank you, Mr. Morris Senior, but I don't need that. I'm used to spending the money that I earn. By the way, you should head back now. Otherwise, you're going to lose your legs."

Clara pointed at Daniel's legs. The parts below his calves were turning transparent because he had strayed too far from the watch. His soul must rely on Yohan's watch to sustain himself.

Clara didn't know the exact reason why, but she wasn't interested at all. She rmly believed that everything had its cause and effect.

As expected, Daniel looked down at his legs. "Holy shit! They are transparent again! Goodbye, Clara!"

After that, he bolted back to the presidential suite. As he ran, his legs started to manifest once again.

When the elevator doors slid open, Clara headed inside. The moment she left, Yohan and the bodyguards strode toward the elevator.

Daniel was already gone by then. He must've returned to the watch.

Bruce looked like he wanted to say something. When Yohan noticed his odd behavior, he turned to shoot him a sharp glance.

Alarmed, Bruce quickly said, "Sir, when Ms. Fowler exited the suite, she seemed to be talking to someone the whole time. She only stopped talking after she entered the elevator."

Yohan's gaze deepened. No one knew what he was talking about.

"Don't you know there's this thing called 'monologuing'?" he questioned.

Bruce fell silent. He had a feeling that Clara wasn't monologuing at all. She sounded like she was talking to another person. But no matter how much he widened his eyes, he couldn't see another person walking with Clara.

Was Clara really talking to herself?

Bruce's words made Yohan recall the time Clara seemed to be talking to someone else while he was pouring her the glass of water. But they were the only ones in the suite, and he didn't even talk to her.

Could it be that Clara had lost her marbles? Did she enjoy talking to herself like a crazy woman?

Once again, Yohan regretted his decision immensely. He regretted trying to ght back against Bonnie and marrying Clara without getting to know her in advance.

Although he could've led for a divorce right away, he knew that Bonnie would start urging him to marry another woman once again when the divorce went through. Honestly speaking, he was very sick of her nagging.

He and Clara had agreed to keep their marriage a secret anyway. He didn't ask her where she lived, and she never bothered asking him the same. They were still strangers who didn't interfere with each other's lives, nor did they plan on disturbing each other. Even if Clara really was a crazy woman, she wouldn't be able to affect him in any way.

If anything, her presence served as a good shield from Bonnie's nagging, too.

Just like that, Yohan instantly forgot all about the regret. Nope, he didn't regret his decision.

He was Yohan Morris, for crying out loud! How could he ever regret his decision? He never regretted anything in life!

After leaving Sunville Hotel, Clara quickly drove back to Nameless Mountain. She still had a 4000-word chapter to churn out, after all.

Maybe she'd be able to reach home sometime past four. If she were to hurry, she could upload a new chapter before dinnertime. That way, she'd get to watch TV while snuggling with her cat at night.

Ahh... What a relaxing life.

Unfortunately, plans were made to be shattered. Clara was stuck in a traf c jam on the way home. By the time she reached the Caddels' house, it was already 6 00 pm.

Lilia was about to fertilize the vegetable patch when she saw Clara's car. Hence, she put down the compost bucket.