

## **Eight Uncles 1303**

### [Chapter 1303 Leaving the Sorrow Behind](#)

The Mortal World.

Bettany held Jean's hand and said, "I know that you can't stay here forever. When it's time to go back, just go. I'll be fine."

Jean knelt on the ground, resting her head on Bettany's lap, and cooed, "But I don't want to leave."

Bettany smiled. "Don't trouble Lilly too much. Sometimes, using connections and seeking favors is within the realm of human relationships, but you also have to consider whether you'll bring trouble to others. If too many people ask for favors, it can be burdensome."

Even if the one asking for favors was a family member, certain etiquette had to be followed, and principles had to be upheld. Jean's nose felt a bit stuffy, and she knew that Bettany acted normal every time she sent Lilly away, but she understood more than anyone.

"Mom, don't worry. It's not Lilly pulling strings for me. It's Blake." Jean tilted her head, her chin resting on Bettany's knee, and continued. "He... he's quite capable, even more so than Lilly."

Bettany nodded. "Oh, in that case, stay a few more days."

Blake, who had just come to call Jean back, raised an eyebrow. Hmm, his maternal granddaughter is family, while I'm just an outsider!

However, when he heard Jean say that he was very capable, his mood improved significantly. He said, "She's alone... out there and I'm worried. It's better for her to come back sooner."

Jean thought about it and agreed. Last time, she heard the father-daughter duo say that there was a major traitor in the underworld, as written on Emperor Greenbow's Stone Scroll. But after all this time, there had been no sign of this individual. No matter how one looked at it, it was unsettling.

Bettany chimed in. "Then we should go back quickly!"

With some time passed, she felt somewhat relieved. Her seventh son had gone down, and with Lilly taking care of him, she didn't have to worry too much. Plus, her son had sacrificed himself for the country, dying a heroic death. She wasn't afraid he wouldn't reincarnate into a good life. That was already good enough, wasn't it?

Bettany continued to nag. "Quinnie's baby bump is starting to show. Didn't you all discuss coming back for Jonas' wedding in spring? By then, you can return together with Lilly."

Jean nodded. "Yeah!"

Bettany continued. "Quinnie doesn't know if it's a boy or a girl yet... I need to start preparing clothes now. Matt's clothes from when he was little can still be worn."

Jean couldn't help but laugh. "Mom, buy new ones! Our family can afford it!"

Bettany tapped her forehead, saying somewhat exasperatedly, "Do you understand anything? Newborns should wear their older siblings' hand-me-downs. Haven't you heard that hand-me-downs are better for newborns? The scientific explanation is that old clothes have been washed and sun-dried so many times, there's no residual formaldehyde on them. Newborn skin is delicate, and wearing old clothes is the most comfortable for them."

Jean agreed. "You're right, Mom! Why didn't we prepare old clothes for Matt when he was little?"

Bettany's face carried a smile as she replied. "That's because there was too much of a generation gap between him and his older siblings. Their clothes were all turned into bed sheets by me."

Converting baby clothes into bed sheets was a practical and meaningful way to reuse them without wasting anything. Drake, Josh, Zackary, and Hannah all had their own bed sheets made from old baby clothes. Bettany's only regret was that she couldn't do the same for Lilly.

The mother and daughter cuddled together, exchanging many family stories. After dinner, Blake took Jean back to the underworld, only to find that Lilly was missing.

Pablo sat behind the judge's seat, engrossed in correcting something, with a weakling spirit assisting him. He sorted out long scrolls, placed them in the storage room in chronological order, and continued correcting the next set of documents.

"Where's Lilly?" Blake inquired.

Pablo replied while still writing. "She went out to have fun with Crawford Ancestor and Cloud."

Jean and Blake exchanged puzzled glances.

"Out to have fun? Then why didn't you go with her?" Blake was a bit surprised because Pablo usually stuck close to Lilly.

Pablo raised his head and said helplessly, "Someone has to stay home and handle the work, right?"

The weakling spirit chimed in with a gentle smile. "Exactly. She shouldered so much responsibility. It's only right for her to go out and enjoy herself. With us here, you don't need to worry."

Pablo suddenly looked at Blake and suggested, "Emperor Blake, why don't you handle this instead? I think you're more suited to be sitting here and be the judge for the spirits who arrive at the Hell Ruler

Palace.”

Pablo stood up, and the weakling spirit followed suit, their eyes gleaming. Yes, this way, they could go and have fun with Lilly! Blake was just about to sit back down when he heard these words. Without even touching the seat, he grabbed Jean and immediately left.

"After all, I'm not very familiar with the procedures! It's better for you to handle it, Judge Belmont!" With that, he vanished in a flash of golden light, not giving Pablo and the weakling spirit a chance to respond.

They were both rendered speechless.

You act all high and mighty, taking your sweet wife out while leaving us here to be working our life away!

Eight thousand miles away from the underworld.

Jean, feeling a bit uneasy, said, "Aren't we losing a bit of our morals here?"

Blake raised an eyebrow, his lips curling as he replied. "Being amoral makes me happy.”

Jean burst into laughter, her eyes turning into the shape of a crescent in the process. "Exactly, exactly, you're right! Well said! Our worldviews are totally aligned!"

She and Blake linked arms, giggling together, feeling incredibly light without the burden of conscience.

"Let's go find our daughter!" Jean's excitement was palpable.

Blake looked at the hand resting on his shoulder and then at Jean, who was practically levitating next to him. She'd even do that just so she could hold his shoulders. Blake couldn't help but chuckle, allowing Jean to continue her playful antics.