

Eight Uncles 141

Chapter 141 You Need To Get Laid

Priscilla felt more upset than humiliated, because all five men rejected her.

In her mind, five dashing knights fell out with the princess because of a tiny misunderstanding. They all left the castle. As the princess cried and chased after them, she took a tumble and passed away. The five knights returned and regretted their decision for eternity.

This is so sad.

Priscilla cried all the way home. Shawn, who had been waiting for her, pulled her into his embrace.

“Why didn’t you pick up my call?”

Priscilla sobbed even louder. “Shawn, is it really my fault? I didn’t mean it... Why did the principal fire me? And the Crawfords won’t forgive me either.”

“No, it’s not your fault. There, there.”

While Priscilla wept, she caught a glimpse of her vulnerable but attractive face in the mirror. Yet the one hugging her now could not be more ordinary looking. She used to think that Shawn was handsome, but now that she had met Anthony and Blake, Shawn looked... bland. Priscilla thought she could do better than Shawn. A girl like her should be held in the arms of Anthony or Blake. She shoved Shawn away and ran out.

“Peachy!” Shawn gave chase, but he couldn’t find her in the corridor. Frantically, he summoned an elevator and went down. In the dim stairwell, Priscilla came out. She whimpered,

“I’m sorry, Shawn. We are not meant to be together.”

With her broken heart, Priscilla went to Flynn’s place.

“Peachy?” Flynn was surprised to see her.

Priscilla looked at Flynn’s ordinary face. She felt even worse. But either way, it was too late to go anywhere. She would just spend the night crying at Flynn’s place before leaving him tomorrow.

Oh, her miserable life!

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Inside Lilly’s room, Bettany applied a cold compress on Lilly’s forehead.

“I can do it,” Blake volunteered. He felt bad bothering an elderly woman at night.

Bettany just glared back. “Shut up.”

Lilly lay obediently and allowed Bettany to treat her bruise. “Grandma, I’m okay.”

“You too. Shut up.”

Both the father and the daughter were silenced.

“Ahem,” Blake coughed. “Lilly, do you want to listen to a story?”

Blake grabbed the few storybooks on the table.

Lilly raised her hand immediately. “Fan-fictions, please. I want one that has something called a harem. Like a girl who makes babies with two boyfriends.”

It took Blake and Bettany a while to process what they just heard.

“Blake!” Bettany hollered. “What kind of stories do you read to Lilly?”

Blake felt wrongly accused. He would never show Lilly those kinds of materials.

Lilly looked at Pablo. “What’s wrong with that, Pablo?”

Bettany couldn’t see who Lilly was talking to.

Pablo was left speechless. He was talking about cheesy fan-fiction. Not PG18 materials. That said, both were equally awful.

“It’s okay. Let’s forget about it,” said Pablo wryly.

Lilly pouted. She knew it. Her good-for-nothing mentor was teaching her nothing good again!

Lilly turned to Bettany. “Never mind. I want to listen to 100 Floors Under Water.”

Blake was relieved to hear that. He took out the storybook. “Sure. Once upon a time...”

In a kid’s bedroom, the daredevil, Blake, was telling Lilly a story. It was a rare sight. Bettany left the room quietly. As she exited the room, her legs felt funny. Ever since Lilly gave her legs a massage, Bettany could move part of the muscles. She tried to get up, to no avail. With a shake of her head, she mocked her own wishful thinking.

Inside the room, Blake sat beside Lilly and came up with the story on the spot. He had a husky and soothing voice. Before long, Lilly fell asleep. Blake put down the storybook and watched Lilly, affection in his eyes.

“Goodnight, my angel.” Blake then kissed Lilly’s forehead.

He was grateful for Lilly. He only lamented that he couldn’t be there when she was born. But it didn’t matter anymore. From now on, he would stay by her side. Blake tucked Lilly in gently and walked toward the balcony out of reflex.

Polly, who was asleep, woke up and made way for Blake. It cocked its head, “Wanna sleep next to me, Blake?”

Blake’s face twitched. Who in his right mind would sleep next to a parrot?

Blake flicked the parrot’s head jokingly. “You need to get laid.”

Blake closed the glass door leading to the balcony before leaving the room. In her dream, Lilly caught the harem spirit. Her jar of soul was almost full.

Meanwhile, Pablo pulled his hair while looking through his booklet. “This can’t be it. Where is she?”

Indeed, where was Jean?

Chapter 142 Omens

Priscilla was all energized after bawling her eyes out the previous night. Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she gave herself a pep talk. "You can do this, Peach. You are the best girl in this world. And no one can tell you otherwise."

Flynn walked in with a food tray. When he saw Priscilla giving herself a pep talk, he smiled. "You are so adorable, Peachy. Stay with me, please?"

Priscilla looked at him with sadness. "I can't, Flynn. I truly wish to wake up like this every day. You'll make me breakfast. I'll give you a child. And when you go to work, I'll make sure the house is tidy. I'll wait for you to come home with the child."

"Then stay." Flynn grabbed Priscilla with his arms. His voice was shaky. "I will work hard to give you the life you deserve."

Priscilla shook her head. "What about Shawn then? He is depressed. I am the only reason why he breathes. If I leave him, he'll kill himself. I love you, Flynn. I truly love you. But I cannot be so selfish. I cannot let him die."

It was very impressive how Priscilla came up with such a cheesy plot in an instant.

"Forget me, Flynn," uttered Priscilla dejectedly.

"I will talk to him now." Flynn held Priscilla closer.

"No! What if that was enough to push him over the edge? If he kills himself, I will never ever forgive myself."

Priscilla pushed Flynn away, gave him a good, hard look, and ran away. Flynn chased after her, but lost her ultimately.

In the stairwell, the distraught Priscilla lamented how she couldn't be together with Flynn. And so, she decided to visit her third boyfriend, Sam Myers.

"Peachy?" Sam was about to leave for work when he saw Priscilla. "I thought you said you don't want to see me anymore."

Priscilla answered wistfully, "I don't know who to turn to. And my body came here for some reason."

Sam held back from doing anything. He sniggered, "Where are Shawn and Flynn? Aren't they..."

"Stop!" Priscilla covered her face in agony. "They and I are just friends. After you left me, I never contacted them. I didn't want to come here. But my body was telling me..."

Sam hesitated before pulling Priscilla into his arms. For a second, she felt like she was the female lead of a soap opera. However, as she looked up, Sam's unkempt face shattered her illusion. He had decided to let his beard grow unchecked.

Priscilla felt despondent. It seemed like Anthony and Blake were the only ones who fit her standard.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have come to bother you. I...”

Priscilla was about to leave but Sam couldn’t wait anymore. The woman before her was too tantalizing. He pinned her against the wall and kissed Priscilla.

Oh! Priscilla felt breathless. A pair of soft lips were against hers. She closed her eyes, imagining that Blake was having his way with her. How could a prey like her escape the maw of an alpha male?

Half an hour later, Priscilla burrowed half of her crimson cheek under the sheet.

Sam looked at her with all the tenderness in the world. “It was your first time, Priscilla?”

“Why do you have to bring it up? Hmph!”

It wasn’t her first time. She had had many first times with her boyfriends. Thanks to modern technology, anything could be restored. She would have to visit the hospital again to prep for Blake and Anthony.

Sam hugged Priscilla. During their cuddle session, Priscilla told him how she crossed the Crawfords and was fired.

“That’s why you came to me?” inquired Sam.

“I was at my wit’s end. The guilt was consuming me. But they won’t accept my apology. I walked aimlessly on the street and the next thing I knew, I was by your doorstep.”

“Your heart called out to me...” Sam chirped.

“Oh!” Priscilla thought of something. “Don’t you work for Crawford Holdings? Can you sneak me in? I want to apologize to Mr. Crawford in person.”

“You don’t need to,” coddled Sam.

“I have to. You don’t know how guilty I felt when I saw those nasty comments on Lilly. She is only four! I could have stopped the brawl if I hadn’t spaced out, thinking about you.”

Sam had never met a girl as kind and pure as Priscilla before. He relented, “I can try. But the administration floor is different from the CEO floor. He works on the 66th. We don’t have the clearance.”

“It’s okay. When there’s a will, there’s a way.” Priscilla gave a light peck on Sam’s cheek. Since he was already late anyway, he decided to take a half-day leave. The couple then departed to the office building in the afternoon.

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Situated at the central area of the new economic zone, there was a dome-shaped building that belonged to Crawford Holdings. It was a multi-function complex. The bottom 30 floors served as a hotel and the space beyond was a workspace, both for the Crawford’s business and other companies. Staff members of Crawford Holdings had their exclusive elevators that were accessible via their employee ID.

Priscilla looked at the awe-inspiring surroundings. “Wow!”

Sam gazed at her innocent face and swore internally to show her the world one day.

“Does Mr. Crawford take this elevator too?” asked Priscilla. She was all dolled up today. In her mind, she was expecting Anthony to take the same elevator with her. And among the crowded space, Anthony would notice her. Because she was such a different gal.

“Mr. Crawford takes the VIP elevators. Over there.”

Crawford Holdings owned almost all sorts of businesses. Sam, for example, was working in its fashion subsidiary. The CEO’s office was on the 66th floor. People who worked there would manage subsidiaries.

“He isn’t snobbish enough to have his own exclusive elevator.”

That said, they weren’t allowed to take the VIP elevators.

“This is so impressive,” exclaimed Priscilla.

Since Crawford Holdings was such a huge corporation, there must be tons of departments too. Priscilla was sick of being a teacher anyway. She could apply to be Anthony’s secretary. When that happened, she could play the role of a caring secretary who tended to the CEO’s every need.

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Anthony couldn’t shake off an ominous feeling after he had his meeting. All of a sudden, a child-like face popped out of the doorframe.

“Uncle Anthony!” It was Lilly’s voice. She was wearing a striped shirt and a pair of denim jeans. On her shoulder was a transparent pet backpack that housed Polly and Tortoise.

“Lilly? Why are you here?”

Behind Lilly was Bettany. She was holding a lunchbox. “Lilly divined that you would run into bad things today so she came to make sure you’re alright.”

Bettany had now accepted the fact that Lilly had an imaginary mentor. But as for the divination result, she took it with a grain of salt. How could a child possibly know the art of divination?

Anthony didn’t say anything. He knew how accurate Lilly’s prediction was so he was ready to drop everything on his schedule today.

“Where should we go then, Lilly?”

“To the flea market!”

Anthony suddenly recalled the list of weird magical trinkets Lilly gave him. It said he should purchase some trinkets and some crystals.

“I knew you didn’t buy what I told you to buy,” Lilly sulked.

“All right, all right. I’ll do it today.” Anthony decided to indulge his niece.

“You always say that but you never do it. That’s why I have to come today.” Lilly pouted.

Although it was a peculiar demand, it wasn't done with malicious intentions. Lilly was just trying to protect him.

"Let's go." Anthony grabbed his keys and left with Lilly and Bettany.

Meanwhile, Priscilla stayed in Sam's office for a while before deciding that she would take a stroll. She tried several ways but she could never reach Floor 66. Not only was a specific card needed to use the VIP elevators, they were also guarded by security. She even descended to the parking lot to see if there was another way up. As she was about to give up, she saw a man with a broad shoulder leave the elevator.

That aura, that handsomeness, it was Anthony, no doubt.

Priscilla exclaimed internally. Luck was on her side today.

Chapter 143 Flea Market

Priscilla broke into small jogs as she approached Anthony.

"Mr. Crawford, wait!"

Anthony frowned when he saw Priscilla. As she gasped for air, Bettany let out a small curse. She couldn't help but think about Lilly's prediction earlier.

"Let's go," Bettany said impatiently.

Lilly looked at the harem spirit on top of Priscilla. "Wait, Grandma."

Priscilla expected Anthony to ignore her. But instead, he waited for her. What was this if not a love story in the making?

Priscilla tucked a lock of hair behind her ears. "What a coincidence, Mr. Crawford. Where are you going?"

Before Bettany could diss Priscilla, Lilly answered gleefully, "We're visiting the flea market, Miss Peach."

"As in Hillside Flea Market?"

"Yup!" Lilly nodded.

Anthony looked at Lilly. Did Lilly just ask them to wait here so that she could tell Priscilla where they were going?

Priscilla couldn't be any happier. It was that easy to fish out information from a child. She donned an inquisitive look. "What's the occasion?"

"It's none of your business," answered Bettany coldly.

Priscilla then spoke in a half-crying voice. "I already said I'm sorry, madam. I know I made a mistake. But please, give me another chance to..."

"Let's not dally." Bettany did not want to entertain Priscilla.

Lilly did perform divination just now. The flea market was the best spot to capture the harem spirit. That was why she stopped everyone. And now, they could depart. Priscilla would definitely follow them. On

the other hand, Sam just noticed that Priscilla went missing. He came to the parking lot to search for her.

Priscilla was not going to let Anthony go away. She blocked the Crawfords' way. "Please, Mr. Crawford. Give me another chance. I'll make sure I take good care of Lilly and Old Mrs. Crawford here."

Even Priscilla herself was deeply moved by the brave front she put up. Surely a man of steel like Anthony would be swayed.

Anthony only found Priscilla irritating. But before he could say anything, Bettany barked, "One, neither Lilly nor I need your help. What makes you think you're good enough to take care of us? Two, you were fired by your school because of your mistake. This has nothing to do with Lilly. Now, leave us alone."

Priscilla clutched at the collar of her shirt with a pallid expression. Why was her future mother-in-law so mean?

Standing not too far from the crowd, Sam found Bettany rude and mean. Priscilla had apologized so many times. They could just walk away. There was no need to insult Priscilla!

"Peachy!" Sam swooped to Priscilla's side.

Anthony already helped Lilly and Bettany get into the car. They drove away.

Unwilling to let go, Priscilla even chased after the automobile. "Mr. Crawford! Mr. Crawford! Sam, don't you have a car here? Come. Let's chase after them."

"Peachy, they are not worth it."

"No! I won't give up. I need their forgiveness. Please help me, Sam," Priscilla implored.

Sam had no choice but to assist Priscilla. Little did he know he was helping Priscilla to impress Anthony.

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Hillside Flea Market was the biggest flea market in the city. It was popular among the citizens.

Lilly was holding Anthony's hand. As she looked around, Pablo taught her many things. "This gem can fend off spirits. That artifact can improve your health, but the catch is that it only works on Leos."

Lilly just listened in on Pablo's lecture. From Bettany's perspective, her curious granddaughter was busy inquiring about every new thing she found at the flea market. But before Bettany could google the answer, Lilly moved on to her next discovery.

Soon enough, they arrived at a stall. The owner greeted the Crawfords. "What can I help? Eh? Aren't you Lilly?"

Lilly looked up and smiled. "Finally, I found you."

Pablo was assessing the stall owner. "I sensed foul energy around him. It must be him."

In fact, the stall owner was none other than one of Priscilla's boyfriends, Flynn. Thanks to Priscilla, Flynn was well-acquainted with the incident involving Lilly. That was why he could recognize her. But seeing that Lilly had caused his precious girlfriend so much suffering, he wasn't too fond of the family.

“Suit yourself.” Flynn didn’t bother to greet them properly.

Meanwhile, Sam and Priscilla arrived at the flea market. And then she recalled suddenly that this was where Flynn worked.

He is not going to find me here, right?

Priscilla hesitated for a while. But the temptation of Anthony was too irresistible.

“Sam, it’s crowded here. Can we split up and search for Mr. Crawford? If I don’t do this today, I will not likely see him again.”

Sam sighed and nodded. Deep down, Priscilla was overjoyed. She finally got rid of Sam. Unbeknownst to her, Shawn was browsing the items displayed in another stall. He came here to choose a gift for his mother.

“I don’t think my mother will like that. But thank you,” said Shawn courteously.

All of Priscilla’s boyfriends were there.

Chapter 144 They Are Just Friends!

As Lilly looked around Flynn’s stall of antique curiosities, he sipped on his tea and sneered at Lilly.

What’s a little girl doing here pretending that she’s an antique expert?

All of a sudden, Lilly took a yellow object and smashed it against the ground.

“What are you doing, Lilly?” Bettany yelled in horror.

“I’m testing it, Grandma,” said Lilly matter-of-factly.

“You don’t test things by smashing them.”

“This is a tree resin from a specific tree. If it is a century old as it says here, it will never break. See?” Lilly recited what Pablo taught her.

Flynn raised his eyebrows. It sure seemed like Lilly was an expert here. Lilly picked whatever she fancied and put them in the basket Anthony prepared for her.

Both Anthony and Lilly were enjoying their moment until they heard the familiar voice. “Mr. Crawford! You’re here!”

Priscilla looked at Anthony as if she just discovered a treasure. So full of joy she was that she failed to realize Flynn was there.

Before Flynn could say anything, Anthony rebuked Priscilla’s advance. “Are you done? We are not accepting your apology. We will not press charges either. So stop pestering us.”

“But the preschool fired me. All because I failed to look after Lilly,” said Priscilla with teary eyes.

Anthony mocked, "You were fired because you were found dating three men at once. You set a bad example for the kids. It has nothing to do with Lilly."

Bettany rolled her eyes. "You're shameless, aren't you?"

"But I..." Priscilla said weakly.

"I know what you want. Your apology is not genuine," added Bettany.

Meanwhile, Flynn was stunned.

Dating three men at once? Isn't it just Shawn and him? And besides, Priscilla isn't dating Shawn. She only acts like she is Shawn's girlfriend because he is depressed.

Priscilla didn't notice the standing Flynn. A rack stood between them. She said in a hoarse voice, "Mr. Crawford, Old Mrs. Crawford, this is a misunderstanding. I don't have three boyfriends. I'm not like that."

Flynn let out a sigh of relief. He knew Priscilla wasn't a three-timer. But what Priscilla said next proved how wrong he was.

"I'm still single. I don't know what boyfriends you are talking about." Priscilla shook her head frantically. "Mr. Crawford, why would you say those nasty things to me?"

Single? Flynn couldn't believe what he just heard. What were they then?

Anthony looked at the ever-forgetful Priscilla sullenly. He commented, "Don't you have Shawn, Flynn, and Sam as your boyfriends? Moments ago, you were with Sam."

Lilly gazed at Anthony, and then at Priscilla. Pablo told Priscilla that she needed to gather all three boyfriends to capture the harem spirit. Now, she needed two more. Right then, Lilly noticed the approaching Shawn and Sam.

Priscilla insisted that she was innocent. "You're sorely mistaken, Mr. Crawford. They are just my friends. Shawn is a colleague of mine and we get along very well. Flynn is just a caring friend. He once bought me lunch and that's all. And Sam, I'm not close to him. I ran into him in a shopping mall and we chatted briefly. Everyone has the wrong idea. They are just acquaintances. I swear!"

Priscilla then decided to go all out. "The one that I have a crush on is you, Mr. Crawford!"

In her mind, Anthony was accosting her because she was too popular with the guys. He could not stand the sight of another man standing near her.

Oh, he wants me so terribly!

As Priscilla's eyes fluttered with anticipation, she saw Flynn, who was behind Anthony. Then, two familiar voices appeared behind her. She gasped.

"So I'm nothing to you," Shawn said bitterly.

Sam was devastated. The girl who slept with him yesterday just said she didn't know him! "Peachy, you..."

Priscilla's face was as white as a sheet. All her boyfriends heard her. Lilly, on the other hand, found Priscilla's rapid changing of emotion funny.

"Why are you here?" Priscilla blurted out.

Chapter 145 Busted

Sam didn't even want to speak to Priscilla.

"Peachy, what did you just say?" Flynn looked at Priscilla with a hurt expression.

Priscilla felt her world crumbling down. "Flynn, hear me out..."

The three men could only hope that this was a bad dream. Shawn looked at Flynn. "So you're the Flynn who has been bothering Peachy?"

Flynn sniggered, "And you're Shawn the stalker?"

Sam squinted at Shawn, "You're Shawn? Peachy said you are depressed. You don't look like it."

In Priscilla's mind, the three men were about to fight to claim her. And she would be one to tell them to stop fighting. At the same time, the harem spirit on Priscilla's head could almost die from bliss.

"Stop! Stop fighting! I'm not worth it," Priscilla pleaded.

The three men turned to glare at her. That was the moment she realized she should flee.

"Uhm... Mr. Crawford, I'm busy. I have to go now."

But all Priscilla's boyfriends surrounded her.

"Peachy, who are they? Explain to me now," said Flynn.

Shawn looked at Priscilla incredulously, "You told him that I am depressed?"

Sam clenched his fist. "Peachy, tell me this is a huge misunderstanding. Tell me and I'll believe you." He was ready to forgive Priscilla. After all, she gave her virginity to him.

"Whaaat? You're my friends. I have always regarded all of you as my brothers..." Priscilla's voice was meek, almost guilty.

"Brothers? You said you wanted to marry me!" exclaimed Shawn.

Who would marry her brother?

Flynn added, "No way. If I'm just like an older brother to you, why would you sleep with me?"

Priscilla didn't expect Flynn to get into the nitty-gritty. But before she could defend herself, Sam yelled,

"No way! She spent the night at my place yesterday. And she gave me her virginity!"

Shawn and Flynn were dumbfounded. Priscilla had told them similar things before. It took a while for them to regain their voices.

"Peachy was a virgin when she met me," uttered Shawn.

“She told me the same thing,” added Flynn.

The three men knew what was going on now. No wonder she refused to sleep with them a second time. And they thought she was just being shy!

Sam felt betrayed. Her girlfriend turned out to be a three-timer. He had thought that she was naive. But it seemed like they were the naive ones.

Shawn decided to end things. He was exhausted. “Since we’re colleagues, let’s keep it professional between us. Goodbye.”

He then turned away and left. Priscilla almost choked on her words, “Shawn!”

Shawn didn’t even bother to look back. Priscilla now felt like she was the female lead of a K-drama. Her oppa just left her!

Priscilla wanted to chase after Shawn, and used that as an opportunity to flee. But her arm was yanked by Flynn. “Peachy, you don’t have anything to say to us?”

Sam grabbed Priscilla’s other arm. “Tell me now. Who do you love the most?”

Flynn joined in. “Shawn already left. Now pick one, him or me?”

Bettany couldn’t believe what she saw. People nowadays were okay with being cheated on? They still wanted a serial cheater?

Meanwhile, Priscilla was facing a dilemma. Two men wanted her and she had to make a choice. Oh, no!

Chapter 146 Capturing Harem Spirit

Priscilla was torn. “Sam, Flynn. Don’t do this to me. You know I can’t make a choice. Can’t we live happily together?” She basically recited the line she picked up from a random K-drama.

Lilly whispered to Pablo, “Is this the one-woman-makes-babies-with-two-boyfriends fanfiction you told me about?”

Bettany was aghast. “No, this is much worse. This is a joke now.”

Lilly nodded as if she understood the situation.

Pablo interjected, “Don’t forget what we are here for, Lilly.”

The harem spirit was too occupied with her “dilemma”.

“I’ll teach you Containment. We can transform our energy into a lasso and capture spirits. Now...”

Lilly listened to Pablo’s instructions carefully. She then made the first attempt, but nothing came out.

Pablo cheered her up, “It’s okay. It takes a few tries, even for geniuses.”

“Okay!” Lilly was not one to give up easily. She tried the second time, to no avail. For her third endeavor, she focused very hard with her tiny noggin. Anthony looked at Lilly, wondering why she had a

constipated expression. What he couldn't see was that Lilly conjured a crimson net and entangled the harem spirit.

Pablo's ghostly jaw fell on the floor. A crimson net already? People usually started with a lasso! The spirit was caught. It looked at its aggressor and found that it was detained by a mere kid! It thrashed and floundered, but the crimson net only became tighter. Meanwhile, Priscilla's eyes turned droopy and she slurred,

"Don't leave me. Flynn... Sam..."

Lilly tried to retrieve the net, as if she was in a tug-of-war race.

"Let go of me!" The spirit screamed. It pulled at the net, almost dragging Lilly with it. Anthony was quick to catch his falling niece. Pablo finally intervened. With some quick finger movements, the crimson net glowed. The spirit was now restrained. And with one last pull, the spirit was forcefully removed from Priscilla's head.

What a catch! Lilly was over the moon.

Sam pried away the grip Priscilla had on him. "Enough. I have had enough."

He decided to quit. Yesterday, he was given a taste of love. But today, reality taught him a harsh lesson. Sam saw it coming. Priscilla was never a loyal woman.

Priscilla snapped back from her hallucinatory haze. Thinking about the intimate moments they shared last night, she subconsciously called out, "Sam..."

Priscilla looked at the only man left. "Flynn, you won't leave me, right?"

Two of her three boyfriends had left her. She was a woman. How could she live without a man?

But Priscilla only saw Flynn's warmthless eyes. "I want you to come with me so that you can pack your things. And then, never come back."

Priscilla broke down. "No! You can't do this. You said you would forgive me, no matter what I do."

She was just a little girl who wanted validation from another man. Was that too much?

"I changed my mind." Flynn let her go. "I'll cancel the credit card I gave you. Take care."

Fear consumed Priscilla. Without any income, how could she feed herself? "But Flynn..."

Flynn swatted Priscilla's reaching arm away. There was a crowd gathering to watch the entire fiasco. They all pointed at her and exchanged comments among themselves.

Flynn packed whatever Lilly and Anthony bought and gave it to them. "Sorry, we're closed. You can have those things for free. And uhh... thank you."

Bettany held Lilly's hands. "Let's go."

Anthony pushed Bettany's wheelchair and left Priscilla at the scene. Lilly had to carry the resisting harem spirit with her hands. It was too heavy!

“Lilly, what are you carrying?” Bettany was curious to know why Lilly was in an odd posture.

To avoid freaking her grandmother out, Lilly dismissed nonchalantly, “I’m just playing a game, Grandma.”

Bettany couldn’t shake off her suspicion, but she didn’t press on. On their way to the parking lot, they purchased what they needed to cure Anthony’s insomnia. To no one’s surprise, Priscilla was there.

“Mr. Crawford. Please, everyone left me. I don’t know what to do now. Please help me. Lend me your shoulder.”

She sobbed, like a hurt animal. She had broken up with Shawn, Sam, and Flynn for him. Surely Anthony would accept her now?

Anthony raised his slender leg and kicked the pathetic woman away. The force of which sent Priscilla flying into a garbage can. Bettany and Lilly watched on with widened eyes.

“If I see you again, I’ll kick you away again.” It seemed like Anthony picked up some of Blake’s hooliganism.

After Anthony made sure that everyone was in his car, he drove off. Priscilla wept loudly on her floor.

Her future husband had misunderstood her. Anthony would notice his mistake soon and return to pick her up. They would then have a touching reunion.

Right?

Chapter 147 Poor Spirit

Priscilla waited for Anthony to return until night. When he wouldn’t show up, she felt like she was abandoned. She cried all the way to Shawn’s place, just to notice that he moved out. And then he went to Flynn’s house, who was the richest among the three. She realized that Flynn had changed her lock, and her belongings were littered before the entrance. The janitor even threatened to trash her belongings. Therefore, Priscilla was forced to drag her luggage to Sam’s place.

Sam was having a bad day. He was fired because he snuck Priscilla in, on top of discovering her lies earlier on. When he saw Priscilla approaching from afar, he locked his door and decided to return to his hometown. No matter how hard Priscilla begged, Sam would never open the door.

Now that no one would take her in, Priscilla wanted to stay in a hotel, but she lacked the money for it. She sat by the roadside and cried. Like the mistreated female protagonist that she saw many times on TV. Contrition was the last thing on her mind. When would a man who could accept her flaws appear?

A cab swooshed by. It ran through a puddle and splashed the dirty water on Priscilla. A piece of god knows what even flew into Priscilla’s open mouth. She immediately tried to spit it out.

Had she hit rock bottom?

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Lilly chained the harem spirit to her bed.

The spirit yelled, "Let me go! Let me go!" To be frank, the harem spirit was a female ghost. It felt wrong to put a leash on her.

"Scream all you want. No one can hear you anyway," said Lilly smugly.

Polly flapped its wings and left the room. "So loud! So loud!"

Josh popped his head into Lilly's room. "What did you catch this time?"

Lilly sighed, "Josh, you wouldn't want to know."

After dinner, Lilly played with her toys for a while before returning to her room. The harem spirit lay motionless. The constant screaming had worn her out.

"So, madam, are you sufficiently calmed down now?"

"Hmph," the spirit snorted.

"Okay. Tell me your story." Lilly settled into a bean bag comfortably in anticipation of a storytime. Josh came in for some reason. He propped his camera up and saw a ghost in a red dress through its lens. Terrified, he stumbled and ran to Lilly's side.

"I'll sit with you, Lilly."

Pablo gave a sly grin. "Now, now. Tell us how you die."

The spirit was much more docile now. She recalled her moment with Priscilla and cursed at herself.

"That girl is disgusting. Can you believe it? I am a spirit and I was carried away by her."

Pablo and Lilly had question marks on top of their heads.

"At first, I wanted to feed on her foul energy. But I was carried away by her fantasy." Even the spirit found it embarrassing to admit that.

"Why did you resist when we captured you then?" Pablo mocked.

"That was another story. If you catch me, you might kill me. If I get away, I can ditch Priscilla and possess another playboy or playgirl. I honestly have no idea what got into me that made me choose Priscilla."

Pablo and Lilly didn't know what to say. They weren't sure if they should pity the harem spirit or not.

The harem spirit went on a long rant. "You have no idea how unhinged she is. I wanted to feed on her greed and obsession. But oh boy, she drained my foul energy instead. I have never seen a girl like her. So delusional. So self-important. She really thinks that she is the center of the universe. I think she needs to see a doctor."

Lilly then inquired further, "How did you die then? You are a harem spirit. Does that mean you were like Miss Peach?"

"Don't you compare me to that woman!" The spirit exploded. But her angered expression dissipated as something mortifying crept into her mind. "Well, I was a two-timer too..."

“But my story was way worse.” She continued. “My ex took my money and eloped with my other ex!”

What the heck? That was Pablo’s and Lilly’s response.

Chapter 148 Ex’s and Oh’s

The spirit explained gloomily, “My name is Stella. I was born in another city, to an upper-middle-class family. My parents had a mansion. And since I was the only child they had, I was the sole inheritor of the estate. Before studying at the university, I was the perfect kid every parent asked for. But when I moved out and studied at a university, I had my first taste of freedom. Like a caged bird who could fly once more, I did all sorts of things. I went to clubs and parties. Because I was rich and beautiful, I was popular. My first boyfriend was from the very same city. His family background was similar to mine so we got along very well. But after six months, I got bored of it.”

“But why?” Lilly scratched her head. Adult relationships were a mystery to her. How could someone like something and stop liking it the next day?”

“Because...” The spirit pondered. “Because I knew him too well. I could already imagine how my life would be with him. It was boring. And then, another guy came into my life. He came from a village. He was shy and meek. Sensible too. I liked that a lot. So I broke up with my first boyfriend and got together with him.”

“Since you liked the second guy, did you spend the rest of your life with him then?” asked Lilly.

The spirit shook her head. “No, we broke up after a month.”

“Why?” Lilly was stumped.

“He was too meek. Too clingy.”

Lilly was confused. The spirit dated the second guy because he was meek. But she also broke up with him because he was meek. What?

“And then?” It was Pablo’s turn to ask questions.

“After I broke up with him, I craved attention again. I started thinking that perhaps the first boyfriend I had wasn’t that bad. I tried to reconcile with him. But then, I ran into my senior. He was outgoing and warm.”

“And you got together with him?” Lilly didn’t need to predict to know that.

“I couldn’t help it.” The spirit protested. “He was so handsome and nice.”

“Now that’s why you’re a harem spirit. You wanted a harem,” Pablo commented.

“That’s not true!” The spirit defended herself. “I was 100% committed to all my relationships. I like the feeling of being with another man. Especially the honeymoon phase, when you can do all the romantic stuff with your boyfriend.”

“So were you killed in a crime of passion?” Pablo was as snarky as always.

“Not really...” The spirit lamented. “After my graduation, my family asked me to get married as soon as possible. Somehow, they heard that I dated my first boyfriend. Since his family and mine were close, our parents wanted us to reconcile. I was single during that time and I wanted to settle down. So I said yes. Soon enough, we were considering getting married. We weren’t as close as we used to be, but it was romantic, nonetheless. That was when I found banality comforting too. I was ready to marry him.”

“I suppose you stopped seeing other men then?” the quiet Josh suddenly spoke up.

“No.” the spirit shook her head. “My second boyfriend came to me. He said that he could never forget about me. And now, he could only offer his blessings to me. He took me to a firework show. He said I deserved to be happy. I saw tears rolling down his cheek as the fireworks erupted before me.”

“What a kind soul,” said Lilly as she hugged Polly.

“Ptooeey!” The spirit spat. “He was the reason I died. When I noticed he was crying, my heart ached. In the end, I still loved him. But I was about to be engaged. And I still loved my first boyfriend. What did I do? I dated both of them at the same time. And I did it while I was organizing the wedding ceremony. The thrill lent me the illusion that I was more in love with my second boyfriend. I wanted to break up with him. Because it wasn’t fair. But he said no. He said he just wanted to stay by my side. Even if we had to hide this affair. I was in tears. I couldn’t let this poor boy live on his lonesome. So I gave him my mansion and bought him a car.”

“But after a few days, he ghosted me. I was organizing the wedding ceremony so I was too occupied to think about him. I thought he was just hiding somewhere to heal his wound. Even when I said my vow in the ceremony, I was still thinking about him. It wasn’t until later that I learned the fact that he had sold the mansion and the car before fleeing. And guess what, he fled with my third boyfriend! The handsome senior! My ex took my money and eloped with my other ex! How ridiculous was that?”

The spirit was fuming.

“Those liars!” She continued. “My husband found out everything very soon. He was so mad because I cheated on him. He wanted a divorce right away. I refused to sign the papers but he was ready to leave me. I tried to coerce him with my life so I climbed the tallest building in that residential area. I didn’t plan to jump. But perhaps it had rained before so it was slippery. I fell and... voilà.”

Josh, Lilly, and Pablo felt bad for the harem spirit.

Chapter 149 Eerie Video

“Can you imagine the fear as I fell?” said the spirit dryly. “I didn’t want to die. I was so scared that I died from shock, and not from the impact. My soul watched my head pop like a watermelon. Those brain juices scattered on the asphalt. And since the local area was rich in benevolent energy, it prevented my soul from heading to the afterlife. I had to relive my last moment for what felt like an eternity, until I became a malignant spirit. I thought this was my punishment for being an infidel.”

“So... what’s your point?” asked Lilly.

“Can you perhaps spare me since I have served my punishment?” The spirit blinked her innocent eyes. “I just want to stay here for a bit longer. For like another 500 years.”

Josh’s face twitched. 500 years wasn’t just “a bit longer”.

Pablo jotted down something on his booklet without saying a thing. Lilly, however, thumped her chest. “I won’t purify you but you’ll have to come in voluntarily.”

“Come in where?” The spirit was curious.

“The jar of soul.” Lilly brandished the item in question. “Ms. Ugly and a guy with a sweet tooth are in there.”

“Sure!” The spirit immediately flew into the jar. It was the mention of the male companion that convinced her. Pablo shook his head and amended what he just wrote.

Lilly shook the jar in her hand. “Master, is the jar full now?”

Pablo answered without lifting his head. “Far from it. It was 10% full. Now, it’s 20% full.”

“But we caught several spirits! That is such a small increase.”

“That’s because you didn’t exorcise the spirits. When you exorcise a spirit, its energy will be absorbed by the jar. Now that you use it to keep the spirits, you forfeit the chance to exorcise them. But who knows? They might have a use in the future,” explained Pablo.

Lilly lay on her bed and just looked at her jar, deep in her thoughts. Meanwhile, Josh whipped out a notebook and started doing maths.

V of Malignant Spirit = X, V of Woeful Ghost = Y, V of Resent Spirit = Z.

SA of the Jar = ...

To fill it up, we need 19X, 100Y, or ...

Currently: X=2 (Vanity Spirit, Fake Foreign Ghost), Y=0, Z=0.

To Be Exorcised: X=2 (Weakling Spirit, Harem Spirit), Y=1 (Ms. Ugly)

Josh sighed at the formula. He needed more X!

...

Inside the jar, Ms. Ugly and the weakling spirit were playing rock, paper, scissors. The loser would be slapped. The weakling spirit shuddered when the harem spirit came in.

“Hi, cutie. What are you doing here?”

...

Lilly was scrolling her phone in secret before she slept. After the cyberbullying incident, the Crawfords decided to only let Lilly return to school once the dust had settled. Like all curious kids, Lilly wanted to discover many things. A video suddenly appeared on Lilly’s feed and she immediately had goosebumps.

In the video, a man was kneeling on the ground with a cleaver in one hand. He kept bowing in a dramatic fashion while yelling, "Sorry, Lilly! My name is Harvard Schumacher, named so because my parents want me to study at Harvard. I wrote nasty comments about you and I regret it so much. To demonstrate my remorse, I will chop off my fingers. Here, on livestream!"

The man wasn't joking. He raised the cleaver and sliced his fingers off in one swift motion. The video wasn't censored. It only briefly turned monochrome as blood spurted out from the grisly wound. The man screamed and rolled on the ground in agony. Moments later, he picked up his severed fingers and smiled creepily at the camera.

"Guys, am I sincere enough?"

Lilly was freaked out by the unsettling video. She threw her phone away out of fear.

Bettany heard the noise. She came into the room. "Are you all right, Lilly?"

"Grandma, I'm so scared."

Lilly had seen many ghosts and spirits. Some even came without a head. But nothing scared her as much as humans.

"There, there, Lilly. I'm here." Bettany patted Lilly's back to comfort her.

Lilly spoke in a shaky voice. "Why do they do that? Their apologies are scary."

Bettany sighed. "In this world, people do all sorts of things for money. Back in my day, we worked hard to earn money. But now, you just have to go viral to become rich. And that 15 minutes of fame was addictive. It pushes people to do something extreme to get another 15 minutes of fame. The cycle continues."

"Are they still humans?" Lilly asked softly.

Bettany didn't have an answer to Lilly's simple question. For views and clicks, some worked hard and strived to produce better videos. But some took the shortcut and relied on shock values. The illusion of popularity was as addictive as drugs. It polluted and twisted their minds until they became slaves for money.

"Go to sleep now," Bettany looked at Lilly affectionately. "And no more phone for you."

Lilly surrendered her phone obediently. After Lilly fell asleep, Bettany checked the video Lilly just watched. When she saw its gory content, she was shocked and mad. How could they put this on the internet? She then reported the video. If she came across another similar video again, she would not hesitate to do the same.

Chapter 150 Lucky Streak

It was a cozy night. Several rundown bars in the affordable housing area were teeming with patrons. Above the hustle and bustle was the community apartments, one of which was called Caring Suite.

On the 4th floor, a fingerless man was scrolling on his phone frantically. He was none other than Harvard. Within 30 minutes, his video was viewed more than one million times and received 70,000

likes. But right before he could go viral, he received a notification. His video was taken down due to a violation of the platform's rules and regulations.

Why? Why? Why? Harvard was furious. He did censor the gory part by putting on a monochrome filter. ARGH! Now, his viewership was gone!

Harvard checked other accounts. One copycat knelt on a durian husk. He got 100,000 followers. The streamer then started promoting durian. Judging from the sales he closed in the past two days, he just earned around 30 thousand dollars.

"F*ck those copycats," cursed Harvard.

Another copycat knelt on ceramic shards and cried messily. He then started promoting all sorts of ceramic mugs, to great success.

"I did it better. I cut off my fingers!" uttered Harvard vehemently. "But I only have around 10,000 followers. That's not fair."

He felt high from his sudden surge in popularity. He needed to release another video before his audience hopped onto the next big thing. Suddenly, he came across a video entitled "Three-timer caught red-handed!". It was from a bystander's point of view, and Harvard saw Lilly.

"Yes!" An idea came to his mind. Harvard saved and edited the video heavily. He then gave it a title, Lilly Caught Red-Handed. SHE HAD THREE BOYFRIENDS?

That clickbaity title was sure to attract viewers. And as he expected, his follower count skyrocketed. Everyone was sharing and commenting on the video. Harvard was smart enough to insert an advertisement in it. And with high viewership, he was due to receive a huge payout.

"You're a moneymaker, Lilly," said Harvard greedily. Inside the dim room, Harvard's wicked grin was reflected on his laptop screen.

The next day, Harvard woke up with bloodshot eyes. The first thing he did was check his phone.

"3,268 dollars in a day? Jesus!" Harvard jumped from his bed. "3,000 a day... That's around 100,000 dollars per month."

So why bother working nine to five anyway? Harvard immediately tendered his resignation notice.

Someone knocked on Harvard's door impatiently. "Harvard! When are you going to pay the rent? You owe me several months of rent already."

Outside the room, the portly landlady, Gemma Sullivan, was tapping her feet. She mumbled to herself, "This Harvard hasn't paid his rent for six months. He either avoids me or pretends that he isn't home. Am I going to get my rent today?"

Harvard lived in Apartment 404. It was facing the stairwell and was far away from the windows. His rent was 450 dollars per month. Six months of overdue rent amounted to 2,700 dollars in total, and factoring in the utility fees...

"You owe me 3,268 dollars in total, Harvard."

Gemma knocked again, though she didn't expect Harvard to respond. She knew how lazy Harvard was. And how bad he was with finance. Despite his mediocre income, he splurged it on cigarettes and video games.

Gemma sighed, just as Jean, who was on her shoulder, sneezed. All of a sudden, Gemma could hear scuffling noises from behind the door.

"Gimme a sec."

The door to Apartment 404 flung open. Harvard, with his disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes, groaned, "Will you get off my back? How much do you want?"

Gemma was surprised. Harvard was willing to pay up now? Today was a great day then.

"3,268 dollars in total," replied Gemma.

Harvard was stunned to hear that number. It was exactly what he earned yesterday. Harvard took out his phone and wired Gemma the money reluctantly. Looking at his stuffy and lightless living quarter, he made a mental note to move out once he made more money.

Gemma scribbled something on her book. "If you're staying, remember to pay your rent next month. You always disappear."

Harvard rolled his eyes and slammed the door. He muttered to himself, "I'll move into a high-end residential area once I'm rich."

Gemma put her notebook into her grocery bag and stretched. "Done!"

As she descended the building, she saw a few elderly citizens hanging out with their grandchildren.

"Gemma, did you manage to collect the rent today?" One of them asked.

"Yes, I did."

The senior group gasped. "Wow, what a miracle."

"Right?" Gemma nodded enthusiastically. Noticing the gum she had been chewing had run out of flavor, she spat it out, and it magically landed in a garbage can.

"Hot damn." Gemma was bewildered.

Due to the sweetness of the chewing gum, Gemma wanted to get some water. She then entered a convenience store.

"Got your rent?" The shopkeeper asked.

"Mhm."

As water sloshed down Gemma's throat, she looked at the bottle cap. Its message made her cough out the water she consumed.

"Please don't tell me it says 'Get one bottle for free'," said the shopkeeper anxiously.

"No..."

“Thank goodness!” The shopkeeper was relieved. “For the past few days, your luck was so insane that you always got another bottle for free.”

Gemma smiled apologetically before showing the shopkeeper the bottle cap. “It says ‘Get 10 bottles for free’.”

The shopkeeper snatched the cap from Gemma’s hand and peered at it. Gemma was right. It said “Get 10 bottles for free”.