

Eight Uncles 171

Chapter 171 Demons Make Merrier Humans

Lilly stared at the river, her tiny face creased into a serious expression. It made for a rather adorable sight.

There was a livestream set up near the riverbank, and a creator was hosting another two meters away. The usually quiet riverbank was suddenly abuzz with dramatic voices.

“This is where the three girls drowned. Like and subscribe to the channel, and follow me as I bring you on a journey to get to the bottom of this curious case, the latest updates will...”

“The boats still haven’t found anything. Take a look at where I’m pointing at right now, this is where the male corpse was found... Oh, please feel free to check out the shopping cart! In it are a few listings for popcorn and chips, that you can all snack on while you watch the stream. Shipping immediately upon order!”

“Does anyone want to give us a gift or two? We’re currently battling with these guys, and we can’t let such a hot topic lose to them, can we? Am I right... Someone just gave us a huge tip, guys! Thank you so much! Peace be with you! Please follow this generous tipper!”

Lilly was speechless

She furrowed her brows, confused. “What are they doing, Dad?”

Blake looked over at the chaos. “This is hell on earth. Demons make merrier humans...”

Some people were just around for the drama, gossiping in the crowd and adding to the discourse. A life and death situation was a mere opportunity to profit for them.

Human beings are terrifying creatures. Some of us appear to be human, but possess hearts that are to be feared more than those of demons.

Lilly sucked on her lollipop, sulking quietly.

Blake asked, “Lilly, what do you need from Daddy?”

Lilly shook her head. “Nothing at the moment.”

Her master had said that there was a hierarchy for resentful spirits, too. Some resentful spirits could only come out during nighttime, but some of them could also appear in places with high levels of dark energy during the day.

Places such as the bottom of a river, bushes by the side of a riverbank, or the space underneath a bridge were all considered to hold quite a bit of dark energy.

The resentful spirit from last night had killed a boy, and even grabbed Lilly’s dad’s foot.

Lilly was worried that the spirit would be too powerful and come out to cause more harm, and thus insisted on coming out to take a look.

Blake asked, “Are we going back now, then?”

Lilly held the binoculars up to her eyes. "Hang on... Dad, let's go to the other side of the river."

There was a garden on both sides of the river. This side was closer to the area's residences, and was thus filled with more people. On the other side was an office building, and thus there were less people hanging around there.

This contrast was even more prominent at night, one end of the river buzzing with life and the other cold and quiet.

Harvard had been streaming by the river for two hours. His tongue was going to run dry, and his skin was being baked alive.

Yet there were still barely any people watching his stream.

He huffed irritably. Why did others' streams have so many people watching, but he had barely any viewers? It was the same story!

This was so unfair.

Harvard opened a bottle of water. He glanced at the mere eleven people watching the stream, and didn't even feel like continuing anymore.

Just as he was taking a sip, he spotted a tall, fit man carrying a little girl and leaving.

His height was remarkable enough to make him stand out already, and the little girl riding on his shoulders only added to that height.

The onlookers were focused on the river, their phones pointed towards the water.

No one had noticed the father and his daughter.

Harvard perked up at once. Wasn't this Lilly Crawford?

Having edited a billion videos about Lilly, Harvard recognized her at once.

He packed up his gear, following closely behind.

Harvard's eyes were practically glowing. Lilly = views!

Office hours had just ended, and cars zoomed across the bridge. The air was rife with the tick of engines and the sound of car honks. Everyone was in a rush to get home.

There were also some people who stopped and pointed at the boats from the bridge, talking amongst themselves.

"They're still looking... Did you see the news? A boy jumped into the water to save the girls, and managed to save two of them... but never returned himself..."

"Didn't the guy who rescued them survive?"

"You saw the earlier news. The latest update confirmed that the boy died. He's a senior studying at the high school around here... the guy who survived was the second person who jumped into the water. I heard he was a really tall man."

“What a tragedy... he saved the others but couldn’t save himself.”

Coming out of the park, Blake put Lilly back on the ground. He held her hand, weaving through the crowd on the bridge and overheard the voices.

These people were right. The two girls had been rescued when Blake jumped into the water.

It was the boy who had saved them.

Blake guessed that the boy had probably jumped in and rescued the two girls first. When he went back for the third one, he never returned.

The only thing suspicious now was where the third girl was. Logically speaking, if all three girls had fallen into the water at the same time, the third girl’s body should be in the river, even if she did drown before help came.

The boy’s death was also strange... it didn’t seem like he struggled much.

“We can go from over there,” Blake said. “There’s a side door that goes into the garden about a hundred meters after we cross the bridge.”

Both father and daughter made their way into the park, and realized that there were quite a few creators live streaming here too. It was not nearly as crowded as it was on the other side, but there were still quite a few people.

Most of them had left with the boats, but more people would come and set up their equipment.

Because of this, Blake did not notice Harvard hidden in the crowd.

Lilly was holding a small compass. Pablo had given it to her, and it was around the size of a watch.

“This way...”

Lilly led Blake to a banyan tree by the water.

The tree was not very big, its trunk around the size of an adult thigh. Its branches stretched across the surface of the river, drooping into the water.

The compass stopped moving when they walked up to the tree.

Blake asked, “Here?”

Things looked perfectly fine.

Blake let go of Lilly. “Stay here and don’t move. I’ll go take a look.”

The soil around the banyan tree was slippery and wet. Blake carefully made his way down for a few meters, raising his head to look in the direction of the banyan tree...

The sight that greeted him almost made his heart beat out of his chest!

All that could be seen under the banyan tree was a long-haired girl standing up. Her dyed blonde hair hung on both sides of her bowed head, and she was clad in a crop top with a gray and white miniskirt.

Her hands hung limply by her sides, her arms white and bloated and her fingertips blackened. Her legs were also drained of color. She was wearing black loafers, with pretty lacy socks.

As if she had heard a sound, the girl fell into the water with a splash. Following this, a shrill cry sounded next to Blake's ear:

"Help... someone's fallen into the water!"

Chapter 172 She Just Won't Listen

Blake whipped his head around. The voice was loud and shrill, but he did not see anyone around him who could have said the words.

But because of the sound, many people crowded over at once.

"Quick, someone's drowning!"

"Help them... quick, someone help them! Does anyone know how to swim? Save them!"

"Get the people on the boats over here..."

The people shouted loudly in a fit of panic. Soon enough, seven to eight people had crowded by the originally empty riverbank. Almost half of them were holding streaming equipment.

The riverbank broke out into chatter.

"Oh my God! Guys, someone's drowning! Why can't I swim... oh, help them!" This was a panicked cry.

"Guys, someone's drowning. Oh my God, what is with this river and people drowning in it all the time..." This was a voice of shock and confusion.

"I can't swim, sorry... Oh, thank you for the tip, Bro! Oh my, we've got a mega tipper here! Well, uh... I'm going to do it! I'm going to give it a try! Please pray for me, guys!" This was someone who had clearly lost their mind just for a tip...

Amidst the chatter, a middle-aged man had taken off his shirt and was getting ready to jump.

The livestreamers panned their cameras over to him at once.

Lilly ran forwards, tugging at the man's trousers. "You shouldn't go, Sir!"

The man thought that Lilly was worried for him, and said, "Don't you worry. I can swim!"

Lilly was in a fit of panic. "No, there's danger out there in the water..."

Lilly refused to let go. Her red bracelet glowed lightly, and the man could not shake her off no matter how hard he tried.

Someone from the side called out, "Hey, what's wrong with you, kid? Why are you getting in the way? Where are your parents, whose kid is this!"

A few grown-ups crowded over, trying to pull Lilly away.

Blake had just come back up from the mud. Seeing this, he growled, "How dare you touch my daughter!"

The ferocity of his tone scared a few people, and they withdrew their hands.

He cast a look around him. "No one fell into the water. I checked."

Everyone else took in the sight of him, his clothes soaking wet. They stopped short.

The guy hurried to ask, "Did you go down there?"

Blake nodded. "I went. No one drowned."

Everyone found this incredibly strange, nothing but confused.

Yes, Blake had promised Lilly that he would not go into the water before going to the banyan tree, and Lilly had given him an amulet as well.

He had lied. He hadn't gone into the water, and was going to pull her ashore before she got too far away when he realized that something was very off and came back at once.

So, he lied. He did not go into the water, but was going to call for the bots to come over instead of having average people jump in.

Yet just then, a middle-aged woman parted the crowd with a bewildered expression as she shouted, "That's my daughter, that's my daughter..."

She ran towards the river as she screamed, jumping in without hesitation as she continued to shriek, "Jane, Jane!"

"Jane, Mommy's here! Jane..."

"Come back!" Blake cried out coldly.

Yet the woman paid him no mind, swimming deeper into the river.

All of this happened out of nowhere, and no one knew where the woman had even come from.

Yet she had jumped into the river, the water level coming up to her chest before she was knocked over, beginning to struggle.

"Ahh.. help..." she shouted instinctively.

Everyone did not know what to do. "She can't swim! What was she thinking, my God!"

The man was about to jump in again, when Blake held up a hand to stop him as he was on the phone. "I'll get the boats to come over."

The streamers began to yell,

"The poor lady's going to drown!"

"The boats are so far away, they're not going to make it in time!"

The man looked over, and wanted to jump again. Blake blocked him off firmly, stopping him from getting into the water.

Seeing Blake stop him time and time again, the man finally lost it and shouted, "There's a life at stake here! What the hell are you doing?"

The crowd was beginning to panic as well. "Yes, yes, he can swim! Let him go!"

"Come on, hurry up! She's not going to make it!"

"What's happening over here? Both the kid and the man trying to be nuisances, are they uncaring because it's not happening to them?"

Blake saw that the man was not listening to him, and sent him keeling over with a flying kick as he said to Lilly, "Darling, hold him down!"

Lilly climbed onto the man at once— and sat right on his back.

The man: ...

He struggled for a little, and found that he really could not get up.

Blake glowered at the crowd. "I said, no one's going into the water!"

The crowd could not retaliate, growing more and more anxious before beginning to yell insults and abuse.

Blake paid them no mind. He made a few calls, to which he got quite a good response.

The nearest boat came speeding over.

Blake estimated the distance. The boat should be here in two minutes.

A human being can be saved within four to six minutes upon drowning, and can be rescued within one or two minutes after they have drowned.

Even if the woman had stopped struggling, she would be saved for sure if she was given help within two minutes.

Which was to say that as long as the boat got here in two minutes, she would be fine. She would just cough up some water, and be fit as a fiddle.

The sun was setting then, its rays hitting the woman in the water. Blake suddenly thought of one risk: the resentful spirit might drag the woman underwater—

But Blake did not really care about whether or not that happened, really.

Call him cold-blooded, or heartless. A life was just a life. Why drag other innocent people down because these people kept on refusing to listen?

The crowd began to curse Blake out. Even the streamers were piping up in rage.

"This man's completely heartless! He's got a kid, too! No wonder his daughter's just as evil as he is. It truly runs in the family!"

“Does this man have a heart? How could he be so cold-blooded?”

“He’s making it sound like there might be danger in the water, but there’s a life at stake here! Are we really going to see a life end before our eyes and not do anything?”

“What a fake! He thinks he’s doing good, but he’s clearly just trying to get popular!”

Harvard was the only streamer who remained silent, but his gaze flashed excitedly.

He had taken the chance to whip out two phones the second he heard someone cry out, “Someone’s fallen into the water!, and now had three angles shooting Lilly, Blake and the woman.

All of these shots were going to be great content!

Harvard knew very well that this was going to land him in the top searches. No one was going to cover this as well as he did.

He was going to edit a few videos in a row, and upload them every half an hour! Yes, this was going to make him go viral— Harvard was certain he was going to make it big!

Just then, someone cried out in shock.

“Look over there!”

All that could be seen as the sun set across the river, was a blond female corpse floating over. She was clad in a gray and white miniskirt.

It was clear she was a corpse, because she was floating lifelessly...

Just as everyone was agape in shock and horror, a terrifying sight happened.

The corpse raised her hand, dragging the woman to the bottom of the ocean!

Chapter 173 Lilly’s Mad

“Argh...”

The riverbank rang with cries and screams.

The sun set, and the garden was cool with a chilly breeze. Everyone was rigid with terror.

“What, what just happened?”

“Did I lose my mind?”

“Oh my God, forget about that! Save her, save her!”

Yet no one dared to go in anymore. The sight had been far too terrifying. If that blonde girl had really been a corpse... A corpse would have just dragged someone underwater. Who would dare go down there?

And if Blondie hadn’t been a corpse and a human being, that would mean intentional murder. She had waited for the woman to jump in... and then drag her underwater— absolutely no one was going to go down there!

Some of the people looked at Blake. Thank goodness he had stopped them, or they would have gotten into trouble along with the middle-aged man too.

Just then, the boat had just arrived.

The people on the boat could see better. One of the rescue team members, a young man, shouted, "We've found it! We found it..."

The team saw a struggling woman and what looked like a floating corpse, and prepared to go over and help.

A senior member called out, "Keep a close eye, Greg!"

The young rescue team member's name was Greg. He was overwhelmed with emotion then, having finally found the dead girl's body after searching for an entire day. The body was clad in clothes that matched the description of the girl who had drowned too...

The next second, he saw the corpse get up and drag the struggling lady underwater.!

"F*ck me!" Greg cried out in terror.

He could clearly see that it was a corpse floating. He had fished up a good number of dead bodies, and knew one when he saw one.

Corpses could drag people underwater?!

Just then, Greg felt as if his head was going to explode. Every hair on his body was upright.

"C-c-captain!" he cried out.

The captain walked over with a rope in his hands, moving quickly as he spoke. "Why are you acting as if you've seen a ghost? Get them!"

"Hey, where'd they go? I just turned around for a second!"

There was another kayak coming from the opposite direction. The tools needed to haul a dead body and a live one were different, and thus they changed the nets quickly, working together to pull both people up.

The female corpse and the middle-aged woman were fished out of the water. Everyone saw the dead body give a massive twitch, and thought they were seeing things.

Greg's eyes widened. "C-c-c-captain!"

The captain was in shock, too. "I saw, I saw. Keep quiet!"

The woman was first pulled up, and the rescue team got to work at once.

She spat out a mouthful of water in no time, returning to her senses slowly.

Upon gaining consciousness, she began to scramble to her feet as she screamed, "Jane, my Jane..."

"Quick, save my daughter!"

The rescue team captain held her down. "Your daughter's been pulled ashore. We understand how you're feeling, please take your time to grieve!"

The woman was startled. "What... what do you mean?"

Did that mean that my daughter is dead?

No, no. The other two girls had been rescued, why had only her daughter died?

She refused to believe it!

The woman clutched the edge of the boat, mumbling to herself, "I don't believe you! You've got the wrong body! I just saw my Jane, I'm going to get her myself... I'll get her myself if you won't help!"

She made a move to jump into the water as she spoke, listening to no one.

Everyone else did not know what to say, but this was not the first time they'd seen someone lose control like this.

They'd been working for a rescue team for years. Before seeing the body, family members would usually cling on to any last shred of hope that their loved ones were still alive.

After the body was finally pulled up, some family members would faint on the spot. Some would break down and refuse to believe it, some of them would even assault the team members and blame them for getting there too late...

The woman was held down forcefully, and she turned to look at the corpse covered in a blue tarp. The tarp was lifted, and sure enough, it was her daughter.

The woman fell to the ground, thrashing around and throwing kick after punch to Greg who happened to be closest to her!

"What's the point of you working here? Why'd you only find my daughter now? Shouldn't it be easy to fish out a dead body? You're all bloody useless, scooping around for a whole day for this to happen! You're the reason my daughter's dead!"

"You should be dead! All of you should be dead!"

She sobbed and screamed. Greg's chest ached listening to her.

As a rescue team member, the joy of rescuing someone alive was barely enough to soothe over the heaviness that came from pulling up a dead body. It was enough that this one had been the latter, and now they were all getting cursed at by the deceased's loved ones.

The passion he had in him when he first entered the rescue team was slowly fading, turning into a hopelessness in humanity...

Was there really a point to all of this?

The woman continued to scream and curse as they reached the shore.

Blake held Lilly as they waited by the riverbank. Rumor was it that they had pulled both people up, and a crowd was growing.

Lilly's chest thumped uncomfortably as the woman continued to scream her head off. Lilly was only four, but was feeling a wave of annoyance.

"Stop yelling!" she cried out loud all of a sudden. "You're the useless one! You're the most useless! All you do is cause trouble, and you don't listen when people tell you not to do something, then you scream and yell at others! You're a coward!"

The kid was so mad that she had used a word she had learnt from television. "Coward".

She truly felt like this lady was being a real pain. It was tragic that she had lost her daughter, but she shouldn't be cursing other people out like this!

Everyone else nodded in agreement.

"Yes, that's right. It's not easy to be a rescue team member! They're not making a cent off you doing this. What right do you have to be yelling like this..."

"Were they wrong for just helping?"

The more hot-tempered onlookers cursed some more. "I think you're more at fault here, as the mother! Couldn't you have watched your own daughter? All you know to do is blame others!"

The more mild-tempered ones did their best to mediate. "Alright, alright, that's enough. She's having a hard time, she just lost her daughter..."

Blake pursed his lips, staring at the crowd before him coldly. He had long since gained an icy exterior from the bloodshed he had experienced himself, and did not feel much about this.

Yet Lilly wrangled out of his grasp, running to the young man silently packing up to the side.

Greg was packing up the ropes, the weight in his chest so heavy he could barely breathe. Work had finally ended for the day, and after being on his toes all day all he could feel was fatigue.

Extreme fatigue, to the point that he considered never coming back to work after this.

Just then, a tiny hand reached out and held his arm softly. Greg stopped short.

A little girl raised her head, speaking in a solemn tone. "Thank you for your hard work, Sir. You've done well!"

"You're the best, Sir! You're like a superhero!"

Staring into her wide, jet-black eyes and her sincere, solemn gaze, Greg felt a lump in his throat as his eyes began to water.

"Thank you..."

The little girl's dad walked over, hoisting her into the air.

She waved goodbye, and Greg waved back hurriedly.

Who said being a hero was all about glory?

Greg smiled, rubbing his eyes and mumbling, "Thank you..."

This stranger of a little girl.

He suddenly felt like he had gained a burst of courage.

Next to him, the woman continued to scream her head off.

“Why are you yelling at me? Do you know how I feel right now? Have you lost your daughter before? You know nothing!!”

“Did I say the wrong thing at all? My daughter wouldn’t have had to die if you had all been faster...”

“This is all your fault. My poor daughter, my Jane...”

The wind blew across the tarp covering the girl’s corpse, exposing her widened eyes and pale face.

No one saw her pupils give a violent twitch, before returning to normal.

Chapter 174 Two Water Spirits

Lily clutched the amulet in her hand, frowning at the tarp in the distance.

“This resentful spirit’s a tough one,” said Lilly. “She... huh?”

Blake asked, “What’s up?”

Lilly pointed at the corpse in the distance. “Daddy, her eyes are closed.”

Blake looked over. That really was the case.

No one had been paying attention to the corpse, but Lilly had been watching closely.

Her eyes had been round and open, and now they were closed.

Blake said, “But that didn’t happen to the boy’s body from last night...”

The male corpse’s eyes had been rolled back in the river. It moved twice when he got on shore, following him.

Lilly stared at the river for a long time. “I’ve got it... we were wrong, Daddy.”

Blake said, “Oh?”

Lilly replied, “There should be two resentful spirits. One of them is fierce, the other one not so much. The one who grabbed you yesterday was the fiercer one, Daddy. I think the less fierce one is in that lady’s body.”

Blake understood at once. “So there had only been two girls who fell into the water last night. This girl Jane’s been dead for a long time, and became bait. The boy saw Jane after saving the two girls, and went into the water. Then he was killed by the resentful spirit.”

Lilly nodded, holding up a thumb. “You’re a genius, Dad!”

Blake wagged his eyebrows. “Well, of course.”

Lilly said, "How'd the two girls fall into the water anyways? Did they see Jane when they fell in?"

Blake said, "I've looked that up for you. The girls thought the lights looked really pretty reflected onto the water, and fell in while they were trying to take photos."

"They didn't see Jane, but felt like they were being dragged out. They were too terrified at the moment to be sure if it was just the current."

"The boy just happened to pass by, and rescued them immediately. The boy had just reached shore when he heard a splash and someone screaming for help..."

Both father and daughter understood now. The boy had saved both girls, and no one was supposed to die in the first place.

The problem was with Jane.

Blake saw the already dead Jane standing upright underneath the banyan tree by the river when he went there to check...

The tide had been low lately, so Jane would have no way of climbing onto shore. Even if she had been caught by a branch, there was no way she would be able to stand upright.

Lilly fiddled with the amulet in her hands, her tone nothing but worried. "Now we get it. We just don't know how to catch the two resentful spirits."

The two spirits had probably already seen her, and were most likely not going to go close to the riverbank anytime soon.

Blake lowered his gaze and whispered, "Lilly, how about I take you on a boat trip tonight?"

Lilly perked up at once, raising a hand. "Yes, please!"

"But Dad, the ghost will probably recognize us. We should dress up a little." She covered her mouth with her palm, whispering as well.

Blake hauled her into his arms. "You mean to disguise ourselves."

Lilly said, "Yep, so you should dress up as a woman so you won't be recognized, Daddy!"

Blake was baffled by this.

Upon finding out that Blake and Lilly were leaving, Harvard finally put his phones away and left in a hurry.

More and more streamers crowded over, trying to get firsthand footage of the corpse. They were all stopped by security outside the garden.

Harvard kept walking, not even caring about getting a shot.

He had breaking news!

Upon returning to his room, Harvard got to work immediately.

After being done with editing 'Dead Female Body Found', 'Man Watches Woman Drown', 'Deceased's Mother Curses At Rescue Team' had just hit the top searches.

Most of the comments under "Dead Female Body Found" were about the same, reading something like.

"Rest in peace!"

"I cried..."

"Hope there is no suffering in Heaven!"

Following this, was the video of Blake stopping people from rescuing the girl.

"Who's this? He's not going to rescue the girl, but not letting others do so either?"

"I'm speechless. How do people like this exist?"

"Yeah, but I saw another video of the girl's mother blaming the rescue team for coming too late to save her daughter LOL. I think people like this should just die! They don't deserve any sympathy at all!"

The tide had been low lately, so Jane would have no way of climbing onto shore. Even if she had been caught by a branch, there was no way she would be able to stand upright.

"I saw that too! Gosh, my blood pressure spiked watching that old hag scream her head off..."

"That's true, but that tall dude isn't exactly an angel either? Why'd he stop the rest from helping?"

"I don't think everyone should speak too soon. There was probably danger in the water, and that was why the tall dude didn't let them go in!"

To avoid further confusion, the netizens scrambled for related videos just to get a clearer glimpse of what had been in the water.

And they found a blurry video of the middle-aged woman being dragged down the water by a floating corpse...

The netizens were shocked. "F*cking hell, is my vision screwing with me?"

"It's fake, isn't it? All the videos are really blurry, I'm pretty sure someone edited them!"

"LMAO. What year are we living in? All phones have HD cameras until it comes to the supernatural or UFOs! You're making all this up!"

"It's not fake, I was there! I think I saw that corpse move..."

And so, the topic 'Fake Dead Body' hit the top searches.

This was what Harvard had been waiting for. He had ultra-clear footage.

"Ha ha! They don't know what's coming!"

He was going to go viral for sure this time!

Harvard uploaded the video immediately.

He was smart about it, uploading the video of the corpse dragging her mother into the water first.

“The Full Story: Part One – Drowned Girl Wilds Out, Drags Mother Underwater!”

Sure enough, the video blew up like a cannon within less than half an hour of being uploaded!

The netizens were all scared out of their wits.

“Gosh, that’s a clear video. I just sh*t my pants! I even saw how pale that girl’s face was!”

“I’m a good person and I believe in kindness, grace, love, trust, the law, my country...”

“I’m so sorry I watched this. Please watch over me God, and keep my family and I from harm...”

There were even comments of religious texts.

Of course, there were the doubters as well:

“That’s such a clear video. Was it edited in post? LOL, I can’t believe people are believing this crap.”

“It has to be edited. I’ll bet my life savings on it.”

Chapter 175 The Guys Are Getting A Manicure

The endless ding of Harvard’s phone was like music to his ears.

His video was in the top searches, and had surpassed five million views in just half an hour.

This was just the beginning!

Harvard took the chance to upload a second video:

“The Full Story: Part Two – Man Sneaks Down To River, And Someone Calls For Help Right After That... Drowned Girl Fakes Death, Real Or Supernatural?!”

The video was uploaded, attracting a slew of netizens instantly.

“I was recommended this video because of its quality! This creator is amazing, I’m subscribing!”

“That’s strange, isn’t that little girl Lilly Crawford? What does she have to do with any of this?”

“That tall man went down to the banyan tree to put the body there, I’m sure of it! Hear me out: he killed this girl, and was trying to get rid of the body.... And made it look like there was paranormal activity to distract everyone!”

“Uh, that’s kind of ridiculous. Who the hell would get rid of a body with so many people standing around? Look at all those streamers nearby. Why would he risk getting caught?”

“I don’t think he was getting rid of the body, but I’m certain he had something to do with the paranormal activity.”

The discussions got more and more heated as the traction skyrocketed. Harvard rode on Lily and Blake’s borrowed popularity, and made it past five hundred thousand subscribers with ease.

He had turned into one of the biggest creators overnight!

With these new fans, he may not get millions of views in his future videos— but a few twenty or thirty thousand likes would be in the bag for sure. That would be enough for him already.

He uploaded the third video.

“The Full Story: Finale – Internet Superstar Lilly Crawford Has No Reaction To Cold Dead Body. Is There More To The Little Girl Who Questioned The Internet In Tears?”

“This video was even more scandalous, containing edited clips of Lilly standing by the riverbank quietly watching on. Lilly was just being a good, well-behaved little girl, but was edited to look like a heartless onlooker...”

Lilly had amassed a great amount of protective, mother-like supporters from the last time she went viral online, and they came to her defense at once upon the release of Harvard’s video.

Of course, there were also people who called her terrifying.

The virality skyrocketed even more...

“My, my, Lilly Crawford, you really are my money-maker!” Harvard was more than overwhelmed.

No one in the Crawford family was on social media then.

After all, this whole ordeal was considered to be ‘other people’s business’. The Crawfords did not see how Lilly could be related to all of this.

They were just concerned for Blake now...

The Crawford family crossed their arms, taking in the sight of the ‘high lady’ walking down the stairs...

Well. She was high for sure, considering how tall she was. It was pretty wild to look at, to be honest.

Anthony came in from outside. “The boat’s already...”

He then saw a crossdressing Blake, and had to fight the urge to laugh.

Was this really the God of Battle he knew?

Blake’s eyelid could not stop twitching. “Darling, how about I get you someone else to dress up.”

Lilly was already too far gone, holding up a few bottles of nail polish excitedly. “Sit down, Dad!”

Blake was forced onto the couch.

Lilly held the nail polish, painting all ten of his nails different colors. She even took his shoes off, and painted his toenails too.

Jerome scowled, tutting out loud. “Ridiculous.”

Was he really just giving into a child and letting her mess around with his nails just like that?

Edward said, “Yes, but... Lilly can paint his nails if she wants to!”

He did not help with the situation, merely adding to it. "Use the bright pink, Lilly!"

Lilly suddenly turned to Edward.

Edward was annoyed. Sure enough, the little demon said, "Sit down, Fifth Uncle..."

Edward remained silent.

He was regretting his initial enthusiasm now.

"I think I'm good..." Edward mumbled. "I haven't got very nice fingers..."

Lilly fixed him with a pitiful stare, puppy eyes and all. "You should do it too, Fifth Uncle!"

Edward replied, "Alright..."

Jerome shook out the newspapers he was holding. "No principles whatsoever..."

And yet, karma came his way. Lilly finished painting Edward's nails, and her eyes then landed on Jerome nearby.

"Which color would you like, Grandpa?"

Jerome remained silent.

He frowned. "I don't..."

Lilly said, "Grandpa..."

Jerome said, "...Blue."

Little girls loved playing around like this, dressing up their dolls, styling their hair, painting their nails...

Lilly, deeply engrossed, took out the blue nail polish at once and painted it on Jerome.

Anthony backed up slowly, pretending to answer a call.

Liam suddenly remembered that Hannah needed another page of homework, and hurried upstairs.

Blake glanced over. Come on, good times were to be shared, guys!

"Lilly, I think your Uncle Anthony would look great in the bright pink. As for your Uncle Liam... hm, I think he'd look pretty good in black."

They were just concerned for Blake now...

The Crawford family crossed their arms, taking in the sight of the 'high lady' walking down the stairs...

Lilly's eyes twinkled. "Yeah, yeah! Uncle Liam, Uncle Anthony! Come on down!"

Those two were speechless.

Bettany held back her laughter, watching this group of guys failing to turn a little girl down.

What a turn of tables!

The lights had just gone up.

Three people were acting very strange around the garden's boat-renting area.

Three men were clad in coats and hats, their hands rammed deep in their pockets as they got on a boat quietly.

Behind them was a little boy, hopping and prancing about.

Behind the little boy was a woman in a long red dress. She was covered in makeup, but looked rather strange...

Behind all of them was a girl of college age, having the time of her life taking pictures.

The three men were Blake, Anthony and Edmund. The made up lady had been called last minute, a reluctant Layton currently regretting his life choices.

Jean was practically in stitches at the sight. Despite Blake not crossdressing in the end, him and the other guys had all sported manicures. Lilly even insisted on making them wear flip flops to show off their dazzling toenails.

Said toenails were currently digging hard into their flip flops.

Jean hooked an arm around a twitching Layton, beaming. "Hey, pretty lady. Out alone tonight?"

It was a shame Layton couldn't see her. He'd be fuming otherwise.

The boat was a small ferry. Upon entering the cabin, Blake and the rest took out their hands, and their toes stopped digging into the bottom of their flip flops.

How the hell had they walked the entire way like this?

Layton's expression returned to normal as well. "What's the mission today, Mr. MacNeil?"

He had only received an emergency call for him to come here for a mission.

Who would have expected for the Crawfords (specifically, Edmund and Lilly) to force him into women's clothing...

Blake said, "Here, put this necklace on."

This was a custom-made necklace Lilly had made to ward off evil spirits.

Layton in his crossdressing outfit was confused.

Following that, he saw the Crawfords' brightly-colored nails.

Even their toenails were manicured.

Anthony and Edward had the same treatment. Anthony's nails were bright pink and preppy, while Edward's were black...

Uncle Edward stared at his nails, pretty satisfied with them. "Heh, I think they look pretty good actually."

Layton was confused.

Chapter 176 Catching a Water Spirit

Layton did not know what to say. "What's our mission today, Mr. Macneil?"

Blake said, "We're going to lure someone out. They've seen Lilly and I before, so we can't show ourselves. You're going to lure it out."

"I remember you're pretty good at swimming, aren't you? You've done an underwater battle before."

Layton nodded his head. This was all not a problem.

But...

"Has that person seen me before? He asked solemnly.

Which enemy was this? Was it a prisoner on the loose?

Mr. Macneil was clearly so concerned!

Yet Blake stopped short, before saying. "No, they haven't seen you."

Layton was speechless.

So what was the point of him dressing up like this!

As if he could guess what Layton was thinking, Blake rattled off some nonsense off the top of his head at once. "This outfit's to protect you. It'll ward off evil spirits."

Layton thought to himself, Thanks, so so much.

The ferry pattered off onto the river, spinning around slowly on the water.

"What are we going to do now?" Layton covered his face.

Blake was comfortably reclined on the couch, his arms spread out and his legs crossed.

"See that window?" he said. "Open it, and stick your head out."

The ferry had been designed for the river tour. The second floor was the dock, with comfortable sofas. In the cabin was a minibar, with a window made of glass that could be opened.

Layton opened the window, and stuck his head out.

Lilly took off her shoes and climbed onto the sofa, copying the way Blake was sitting with her limbs stretched out. "Then you need to stick your arms out, and play with the water."

Layton was baffled by it.

Crossdressing, sticking his head out of a window, and now playing with the water.

Why did something feel strangely off?

Whatever. A mission was a mission, and Layton was on one.

The window was quite a distance from the water, and he had no choice but to lean out of the window to get to it.

Thankfully he had pretty long hands, for how tall he was.

Lilly thumbed away on her phone, taking picture after picture of Layton before saying, "Say, 'Come play, baby!'"

Everyone on TV said that.

Anthony smirked.

Blake twitched in amusement. "Don't shout too loudly, darling."

And so the lot of them sat sipping their coffees as Layton toiled away by the window. The wind had messed up his silky hair, and his hand patted the water half-heartedly.

What a beautiful sight he made.

Just then, Layton felt something.

He frowned. Water weeds?

But it was very thin and slippery, and felt more like hair!

The next second, he felt as if his wrist was being grabbed harshly and yanked out!

Layton was elated.

The bait had worked?

Who the hell was this? They were pretty good with underwater combat, weren't they?

It was impressive enough that they could hold their breath for so long, and they were so strong too!

Layton smirked coldly, and was just about to yank the force dragging him down up.

Yet Blake's voice rang behind him, "It's here! Layton, hold yourself down!"

Layton was just about to say that he had this in the bag, he was experienced enough.

Yet the next second, he saw a pale white hand sticking out of the water to grab his other hand and pull it as well.

Layton fell into the water with a splash!

Layton was wearing a red dress as he fell, and a piercing cry rang through the air, "Help... someone's fallen into the water..."

He had quite a sharp eye, and was able to open his eyes underwater.

Layton flipped around to grab the person's hands instead, yanking harshly to see who it was.

The sight that greeted him was a pale face drained of all color with its eyes upturned!

Next to it was a young girl, staring daggers at him as well.

Layton thought, What the f*ck, these were some big water weeds!

Layton was not as calm of a person as Blake was. The shock made him swallow a mouthful of water, and before he could blink twice the two 'people' had dragged him to the bottom of the water.

At the very last second, the necklace he was wearing emitted a faint glow as Blake's voice rang through the air,

"Get her, Layton! Don't let her escape!"

Suddenly, his feet were grabbed.

Layton grabbed both wrists at once, yanking hard. With a loud splash—

Two bodies were dragged out of the water, landing onto the boat with a thump!

Before Layton could react, his vision darkened at the corners and he fainted.

Lilly clutched the amulet, crying out loudly, "Ha!"

The wooden sword attached to the amulet flew out, nailing the two corpses who were trying to escape to the boat.

The gesture scared the living lights out of Edward and the rest.

They had only thought they were dealing with 'spirits' here. Which meant that they wouldn't be able to see said spirits, merely watching Lilly catch them.

But these two were clearly not spirits, but bodies.

Lilly remembered what her Master had said. She was not strong enough yet, and shouldn't take care of spirits on her own.

He frowned. Water weeds?

But it was very thin and slippery, and felt more like hair!

But... if she didn't put these water spirits to rest, her amulet wasn't going to last long enough to nail them to the both. Her Master wouldn't make it back in time.

She remembered her Master's words. Her red bracelet was strong enough to repel.

Yes, that would be enough, Lilly thought to herself.

Lilly got closer to the two water spirits, her hands on her waist as she lifted her chin. "Come at me, come on!"

Her expression was nothing but arrogant....

Blake and Anthony were speechless.

The body's eyes rolled backwards, and began to howl, "Hoooo.... Hoooo...."

This wretched little girl again!

One of the corpses seemed particularly angered, springing up and pouncing on Lilly!

Blake got a fright. "Lilly!"

Lilly instinctively put her hands in front of her, and a bright ray of red light burst out...

The corpse was hit by the red light, and was flung away. The spirit in the corpse was also drawn out, howling and shrieking.

The second the spirits were drawn out, the two corpses began to emit a foul smell. They began to rot and decay, quickly turning to two disgusting puddles.

Edward could hardly contain his shock. "Did you get them?"

Gosh, his niece was amazing!

Lilly said, "Not yet!"

She clutched the wooden sword with the amulet attached to it, rushing over!

"Take that! Die!"

She flailed the sword around, thrashing about.

Without the amulet holding them down, the water spirits were about to escape.

Lilly shouted, "Life is unexpected! You're going to get it, you stinky bad guys!"

With a loud "pfft" ...

The spirits were sent flying by a fart.

Anthony, Blake and Edmund thought, Did, did that actually work?

Before they could return to their senses, Lilly could be seen throwing out her jar of souls. "Come on..."

The harem spirit flew out.

The three spirits had been in the middle of a game of rummy in the jar, and the harem spirit was just about to lure the weakling spirit into joining when she was flung out.

She saw the two resentful spirits pouncing her way, and did not think twice before sending out a harsh slap.

Resentful spirits were no match for malignant spirits.

The resentful spirit with the sharpest cry was held down by the harem spirit, unable to move.

"Hooo... Hooo!!!" she struggled in a fit of fury.

All of a sudden, the spirit of the girl next to her fell to the ground on her knees and sobbed, "Please, let my mother go..."

Chapter 177 Why Are Grown-ups So Confusing?

Edward and Jean were in a state of shock, their jaws agape.

They stared at Lilly's bold provoking, listening to her ask for a fight.

Then she chanted some prayers, and attacked using a fart... and it worked!

Before they could return to their senses, she had thrown out the jar of souls and shouted "Come on!" ...

They couldn't see much more after that. After all, the water spirits had been drawn out already.

The harem spirit herself was quite confused too.

She had gone into this like any other battle, and was holding down a resentful spirit when the one next to it fell to her knees and began begging for forgiveness for her mother. What was going on?

Lilly clapped her hands, impressed. "You're amazing, Auntie Harem!"

The harem spirit blinked. "Who's this..."

The younger spirit continued to kneel, sobbing as she begged. "Mother and I are sorry, we won't do anything bad anymore. Please let us go, please..."

Lilly shook her head. "Do you know how many lives you've taken?"

The young spirit's eyes flickered. "Just, just seven or eight..."

Lilly frowned. The word 'just' for seven or eight lives was hardly appropriate

The resentful spirit being held down by the harem spirit spoke up in a hoarse whisper, "Roxie, don't beg her..."

"It's our bad luck that we were caught this time..."

The spirit glowered at Lilly, furious that she had lost.

She had only needed one more innocent soul... just one more!

And she would become a malignant spirit, leaving this river forever.

She had drowned tens of thousands of times in this river! It was too much to bear, and she began to usurp other spirits so she could leave sooner.

Only for everything to fall apart.

Lily did not care about what the older spirit was saying. She turned to the younger spirit named Roxie.

"What are your names, and where are you from? How did you die?"

Roxie hesitated, before her eyes flashed with hopelessness and she said, "We were villagers living by the riverbank. That was about eight years ago, when the city had just started building these residences..."

She pointed at the riverbank. There was a tall building erected there now, the old houses nowhere to be seen.

"One weekend, Mother and I were washing our sheets by the river..."

“Mother thought the sheet was too big for the washing machine to clean, that’s why we went to the river.”

“Father came too, but he just swam in the river.”

Roxie’s mother had been washing the sheets when she fell into the water. Roxie ran to help her, and fell into the water herself.

“Mother screamed for help, but Father was too far out in the river and didn’t hear her.”

Roxie sobbed as she spoke. “That’s how Mother and I drowned.”

After drowning, we became water spirits here. Mother was very angry, and refused to be reborn. She resented Father, calling him a coward for not turning back.

The older spirit seemed to remember this as well, her eyes reddening.

It was fine that she had died, but her daughter had died too. Her husband had just been swimming a hundred meters away, her daughter could have been saved...

But she had drowned along with her too!

“It’s unfair, I hate it!” the older spirit howled, her teeth clacking from the force of talking. “I need to find him, I need to kill him! What were his ears for, hm?”

Lilly was speechless

Roxie continued speaking. “Because we fell into quicksand and the water weeds held us down, Father couldn’t find us. He thought that we’d gone home, and went back as well.”

“After that he came out with a bamboo pole and fished around the water, but never found us...”

Lilly frowned. “How did you kill that girl Jane?”

The older spirit thrashed around at the words. Seeing as there was no use in doing so, she gave up.

Roxie glanced at her mother, before describing what had happened in the past two days.

Jane never wanted to kill herself. She came to sit by the river after arguing with her mother, sulking on a stone bench.

“Because she was alone, my mother and I got closer to try to lure her over.”

“Then we heard her calling her mother. Her mother yelled at her asking where she was, and Jane said she was at the garden by the river.”

Roxie stopped short, pursing her lips. “Jane’s mother was really angry after she heard that. She said, ‘Very well, I see you’re trying to threaten me with suicide, aren’t you! Who do you think you’re scaring, going down to the river and everything? Go on, jump and don’t come home!’”

Lilly asked, “And then?”

Next to her, the four men could only watch as she spoke to thin air.

It was terrifying to see these spirits, but not being able to see them... or 'listen to their stories' made them feel a little left out too.

So what were the water spirits saying to Lilly.

Jean mumbled, "This is boring. We should've brought Drake along..."

Roxie continued to speak. "Jane was around my age, and I understood how she felt. She couldn't even explain before her mother hung up on her... She knelt by the river, crying."

Roxie hadn't wanted to kill Jane, but her mother told her not to feel too sorry.

"Mother said we could feel sorry for others, but no one's going to feel sorry for others."

When she hesitated, her mother dragged Jane into the water.

Roxie struggled with herself watching on, but ended up not stopping her.

"Jane's mother only came looking for her a day after she died. She couldn't find her after searching the whole day. Mother dragged another two girls into the water at night."

"Jane's mother heard someone had drowned, and freaked out."

"That boy who walked by was very brave. He was really good at swimming, and the two girls hadn't fallen too deep so he was able to save them."

"Mother was really angry, and made me possess Jane and make it look like she was drowning. Then.. she made me... drag the boy down..."

Roxie seemed to be filled with remorse here, not speaking anymore.

Roxie's mother was quite the opposite. All she said was, "They deserved it! Why did they have to take those photos by the river? They could've done that anywhere else!"

Lilly was furious. "What about that young man, then? He was saving someone, he was good!"

Roxie's mother hardly cared at all. "So what? He was going to die anyway, he might as well help me out."

Lilly was speechless

She was truly angry, stepping up to grab the older spirit by the neck and shaking it. "Wake up! Your life matters, but others don't?"

Jane was confused. Didn't she say this yesterday?

The spirit felt as if she was being shaken apart, struggling and hitting Lilly. Yet every time she struck, the red bracelet on Lilly's wrist would glow and strike her back.

Why did it feel like the older spirit was just screwing herself over?

She would be destroyed by Lilly if she didn't retaliate, but striking back would result in getting hurt as well. The spirit was starting to panic. "Stop..."

Lilly did not stop.

Under the double attack, the older spirit turned into a wisp of aura and was sucked up by the jar of souls.

The harem spirit was shocked herself. What the hell, was this little girl that terrifying?

Lilly stopped short, too. She stared at her now-empty hands, pursing her mouth.

Why are grown-ups so complicated...

Why did they like to blame others all the time?

Why was it so hard for them to understand things that even children understood?

Lilly fell into a state of confusion...

Chapter 178 Light Should Be Sought Out At All Times

The harem spirit looked at Roxie. "Your mother deserved it. You deserve a second chance at being reborn, though. Do you want that?"

Roxie chuckled all of a sudden, shaking her head. "No, I'm going to be with Mother."

"She's still my mother, no matter how evil she is..."

She had killed many people as well, and deserved to die just like her mother.

Especially that poor girl Jane... possessing her in the past two days to lure people into the water only made her feel even more guilty.

Roxie flew towards the jar of souls, and was usurped in a poof.

The jar lay silent on the ground. A ray of light shone across it, making its bright red color even more eye-catching.

Lilly picked it up, wiping it a little. She touched her bracelet gently, and the jar was attached at once.

Blake walked over, hoisting her up. "What's wrong, Lilly?"

This was the first time Lilly had succeeded at capturing a spirit. Despite it being only a resentful spirit... she should feel pretty good about this.

Instead, she felt strangely hollow.

She frowned in confusion, telling the story of the mother and daughter spirits.

The kid asked, "The auntie spirit fell in and drowned herself, and Roxie only drowned because she was trying to save her. Why did the auntie spirit blame others?"

"Jane was innocent, and around the same age as Roxie. Why didn't the auntie spirit just let her go?"

“Also, Jane’s mom spent the past two days looking for Jane in a panic... but she said those things to hurt Jane before she drowned. Why?”

Jane only said that she was at the river, but her mother had said such hurtful things. She told her daughter to die, and jump if she really dared...

“Jane’s dead, and it’s all because her mother didn’t care about her! Why did her mother have to blame the rescue team, why?”

Lilly did not understand any of it.

Blake thought of the middle-aged woman, causing trouble in the water again and again knowing she couldn’t swim.

She refused to accept the truth even after Jane’s body had been pulled up, assaulting the rescue team members and accusing them of killing her daughter...

He carried Lilly to the dock, the cool night breeze soothing their frustrations.

Then he said, “Roxie’s mother hated herself for causing her daughter’s death. She could have just washed the sheets with the washing machine, but went to the river instead and unexpectedly killed both of them.”

“That middle-aged auntie never thought that the words she had said in a fit of anger would lead to her daughter’s actual death.”

“They both share the same kind of regret, with no way of turning things around. So to feel better about themselves, they blamed others.”

It wasn’t just Roxie’s and Jane’s mothers. There were many parents who had the tendency to blame others for the pain they had inflicted onto their children.

Blake reached out and petted Lilly’s head. “Cheer up. You were awesome today.”

“Besides, some good came out of it. Roxie learned her lesson in the end, didn’t she? There’s always a silver lining to things.”

“You can’t just focus on the bad every time. Light should be sought out at all times, no matter how small...”

Blake’s voice was warm and gentle, his gaze tender like never before. He was comforting Lilly in his own ways.

Lilly lay on Blake’s shoulder, giving it some thought before nodding at last. “Yes, that’s true!”

Daddy was right. There was always a good side to things, you just had to find it!

By the time everyone had gotten home, Lilly had fallen asleep from the fatigue.

Anthony was tired, too. He opened his laptop instinctively to work, only to end up cracking a yawn and realizing he was tired as well.

He was a little surprised. He’d been going to bed earlier and earlier these days...

Anthony got ready for bed, lying down. He thought that he'd have trouble falling asleep, only to doze off almost instantly.

Over on another end.

Jean's night had just begun.

Lilly had sent her the latest cellphone. It was pretty cool, one that could connect to the internet.

Ever since she had begun following Lilly around and not being allowed out, she had been hooked on social media.

She would scroll for hours at night, get restless the second she put her phone down and picked it back up again. From watching videos to reading comments, she did it all.

Jean rolled around in bed, holding in her laughter in fear of waking Lilly up. She eventually floated out, preparing to go somewhere else to continue on her phone. Maybe downstairs, or the roof, or in the branches.

Yet just as she raised her head, she saw Blake sitting on the sofa.

She switched off her phone at once, not noticing the flash of Blake's video on the screen for a second...

Lilly had given everyone a manicure earlier, and the tools were still on the first floor. Blake was in the middle of taking off his nail polish with the remover...

Jean found it hilarious, laughing up a storm and taking advantage of the fact that Blake could not see or hear her before going outside to continue on her phone.

Blake was speechless

She glanced at Drake's camera on the sofa.

She didn't know what to say.

It was a good thing the two of them didn't plan to interact much.

Jean understood that she would have to be reborn, and her only wish was for Blake to be good to Lilly as her father. That was taken care of already.

As for everything before?

Ha... she was already dead. What was the point in asking for so much?

As for Blake, he had not thought about much ever since finding out that Jean was living in Lilly's jar of souls.

He had lost control then, and did not remember much. He considered himself lucky enough that Lilly had been born.

The incident from before was his fault, and all he could do now was take good care of Lilly, and take care of the Crawfords for Jean.

Nothing else mattered.

This was good enough, there was no need for anything else.

Blake was about to put the camera away, when he heard the sound of one of the videos Jean was watching.

“The Full Story: Finale – Internet Superstar Lilly Crawford Has No Reaction To Cold Dead Body. Is There More To The Little Girl Who Questioned The Internet In Tears?”

Blake stopped short at once!

Jean was furious as well, from where she had been scrolling. Unfortunately, all she could do was watch. She couldn't leave comments like real people.

“You *sshole, you're only doing this for the traction!” She cursed loudly.

Blake's gaze turned cold.

Crawford had gone all out to take care of hundreds of channels and profiles trying to insult Lilly or use her for views, only for someone to do the same thing again now?!

His eyes flickered murderously...

That same moment, Harvard was in the middle of editing another video. He was not going to stop wringing this content for views until there was nothing left.

“The ‘Full Story’ trilogy has a total of over a hundred million views!” Harvard was ecstatic. “I'm going to be rich, it's not just a fantasy anymore!”

He could practically see himself in a fancy mansion, driving a sports car and living the lavish life...

Chapter 179 Hold Him Down, Talk It Out!

Harvard lay on his bed, counting the amount of money he would make.

The statistics weren't out yet, but he made a rough estimate. Sponsors, affiliate links, ads... at least a hundred thousand dollars!

“I'm going to be rich!”

Harvard's heart was positively singing.

He had over five hundred thousand views now, and getting to a million would be easy peasy with the way things were going.

Once he had made it big, raking in millions every month was highly possible too.

Even if he lost subscribers after that, he would still have two to three hundred thousand at least. That many subscribers would get him... at least fifty thousand dollars a month, if he accepted sponsors and put affiliate links in his livestreams.

Harvard suddenly felt as if the bed he was sleeping on was too hard. He looked around him, and found the shabby room barely livable all of a sudden!

He was going to make millions every month now. How could he live in a house like this!

He took his phone out at once, opening an app to browse through listings... He considered looking for a luxury apartment to rent. But on second thought, what was a millionaire doing renting houses?

He was going to buy a house!

Just then, he realized that his videos had been taken down.

Harvard sat up at once and thought, What was going on?

He opened the platform he put his videos on, and saw a notification, "Your video has broken community guidelines, and has been taken down!"

Harvard let out a bark of enraged laughter. He had edited the video himself, and shot everything himself as well! There was no violence, nudity or drug consumption involved...which guidelines did he break?

Which jealous bastard had reported him?

Harvard glowered at the screen, and re-uploaded the video with a different title.

Then he realized... his account had been banned.

Harvard called the customer hotline in a fit of rage, and was told that he had filmed videos of other people for personal gain and overstepped their personal boundaries. These people were going to sue him.

Harvard was speechless.

"You're abusing your power! You're just hating because I blew up!" Harvard was overwhelmed, yelling his head off. "I want to make a report!"

The customer service rep responded coldly, "Apologies. We have more than enough evidence to take your videos down. You should be worried about that lawsuit."

Harvard hung up in a fit of rage.

He did not care about what he was being sued for. There were tens of thousands of videos that violated community guidelines all the time, there was no way they would get him!

The worst thing that could happen was getting your account banned, nothing more.

Even if they were going to sue him, did they even know where he lived? He was going to move the next day, then!

The only thing that Harvard was sad about was his account. Five hundred thousand subscribers!

Gone, just like that!

One guidelines were violated, the platform had the right to ban any account.

Which was to say that the hundred thousand dollars that he had just made, would all go back to the platform before he had even seen it!

“Motherf*cker!” Harvard cursed, incensed. “This platform’s a scam, preying on the weak and vulnerable!”

He switched to another account, but still couldn’t upload the video. It didn’t get through even if he censored most of it.

After trying a few times, the alternate account was banned as well.

This alternate account had also amassed a small amount of subscribers from his ‘Theory of Ghosts’ videos, and all of them were now gone too.

Harvard was going to throw up.

This issue was a hot topic that had blown up on all platforms, and Harvard was certain that topics like these usually died down within a week.

When was the next time he was going to run into such a rare opportunity?

Harvard gritted his teeth. He had used his own details to make the main account, and his mother’s to open the alternate account, so... he made another account with his father’s details.

“I’ve figured out how to get traction... the first thing to do is to look for a hot topic! And make something new out of it!”

Harvard’s new method was quite something.

He spent an entire night, and finally found the profiles of the two girls who had fallen into the water but survived. There were photos of them on there, too.

He had even found a selfie video.

He then edited the pictures and the videos together, making a new video and posting it to his account.

Thus, he had successfully stolen the identity of the girls.

The next day was important. Harvard found a post-it note, and wrote on it:

‘I’ve had enough. These people keep telling me that he saved me, and I should be kind to his parents! They even want me to give his family money! I don’t even know him, why should I have to pay respects to his parents? Did I beg him to save me? It’s just his own fate that he couldn’t make it out alive, how is it my fault?’

The paragraph was written from the perspective of the girl who had been rescued.

He then bought a view booster, and uploaded it...

Sure enough, the video blew up at once!

Netizens stumbled on this supposed account of the girl who had fallen into the water, and were enraged.

“Are you seriously blaming him for saving your life? It’s bad enough that you’re not grateful, but to say all this too... are you even human?”

Harvard responded at once. "Did I beg him to save me?"

The netizens saw this, and practically exploded. "You're a life! He was just saving a life!"

Harvard responded, "And who the hell are you?"

The comments were a mess, with people tagging other accounts to check the video out and curse the girl out together. Harvard responded to every single comment.

He was able to hit every comment where it hurt, attracting more and more hate. The video blew up more and more, surpassing a hundred thousand likes within the day...

Harvard smirked. "That's the secret to going viral!"

He spent the next few days posing new sentiments, waiting for the popularity to reach a certain level before deleting all the videos. He would change the account's name and description, and copy the original information into a new account with a single video apologizing, saying 'I'm done with the Internet'...

He would then use the original account to post a few videos of pretty places, inspirational quotes and lock screen savers...

Doing this made it hard for the account's followers to tell who was posting, and mistook him for just some random blogger. The followers remained, seeing as content like this made it easy to retain traction.

As for what might happen to the girl... Harvard didn't really care. He had to put himself first! It wasn't like she would die from a few lies. No, making money was more important.

"Ha ha... ha ha..." Harvard's gaze flashed ruefully.

He continued running the account, whistling to himself and ordering takeout.

A while later, there was a knock at the door. Harvard thought that the takeout had arrived, and opened the door to the sight of a few men dressed in black t-shirts.

There was a particularly tall man, leaning against the corridor railing and looking up at the sky.

He turned around as the door opened. "Harvard Schumacher?"

Harvard grew wary. "Who are you?"

Blake cracked his knuckles, snapping his fingers once.

He smirked coldly, "Hold him down! Be careful, and talk to him nicely."

Before Harvard could react, he was hit in the face with a punch. He saw stars at once, his mind buzzing blankly.

Was this considered talking nicely?!

Chapter 180 Broken Trust, Innocent Lives Harmed

Harvard was beaten up on the ground. Everyone else at home had gone to work or school.

“Who are you...!” He was shocked and terrified.

Blake smirked, raising his eyebrows. “You got quite a bit of traction off me, I thought you’d recognize me.”

It was only then that Harvard realized that it was Blake. Yes, that was the guy he’d been editing videos of!

“Y-you... It’s illegal to beat people up!” He said in a panic.

Blake thought to himself, Oh, that’s fine. You aren’t scared of anything, why should I be?

A strange fear crept into Harvard’s chest from the sight of Blake’s stance, and his lip began to tremble. “D-don’t go too far! There are cameras around...”

Just as he had finished speaking, he saw a familiar figure walking over. It was his landlord!

Harvard cried out, “Help! Madam, I’m being attacked!”

Gemma had a mug of tea in her hands, and took a hearty sip. “Aah~ tea in the summer really is the best!”

Harvard was speechless.

To think that she was in the mood for tea!

Gemma mumbled to herself, “How strange. Why are the cameras down? I’m going to check them out.

Upon speaking, she walked right by as if she had not seen anything.

Harvard was baffled by it.

The cameras... were down?

Blake waved a hand. “Come on, bring him inside. We’ll have a nice chat.”

Harvard was going to shout, when one of the men wearing a black shirt made a harsh chopping gesture to his neck.

He could not speak immediately.

The door closed, and Harvard lost all hope.

The men in black t-shirts and Blake were all crowded in a tiny rented room, making it a bit of a squeeze.

Blake raised his head.

One of the men in black tapped Harvard’s shoulder. “Don’t worry, we’re nice. We won’t make a mess.”

Harvard wondered, Was... was he going to be murdered?

Sure enough, one of the men in black put on gloves and fetched a chopping knife from the kitchen.

Another one held his hand down...

Blake smirked coldly. "You enjoy cutting off your own fingers, don't you? Cut the remaining nine of them off!"

"That way, you won't be able to screw around for traction anymore."

Harvard did not know why the first thought that came to his head was not to beg, but...

If he lost all ten of his fingers, he'd be able to use his new identity as a disabled person to get some clicks. He could profit on sympathy, that would work...

The glint of metal caught his eye and distracted him. The man in black raised the knife, bringing it down hard.

Harvard withdrew his hands at the speed of light. The knife landed on the chopping board.

He did not know the kind of person Blake was. If he were to really aim, he would never have missed.

He was just scaring Harvard.

Harvard's face drained of color, and he bowed repeatedly, knocking his head onto the ground again and again. "Please forgive me, please! I'll never do it again, I'm sorry!"

Blake stared at him coldly.

Shameless people like him hardly even feared the law sometimes.

It would take a while to sue this bastard, anyways.

He'd have to just take care of Harvard himself.

Insulting his darling daughter, and using her for traction again and again.

Blake had to teach him a lesson somehow...

Blake looked around him, and picked up a yellowed name card from the table. "Harvard Schumacher..."

Ha, what a waste of a good name.

Blake tossed the card away. "Have a good talk. Remember, we're civilized people here."

The MacNeil hitmen responded, "Got it!"

Blake closed the door and left.

Harvard fell to his knees, begging and pleading. Those sounds soon turned into grunts of agony as he had the living lights beaten out of him.

Outside the door, Layton stood guard anxiously as his brain buzzed.

"Is this really a good idea with the status you hold, Mr. MacNeil?" He was close to tears.

Blake remained leaning against the windowsill, his expression stony. "My status? I'm a philanthropist right now!"

Layton thought, What the...

Blake said, "Besides. The MacNeils are taking care of him. Not anyone else.