

Wife 116

Chapter 116

Shortly after they left, Clara’s phone rang.

Seeing that it was Stuart calling, she had no choice but to answer.

“Clara, why is it that whenever I call your mentor, he’s on another call? Is he dating someone and planning to find a wife?” Stuart snapped at her the moment she picked up the phone.

“Mr. Powell, you could just tell me what you need. My mentor is busy,” Clara replied as she wondered what the old man was doing. Stuart dever seemed to reach him.

“Clara, I tried the method you taught me last night, and Sam managed to sleep soundly without crying. wanted to ask if this method is effective long–term, Stuart explained. $\mathcal{W}_{(w)}\hat{W}_{(n)}\mathbf{O}v\acute{e}l\mathbf{u}_{o\mathbb{I}}\mathbb{M}_{.c\mathbb{O}(m)}$

“It’s not always effective; it might only last a few days. Once they get tired of the toys you burn for them, they’ll start bothering Sam again,” Clara clarified. “If this continues, Sam could get sick. He’s young and $w\mathbf{w}w.r.n\mathbb{O}V\acute{e}l\mathbf{w}\mathbb{O}\mathcal{R}m.C(o)m$

vulnerable. $\mathbf{w}\mathbf{w}\mathbf{w}.\hat{W}_{.ñ\delta}r\acute{e}l\mathbb{O}\acute{o}\mathcal{R}M_{.(c)o}m$

Stuart quickly asked, “Then when will Ms. Fowler be back?”

“I planned to return tonight, but now I can’t say for sure. If you’re in a hurry, you might want to ask someone else for help.” Clara answered.

“Why don’t you send me your address? I can bring Sam to the city to see you and have Ms. Fowler help my son.” Stuart treasured his only son like a precious gem.

“My mentor needs to go to your house in the evening to help. Mr. Powell, please find someone else to help your son and hold on for a bit.”

Clara didn’t want to help Stuart. But she felt sorry for Sam, who was innocent. Those spirits also needed to be released.

“Alright then.” Stuart hung up the phone.

Yohan had been listening to Clara’s conversation the entire time.

When Clara put her phone back in her pocket and noticed Yohan staring at her, she said, “My mentor is in this field. I may not understand everything, but I’ve heard enough to talk about it confidently.

“Clara, do you believe in ghosts?” Yohan asked.

“I do.” She had grown up with spirits around her.

Yohan replied, “That’s superstition. There are no ghosts in this world.”

“You may believe there are no ghosts, but you can’t expect me to think the same way. If I believe in them, they exist to me, Clara snapped.

At this point, Clara remembered Yohan had called her a freak last night.

“Do you think I’m acting up again?” she asked.

Yohan remained silent.

He felt sorry for what he had said last night. He was only concerned about her; if she had a problem, he wanted her to get help sooner.

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He would cover the medical expenses since she was now his wife.

The two of them walked toward the backyard.

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The backyard was quiet, It was designed like an ancient garden. As soon as Clara entered, she was captivated by the garden.

She had completely forgotten about Yohan.

She took out her phone and snapped pictures from different angles.

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Yohan wanted to stop her from taking photos; he didn’t allow anyone to take pictures in his villa. He afraid of them posting the photos online, which could potentially expose his privacy.

However, seeing Clara so excited about taking plotures, he swallowed back the words he wanted to say.

No one she knew could have been to his villa. Even if she posted it online, no one would recognize it as his home. $\hat{W}_{\mathbb{O}}\mathbb{O}_{.n\mathbf{o}v\acute{e}l\mathbf{w}\mathbb{O}(r)\mathbf{m}_{.co}\mathcal{M}}$

Their only mutual acquaintance was Evelyn, a mid–leve employee at Morris Corporation who hadn’t earned the right to visit the boss’ house.

However, Clara had no intention of posting the pictures online. She simply enjoyed the garden–like scenery.