

## **Eight Uncles 161**

### **Chapter 161 Don't Be Afraid of Great Opponents, but Useless Teammates**

Josh was so frightened that he could not control it anymore, he ran wildly, shouting as he ran, "Wuuu, sister... help me, sister!"

He passed through the bodies of those 'people', and the ghosts made hooting noises from their throats, fighting with the zombies of the last days.

Josh ran desperately, even though Lilly's room was right in front of him, he could not escape no matter how he ran.

Upon hearing the movement, Blake was the first to come out, followed by Anthony.

In the silent corridor, Josh ran back and forth in the corridor while yelling, his appearance was very strange, and he could not run beyond that distance no matter what.

Blake stared at Josh's feet, lowered his voice and said, "Bewitched?"

Anthony frowned, "It's possible."

The two looked at each other, and the first thing they thought of was Lilly.

But.....

The little girl was sleeping soundly now.

There were still three or four hours before dawn, Josh should he be able to hold on for three or four hours?

(Josh: Dad, I 'thank' you for that!)

At this moment, Edward, who was awakened, also opened the door. He saw Josh who was crying and circling in the corridor, and was stunned.

"Josh, what are you doing?"

Edward's voice was quite loud.

Josh was startled and shivered violently.

At this moment, Josh suddenly kept his eyes fixed and smiled.

A stream of saliva dripped from his mouth, like the silly son.

"Hey...hey!"

"Abaa abaa abaa!"

Anthony, "..."

He glanced at Edward, hoping he could do something.

Edward, "!!"

Fuck, shit... Did he do something he should not do?

Could it be that Josh was sleepwalking just now?

It was believed that one should not shout when they were sleepwalking... Darn it, did he get into trouble? ?

Edward dared not speak.

Blake said in a low voice, "I'll call Lilly."

Anthony nodded, and then he saw Josh rushing towards him with his hands raised, tears, nose, and saliva dripping down, "Abaa, abaa!"

Anthony, "..."

This silly son... He was almost finding him a little annoying.

He grabbed Josh's shoulder, only to feel that the surroundings suddenly became a little cold.

Lilly was carried by Blake. She was rubbing her eyes before fully waking up, and said softly, "Dad, what's the matter?"

Josh immediately turned to Lilly, "Abaa!"

Boo-hoo!

Sister, see if I can still be saved!

When Josh turned his head, he saw the female ghost in red lying on his neck and gnawing on him...

If she goes any higher, she will eat his brain!

"Abaabaabaaba!" Josh even more anxiously.

Lilly was confused, "Hey, why are all the ghosts running in?"

Edward, "All?"

A gust of wind blows...

The surroundings became gloomy and cold, and even the "iron basin" placed at Josh's door was spinning crazily—

According to Josh, the magnetic field was seriously disordered.

Edward subconsciously took a step back.

At this moment, a faint voice came from behind him, "Young~people~you~stepped~on~my~foot~"

As soon as Edward turned his head, he saw an old lady in a dark purple shroud staring at him.

"Fuck!"

He was so frightened that he ran forward quickly, only to see a little girl standing in front of him, giggling, "Uncle, let's play hide-and-seek together!"

Edward, "..."

With the appearance of the old lady and the little girl, more and more 'people' slowly appeared in the corridor, with blank faces and dim eyes.

A little baby was crawling happily on the ground. There was an umbilical cord on his body, which was stretched long... the other end was connected to a female ghost with an open belly.

Edward, "!!"

He turned himself into a cross-eyed, I can't see, I can't see...

Huh, he took back what he said that night.

He never wanted to go to hell again!

At this moment, a familiar figure came over and stopped in front of Edward.

Jean frowned, stared at the little girl and warned, "Go and play!"

Edward was stunned to see Jean standing in front of him...

This was his sister, the sister he had loved for more than 20 years...

He thought they would never see each other again, but now she was standing in front of him, just like he used to protect her, protecting him.

Edward's eyes turned red, "Jean..."

He, he took back what he just said!

Seeing ghosts is pretty good too!

These ghosts he was afraid of could also be the people that someone else was longing to see for one last time.

The little girl retreated timidly from Jean's stare.

Edward burst into tears, "Fifth Brother's Jean was awesome, she will protect Fifth Brother!"

Jean: Emmm, brother, you are somewhat dramatic...

### **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**

#### **Score 9.9**

The "**The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**" Today, author Noveltk (author of Unprecedented Times) reviews a captivating romantic period drama. **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)** is one of the most famous romance authors in the world. She has written Billionaire novel, including paranormal and romantic suspense series like "Alison's Identity of Romance". She has won numerous awards, including the Romance Writers of America Lifetime Achievement

Award. **Realistic fiction creates imaginary characters and situations that depict our world and society.** It focuses on themes of growing up and confronting personal and social problems. This genre portrays characters coming to understand themselves and others.

### **Book Synopsis:**

Read *The Princess to Eight Uncles* (Lily and Mr. Crawford) - Lily was forced to kneel in the freezing snow for a full day because her stepmother had suffered a fall, resulting in a miscarriage. As a result, she was exiled from home because her family believed she brought bad luck. However, just as she was at the brink of death, all eight of her uncles arrived in time to save her. The eldest uncle said, 'It's time for the Hatcher family to go bankrupt.' Her second uncle exclaimed, 'Anyone who harms Lily will be dead!' Mr. Crawford was so furious that he beat her useless father to a pulp while pleading, 'So what if she's the daughter of the Crawford family? She's a jinx that caused her mother's death and her father's bankruptcy!' Little did they know that as soon as Lily returned to the Crawford family, her luck improved, and even the bedridden Mrs. Crawford regained her strength. Lily was later blessed with an amazing father who loved her dearly.

### **Chapter 162 Handsome Pablo**

Anthony frowned, 'What's going on, Edward can see ghosts too?'

Instead, him and Blake did not see anything.

Blake took one glance, and went directly to Josh's room to get his camera.

He did not expect this kid's invention to be really useful.

The other side.

Lilly was grabbing the foot of the female ghost in red, trying to pull her out of Josh's body.

The red-clothed ghost scolded angrily, she was a ghost, she could feel that Josh had a special physique and was very weakly attractive.

If she could possess Josh, she would become even more powerful...

At that time, she could seek revenge on the person who killed her!

Unexpectedly, a little boy came to make trouble!

"Let go of me...!" she screamed, "I'm going to eat you!"

The ghost in red screamed and rushed towards Lilly, and Edward yelled in shock, "Be careful, Lilly!"

Jean rushed over without thinking.

Lilly let go of his hand immediately, but the red-clothed ghost who rushed over screamed and was sent flying by the red light from the red rope.

Edward looked at the red string on Lilly's wrist in surprise.

The ordinary red rope was so powerful?

There was chaos in the corridor, and more and more ghosts rushed out. Mischievous little ghosts like little girls giggled and ran around in the corridor. The old lady in the shroud was always chatting with Edward, asking Edward if he could give her a body.

There were also ghost babies crawling happily on the ground, and mothers with dystocia nagging sadly, saying that she doesn't want to die, and at least she must win some blessings for the children...

There were so many, there were about twenty or thirty of them!

Edward and Josh had the same frightened face.

At the most chaotic moment, a blinding white light flashed past, and the ghosts ran away in a panic as if they had seen something terrible.

Pablo's robe was willowing even if there was no wind, and he pinched the neck of the red-clothed ghost with one hand, and only heard a chirp!

The ghost screamed and turned into an evil spirit, and flew towards the jar of soul in Lilly's hand.

Pablo's robe flipped, and with just a wave of his sleeves, all the ghosts in the corridor screamed and turned into evil spirits, and all of them returned to their jar of souls!

Just when the ghosts turned into evil spirits, seven or eight pieces of golden light floated up, floating in the corridor like fireflies.

Lilly's eyes widened, "It's mother's soul fragment!"

It turned out that Pablo's method was really useful.

Lilly ran over quickly, grabbed the nearest golden light, and put it into Jean's body.

Other golden lights shone slightly, and slowly floated to Jean's side, and gathered together...

In the corridor, there were only a few ghosts left, kneeling on the ground in fear and shouting 'Don't kill me', 'Don't kill my child'...

Pablo withdrew his hands and looked at them coldly.

Edward thought to himself, 'Damn it, he pretended to be harmless all this while...'

Josh looked at Pablo with great admiration, 'Lilly's master is so handsome!!!'

He also wanted to be such a handsome ghost-controlling celestial being!

Lilly was very happy, as soon as Master made a move, he found eight pieces of her mother's soul!

"Master is awesome! Master is amazing!"

Look, the little girl had mastered human high-quality vocabulary again.

Anthony, "..."

Blake, "..."

Pablo waved his wide sleeves, and stood in front of the few remaining ghosts with his hands behind his back.

The little girl was terrified and stuck herself in front of the woman with a broken stomach, and the ghost baby crawling on the ground also crawled back into the arms of the female ghost.

Both little ghosts were trembling.

The female ghost hugged the two little ghosts and cried loudly, "Don't take me...I, I just pity my child, I didn't mean to stay in the world..."

The old lady in the shroud also lowered her head, her eyes flickering, "I still had a word I haven't said to my son... just let me finish it... please..."

### **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**

#### **Score 9.9**

The "**The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**" Today, author Noveltk (author of Unprecedented Times) reviews a captivating romantic period drama. **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)** is one of the most famous romance authors in the world. She has written Billionaire novel, including paranormal and romantic suspense series like "Alison's Identity of Romance". She has won numerous awards, including the Romance Writers of America Lifetime Achievement Award. **Realistic fiction creates imaginary characters and situations that depict our world and society.** It focuses on themes of growing up and confronting personal and social problems. This genre portrays characters coming to understand themselves and others.

#### **Book Synopsis:**

Read The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford) - Lily was forced to kneel in the freezing snow for a full day because her stepmother had suffered a fall, resulting in a miscarriage. As a result, she was exiled from home because her family believed she brought bad luck. However, just as she was at the brink of death, all eight of her uncles arrived in time to save her. The eldest uncle said, 'It's time for the Hatcher family to go bankrupt.' Her second uncle exclaimed, 'Anyone who harms Lily will be dead!' Mr. Crawford was so furious that he beat her useless father to a pulp while pleading, 'So what if she's the daughter of the Crawford family? She's a jinx that caused her mother's death and her father's bankruptcy!' Little did they know that as soon as Lily returned to the Crawford family, her luck improved, and even the bedridden Mrs. Crawford regained her strength. Lily was later blessed with an amazing father who loved her dearly.

### **Chapter 163 It's All Excuses**

Pablo frowned, "There were laws in the world, and there were rules in the underworld. If you don't go to the underworld when it's time to go, if you miss the time and become lonely ghosts, you will be killed directly."

After a person dies, he will be detained by the angels, and then go through the process to verify their identity, and then will be taken to the judgment process after confirmation.

When they arrive at the designated place, they will be taken to the underworld by the angels, or sent to heaven after verification, or directly sent to get their memories erased and then go to reincarnation.

Or be taken to the palace of Hades, interrogated and sent to hell to be punished...

Those who refused to leave or did not have household registration and other special circumstances to stay in the human world will eventually lose their souls.

In short, everything had strict regulations.

The ghosts wandering in the world did not meet the regulations, and anyone who saw them could be killed.

The female ghost repeatedly pleaded, "I know, I know... But my two children died so pitifully, I just want to find some blessings for my children, so that they will have a good pregnancy in their next life..."

Lilly asked curiously, "How did you die? Also, what do you want to say, grandma?"

The female ghost began to cry and tell.

"A year ago, I was still pregnant with my second baby, and I crossed the road with my other child..."

Because the traffic light was too far away, she felt a little lazy, and saw that everyone else was crossing the road, so she also took her elder child—that is, this little girl—to walk through the road...

"There were no cars that day, but who knew that there was a loud noise in the distance, and we already flew out before I could react."

Her daughter died together with her, and her pregnant belly was crushed and ruptured on the spot, and the fetus was not spared either.

The female ghost cried, "It's all my fault, it's all my fault..."

"If I hadn't been lazy, if I had walked the traffic lights with my children, maybe this wouldn't have happened..."

"I don't regret my death, but my child, my child was only seven years old, she had just entered elementary school, and she still had a bright future..."

"And my little treasure, he was never born, and he didn't even get to see the world..."

The female ghost wept bitterly.

Pablo was used to seeing life and death, so he said coldly, "Everyone had his own fate, it was you who didn't obey the traffic order first, and you shouldn't drag your two children after death."

The female ghost defended, "I didn't drag my two children, I just wanted to find some blessings for my children..."

Pablo sneered, "Earn blessings, earn virtue, why not go to the Ghost Capital of the Underworld? You can also earn there."

The female ghost could not answer, so she could only sob in a low voice.

Going to the Ghost Capital of the Underworld...there were so many ghosts earning virtue, how hard would that be...

She raised her eyes, filled with tears, and pleaded pitifully, "I had it in front of me, please, I only need two small pieces..."

She turned to look at Jean, "Please, you had so many blessings, I don't need it, but my children were innocent, please give them some..."

Pablo had no expression on his face, he had already seen through everything, and said mercilessly, "Are you really doing it for your child?"

"That is just your selfish excuse. Because you killed two children, you regret and blame yourself... That's why you had to 'make up' the two children, just to let your own conscience live. But if it wasn't for you, the two children would have gone to be reincarnated."

The female ghost's pale face became even paler, and she shook her head again and again, "No, it's not like this, my children were too pitiful, I really just want to imagine that they can have a good birth..."

### **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**

#### **Score 9.9**

The "**The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**" Today, author Noveltk (author of Unprecedented Times) reviews a captivating romantic period drama. **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)** is one of the most famous romance authors in the world. She has written Billionaire novel, including paranormal and romantic suspense series like "Alison's Identity of Romance". She has won numerous awards, including the Romance Writers of America Lifetime Achievement Award. **Realistic fiction creates imaginary characters and situations that depict our world and society.** It focuses on themes of growing up and confronting personal and social problems. This genre portrays characters coming to understand themselves and others.

#### **Book Synopsis:**

Read The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford) - Lily was forced to kneel in the freezing snow for a full day because her stepmother had suffered a fall, resulting in a miscarriage. As a result, she was exiled from home because her family believed she brought bad luck. However, just as she was at the brink of death, all eight of her uncles arrived in time to save her. The eldest uncle said, 'It's time for the Hatcher family to go bankrupt.' Her second uncle exclaimed, 'Anyone who harms Lily will be dead!' Mr. Crawford was so furious that he beat her useless father to a pulp while pleading, 'So what if she's the daughter of the Crawford family? She's a jinx that caused her mother's death and her father's bankruptcy!' Little did they know that as soon as Lily returned to the Crawford family, her luck improved, and even the bedridden Mrs. Crawford regained her strength. Lily was later blessed with an amazing father who loved her dearly.

### **Chapter 164 The Virtue-Worthy Stories**

The female ghost became more and more agitated as she spoke, "In the first place, we suffered from an indiscriminate disaster! It wasn't entirely my fault in the first place, we were also implicated!"

“That red-clothed ghost just now, she ran into us and killed us!”

“There aren’t many cars on Kiniley Avenue, that female ghost got angry with others, and that’s why we got hurt...”

Kiniley Avenue?

A year ago, Kiniley Avenue...

Edward suddenly remembered, “There was indeed a car accident on Kiniley Avenue a year ago, and we had a construction site nearby.”

“A female driver was driving on the road at a slow speed. When passing through a one-way street, the car behind her became impatient, and the male driver wanted to overtake.”

“The female driver didn’t let the male driver overtake, and the male driver became angry. When the car drove to Kiniley Avenue, he deliberately kept the car in front of the female driver several times.”

The female driver refused to accept it, so she competed with the male driver. The two drove faster and overtook the other car. Finally, the female driver lost control and ran into the large truck next to her.

The large truck lost control and hit and killed the mother and daughter who were crossing the road. The mother was still pregnant with the child...

Later, the male driver was caught and was sentenced to life imprisonment because of maliciously overtaking the car, which eventually led to the death of the female driver, pregnant mother and a little girl.

Josh suddenly, “So it’s like this...”

No wonder the female ghost’s face was suddenly cracked and her body was broken just now. It turned out that she died in a car accident.

Lilly asked suspiciously, “Master, why did that aunt in red turn into a ghost?”

Everyone died, and the pregnant aunt and young lady turned into ordinary wandering ghosts after death, but she turned into a ghost.

Pablo said, “When she died, she probably held a breath of anger. After all, she was competing with others before she died, and she happened to be wearing a red dress.”

Perhaps in her opinion, it was the male driver who killed her, and it was not surprising that she held back an obsession to drag the male driver to death together, thus turning into a life-threatening ghost.

Lilly pursed his lips, not knowing right or wrong for a moment.

It was also wrong for the lady with a broken stomach not to obey the traffic rules.

But the red-clothed lady on the road raced with others, and killed the broken-bellied aunt and young lady...

It was also wrong!

Was such a situation worthy of sympathy or not?

“Master, father...do you want to accept that auntie with a broken stomach?” The little guy looked up at Pablo with a confused look on his face.

Pablo said with a numb face, “Okay.”

Josh, “Ah, this...”

Pablo said, “Children were indeed innocent, but children can’t be a reason for a person to make mistakes, you know?”

“There were thousands of poor people in this world, but a person can’t just ask others to give in to her just because she was poor.”

He looked down at Lilly, sighing secretly in his heart.

It was really difficult for her to understand these seemingly cold but impossible things now.

However, as the Little Hades, she could not have any extra feelings.

He was cold all his life, sees through all kinds of situations, and loses justice once he had love, but if he was cold and ruthless, he would not be able to understand human feelings beyond reason and law, and would lose his humanity.

“What does Lilly think?” Pablo looked at her.

Lilly thought for a while and asked, “Can we imprison her in the ghost world?”

Master said that in the ghost world there was the underworld and the prison town, and the prison town was the place where all unreincarnated ghosts gather.

There was a hint of approval in Pablo’s eyes, it was pretty good for her now to think of this level.

“Can.”

Although there were other ways, Pablo did not say any more.

Now that Lilly said it, let’s do it according to her wishes.

The female ghost with a broken belly was holding the ghost baby and leading the little girl, her eyes were still unwilling, and she could not help but glance at Jean a few times.

Going to the ghost world, she had to work hard to earn virtue, let alone to bring two children...

Jean had so many blessings, why could she not give her some...

With a big wave of Pablo’s hand, the female ghost had no choice but to disappear before her eyes.

Anthony pursed his lips. After reading the experience of this female ghost, his heart was heavy and he could not tell what it was like.

After all, this was not watching TV or watching a movie, but what happened in real life.

He looked at Lilly, unable to imagine that as a child, she had faced these complex human natures several times, leaving many traces in her heart.

But Lilly seemed to have completed something, with a smile on her small face, as if she was quite happy. Pure and simple, not thinking about what the female ghost said just now...

Children, it's over when it's over... It's fine.

Lilly turned to look at the remaining old lady in the shroud, and asked, "What about you? Granny, what's your reason?"

Pablo secretly said, 'Yes, the 'office' experience was getting more and more proficient!'

The old lady in the shroud said quietly, "I still had a word that I haven't said to my son..."

"This sentence was very important, I said I will go..."

Lilly asked curiously, "What was so important?"

The old lady in the shroud, "In the backyard of our old house, I buried a jar with ten gold bars and a passbook..."

She was very excited when she said this, "Ten gold bars were all 100 grams. According to the current gold price, one gold bar was 300,000 dollars, ten gold bars were 3 million dollars, and I had one million in my passbook, which was 4 million dollars!"

Lilly, "Wow! A lot of money!"

The little guy was really cooperative, and his face was full of surprise.

The corner of Blake's mouth twitched.

Edward said, "Lilly, just tell your uncle, I would have no problem to make sure you have pocket money of 10 million a month casually, there's no need to be so amazed at 4 million..."

However, he also knew what 4 million meant to ordinary people.

For some people, that was money that they will never earn in their lifetime. No wonder the old lady refused to leave.

The old lady in the shroud continued to say excitedly, "But my son wants to sell the house in his hometown! He wants to marry a wife in the city to buy a house! If it was sold, it will be someone else's property when someone else digs it up!"

She was in a hurry as she spoke, her dentures fell off, and she was so excited that she was furious.

"No, I must go back, I must tell my son that there was money under the house..."

Pablo still had an indifferent face, and said lightly, "Oh, tell your son that you can entrust your dreams, why do you have to go back by yourself?"

"When you were still alive, why didn't you tell your son about such a big thing, but why did you miss it after you died?"

“If you don’t bring money with you, you don’t take it with you when you die. Don’t you know this truth?”

Seeing Lilly’s puzzled eyes, Pablo explained, “Lilly, we need to learn how to observe ghosts, look—”

“The old woman’s face was clean, without any trauma, which means that she didn’t die suddenly by accident. Her hair was meticulous, she was wearing a shroud, and she was carrying a piece of jade—it shows that her son was filial.”

“After investigation: she died of illness. Since she didn’t die suddenly and her son was filial, she had every chance to explain this to her son before she died. Why didn’t she say so?”

The old lady in the shroud suddenly looked embarrassed, her eyes flickered slightly, “I...”

### **Chapter 165 Don’t Bring Money with You, Don’t Take it Away with Death**

Pablo said, “So don’t use your son as an excuse, you just want to go back, because you haven’t lived enough, you had kept the money for a lifetime, and you don’t had to enjoy it when you were old, you want to go back and enjoy it before you leave willingly.”

The old lady in the shroud seemed to be exposed, she picked up her dentures and muttered, “I just didn’t have time to say it, I just didn’t have time...”

Lilly understood.

She pieced together the logic bit by bit, and said, “Because you still have a lot of money to spend, you don’t want to leave, and you don’t want to dream after death because you want to live and spend the money, so you want to rob my mother. Your body... was like this, right?”

The old lady was in a hurry, “No, it takes time to send a dream, so many people are sending a dream and it may not be my turn soon! I... my son was about to sell the old house, am I in a hurry?”

Besides, to send a dream, it would cost her virtue. Then she had to work hard to earn back the virtue...

“I’m really doing it for my baby...” she insisted, “Really, I’m really...”

Pablo raised his hand, and a yellow talisman flew out to seal the old lady’s mouth.

In a hurry? For her son?

Generally speaking, grieving ghosts wandering in the world could not be seen by relatives, and there was no way to dream.

It might take tens or hundreds of years to wait for this opportunity, but if she went to the underworld and paid a little bit of virtue to dream, the time taken would be much faster than her wandering around in the world.

She was selfish.

She loved money and kept money, and she did not tell her son about the buried gold bars until she died. After she died, she found that the money really could not be taken away.

Pablo looked down at Lilly, "What does Lilly think about the old lady?"

Lilly thought about it.

That's a lot of money.

She remembered her own savings... Lilly felt a little pain in her heart.

If her money was taken by others, she would be very upset.

Lilly said, "Then... then tell the grandma's son to dig out the gold bars first, so that he can buy a new house instead of selling the old house."

Pablo nodded, "Well...and then?"

The most important thing was how to deal with this old lady.

Lilly didn't think too much about it, and said, "Just like my aunt who just broke her stomach, just send it to the prison town!"

People had their own place to stay, and ghosts were meant to stay with the ghosts, it was very simple.

Pablo could not help being amused, this little girl would draw inferences from one instance.

In fact, it was also possible to take the old lady in, let her turn into an evil spirit, take back her soul, and get her to improve herself.

The ghosts wandering in the world did not meet the regulations, and anyone who saw them could be killed.

However, Pablo still did not say anything, but opened the yellow talisman, and asked, "Now I'll give you a chance, I will tell your son through a dream about the gold bars, you just need to tell me your son's name and where he was from."

The old lady in the shroud opened her mouth, but she refused.

"I want to tell my son that I still want to see him... This was human nature, it's normal for a mother to meet her son..."

Lilly could not help interrupting her, "It's human nature, but you are a ghost now!"

So this formula doesn't work!

The old lady was confused.

She wanted to say something more, but Pablo raised his hand, "It's fine if you don't say anything, anyway, I don't care about money, I just care about ghosts."

After finishing speaking, half of the old lady's legs disappeared, and the old lady became anxious immediately, still speaking in defense.

After seeing that her neck also disappeared, at the last moment, the old lady had no choice but to tell her son's name and address.

She really wanted to spend it all by herself, but if she really could not spend it, it was better to let her son have it than a stranger.

Pablo withdrew his hand and said, "Look, isn't that easy?"

Lilly, "Now I know!"

Anthony Blake, "..."

Pablo touched Lilly's little head, and said, "Queer spirits".

The evil energy in the corridor completely dissipated, and Josh's tumbling iron basin also slowly stopped.

Jean, on the other hand, stood there in a daze.

The fragments of her soul came back together, and her memory came back.

She looked at Lilly and Edward who were nearest, and tremblingly said, "Lilly, fifth brother..."

As if struck by lightning, Edward quickly looked at Jean and said in surprise, "Jean, you, you also remember Fifth Brother?"

With tears in her eyes, Jean nodded lightly, "There was also the eldest brother, second brother and the others..."

Anthony froze in place.

Lilly was stunned, and the little guy could not recover.

"Mom, do you remember Lilly?" She looked at Jean in disbelief!

Jean looked at her, and did not even dare to reach out to touch her, for fear that everything was an illusion.

"I'm sorry, Lilly!" she said.

Lilly suddenly burst into tears.

"Mom...it's really mom!" Lilly jumped into Jean's arms and hugged her tightly, "Lilly misses mom so much!"

It was as if she finally saw her mother, and all the suppressed grievances could no longer be hidden.

With tears in his eyes, Lilly cried and said, "My mother has gone to heaven, and my father doesn't like Lilly anymore..."

She was sobbing, and the tears dripped down, "Auntie fell down the stairs by herself and said I pushed it. Mommy, Lilly never did it, and Lilly will never own it..."

"But no one believes in Lilly. They often forget to feed Lilly, and Lilly doesn't have very warm clothes."

"After mom was gone, Lilly felt cold every day."

Lilly cried while talking, the grievance that had been healed was turned out again at this moment, and she just wanted to be hugged by her mother.

Jean's heart ached...

"Lilly..." She hugged Lilly, hating herself for being blind, and even more hating for her incompetence. Why could not she create a miracle and overcome the disease before she died, or at least send Lilly back to the Crawford family.

"It's all mother's fault!" Jean just felt distressed, very distressed, very distressed!

Lilly shook her head, "It's not mother's fault, it's someone else's fault."

Jean's heart was sad, her sweetheart... was always so sensible.

Edward hurried towards Jean, but saw her slowly disappearing...

He was so anxious that he shouted, "Jean!"

Lilly rubbed his eyes and said, "Don't worry, Fifth Uncle, Mom is still here."

Edward was anxious, "Then why can't I see her?"

Lilly looked at Edward suspiciously, "Maybe it's just that Uncle Edward can't see ghosts!"

Though, why was he able to see the ghosts earlier?

After Josh, Uncle Edward was the other person that could see the ghosts.

Why?

Pablo looked at Lilly silently, but he was also very puzzled.

It seemed that as long as the evil energy was strong and the magnetic field was particularly chaotic, it was easy to see ghosts standing next to Lilly.

However, this could not explain why Anthony and Blake did not see the ghost.

"Forget it." Pablo raised his hand, and the booklet appeared out of thin air.

On the page of Lilly's name, there was no new reminder.

Jean's soul fragments have returned, and she would need to go down to the underworld too.

Pablo said, "Jean, you had stayed in the human world for too long, you should go."

Neither Jean nor Anthony had time to say a word, and Lilly had just found her complete mother.

Hearing this, everyone was reluctant.

Lilly's eyes were slightly red, and he grabbed Pablo's robe, "Master, Lilly wants a mother, boo-hoo, master was so powerful, there must be a way to keep mother."

Pablo, "....."

Damn it boss!

Can you stop trapping a subordinate to death!

Let's just say, there were so many other subordinates that the boss should be pulling a leg on...

Forget it, those guys were not as reliable as him.

Pablo said resignedly, "Yes, you put your mother into the jar of soul, but let me tell you first, you must go down before July 14th..."

"I had nothing else to do, so it's best not to come out and wander."

He can only help her hide it until July 14th.

For the rest, everything will be borne by him...

Lilly's eyes lit up, she hugged Pablo fiercely and said happily, "Master was the best! I love Master!"

Blake, "..."

This was the best?

He snorted coldly, leaning against the wall with his arms folded.

Sure enough, he was so worthless?

The jealous daddy MacNeil was a little annoyed, his eyes rolled aside.

Lilly happily walked around in the corridor, saying "Thank you, Master" and "Thank you, Master"...

Pablo said silently, "You were welcome. You will be promising in the future, but don't forget Master."

He hoped that after Little Hades returned, he would be promoted and rich enough to marry a wife...

Lilly nodded again and again, "Yeah! Lilly will help Master get promoted and get rich and marry a wife!"

Pablo, "???"

No, how did you know what I'm thinking?

His expression...was that obvious?

## **Chapter 166 Josh's Ghost Hunting Plan**

Just as Lilly was cheering, the door of old Mrs. Crawford's room opened with a bang.

She glanced blankly, then frowned, "It's so late, what were you doing here? Don't you sleep?"

Anthony pursed his lips, "We... were chatting."

Old Mrs. Crawford immediately chattered, "What were you talking about in the middle of the night? You have to sleep if you don't want to sleep! How can children grow taller if they don't sleep? What nonsense!"

"You, and you!" Old Mrs. Crawford stared at Blake and Edward, "What were you all doing?"

Anthony's sleep had always been bad, and he often didn't go to bed until three or four o'clock, she knew this.

However, what were Blake and Edward doing?

The old lady looked like she was about to hit someone with a feather duster.

Blake quickly raised his hand, "Aye aye, old lady, I am innocent."

He had been a mere passer-by all night, okay?

Nothing involved!

Old Mrs. Crawford grabbed the slippers under her feet.

Everyone immediately turned their heads and left, each going back to their respective rooms, "scared" beyond belief.

Lilly stuck out her tongue, grabbed Jean and ran away, "Grandma is angry, run!"

Old Mrs. Crawford snorted, put down her slippers, and looked helplessly at the empty corridor.

What a shame that she had to worry about them even if they grew up already.

If she was no longer here in the future, what would happen to this family...

Old Mrs. Crawford controlled the wheelchair and went back to her room. She gathered her shawl, and her back looked a bit vicissitudes.

Jean turned her head three times a step, with tears in her eyes, she could not bear to leave old Mrs. Crawford's eyes for half a minute, until she closed the door...

No problem, no problem.

She still had time, before July 14th, she still had time to say goodbye...

After returning to the room, old Mrs. Crawford could not fall asleep.

She looked at the ceiling silently, thinking about what to make for Lilly for breakfast in the morning, thinking about how soon she would grow up after going to kindergarten, which primary school would she send to in the future?

After primary school, Lilly was so smart, she should be able to keep up, right? At least she would not be as worrying as Hannah, right?

The more restless Mrs. Crawford was, the more she thought about it, the more she saw the old man beside him snoring unmoved, she was so angry that she flew up and kicked old Mr. Crawford.

This was a subconscious action, old Mrs. Crawford did not realize that she could kick people with her feet, and she was still thinking about Lilly in her heart, so she did not notice it at all.

Old Mr. Crawford turned over and pulled a blanket to cover himself.

Old Mrs. Crawford scolded in a low voice, "Sleep, sleep! Such noise didn't wake you up, just like a pig!"

Old Mr. Crawford, "Hulu... Hulu..."

Old Mrs. Crawford, "..."

She was speechless, really, when she was young, she thought it was an exaggeration to describe 'xxx sleeps like a rock', but she did not expect to marry a ready-made rocker later.

"Well....."

Old Mrs. Crawford tossed and turned and could not fall asleep, so she simply got up and went downstairs to prepare breakfast.

The night passed, and the next day, Edward, Lilly and Josh could not get up early.

Anthony was okay, he was used to going to bed late and getting up early, and he still got up.

Old Mr. Crawford was drinking tea with a teacup in a refreshed manner, while reprimanding him with a stern face, "The fifth one hasn't woken up yet? So are Drake and Josh, have you learned from Zachary?"

"Where's Blake?"

Anthony took a sip of strong tea and said, "Go for a run."

Old Mr. Crawford snorted, "Gilbert went to the emergency room again in the middle of the night last night, didn't he?"

This was justifiable.

However, the other children were just at the time when they were full of vigor, so they all slept in late, like something.

Without raising his eyelids, Anthony said, "Lilly can't get up either."

Old Mr. Crawford slipped his lips, "It doesn't matter for Lilly, she is a little girl..."

Anthony looked up at him.

Old Mr. Crawford immediately changed his words, "Girls also had to go to bed early and get up early! I'll ask someone to wake them up."

At least get up and eat breakfast before going to sleep...or your stomach will be bad.

Old Mr. Crawford didn't say this.

Old Mrs. Crawford carried a small basket of fried steamed buns, controlled the electric wheelchair to come out, and said, "Did you know that there was a thunderstorm last night?"

Old Mr. Crawford paused and frowned, "Could there be thunder in this weather?"

Old Mrs. Crawford sneered, "It's not just thunder, the roof had been knocked down, didn't you hear it?"

Old Mr. Crawford, "..."

Did that really happen?

Old Mrs. Crawford said angrily, "I knew you were a pig!"

Old Mr. Crawford curled his lips and continued to read his newspaper.

...

Josh was in the room.

He had actually gotten up, but had been writing furiously.

"Sister caught a total of 23 grieving ghosts and 1 ghost last night!"

Among them, the female ghost with a broken belly and the old woman in the shroud were not caught, Josh only felt that it was a shame.

"Now  $x=2$  (vanity ghost, fake foreign devil),  $y=23$ ,  $z=1$ ..."

Suddenly, he felt the dawn of victory!

Josh could not help but think: If he took Aunt Jean out for a walk every day, he would bring back 20 ghosts every day.

It only takes less than five days! My sister's kpi can be completed!

It's a pity that I can only think about it, after all, this was not good for Aunt Jean.

Josh thought about it, and suddenly thought, No, instead of relying on luck to catch ghosts, why not take the initiative? !

Hospitals, haunted and murderous places, and even other people's graves...

Uh forget it, other people's grave mounds were a bit out of place.

Josh felt that his idea was feasible, and immediately searched the Internet for places of great evil, holy places of haunted spirits, highways of death...

At this time, he suddenly saw a video, which was the one he recorded.

In the video, a female ghost was complaining about the bad environment in the country and the sweet air in foreign countries. When she was finally caught, she became angry and rushed towards the camera...

It was the video of the last time I caught the fake foreign devils!

This was a video he posted on his 'Spiritual Theory' website.

He had edited the video, blurred Lilly's appearance, and changed her voice. Only people who were familiar with Lilly can recognize her.

"My video was stolen?!" Josh speechlessly.

He saw that the blogger who stole the video was called 'The North Shadow', it should be a spam account, and all their posts were reposted from other people's videos.

Among them, the video of Fake Foreign Devil had the highest traffic. It seems that it should have been uploaded in the past two days.

Josh looked through the comments on this video.

“Damn! I was deceased when I saw that last rush!”

“May I ask which movie was this? Please notify me when there is an answer!”

“Oh my god, was this a visual effect made at a later stage? It is so realistic!”

“Not a movie! I’m a veteran horror movie fan, and I’ve seen all the hot ones, but I don’t have this one! So it should be done by the blogger himself... The best post-production often makes people feel that there was no post-production, blogger, you win! Subscribed! ”

Josh was speechless.

He immediately clicked the report button.

He provided evidence, the link to the original video, and when he went downstairs after going to the bathroom, brushing his teeth, washing his face and changing his clothes, he found that the video had been taken off the page.

“It’s quite impressive.” Josh said nonchalantly.

...

In a rented house in a village in the city.

The North Shadow watched excitedly as the traffic of the account gradually increased, and the constant sound of information notifications in the background was simply intoxicating.

500,000 likes, and the background playback volume had exceeded 20 million!

“Send it!” The North Shadow spun around excitedly.

In the past few days, he had been posting the video of the last live broadcast, and the two hot hashtags #Lilly #threeleggedrelationship had been overused by him.

In the beginning, the daily income of the video was more than 3,000, but the next day it became more than 1,000, and then hundreds, dozens...

A video could only last for a few days.

He had to do new videos.

However, the new videos all cut the same content, and he cut more than a dozen different titles from different angles.

The North Shadow had two accounts, the smaller account had been posting videos, and he had never expected that the smaller account would blow up, it was an unexpected surprise.

“Post, post, post!” The North Shadow looked at the income in the background, “It’s only been one night, and the income had already exceeded two thousand!”

According to his prediction, this video would definitely go up again. The link under his video happened to be the time when the app was most popularized, and it would be no problem to charge 5,000 a day!

“This was a long video...at least ten days and half a month, and when the app promotion was over...I can earn at least 100,000!”

Unexpectedly, a small video website he accidentally discovered would bring him such a big surprise.

The North Shadow was excited, but when he refreshed the background again, he found a notification.

“Your work was suspected of plagiarism and had been taken off the shelves.”

The North Shadow was speechless.

What the hell!

His 100,000 dollars!

The North Shadow was furious, and cursed, “Garbage platform! There were so many people plagiarizing, why should I be arrested!!”

He was very dissatisfied.

There must be a jealous dog who saw his traffic and reported it!

The North Shadow gritted his teeth, registered another account, and then logged into the small website called Spiritual Theory, and continued to secretly download...

## **Chapter 167 Someone’s Fallen Into the Water**

Harvard’s nickname this time was ‘Brother Harvard’s Videos’,

He uploaded three videos in one go. The videos on this website were too long, and one video could be split into three parts.

He then recorded a voiceover, putting in his explanations and breakdowns.

He was nothing but pleased with his new account!

The name alone sounded promising!

Yet...

Half a day seemed to fly by.

Harvard realized that his account had not gained any traction at all.

“Impossible! These are good videos, high quality videos!”

It just needed a boost in views. Yes, a little stimulation would make his video blow up for sure.

A view booster cost a hundred dollars...

Harvard decisively put all of the two thousand dollars he had just made in, spending all of it on view boosters!

Yet the rest of the day passed by...

The views were still lukewarm. It did get a little more likes, but only a little over a thousand.

“No, that’s too slow...”

Harvard was getting desperate. What was he going to do?

Stream himself cutting off another finger?

But losing a finger might not get him views?

Harvard clawed at his scalp, the thoughts getting to his head. No one saw how terrifying and bloodshot his eyes had gotten...

Over at the Crawfords.

Lilly had just finished eating. She lay on the sofa, patting her stomach like it was a drum.

“So round, what a round stomach~ this is a happy stomach full of food~,” she hummed.

Polly stood by the staircase, extending her neck and singing along, “The little pig’s so round~ closing her eyes and falling asleep~ her big ears flap and flap, her little tail wags and wags~ Grumble grumble grumble, grumble grumble grumble~!”

Lilly said at once, “You’re the pig! I’m not a pig!”

Polly wrote, “Oink oink!”

Bettany chuckled. “Lilly, don’t sit after eating. Get your Dad, we’re going for a walk.”

Lilly bounded up the stairs at once. “Sure~”

Polly hopped down as well, hunching her wings and swaying behind her.

“We’re going for a walk, we’re going for a walk!” Polly quacked happily. “Tortoise, we’re going for a walk!”

Tortoise’s head retreated into his shell from where he was resting lazily on the stairs.

Lilly ran into Blake just as she reached the top of the stairs, and tugged at his arm. “Daddy, let’s go for a walk!”

Blake wrote, “She has finally remembered me!”

He looked at the time, and nodded. “Alright.”

Lilly raised the jar of souls. “Mommy, we’re going for a walk!”

Uncle said that Mom could never go out.

Now that she could, she must be so happy...

Only for Pablo to turn her down. "No, I can't these days. I just went down to see Jean, and they're all after her! I've still got to tend to them later, ugh..."

There was nothing that could be done. She was, after all, the prized pupil.

Lilly replied, "Alright..."

She comforted Jean. "Wait a little longer, Mommy!"

Jean stroked her head. "It's alright."

In Hannah's room, Hannah raised her head with a pitiful expression. "I want to go for a walk too, Dad."

Liam barely raised his head. "Those are some pretty good ears you've got on you. Close the door, you're not leaving until you're done."

Hannah was speechless.

Liam was rushing his designs on the side, as well as watching over Hannah as she did her homework. He realized that she was just writing what she thought the letters looked like, and the letters looked like gibberish. He almost exploded.

The math questions to the side were an even bigger problem.  $1+1=3...2+2=2$ .

Liam was annoyed, and Hannah wanted to cry. Both father and daughter were at each other's necks, giving each other hell.

...

The Crawford mansion was located by the city river, on the widest side of the river. The shore that dipped into the water was shaped like half an island, and thus was named the Five Elephants Peninsula.

Behind the peninsula was the largest state-protected forest garden, the Greenhill Garden.

The Crawford household was right in front of Greenhill, facing the water.

The night breeze cooled as it swept over the trees and the river, dispersing the summer heat.

The butterfly bridge twinkled with dreamy lights, reflected into the river like glowing ripples.

Lilly hoisted her backpack further up her back, stretching out an arm past the rail. "Wow~ it's so beautiful~"

Blake pushed Bettany along, looking around leisurely.

He had not felt this free in a while. Despite being in charge of watching over the hill, he rarely had time to bask in the peace it brought.

Polly was ecstatic flying back and forth, and in an out...

Just then, a series of panicked cries came from a distance. Someone was crying out loudly, some people were abuzz with chatter.

Bettany raised her head. "What's going on?"

A few people were running around and shouting, "Someone's fallen in the water! It's two girls!"

Blake frowned, hurrying forwards to take a closer look.

Lilly frowned at the lights reflected into the water, panic rising slowly in her chest.

### **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**

#### **Score 9.9**

The "**The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)**" Today, author Noveltk (author of Unprecedented Times) reviews a captivating romantic period drama. **The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford)** is one of the most famous romance authors in the world. She has written Billionaire novel, including paranormal and romantic suspense series like "Alison's Identity of Romance". She has won numerous awards, including the Romance Writers of America Lifetime Achievement Award. **Realistic fiction creates imaginary characters and situations that depict our world and society.** It focuses on themes of growing up and confronting personal and social problems. This genre portrays characters coming to understand themselves and others.

#### **Book Synopsis:**

Read The Princess to Eight Uncles (Lily and Mr. Crawford) - Lily was forced to kneel in the freezing snow for a full day because her stepmother had suffered a fall, resulting in a miscarriage. As a result, she was exiled from home because her family believed she brought bad luck. However, just as she was at the brink of death, all eight of her uncles arrived in time to save her. The eldest uncle said, 'It's time for the Hatcher family to go bankrupt.' Her second uncle exclaimed, 'Anyone who harms Lily will be dead!' Mr. Crawford was so furious that he beat her useless father to a pulp while pleading, 'So what if she's the daughter of the Crawford family? She's a jinx that caused her mother's death and her father's bankruptcy!' Little did they know that as soon as Lily returned to the Crawford family, her luck improved, and even the bedridden Mrs. Crawford regained her strength. Lily was later blessed with an amazing father who loved her dearly.

### **Chapter 168 Mysterious Bottom Of The Lake**

Blake weaved through the crowd quickly, and saw a head bobbing about the water.

Even more strangely, there were two girls sobbing their hearts out. Both of them were drenched.

He had heard that there had been two girls who had fallen into the water. Had they been rescued already.

A middle aged woman shouted, "Give me back my daughter! My poor daughter!"

She panicked as she spoke, insisting on getting into the water.

Blake pulled her out of the way at once. "Don't you go in there!"

The lady refused to listen, insisting on going in. "My daughter, please save my daughter!"

But, there were a few old uncles and aunties shouting by the shore, "No, it's a man... there's a man too!"

So was it a man or a woman?

The middle-aged woman shoved Blake away, and was promptly yanked back.

He asked sternly, "Can you swim?"

The lady shook her head.

Blake said, "Don't go in there. Wait here for me. Got it?"

Upon speaking, he jumped into the water. There was a life at stake here, and time waited for no one.

Blake rowed in the direction of the floating head.

Only for the middle-aged lady by the shore to jump in anyways. The water's edge was shallow but got deeper as it went further into the center. She walked along the edge, shouting, "My daughter, save my daughter!"

Before she could finish, she lost her footing and slipped and fell into the river!

The lady cried out in panic, struggling and flailing her limbs.

"Help..."

Blake was nothing but annoyed. He'd told her not to come in, she didn't know how to swim— and she'd done it anyway.

He stared at the head in the middle of the river. It had stopped moving.

The middle-aged lady was closer, only two meters away.

If he were to save the person in the middle of the water, the lady might be dead by that time. The person in the middle of the river was already unmoving, and most likely dead.

Blake would obviously choose the person who was more likely to survive. One would usually prioritize that factor when saving someone, not who was more deserving of being rescued.

Blake swam back at top speed, raising the woman and hauling her to the shore, before swimming off into the middle of the river.

The woman fell into the mud by the river, crying out once before she was yanked ashore by the people nearby. Her cries could still be heard from a distance.

Bettany and Lilly could not match Blake's speed, and had only reached the shore now.

Lilly looked to the shore, and panicked at once.

"Daddy, Daddy!" She ran down.

Bettany freaked out at this. "Lilly, don't go down there!"

Lilly turned around. "Don't worry, Grandma! I know what I'm doing. You stay safe!"

Upon speaking, she ran off.

Bettany did not know what to do. She herself could not go down, that would only add more trouble.

She clutched her remote controller, backing her wheelchair up half a meter. There were too many people by the river— she would only cause more trouble if she were to fall in.

Bettany retreated to a safe spot, flagging down a passer-by to watch over Lilly.

Lilly was a pretty fast runner for how short her legs were, and reached the shore in no time. She did not act rashly, and merely cupped her hands by her mouth to shout, “Dad! Come back!”

A man ran over, hoisting her up. “Don’t go running around, little girl!”

The winds by the river were strong, and Blake could only hear himself rowing. He had reached the middle of the river, and reached out to grab the floating person.

The second his fingers closed around the person’s clothing, all Blake could feel was a sticky, slippery sensation.

He found that very strange. This person had just fallen into the water. Why did they feel mossy and slimy, like algae had begun to grow on them? The person was on their back, exposing a pale and lifeless face with upturned eyes. It was a terrifying sight.

It was a man.

Blake got a shock. Just then, he felt something wrapping around his ankles and pulling him into the water!

“What?”

How dare you trick me, of all people?

Blake wrenched his feet free, stomping down viciously!

Anyone would have been scared witless coming face to face with a corpse, but not Blake.

Anyone would also have been terrified if something in the water was to grab their ankle out of nowhere... but not Blake.

Blake was nothing but calm. He grabbed the floating male corpse, stomping down vigorously. He had undergone underwater training before, and was able to use his strength underwater unlike most people.

He felt like he was kicking against something round and soft— because he had lost his footing after stomping down, the round thing was probably shaped like a human head.

Blake did not have time to think about what was underwater. He grabbed the male corpse, swimming vigorously to shore.

Yet the thing underwater was relentless in its pursuit, and quickly caught up to his leg again.

Blake was dragged backwards once again. This underwater force seemed to be pretty strong.

Blake frowned. He let go of the corpse, pushing it hard towards the shore. Whether the corpse made it or not was out of his control now.

His own safety was far more important.

After doing this, he was able to swim with both hands.

Yet whatever force that was underwater had now caught both of his ankles. Blake was no longer dragged backwards, but he could not swim forwards as well. He was stuck.

His ankles felt slimy, like the corpse from just now.

Blake's mind raced. If he didn't panic, he might just be able to hold off this underwater force until the authorities got here.

But this might not work. He did not know what he was dealing with, and if it might explode with energy all of a sudden.

Just then, a ray of green light shone across the water. A parrot was seen carrying an amulet in its mouth. It flew to Blake, stepping right on his head.

Blake thought to himself, What the...

Polly held the amulet in her beak, pecking Blake's head again and again.

Blake was speechless.

He reached out to grab the amulet.

Polly flew up immediately, crowing, "Burn it! Burn it!"

Lilly had been watching from the shore nervously, and had sensed the dark energy around Blake when he was struggling in the water.

She could not go there, and the authorities weren't here yet.

In a fit of panic, she spotted Polly and an idea came into her mind at once. She reached for her backpack, fishing out an amulet and passing it to Polly for her to bring over.

Thank goodness Polly did not let her down.

Blake held the amulet, slapping it onto the surface of the water.

He had never used a yellow amulet before, and thus did not know how to do it. It was clear that Polly knocking it above his head did not work.

The water was the other way to go, then.

Sure enough, he was right. The murky water was suddenly ablaze with green flames as Blake felt the thing grabbing his foot let go of him at once.

The darkness of the water cleared slowly, reflecting the lights once again.

Blake took the chance to swim back to shore at top speed. He saw the male corpse again just as he reached.

It looked like he had been hung up by an outstretched branch.

He paid it no mind, returning to shore at once.

Lilly ran into his arms, hugging Blake tightly as tears shone in her eyes. "Daddy..."

Blake stroked her head. "I'm alright."

What happened today had been very strange, but he had been in many situations that had been far more dangerous than this one.

The authorities arrived shortly after, fishing the male corpse out of the water at once.

The corpse's face was completely drained of color, his eyes widened like his death had been a wrongful tragedy. It scared the wits out of the onlookers nearby.

Blake frowned. This corpse...

Hadn't its eyes been rolled backwards?

Why were they open now...

### **Chapter 169 Is Saving Someone A Mistake?**

The rescue boats lit up the water in the night, searching and scooping as time passed.

The middle-aged lady, now restrained, continued to shriek, "My daughter... my daughter..."

Yet after half an hour searching, nothing seemed to come up. Someone said that the girl may have been dragged under the current, and had sunk to the bottom of the river.

Either way, there was no way she was still alive...

"Ugh, if that lady hadn't meddled just now... her daughter might have been found..."

"Alright, stop talking about it. She just lost her daughter, that's a pretty big deal..."

The middle-aged woman's chest ached as she listened.

No, how could it have been her fault?

She had just been anxious. Any mother would have done the same in a situation like this.

She hadn't asked for Blake to save her, either. Why hadn't he saved her daughter, and gone back for her instead!

The woman was overcome with remorse and guilt she could barely breathe, running to Blake and beginning to hit and kick at him:

"Why didn't you save my daughter first! Why did you rescue a dried-up corpse! Why did you save me!"

“You’re evil, you should be dead! My daughter’s only sixteen, but you didn’t save her! You should be dead!”

The middle-aged lady shrieked loudly, yelling bloody murder at Blake.

Lilly clenched her fists. “Unreasonable! Unreasonable! You’re being absolutely ridiculous!”

Her father was far from deserving to be dead!

Lilly did not get it. Her father had tried so hard to save everyone, why was it his fault now?

Blake pushed Lilly behind him gently, his expression cold.

He could understand the pain of losing one’s daughter— come to think of it, he would be just as overwhelmed if his dear Lilly was gone.

But understanding was one thing. That didn’t mean he was going to be blamed for it.

Blake grabbed the woman’s palm, outstretched and ready to slap Lilly. He shoved her away. “I won’t blame you for this, seeing as your daughter’s nowhere to be found.”

The woman refused to back down still. The man that had helped Bettany look after Lilly just now shouted, “Are you done making a scene?”

“Did he not go down to try saving everyone? Did he not run into trouble on the water as well?”

“Who do you think you are, asking for someone to sacrifice their life for your daughter’s! Is your daughter’s life somehow worth more than that of others’ now?”

The woman bit her lip. So what if it was?

The point was that her daughter was gone now!

“Did I beg him though?” The woman had seemingly lost it, shouting such a thing.

Everyone else did not know what to say.

Someone piped up, “It’s truly your daughter’s demise to have a mother like you! No wonder she offed herself.”

“Exactly! Who says that? He jumped in to save your daughter, and you’re still saying all that.”

The woman broke down for real this time, sobbing loudly as she screamed, “What the hell are you talking about! My daughter’s already gone, and you’re speaking of her like this! Did he save her? No, he didn’t! You’re all evil, saying things like this...”

She flailed her arms as she spoke, trying to hit the crowd.

Polly was not having any of that. She hid in Lilly’s shoulder, squawking, “You evil woman, fall on that big bottom of yours!”

Just as the words rang through the air, the woman really lost her footing and slipped and fell to the ground.

Her head hit the ground hard, putting her in a kneeling position to the person that she had just hit.

Both Lilly and Blake were rendered speechless by it.

Polly herself was terrified at the sight, scrambling to appease Lilly at once.

Blake scooped Lilly up. "Let's go!"

The authorities had finished recording his statement, and he had also left his number with them.

There was no point in staying here anymore.

Before leaving, Blake cast one last glance at the corpse lying by the shore.

The tarp covering his face had been blown open, exposing his bloated, pale face.

Blake's heart lurched in fear at the sight—

The man's pupils were looking at him!

Just now in the water, they had been rolled backwards.

When he was ashore, they were wide open and staring in front of him.

And now...

The pupils had somehow turned over!

Blake was speechless

Lilly asked, "Dad, what's up?"

Blake asked, "Where's your Master?"

Lilly responded, "He's back underground. Said that there was someone coming for an inspection..."

Blake did not say anything more. He pushed Bettany along, returning home.

Bettany asked anxiously, "Are you alright?"

Blake did not show much emotion, only mumbling, "I'm fine."

Bettany, "Why were you struggling in the water for so long, then?"

She had been on the walkway by the riverbank when everyone was crowding by the shore, and could see that Blake had been struggling in the water for quite a while.

Blake wrung his T-shirt out. "The water weeds were a pain."

Bettany could not help but nag, "Well, don't be so rash next time! It's so late in the night, how terrifying! You can't see anything, what if you had run into something in the water?"

Blake was speechless.

Bettany was referring to branches, or rocks in the water.

Blake thought of the thing that had grabbed his ankles just now.

Once he was home, Blake took off his soaked clothes to reveal his firm, broad chest. He checked himself for wounds in the mirror, and saw nothing strange.

There was just a purple-green handprint on his ankle...

"Tss.." Blake touched the mark. It felt cold.

It seemed like he would have to go looking for his dear Lilly after he was done showering.

Just as he was in the middle of his thought, a knock sounded on the door. Blake wrapped himself up in a towel, cracking the door open slightly.

Lilly stood outside the door, looking to the left and right before whispering, "Dad..."

Blake opened the door for her to come in.

"What's the matter, my darling child?" He asked.

Lilly was holding a wooden sword around the length of a palm. She was clad in yellow robes, and was holding a paper amulet in her other hand.

God knows when she'd bought all that...

Lilly said, "Dad, I'm here to exorcize you!"

Blake: "Uh... hang on."

He hadn't showered yet.

Lilly nodded. "Don't run a bath!"

Blake gestured an 'ok' sign at her. He had never liked taking baths anyways.

The sound of water came through the bathroom. Lilly was still worried, and called out. "Daddy?"

Blake's voice rang through. "Mmm?"

Lilly stopped worrying. "Nothing, just checking if you're alive."

Blake was speechless.

Within thirty seconds, Lilly called out again. "Daddy?"

Blake thought to himself ...I'm still alive.

Another thirty seconds passed. "Daddy?"

Blake was speechless

The door opened with a creak, and Blake stood in the doorway with a bemused expression.

He was clad in a bathrobe, tossing the towel he had used just now into the laundry basket as he said, "My dear child, this is the fastest Daddy's ever taken a shower.

Lilly thought, Uh...

She asked, "Are you clean, then?"

Blake was speechless.

What did you think?!

## **Chapter 170 Going The Extra Mile For Clout**

Blake sat on the sofa, Lilly squatting in front of him to inspect his foot.

All that could be seen was the purple-green handprint on his ankle had only deepened, as if it was rotting.

Lilly took out the paper amulet and set it on fire. She then filled up half a bucket of water, scattering the ashes into the water and stirring everything together with the wooden sword.

She picked up Blake's foot, submerging it into the bucket as she washed it with the amulet water. "O' stinky foot, O' Daddy's stinky foot, it's so stinky and stinks everywhere.."

Blake chuckled lightly.

His feet did not stink!

As the water splashed onto the purple-green handprint, Blake felt a slight stinging pain on his foot as the handprint on his ankle began to fade.

Within no time, the bucket of water had turned black.

"Whoa, this is a big one!" Lilly exclaimed. "You didn't get pulled down, Dad! You're awesome!"

Blake was speechless.

He did not know if his darling girl was praising him, or the demon that had tried to harm him.

Lilly headed for the bathroom with the bucket, pouring the water down the toilet. After flushing it down, she filled another half-bucket of water.

After repeating this twice, Blake's foot finally went back to normal. Lilly took off the robe she was wearing, and tied it to his feet.

Blake took in the sight of his busy little bee. The kid meant serious business, diligent in washing his feet and wiping them dry with the robe.

A strange emotion rose in his chest— he was touched. He had never thought that he would have such a caring, kind daughter one day.

"All done!" Lilly clapped her hands. "You can't take the robe off all night, Dad."

Blake nodded, reaching out and hoisting Lilly into his lap. "Thank you, Lilly. That looked hard."

Lilly hugged Blake's neck, planting a slobbery kiss on his cheek. "Don't worry about it!"

Her tone was soft, her eyes big and black as they blinked.

She then hopped out of his grasp to the side, bouncing up and down the bed before landing on her back and patting the space next to her.

“Come on, Daddy! Let’s lie down!” she said.

Blake chuckled to himself, getting up and lying next to Lilly.

Lilly stretched her legs out for a while, raising them into the air and catching her feet with her hands.

After doing this for a while, Blake turned around and saw that she had fallen asleep.

Blake put a blanket over her, tapping her on the nose. “Goodnight, my darling.”

The incident about the three girls drowning in the river had become a hot topic online overnight, especially the middle-aged lady’s line, “I didn’t ask you to save me!”.

“Three girls drowned in the river. Man jumps into the river to save them. The girl’s mom responded, “I didn’t ask you to save me!”

“Young girl drowns in river and body cannot be found, mother curses rescuer, “You should be dead!”

“Three girls drowned at the same time, one of them missing. Mother screams at rescuer, “Why didn’t you save my daughter first!”

The titles were getting more and more scandalous, attracting a flock of onlookers. They all seemed to be angered by the situation, leaving a slew of angry comments cursing out the mother.

The comment section grew, boosting the incident’s popularity and putting it on the radar of national broadcast stations.

Harvard, who had been worrying about how to gain popularity, saw this as a golden opportunity to follow this hot topic.

He made many videos commentating on the matter, criticizing the mother for her skewed values. And yet...

There were too many creators talking about this. He was no match at all.

The likes he got may have been higher compared to other videos, but they never passed a thousand. The playback only reached twenty to thirty thousand.

He hadn’t done more.

Suddenly, an idea came to him. “I can do something else!”

He made a burner account, posting a comment in support of the mother against all the others bashing her.

Yes, you did save the other two, but why didn’t you save the remaining one? You should have saved all of them! Do you know how sad her mother must be?

I think the mother was right. You shouldn't have bothered trying to be the hero if you're incompetent! Honestly, the only way to make this fair would be if all three girls died.

The polarizing opinion was definitely controversial enough, and he was instantly met with countless angry replies.

@shanshan, "What a scumbag! Are you even human?"

@justsurfingaround, "Have you lost your mind? People sh\*t out of their butts, but you seem to sh\*t out of your mouth!"

@happybaby, " I have no words. How do people like this exist? Crazy!"

Harvard was... overjoyed at the amount of comments yelling at him!

The platform itself was blind to whether the comments were positive or negative. Traction was traction.

The more agitated people got, the better he felt!

Not long after this, Harvard realized that the facts had shifted again.

Three girls had drowned last night, but only two of them were rescued— and a male corpse.

The third girl seemed to have vanished into thin air, unable to be found.

More and more creators began going to the river and livestreaming their attempts to find the body, gaining thousands and thousands of views.

Harvard did not think twice. He packed up his gear, setting out for the river as well.

The river was surrounded by onlookers, and many creators were live streaming.

Blake stood beside the crowd holding Lilly. She stretched her neck out to watch.

Seeing her struggle, Blake hoisted her up onto his shoulders to get a better view.

Lilly could finally see.

"It's too far though!" Lilly put a hand above her eyes, squinting into the distance.

Blake pulled out a pair of binoculars, handing them to Lilly.

Lilly cried out in delight. "Whoa, Dad! Are you a magic genie?"

Blake thought to himself, Yes, what would you like?

Lilly said at once, "A lollipop!"

Blake opened his hand, revealing a strawberry lollipop.

Lilly was overjoyed. She sucked on the lollipop happily, looking across the ocean.

Three boats were moving around the water, and another two could be seen further ahead.

This had become hot news, and everyone was interested in knowing what would happen.

“It’s day out. There won’t be anything,” Lilly said. “Oh, Dad, what was the deal with that dead body?”

Blake: The police are still investigating that.

But that was hardly a problem for him, was it?

“I looked around. The dead guy was an eighteen-year-old boy. Young man. He saw someone drowning in the water, and jumped in to save them without hesitation.”

It was a shame he only managed to save two girls, and never made it back to shore himself.

“What’s even stranger is that he clearly just drowned, but when I touched his arm in the water it felt all slimy. Like it had been in the water for a few days.”

Blake would not have even believed that this boy was the brave hero who had jumped into the river, had he not seen the surveillance footage himself.

Lilly thought, How strange...

Had it really been three girls who drowned?