

Wife 150

Chapter 150

The Clay family members scrambled up and huddled behind Mark.

Clyde, his voice trembling, said, “Mr. Fowler, here’s the deal—for the past two nights, all the lights in our house have gone out for no reason, and then this lady ghost shows up.”

Once the ghost had left, the lights would come back on. *www.noVEL@orM.cOm*

The Clay family had already been spooked two or three times. Every time the lights flickered off, they were practically ready to bolt. *www.noVEL@orM.cOm*

“Don’t worry,” Mark said confidently. “I’ll send my apprentice to check things out first. You should all stick with me. As long as I’m around, that ghost isn’t going to touch you.”

Mark, with the air of someone who’d seen it all, assured the Clay family that a mere ghost was nothing he couldn’t handle.

“Clara, you take care of the ghost,” Mark said with a commanding tone. “If you need backup, just yell. I’m bringing them outside for now.

Mark gave Clara instructions and then ushered the Clay family out into the night. The Clay family fled like startled rabbits.

Before long, Clara was the only one left in the house.

Clara fumbled with her phone, turning on the flashlight to guide her up the stairs. As she rose, she froze, spotting the ghost of the bridesmaid standing a few feet away. Her eyes were locked onto Clara’s with a chilling stare.

The ghost was clad in a once beautiful white bridesmaid’s dress. It was now stained with blood, making the once–pure gown now a grotesque blend of red and white. Her head, injured from a fatal fall, added to the macabre scene.

The bridesmaid was undeniably beautiful. If it weren’t for her disheveled hair and the gruesome injuries, Clara might have even complimented her looks.

The ghost began to move toward Clara.

“I can see you and hear you,” Clara said, trying to keep her voice steady. “If you have any grievances, let me know. I

ere to help.”

The ghost paused, studying Clara with an icy gaze. After a moment, she asked, her voice laced with bitterness, “Aren’t you the exorcist the Clay family hired to deal with me?”

“I’m hired by the Clay family, but I’m not an exorcist,” Clara replied.

The bridesmaid’s sudden, eerie laughter echoed through the house, chilling everyone outside. The ghost’s laugh was deliberate, a cruel trick meant to unnerve the Clay family, who, after being tormented for so long, were already on edge and could hear her malevolent amusement all too clearly.

“So, you can’t exorcise ghosts,” the bridesmaid said with a mocking edge. “The Clay family probably didn’t expect to hire two frauds, did they?”

Her words carried outside, and the Clay family’s faces drained of color.

Clyde grabbed Mark’s arm, panicking. “Mr. Fowler, are you saying you’re frauds?”

Mark responded with a calm demeanor, “My apprentice can’t exorcise ghosts. I never claimed she could.”

The Clay family was left speechless.

Clara turned to the ghost with a gentle tone. “Miss, may I ask your name?”

We sit

She continued softly, “Can down and talk? I want to understand how the Clay family wronged you. They didn’t give us the full story.. Honestly, I didn’t want to come tonight, but knowing you met such an unjust end and that you’re trapped in your anger, I thought it was important to try and help.”

“I know the Clay family isn’t being truthful,” Clara continued softly.” You were a good person, trusting your best friend and genuinely wishing her well by being her bridesmaid. Instead, you were betrayed and met a tragic end. Your anger is completely understandable.

“But holding onto that hatred won’t bring you the justice you seek. Tell me what happened. Why did you fall? What did they do to you? If you have any evidence, I can help you get justice and ensure they’re held accountable.”

The bridesmaid stared at Clara, her ghostly eyes searching for

sincerity.

“You can try to trust me,” Clara continued gently. “I can’t exorcise ghosts. Even though my mentor is outside, you don’t need to worry about him. He’s a man of great integrity and would want to help you,

too.

“Miss, I want to help you resolve this and guide you to move on so you can find peace and be reincarnated. In your next life, be wary of whom you trust. Sometimes, people can be even more frightening. than ghosts.”

“By the way, I’m Clara Fowler,” she said calmly. *WWW.noVEL@orM.cOm*

“And you don’t scare me,” Clara continued. “I’ve encountered plenty of ghosts, some far more frightening than you. I’m immune to fear, so you can’t harm me. Even if you appear, you’re just a phantom.

Exhausting yourself to make the Clay family’s lights go out must have taken a lot out of you, didn’t it?”

Clara made it clear that ghosts couldn’t actually harm her.

Chptr 150

Those who claimed to have been strangled by ghosts were really just terrified.

Since childhood, Clara had possessed (w)(w)@.N@O@EI@oRm.c(o)m

? rare ability to see ghosts.

No matter how terrifying a specter might have looked, she had seen it all. Over the years, she developed a kind of immunity to fear, meaning she was never frightened to the point of death by any ghost.

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