

## Wife 92

### Chapter 92

It felt as if after Clara and Yohan were married, an invisible force was constantly arranging for them to meet, even giving them

opportunities to be alone together.

This time, the client introduced by Liam was from a village on the outskirts. Clara and Mark drove over an hour to reach the village. They called the client at the phone number provided by Liam.

After getting the exact location, they drove a few more minutes and finally arrived at the client's house.

The client and his son were waiting by the roadside. When they saw Mark, they greeted him with smiles. **Www.novèLw0r(m).C0m**

As Mark got out of the car, the father and son approached and called out respectfully, "Mr. Fowler."

Mark nodded. He had a reputation in Donford City, and it was important to maintain the demeanor of a reclusive exorcist in public. Only his apprentice knew his true skills.

The client's name was Clyde Clay. Standing at the Clays' home entrance, Mark observed the house. It was a three-story self-built residence, clean and newly decorated. The wedding wreath on the door indicated that they had celebrated a wedding within the past year.

Under the guidance of the Clays, Mark and Clara entered the house.

The moment they stepped inside, Mark felt a chill in the air. Despite the bright sunshine outside, the interior was oddly cool, and there wasn't even a fan running.

"It's so cold in here," Mark remarked.

Clyde replied, "It used to be quite warm. But it's been uncomfortably cold for the past six months."

Clara, who wasn't familiar with auspicious energy or home layouts, understood that this coldness was not natural but a sign of **WwW.N0VEll(w)0rm.C0m**

excessive negative energy in the house. **WwW.(n)0vre(1)W0rMl.0m**

Without knowing what had happened at the Clays' household, she could only follow Mark's lead and act as if she was observing.

After surveying the house, Mark sat down in the living room. The Clays quickly prepared coffee and some snacks to entertain them.

The Clays were quite a small family. Clyde had a son and a

daughter. The son, who was 28, had recently married. His wife was from a neighboring village. Meanwhile, the daughter had just graduated from college and was currently unemployed. She stayed at home and was relying on her family.

After they had coffee, Clyde said, "Mr. Fowler, my son is a

technician. He works for Mr. Anderson and is highly valued by him. We heard about your reputation and skills through Mr. Anderson, so we asked him to introduce you to us. We're hoping you can help us with our problem."

With that, Clyde fell silent.

Mark understood that the Clays didn't really know him and was trying to gauge his skills.

Now that Mark and Clara had walked around the house, they were waiting for them to identify the issue and address it. This way, they could find out whether Mark was really capable.

Mark had encountered this type of situation many times before. He calmly set down his cup and said, "There seems to be an issue with your house. Has someone died here?" **wWw.N0ve(1)(w)0rm.c0m**

Even though his skills weren't extraordinary, he had a good sense of such things, given his experience in the field. The cold and

oppressive atmosphere in the house was a clear sign of excessive negative energy.

As soon as Mark spoke, Clyde's son nodded vigorously.

He had guessed correctly. Someone had indeed died there.

Mark continued, "This person must have died suddenly. Did you choose an inauspicious date to get married? Besides, there are some issues with the house. All these problems can lead to accidents and untimely deaths."

The Clays' attitude toward Mark changed when they heard that. They believed in his abilities now.

Meanwhile, Clara secretly criticized her mentor for being a fortune teller. He was adept at reading people and making educated guesses, often leading clients to reveal everything.

This was how he made a living and supported her. Even though she thought it was a bit of a trick, she knew better than to expose him.