

## Wife 61

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### Chapter 61

Bailey sneered, “Go ahead and sell th house. You’ll end up

wandering the streets. We don’t want your house, so sell it if you want. It’s none of our concern.

“But let me make this clear. Don’t think you can stay with us once. you sell it and have nowhere to live. Even if you sleep outside my supermarket, I won’t let you stay here!”

“Everyone knows your true colors by now. I’m not afraid of what people might say. I say what I mean, and I mean what I say!”

Ruby parted her lips, wanting to argue, but no words came out.

At this point, Mark couldn’t stand it any longer. He was at a loss for how to mediate.

Ruby’s mistakes were egregious. She had a good hand but had played it terribly.

She caused the deaths of Louie and Noel and strained her relationship with Allen and Bailey to the breaking point. As Bailey put it, their relationship was beyond repair. This wound would remain in Bailey’s heart even after Ruby’s death.

Mark stood up and addressed Allen and Bailey. “Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, you’ve been far from disrespectful. At least you’ve ensured that she won’t starve. I agree with your decision to withhold any additional financial help.”

Turning to Ruby, he said, “You reap what you sow.

“Mr. Anderson, I’m afraid we can’t help you further. I’m just a fortune–teller and exorcist. I can’t solve your sister’s problems. You’ll need to seek someone more capable. We’ll see ourselves

out. Clara, let’s go.”

Mark led the way downstairs. Clara followed him closely.

Seeing that, Liam hurriedly followed them down.

He pulled out a money envelope that had been prepared in advance as a thank you for a successful mediation. wŴŴ.πO(v)el©óRm.čom

Although Mark hadn’t managed to mediate successfully and had even given up on trying, Liam still felt that Mark deserved something for his effort. He pressed the envelope into Mark’s

hands.

“There’s no need for this, Mr. Anderson. I couldn’t help Ms. Anderson, so there’s no need for a reward.” Mark refused to accept

the money.

However, Liam was insistent. He shoved the envelope into Mark’s hands, and when Mark tried to return it, Liam stuffed it into Mark’s

backpack. After a brief struggle, Mark reluctantly accepted the

money. wŴŴ.πO(v)(e)ⓁW(o)ŕ(m).com

It wasn’t something he had asked for. He just couldn’t resist Liam’s persistence.

After that, Mark and Clara left the town.

By the time they returned to Sunville Hotel, it was already noon.

“Where should we eat, Mr. Fowler?” Clara asked.

“Let’s just get takeout. We can manage with under 20 bucks for the two of us,” Mark replied.

Clara teased, “Mr. Fowler, you just received money but won’t even buy me a meal.”

“I’ll pay for the takeout. That’s practically buying you a meal,” Mark

replied.

“Penny–pincher,” Clara grumbled.

As they were about to enter the hotel, Yohan’s fleet of cars arrived,

As the CEO of Morris Corporation, Yohan dined at Sunville Hotel almost daily, except on weekends. The hotel always reserved at few parking spots for him in their small lot. Ŵ©w.moveℓW©Rm.co©

So, Mark and Clara saw Yohan’s fleet right outside the hotel.

Mark didn’t realize it was Yohan’s car. His eyes were fixed on the sleek, high–end Maybach, unable to look away.

Men loved cars. Mark was no exception.