

Wife 17

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“Are you heading over to Sunville Hotel for lunch now, Mr. Fowler? Is it going to be easy to handle Mr. Anderson’s request?” Clara asked.

Mark replied, “I made a reading for his sister. Taking her astrological house into account, it is indeed true that she would be suffering in her later years, but she doesn’t seem to be plagued by malevolent forces. I also took a look into her son’s and daughter–in–law’s astrological houses. Their fates seem alright, except for the fact that they’ll have two sons, but only one is fated to survive.

“I asked Mr. Anderson about it, and he finally said that his nephew first had a daughter and a son. Later on, the son drowned when he was three, and his nephew got another son who is now seven.”

Clara asked, “Since there are no malevolent forces involved, why would the request take a few days to handle?”

Mark even made the trip to the city for it. *wuw.No(v)E(1)wôRM.com*

“Mr. Anderson wants me to help mediate the situation between his sister and nephew. He said that they’d heard of me. His nephew operates a supermarket that’s doing pretty well.

*Also, Mr. Anderson trusts me so much that he even gave me an envelope of cash as an advance when we first met. I snuck into the washroom and found a grand total of 3,888 dollars! He even said that once I smooth things over between his sister and nephew, he’ll give me more.”

Chuckling, Mark continued, “All we have to do on this trip is say a few words, and we’ll be getting thousands in payment. We can even hang out in the city for a few days. As you know, my trips to the city in the past have always been rather rushed. I haven’t had the chance to enjoy the city yet.” *www.nOvElWor@.Có@*

Clara reminded, “Mr. Fowler, when you meet up for the mediation, remember to ask Mr. Anderson’s nephew how his first son drowned. See if it had anything to do with his mother. It couldn’t have happened for no reason at all.”

“Yes, I got it. I’ll ask him. I thought about it too, but when I asked Mr. Anderson, he changed the subject, That only confirms the fact that the boy’s death has something to do with his sister,” Mark replied.

“Therefore, I figured that once I find out what really happened, I’ll see whether the relationship is mendable. If it isn’t, I’ll just forego the additional payment from Mr. Anderson.”

The first payment was compensation for Mark making the trip. He also did readings for Liam’s sister, nephew, and niece–in–law, so he felt completely justified in accepting the money. In any case, he wasn’t the one who asked for nearly four thousand in payment, Liam was the one who offered it.

“By the way, I asked Mr. Anderson about Yohan, but he said he doesn’t know Yohan. When I asked him who the CEO of Morris Corporation was, he said he wasn’t in a position to deal with that company, so he never met the CEO before. All he knows is that it belongs to the Morrises, the richest family in Donford City,” Mark said.

“However, he did say that the CEO of Morris Corporation had an illegitimate son. It was a huge scandal over 20 years ago, and many people knew about it. Clara, are you sure Yohan is the CEO of Morris Corporation?”

Before Clara could reply, Mark sighed, saying. “This is the major flaw of an impromptu marriage. You guys know nothing about each other. Look at you. You don’t even know who he is, how big his family is, or where they live.”

Clara said nothing. This was to be expected after getting married like that.

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“Let’s not talk about this right now. I’ll send you a location. Do you want to head to Sunville Hotel with me, or do you want to go over there by yourself?” Mark asked.

“It’s only a little past 10:00 am right now. Are we having lunch already?”

“Lunch is at noon.”

“I’ll head over at 11:30 am,” Clara said. “I’ll wait a little longer. Maybe Yohan really is busy. Once he’s done, I’ll call him again and talk to him.” *W(w)w.ÑØ(v)êLwστM.cOm*

Mark hummed in acknowledgment.

“Mr. Fowler, if Yohan truly doesn’t want a divorce, I’ll maintain the status quo with him. Please don’t make any more comments about the marriage.”

Turning bright red, Mark retorted, “Whatever. It’s your life. I can’t interfere, and I don’t want to either. You can decide for yourself.”

With that said, he hastily ended the call.

When the meeting ended, Yohan, Chuck, and Justin returned to Yohan’s office.

Once again, Yohan’s phone started ringing. Someone was calling him. *wuw@.noVelWorm.com*