

## Wife 149

Chapter 149

Just then, Clara’s phone rang.

She said to Mark, “Mr. Fowler, my phone’s in my handbag. Can you answer it for me? It’s probably a call from the Clays.”

Following her instructions, Mark took her handbag and pulled out her phone. “It’s the son calling.”

He answered the call.

“Ms. Fowler, are you coming over tonight?” Bond’s voice trembled with anxiety. The entire family was gathered in the brightly lit hall. They were too scared to move around for fear of encountering the ghost again.

“We’re on our way. We should be there in about an hour.”

The Clay residence was quite far from the city. Given that the duo had left from the city, it would take them over an hour to get there.

“That’s good to hear. Mr. Fowler, is there anything we need to prepare for you?”

“No, we mainly need to communicate with the bridesmaid tonight. We’ll let you know if we need anything.” [www.novélw0r\(m\).Com](#)

Bond was surprised but didn’t dare to ask further.

They had tried various exorcists without success. Liam had vouched

for Mark’s skills, so they were placing all their hopes on him.

“If there’s nothing else, we’ll discuss it further when we arrive.”

“Okay.”

Mark ended the call and put the phone back in the handbag. He turned to Clara and said, “Clara, now that you’re the lady of the Morris

family, you should get a better handbag.”

“I’m just a figurehead. My husband doesn’t even give me an allowance. The only benefit I get is saving money on rent, utilities, and meals,” Clara replied.

Mark was rendered speechless.

An hour later, Clara’s car slowly pulled up to the Clay residence. Upon hearing the noise, everyone from the Clay family rushed out to greet

them.

Mark got out of the car first and was warmly welcomed and escorted inside by the Clays.

Clara parked the car, grabbed her handbag, and got out. As soon as she did, she saw a figure in white standing on the roof of the Clay [www.n0Vélw0RM.coM](#)

residence.

It was the spirit of the bridesmaid who had fallen to her death on the wedding day, Jessie Taylor. [www.n0vèlw0\(r\)M.©.Om](#)

The last time Clara visited, Jessie didn’t make an appearance, but she knew the Clays had hired another exorcist. The Clays’ actions seemed to have angered Jessie, leading to her making nightly appearances and scaring them senseless.

At this moment, Jessie stood on the rooftop, staring coldly at Clara.

Clara didn’t immediately speak to her. She calmly walked into the

house.

Once inside, Clara sat down next to Mark and whispered, “The spirit is

on the rooftop.”

That was where Jessie had fallen.

Mark nodded at her words. [WŴW.n0VèlWor\(m\).Com](#)

At that moment, all the lights in the house suddenly went out,

plunging everything into darkness. Instantly, screams echoed.