

Wife 50

Chapter 50

As soon as they got out of the car, Mark whispered, “Clara, can you see if there are any wandering spirits around?”

When he did a reading for Ruby earlier, he didn’t notice anything unusual.

“Mr. Fowler, it’s broad daylight, and the sun is shining so brightly now. We wouldn’t see any spirits. They don’t come out to sunbathe.”

Spirits could be seen during the day, depending on the circumstances. However, with the sun so high, no ghost would be out in the open.

“I believe Ms. Anderson’s issues have nothing to do with spirits.”

Mark paused for a moment and then said, “If we find any problems, we can come back tonight.”

“Okay,” Clara agreed. *©ww.novreI(w)@(!)(m).cóm*

In their previous cases, if they detected issues, they would go out at night to help their clients resolve them.

After their little talk, they walked toward Ruby’s house.

Ruby greeted Mark with a warm smile. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Fowler, Please, come inside.”

She had heard of Mark’s reputation as a skilled exorcist. Allen and Bailey had also heard of his fame and trusted him.

Liam had told her that Mark would help identify the problem. He would mediate her relationship with Allen and Bailey if there were no supernatural issues.

Ruby didn’t have high demands. She just wanted Allen and Bailey to let her live with them, pay her medical bills, and ensure she had food *ww©.NoVell©orm.čoM*

on her table

As she aged, she feared dying alone at home with no one knowing. This fear made her desperate to live with Allen and Bailey.

However, they refused to let her move in or care about her well-being. Even after the neighborhood association president tried to mediate, nothing changed.

Bailey even said that anyone who felt sorry for Ruby could take her home and care for her.

Everyone could offer sympathy, but no one wanted to take in an elderly, ailing woman with no blood relation to them.

Clare followed them inside.

-The house was a mess, with items scattered everywhere and a dirty *wŴw.n©vë(!)worm.čo(m)*

floor emitting a foul odor.

Katrina stood by the door, likely due to her disdain for Ruby’s unkempt home.

Mark took out his divining rods from his backpack and started to walk around the house, putting on a show.

Clara followed behind him while looking around casually.

Liam was making coffee, so he had Ruby lead Mark and Clara around the house.

Ruby eagerly showed them around without being prompted. When they reached her bedroom and opened the door, it revealed a poorly lit room, even in broad daylight.

As the door opened, the first thing they saw was a black-and-white photo of an old man hanging on the wall.

Clara stared at the old man in the photo.

“This is my late husband, Noel McLeod. He passed away a few years

ago. Since then, my son Allen and his wife Bailey have been treating me poorly.

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They refuse to let me live with them, won’t feed me, and don’t gi me any money. Allen is a little better. Occasionally, I can get around 20 bucks from him, but that’s about it.

“Bailey controls all the money. I told Allen he was foolish. As a grown man, he has only 20 bucks on him. His own mother has no food on the table, and he’s powerless to help. I must have been blind to have him marry such a vicious woman!”

At the mention of Bailey, Ruby’s face twisted in anger as she cursed

her.

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