

Eight Uncles 311

Chapter 311 Eight Different Tears

The dolls displayed outside the store appeared normal, but the dolls became scarier as they went in.

Inside the workshop, the dolls took on a more eerie appearance, especially the ones with pale faces, round blush on their cheeks, samurai with half-shaved hair, and a bun on top of their heads.

Every doll's style was realistic.

As the glass door of the workshop at the back was pushed open, a musty smell wafted in, catching the attention of a police officer who paused upon seeing a pool of clay on the floor.

He noticed the smell was strange since he had years of experience.

"Investigate the clay," he whispered.

Unseen by them, a pale-faced man in a white robe floated in the air with seductive eyes and vermilion lips.

It was Pablo.

He glanced around, then approached the display cabinets and frowned at the eerie and otherworldly objects within.

"I guess all kinds of ghosts came up during the 15th of July..."

He swished his robe, noticing the dolls with distorted expressions, and with a flick of his hand, a faint snapping sound echoed as something was damaged, though he could not tell what it was.

Then Pablo drifted away and went to find Lilly.

After Drake led Josh and Lilly away, Lilly said she was hungry and wanted to eat.

Drake contemplated reporting a false police report and looked for a place to sit down and make a phone call.

As they stepped into the lively shopping mall, their eyes immediately caught sight of a Starbucks near the entrance. Drake's urgency to find a seat and Josh's concern for Lilly's hunger overshadowed their attention, causing them to unintentionally overlook it.

They eventually found a restaurant where Josh promptly requested water for Lilly, while Drake took out his mobile phone to make a call.

Just as he was about to make a call, his phone rang.

After answering the phone and exchanging a few words, Drake's expression grew increasingly perplexed.

He responded, "We had no idea either. My sister was simply talking nonsense."

After providing Anthony's phone number and company address, Drake ended the call.

Josh asked, "What's wrong?"

Drake stared at Lilly, and whispered, "Those things were probably made of human ashes," he had not entered the back area.

Josh looked at Lilly with a serious face and asked, "What's going on here?"

Lilly chugged the water and had another glass.

She was probably the only person who seemed to be carefree after seeing those things.

Lilly tilted his head. "I dunno, I have to ask Master about this,"

Josh asked, "Where's your master?"

Lilly spoke up. "Master sent my mother to be reborn and he's handling other matters,"

Josh quickly expressed her frustration, saying, "Hasn't he returned yet? I must say, your master is the most considerate master I've ever encountered. It's been two or three days, and we haven't seen him...."

He leaned in closer to Lilly, speaking in a hushed voice as if he feared Pablo would appear in front of them suddenly. He clasped his hands together and approached her cautiously.

His eyes were wandering around.

However, in the next moment, a faint voice sounded above his head, "Josh, are you tired of living in the mortal world? If so, I can take you to the underworld so you can open your eyes..."

Josh's hair stood on end, and he stumbled, "Master, Master!"

Pablo nodded, "My good son,"

Lilly was puzzled.

Since when was *Josh* Master's son?

the

Drake looked at Josh with a puzzled expression and suddenly remembered the camera he had invented.

Suddenly, the image of the pale diva doll he had seen in the store flashed through his mind.

A sudden chill ran down Josh's spine as he realized that someone did not move the doll behind him, and now it seemed that the doll had moved on its own.

The eerie smile on the doll's face made Drake wonder if he had just seen a ghost.

Was it a ghost?

Drake hesitated, his finger hovering above the screen of his phone, unable to bring himself to call Anthony.

Drake's reaction was remarkable. Despite his initial hesitation, his body instinctively responded faster than his thoughts could catch up. With impressive reflexes, he swiftly struck the female ghost, sending her flying through the air.

His quick reflexes were overshadowed by the realization that he had just seen a ghost.

Lilly happily sipped the hot water, holding the cup with her tiny hands, and asked, "Master, has my mother gone to reincarnation?"

Pablo replied, "Well... Most probably..."

Pablo answered with most probably because Jean played her cards unreasonably and that she made the old lady mad.

Upon hearing the Master talk about it, Lilly's eyes widened in surprise. "Did Mom say she wants another serving?"

Pablo nodded in agreement. "The soup recipe has been passed down for thousands of years, and it may indeed be a bit outdated..."

The soup was not static, it evolved with the changes of the world.

When Lilly was still Little Hades, she selected the candidates to make the soup.

The soup was made with the essence of eight different tears. The soup consisted of a single tear of innocence, two tears of wealth, three drops of bitter tears, and four cups of remorseful tears.

It also consisted of five inches of lovesickness tears, six cups of tears of illness, and seven feet of parting tears.

The last tear was the Old lady's tears.

But Meng Po's tears were hard to obtain, and it was a topic that Pablo did not want to discuss at that time.

He asked, "Did you go to the doll shop?"

Lilly nodded and asked in confusion, "Master, what happened there? I saw dark energy swirling inside that wooden box, so I set it on fire. The bad aura gathered there, but I didn't see a single ghost,"

Pablo sneered and replied, "Of course, you couldn't see any ghosts. Strictly speaking, it wasn't a doll shop at all, but a dojo,"

Josh was taken aback, and said in unison with Lilly, "Dojo?"

Pablo's expression turned cold as he remarked, "Some people who have a comfortable life are never satisfied with the simplicity and always seek trouble."

"That dojo serves as the starting point for a ritual. Those dolls are merely props for the ceremony. The timing of the ceremony will determine its occurrence," Pablo explained.

Josh's mind was filled with confusion.

What *dojo*...

What ritual...

"What are they trying to do?"

Pablo explained, "In simple terms, there are individuals who can't accept their own circumstances, they feel inadequate compared to others and harbor envy towards their success."

"So, they come up with malicious methods to exploit the fortune of the country," Pablo added.

As Pablo spoke, his voice grew louder, "It's not borrowing the luck of the country, it's outright stealing the luck of the country!"

Chapter 312 Evil Things

Lilly was puzzled, not understanding the concept of stealing luck from the country, while Josh was taken aback, hearing for the first time that national luck could be stolen.

"Who are they?" Josh asked.

Pablo glanced at Josh and replied, "You're still young, there are certain things you don't need to know. It's not good for you."

Lilly pouted and complained, "Always saying that children shouldn't know anything. How can we know if adults don't tell us?"

As she spoke, she took a sip of water, showing her frustration.

Pablo couldn't help but chuckle and playfully poked her cheek. However, his action caused Lilly to spit out a mouthful of water in surprise.

She quickly covered her mouth and stared at Pablo displeased.

Master is *so mean!*

Pablo chuckled and replied, "It's for your good,"

She could not help but feel a mix of emotions, knowing that there were some things he could not shield her from as someone from the underworld.

Pablo, sensing the need to be cautious with his words, was hesitant to reveal too much to Lilly, fearing that she might put herself in danger.

Josh tried a different approach and asked, "Are they strong?"

Pablo sneered and replied, "To some extent, yes. They possess considerable power and even instill fear within their own ranks. Some members of their local underworld group are envious of them."

"But in terms of ancestry, we are their ancestors," Pablo remarked.

“Their sorcery originates from the Yin–Yang theory of Dudroinia. During the Spring and Autumn Periods, the Yin–Yang theory and Cosmic Theory gained recognition as orthodox concepts and eventually formed a school. It became known as the Yin–Yang School in history.”

Josh was surprised and exclaimed, “Onmyoji? Isn’t that from a neighboring country?”

Pablo calmly explained, “When it comes to Onmyoji, many young people, especially the new generation in our country, tend to associate it with the neighboring country, Cortondo. However, its true origins can be traced back to Dudroinia,”

He continued, “During the Spring and Autumn Period, the Yin–Yang School, an orthodox school, was introduced to Cortondo. There, it merged with their own cultural beliefs, such as the Cosmic Theory and Yin–Yang Theory. Over time, two distinct schools emerged, one focused on positive practices and the other on dark arts,”

“Our ancestors believed that the principles of yin and yang emphasize the distinction between right and wrong, and the clear differentiation between black and white,” Pablo explained. “They believed that these abilities, such as divination and astrology, should be used for the benefit of humanity and to bring positivity to the world. However, the cult that emerged from these teachings held a different belief.

1/4

According to their ideology, to attain the highest level of power, one must employ any means necessary. They saw everything as a tool to be used, disregarding distinctions between good and evil.”

Pablo continued, “A person who disregards good and evil, blurring the lines between right and wrong, and only seeks personal gain can be truly dangerous.

They may refer to it as borrowing the luck of the country, but in reality, it amounted to stealing.

He noticed Josh and Lilly’s eyes widened and decided to change the subject. “Anyway, if you ever encounter them, be cautious and stay on guard, alright?”

Lilly nodded.

Josh bombarded Pablo with numerous questions, eventually, he asked, “Will we still encounter them? If they are so evil and dangerous, should we continue pursuing the doll? If we don’t pursue it, will they keep causing harm? Will they kill someone? Will they...”

Before Josh could finish his barrage of questions, Pablo’s expression twitched, and with a swift motion, he took out a talisman and effortlessly sealed Josh’s mouth shut.

Josh was puzzled.

Why am I unable to speak when I want to say something?

Drake pursed his lips, “Eat first,”

He brought over the menu and asked, “What do you want to eat?”

Lilly immediately raised his hand and exclaimed, "Drake, I want to eat ice cream, cakes, candies, pumpkin pie..."

Drake, acting as the responsible guardian, promptly refused, "No."

Josh looked at the menu and asked, "All of the dishes are spicy."

Lilly thought about something as she noticed everything on the menu was spicy.

Mommy loves spicy food!

She pointed at the menu and ordered randomly, "This, this, and this..."

Drake was speechless.

Josh asked, "Are you sure? These are very spicy,"

Lilly hesitated, recalling the spiciness of the food she had eaten before, and instinctively covered her little behind.

"Then... maybe just a little bit of chili?" she suggested tentatively.

Drake continued browsing the menu and responded coldly, "If you can't handle spicy food, then don't eat

it,"

Lilly pouted and whispered, "But Mom liked spicy food, so I want to eat it for Mom."

Josh's fingertips paused.

9/4

He then closed the menu and placed the order.

"I'll have two steamed eggs, braised pork, steamed fish, and also a serving of spicy chicken." he instructed.

Lilly perked up upon hearing the mention of spicy food, feeling relieved.

Josh asked. "Can you handle it?"

Lilly patted her small chest. "Don't worry, I can!"

Drake sneered and kept silent. He took out the cutlery and put it in front of Lilly.

While the three of them were enjoying their meal, on the other side...

Grace conducted tests on the doll's shoe using various channels. As she received the test report, she was shocked beyond words.

The dolls are made of ashes?

Grace stood frozen in disbelief, and the test report slipped from her hand, fluttering to the ground like a disoriented butterfly.

“Impossible!” Grace hugged her head, “I can’t be this bad!”

Lilly’s words echoed in her mind, reminding her of her skill limitations.

I don’t wanna eat anymore! I need to practice my skills!

She gathered information about the shop where her sister made custom dolls and headed there in a hurry, determined to find answers.

Upon arriving at the shop, Grace saw the police cordoning off the area. Curious onlookers provided her with some information, revealing that the doll’s club had been exposed for using human ashes while making dolls.

The police were in the process of recalling the dolls based on sales records.

Rumors circulated that the boss of the doll shop had fled, leaving behind only a frightened shopkeeper who appeared to be unaware of the illicit activities. The shopkeeper was on the verge of fainting from fear during the incident.

Grace was dumbfounded.

Who... who was ahead of her again?

“I heard that three children called the police...”

“Those three children are really pitiful. I heard that they saw them grinding up bones in the workshop and were so scared they peed...”

Grace was speechless.

As Grace walked past two passers-by, she could not tolerate their conversation any longer. Finally, she stopped and spoke in a cold tone, “Did you see them peeing their pants in fright?”

The passer-by, taken aback by Grace’s demeanor, replied hesitantly, “Um, I heard about it...”

3/4

Grace’s expression remained stern as she interrupted, “Unless you have personally seen it, refrain from spreading baseless rumors. It’s wise to stop rumors in their tracks instead of being foolish.”

After saying that, she turned around and left without looking back.

The two busybody passers-by exchanged perplexed looks, unable to come up with a suitable response.

Who is this kid? What a nuisance!

Grace exited the Opelucid building and went to the bathroom. Her body trembled with a chilling sensation.

Grace understood that it was highly unlikely for ordinary children to end up in such places by chance. It dawned on her that Lilly was one of the three children mentioned by the passers-by.

Overwhelmed by frustration, Grace acknowledged that her instincts had been accurate. The fact that someone had surpassed her was hard to believe.

She felt foolish for not realizing it sooner. By the time the truth about the ashes in the doll was discovered, it would likely be too late.

All her efforts were for nothing!

Grace's determination refused to waver. Before Lilly's arrival, she had always excelled in her endeavors conducting investigations solo, confronting spirits alone, and discreetly disposing of things that shouldn't exist..

But ever since Lilly came into the picture, Grace felt as if she had lost her edge, reduced to a fool in comparison.

Chapter 313 Doll Exhibition

Grace skipped dinner and dedicated the entire night to uncovering the person behind Spring Friends.

Upon returning home, Lilly and the others lowered their heads in response to Bettany's stern expression.

Bettany questioned, "What did you do? Why did the police come here?"

Drake maintained a calm as he explained, "We were planning to order a doll for Lilly as she liked dolls. However, Lilly happened to come across something strange, so we decided to call 911,"

His words downplayed the situation, making it seem as though the three of them had just entered the premises. Lilly noticed something unusual, and they promptly left the scene.

Bettany looked at Drake suspiciously.

Drake never lied.

Maybe she worried too much...

Anthony said, "What Drake said is true. After he called the police, he thought he had reported a false report, but he didn't expect it to be true."

Anthony concurred, his resolute expression conveyed his certainty.

Bettany readily

believed him and began to scold them, "It's really strange how you can come across such things just by going shopping... Don't wander like that again, do you hear me? What kind of doll do you want? You can tell Grandma, I'll get one from a reputable store..."

Josh and Lilly nodded in agreement, while Drake answered, "Yes,"

Bettany waved her hand, and the three of them hurried back to their rooms as if they had been pardoned.

In their room, Josh toyed with an iron basin and asked Lilly, "Lilly, should we leave it at that?"

Spring Friends' reputation had been tarnished, but the person responsible had managed to escape.

Who knows if they would change their shop's name to Spring Buddies?

Lilly said, "Don't worry, let me do something."

She extended her arms, picked up her clothes, and picked up Tortoise who was busy pecking at dried shrimp in the tank.

Tortoise looked up in confusion.

Lilly blew at Tortoise, and said in a low voice, "Ha... Turn around!"

Tortoise had been on guard for a long time and retracted his head before Lilly turned it around.

Josh was stunned.

Is this the Turtle Shell Oracle?

As Tortoise spun around for an unknown period, it eventually came to a halt. Unsteadily extending its head, he calmly resumed eating the remaining shrimp meat in its mouth.

1/4

Observing this with a solemn expression, Lilly nodded to herself, saying, "Ah, I see,"

Josh was puzzled.

Huh?

Lilly said. "Tortoise said we should just ask Quinnie"

She ran to the table and called Quinnie.

Quinnie, who was working overtime on set, noticed Lilly's phone call and quickly asked, "What's the matter, Sweetie?"

Lilly asked. "Quinnie, where are you planning to go at the end of July?"

Quinnie was taken aback, wondering where Lilly was getting at. She had not made any plans to go anywhere yet.

Immediately she seemed to think of something, and said "Oh, I remember! I'll be going to the Summer Doll Exhibition and I'm the spokesperson. Are you going too?"

Quinnie felt excited, thinking that if Lilly was going, she could dress her up as a cute little Lolita. Lilly nodded and exchanged a few more words before ending the call.

"I got it! It's the Summer Doll Exhibition. Hurry up and check it out, Josh!"

With a perplexed expression, Josh entered the search term and finally found information about the exhibition.

Judging from the brochure, it was a doll exhibition, but there was also mention of a peculiar doll sacrifice.

Josh looked at Lilly in shock, "You can do that?!"

Lilly put her hands on her hips proudly, "Of course!"

When Josh was admiring Lilly, he saw Anthony knocking on the door and coming in, asking about what happened today.

He said in a deep voice, "Summer Doll Exhibition? Lilly, Do you wanna go?"

Lilly nodded and said firmly. "Yes,"

Master said that when thieves steal the fortune of the country, what they steal is everyone's peace, stability, and happiness. So why would they want to steal something that Daddy worked so hard to protect? Daddy guards the mountains and rivers, and Lilly must protect Daddy!

Anthony nodded, determined to allocate time from his busy schedule, and made the decision to personally take Lilly there.

The Summer Doll Exhibition was coming soon.

Anthony took Lilly out, so naturally, Josh wanted to go with them. He had prepared a large backpack from somewhere, carrying his modified and smaller iron basin, the red net, and his camera.

Before they set out, Drake also joined them in the car.

Josh and Lilly looked at him with surprise.

"Drake, didn't you say you don't wanna go?" Lilly asked suspiciously.

Josh asked, "Didn't you say it's gonna be boring?"

Josh maintained a composed expression as he spoke, "I'm getting a book en route,"

Lilly noticed the slight redness on his ears and nodded in agreement.

Hmm... There was truly no flaw in his plan!

The Summer Doll Exhibition would be held at Malie Street for the first time.

Walking along this old street, one used to feel a sense of warmth and liveliness, with the fireworks of life bursting everywhere. However, now it evokes a disorienting feeling of time and space, as if the past and present have become intertwined.

On the street, there was a colorful array of young ladies in Cortado costumes, as well as numerous cosplayers. The vibrant scene showcased young people adorned in a diverse array of colors and hairstyles from various time periods, creating a captivating blend of styles and expressions.

They chatted and giggled, clutching their dolls tightly in their hands, eagerly sharing their passion and affection for their beloved companions with fellow enthusiasts.

Lilly was momentarily taken aback and asked, "Uncle, isn't today a doll fair? Why does it feel slightly different..."

Anthony patted her head, "They're role-playing!"

Lilly cast a glance at the square in the distance, focusing on the prominent Olivine Temple at its center. However, what caught her attention was the peculiar sight of numerous individuals in unconventional attire gathered in front of the temple.

"Uncle Anthony, do you know which God is worshiped in the Opelucid Temple?" Lilly asked curiously.

As Anthony walked alongside Lilly, he began narrating the history of Olivine Temple to her.

"Malie Street holds a significant historical background." Anthony explained. "During the invasion of Cortando, this street became a refuge for their dens, and many innocent lives were lost,"

He continued, "However, our brave ancestors fought back relentlessly. They formed a staunch resistance, sacrificing their lives to create a human barrier. Led by the generals of Malie street, they succeeded in expelling the Cortando army from the city,"

In honor of the heroic generals from that time, the people constructed the Olivine Temple on Malie Street. Over time, Malie Street transformed into a unique pedestrian street that blended commerce and tourism.

Lilly could not quite pinpoint the reason, but she could not shake off the growing sense of unease within her.

Olivine the Great, a renowned minister and hero of the city, was highly revered during his lifetime for his contributions to the city's well-being and protection.

As a mark of respect and gratitude, the people elected him as their guardian deity, crafting sculptures and

establishing the Olivine Temple for worship and devotion.

In the past, he used his life to protect the people and drive the bad guys away.

Now the people all over the street are wearing bad guys' clothes, cheering and dancing in front of his temple...

Lilly stopped suddenly and grabbed the dress of a young lady who happened to walk past.

The dress had a straight skirt with a big bow on the back.

Her hair was elegantly styled, pulled up, and adorned with a hairpin in the shape of chopsticks, exuding a distinctive and exotic charm.

Lilly gathered her courage and asked, "Miss, why are you wearing such clothes? In the past, Olivine the Great worked so hard to drive away the bad guys, but you're wearing the clothes of the bad guys."

The young lady was momentarily surprised but quickly understood that Lilly was referring to her traditional Cortondo costume.

She waved her hand and smiled casually, saying, "Don't be so rigid, little girl. This is just a personal hobby, and everyone has their own preferences."

Lilly clenched her small fists and spoke earnestly, "But it's not right! You shouldn't wear it!"

More specifically, what Lilly wanted to express was that they should not wear it in front of Olivine the Great.

The young lady did not take it seriously, observing the undisguised disgust from the other two little boys and the cold looks from their parents.

Her previously joyful mood was instantly dampened, and she felt a tinge of unhappiness.

"What a world we live in," she thought to herself. "Is it now a crime to dress in what one likes?"

Chapter 314 Good Things and the Darkness Within

The young lady responded nonchalantly. "Everyone is dressing like this today, and I'm not the only one."

With that, she turned around and walked away, expressing her frustration to her friend. "It's truly absurd," she complained. "There's such a variety of people here. I should have the freedom to dress as I please and wear what I like without anyone else minding. It's a shame that people can be so judgmental about others' clothing choices."

Her friend agreed, "Absolutely. I've encountered many narrow-minded individuals like that before who fail to grasp our hobbies. But to think that even a child would be like this... it's truly saddening. It's unfortunate that she's been influenced by adults in such a way. Oh well..."

Their complaints gradually dissipated as they moved on.

Lilly, refusing to accept the situation, exclaimed with determination, "But this is the Olivine Temple, the place where Olivine the Great and the soldiers fought bravely in the past!"

The passer-by paused, surprised by Lilly's outburst, and exchanged puzzled glances with the two girls.

The two girls blushed and expressed their frustration, saying, "Please don't let morality control us, alright? Today is the Summer Doll Exhibition, and we're all here based on our hobbies. It's just a matter of personal preference within our small circle. Why should it be elevated to such a moral level?!"

Another person chimed in, saying, "Wearing what you like doesn't violate any laws. Today, everyone is dressed in the clothes they enjoy. It's fine if you don't like it, but can you respect different cultures and choices?"

The crowd around them began to speak up, with many voices supporting the individuals in their community.

"Liking something is not a sin! Everyone should have the freedom to pursue their own preferences!"

“Please refrain from imposing your rigid beliefs on us. Don’t try to control us with your narrow-minded thinking!”

The young people in various costumes were taken aback by Anthony’s words.

Anthony continued in a firm tone, “Respecting different cultures and expressing oneself through fashion is important, but we should also be mindful of the significance and history of certain places. This is Olive Temple Square, a place where heroes sacrificed their lives for the city’s protection. It is a matter of respect and sensitivity to dress appropriately in such a location.”

His words resonated with some of the young people, who started to reconsider their choice of attire in that particular setting.

Josh interjected, saying, “Wearing the clothes of our enemies is like dancing on their graves. It doesn’t feel right.”

A sense of unease spread among the group as they exchanged glances.

Realizing that the argument was leading nowhere, someone suggested, “Let’s not argue with them. It’s better to avoid conflict and not let it ruin our mood.”

Another person chimed in, frustrated, “I woke up at four this morning to get ready... It’s really disheartening to hear such comments.”

“It doesn’t mean that I’m not patriotic if I wear this dress,”

They parted while talking.

Lilly looked at these people, and asked in a muffled voice. “Uncle Anthony, don’t they think it’s wrong to do so?”

Anthony picked her up and said lightly. “If they feel that it’s wrong, they wouldn’t come here dressed like

this.”

The enemy was cunning and their invasion had never stopped. There were a few individuals in Dudroinia who have been successfully infiltrated.

While there was nothing inherently wrong with appreciating different cultures, subcultures, personal preferences, and the like, it was important not to forget the reasons why one could enjoy such things from the safety of their home.

Lilly lay on Anthony’s body sullenly.

Pablo crossed his arms, originally intending to forbid her from coming, but to his surprise, she arrived with Anthony on her own.

With no other choice, he could only follow silently.

Seeing that Lilly was unhappy, he continued, "Sometimes, things are not necessarily all bad. The progress of civilization is always filled with diversity, but it also attracts the attention of malicious individuals who use it for their ill intentions."

Pablo let out a sigh, realizing that this might be a part of her growth.

In the world, there were all sorts of things, including people forgetting about their roots.

The square of the Olivine Temple continued to fill with people dressed in various colors. While there were a few individuals wearing traditional robes, they were outnumbered by those in different costumes.)

As Anthony observed the scene, he began to suspect that the purported doll exhibition might be a deceptive façade.

Amidst the crowd, he noticed a few inconspicuous individuals dressed in regular attire, moving through the bustling crowd. Among them was Grace, dressed in black with her hair elegantly tied up in a high ponytail.

She frowned and looked at the square, then at the sky.

As the day progressed, the weather shifted from cloudy to overcast, and the sky became obscured by dark clouds. A gentle gust of wind rustled the trees along the roadside.

Amidst the liveliness of the square, these subtle changes went unnoticed by the crowd. However, Grace immediately recognized the long table adorned with dolls at the front of the square and the ceremonial table placed before it!

So it's here!

Grace discreetly grasped her backpack and stealthily made her way toward the center of the square.

Meanwhile, Anthony had already arrived at the square, carrying Lilly in his arms.

In the center of the square, there stood a long table. Upon estimation, it appeared to be approximately ten feet wide and over fifty feet long.

In front of the long table, an imposing altar took its place. The altar was adorned with a white cloth, and upon it rested three small shrines. Flanking the altar were wooden shelves, their surfaces carefully enveloped in strips of vibrant red cloth.

Scattered across the long table were an array of dolls. Some knelt, some reclined, and others stood with their heads bowed.

Lilly furrowed her brow intensely and remarked, "This isn't a doll exhibition, it's a sacrificial ceremony!"

She pointed towards the altar draped in white cloth and continued, "That's Grace!"

From the nearby conversations, they gathered that the altar was referred to as the ceremony platform and it served as a focal point for the dolls of the honorary spokespersons. These dolls were presented as offerings, and everyone was invited to partake in this festive celebration.

Pablo's nonchalant demeanor turned grave, realizing that this was no ordinary ritual.

This was just the initial stage, indicating that there would be numerous similar sacrifices in the future. He had discovered this information the previous night, as the Summer Doll Exhibition world tour visited various locations.

The first stop happened to be a bustling city center, which conveniently catered to the requirements of a doll exhibition, and most people would not suspect anything unusual.

However, in the future, doll exhibitions would be held in remote and less frequented locations.

This isn't *normal!*

Pablo leaned in close to Lilly and whispered, "Lilly, if we destroy that altar, we can disrupt the sacrificial ritual. Will you listen to my instructions, Lilly?"

To his surprise, Pablo was left speechless.

What are you doing, Lilly?

Chapter 315 Lilly's Destruction

Pablo squinted his eyes, his voice filled with concern. There's a ceremony happening at this altar, and those dolls in front of us are meant to represent human sacrifices for it..."

The thought of using actual people as sacrificial offerings was truly wicked. If it were not for the laws and regulations in our society, they might still resort to using living individuals for this gruesome practice.

Unfortunately, among those chosen for sacrifice, there was one person who was chosen to be sacrificed – Quinnie.

Once the ceremony was complete, Quinnie's vitality and luck would be completely drained, ultimately leading to her death within two months, whether through illness, accident, or other unfortunate circumstances.

At that moment, Quinnie remained oblivious to the dark truth, happily assuming her role as the spokesperson and posing for pictures with others, her warm smile never faded.

Pablo furrowed his brow and instructed Lilly, "Lilly when you go up there, I will teach you how to disrupt this ceremony... Remove the incense in front of the shrine and see that red thread. Pull it off, and then. Turn the sacrificial doll in a different direction... Lilly?!"

Before Pablo could finish his sentence, Lilly darted forward.

Pablo's eyes widened in shock.

Lilly muttered under her breath, her determined expression evident, "It's over, it's over. Master said everything ends now!"

With a swift motion, Lilly forcefully tossed the altar into the air.

She then stomped on the fallen incense on the ground.

Before anyone could react, the young girl swiftly climbed onto a stool, ascended the long table, and made a bold move... With a resounding crash, the seven or eight dolls in front of the altar shattered into pieces on the ground.

Lilly turned her head and remembered something.

Oh, oh! *Master* also said *to remove* the red thread!

With determination, Lilly grabbed the red rope, fiercely biting and tearing it apart with her teeth and hands.

The young girl seemed to transform into a little beast, showing her teeth and claws as she aggressively demolished the structure, single-handedly destroying the entire altar.

Pablo stood there in utter disbelief, completely taken aback by Lilly's actions.

Josh's hand, holding the iron basin, froze in mid-air.

Both Josh and Anthony felt a sudden twitch in their eyelids.

Grace was lost in her thoughts, planning her next moves, but when she looked up, she realized something

was amiss.

1/4

Her thunder was stolen!

Grace was stunned for a moment, then trembled angrily.

Why does this always happen? Darn, it!

At that moment, the crowd in front of the square started to react. Participants of the doll exhibition became panicked and furious, shouting with anxiety

"Whose child is this? What is she doing here?"

"Oh my goodness, this child is so infuriating!"

"Damn it, where are her parents? What kind of parents let their child behave like this?!"

Someone approached aggressively and grabbed Lilly's arm, attempting to drag her away.

Just then, a swift figure dressed in black dashed forward like a bolt of lightning. He swiftly scooped Lilly into his arms and simultaneously threw the aggressor aside.

It was Blake!

Why was Blake here?

Witnessing their companion being tossed aside, the crowd's anger reached its peak. The girls whose dolls were shattered

were in tears, and everyone started blaming and verbally attacking each other. A small group of individuals even resorted to using the most vile words they could muster against Lilly.

“The brat deserves to die! If she causes trouble as a kid, she will be a scum when she grows up!”

With a chilling gaze, Blake’s eyes resembled stalactites. He exerted a hidden force beneath his feet and propelled a ceramic shard from a broken doll toward the person who had been aggressive toward Lilly.

The shard struck the person’s mouth with such force that blood trickled from their lips, causing them to panic and scream while clutching their injured mouth.

When dealing with such individuals, Blake never wasted time on idle talk and always took swift action.

Despite his personal emotions, which he acknowledged were subjective, Blake could not help but feel annoyed as she wore kimono. Nevertheless, he was clear that his dislike stemmed solely from personal preference and had no bearing on her identity. There was a slight overlap in his sentiments.

“Go on,” Blake commanded in a frigid tone. “I want to see who dares to talk about my daughter like that,”

The chilling intensity of Blake’s gaze left everyone trembling, preventing them from uttering any derogatory remarks about Lilly or expressing their frustrations.

However, deep down, they could not help but feel a sense of grievance. They believed that behind every misbehaving child, there must be an irrational and detestable parent.

Suppressing his anger, one person managed to speak up cautiously, “Can you be reasonable? It’s unfair for your child to destroy the doll exhibition that we put so much effort into organizing!”

“Indeed, do you have any idea how much these dolls are worth? Take this one, Coco, for example. Rumor has it that it costs five million. Do you think we can just forget about it?”

2/4

“Don’t waste your breath. We should call the police right away! Call them immediately!”

Someone called 911 and angrily reported that someone had intentionally destroyed valuable items worth over 10 million dollars.

Lilly held onto Blake’s neck, feeling no remorse for her actions.

It was these people *who* were wrong.

How dare they call the police?

Lilly snorted and turned her gaze to the other side.

Initially, she had only considered demolishing everything without anticipating the criticism she would receive from the people around her. However, now that her father was here, Lilly felt she had a powerful ally and was no longer afraid.

After those people called the police, they glared at Blake, Lilly, and Anthony with malice, as if they were expecting them to show regret and fear.

However, Blake remained unfazed, and Anthony took the opportunity to ask him a question, “Why are you here?”

Blake cast a brief glance into the distance and replied, “I was having a meal with some old acquaintances when I spotted my lovely daughter from afar. That’s why I came over.”

Amidst the ongoing conversation between Blake, Lilly, and Anthony, the crowd directed their anger toward Quinnie, expressing their frustration and suggesting legal action.

“Quinnie, you should sue them directly! Some people have absolutely no shame!”

“Yes, they need to be held accountable for their actions! Their arrogance is simply intolerable.”

Quinnie was dumbfounded.

She was sitting there just moments ago, she felt a sudden dizziness and an overwhelming urge to smile while posing for pictures with everyone.

After the crash, Quinnie’s excitement quickly turned into astonishment and disbelief.

“Lilly...?” she questioned, her voice filled with astonishment. “Why did you...”

Quinnie’s gaze finally fell upon Coco lying on the ground shattered, and her heart sank as if it was about to bleed.

Her Coco...

The people around continued to clamor, demanding that Quinnie be held accountable for the damage caused.

Quinnie, despite her heartache and the verge of tears, managed to compose herself. She shook her head and apologized, “I’m sorry, but this is my friend’s child... I don’t need any compensation, and I’ll take responsibility for the broken dolls...”

There was a momentary silence among the crowd, followed by an even greater surge of anger.

3/4

“Why should she get away with it?”

“What’s wrong with her being your friend’s child? Your friend’s child should take responsibility for damaging other people’s property”

“Quinnie, why are you defending her? Why are you doing this? You’re siding with the wrongdoers!”

Quinnie understood that her stance was infuriating them, but she could not join them in accusing Lilly.

Quinnie tried to explain. This child is usually well-behaved and reasonable. There must be some other reason for her behavior...

But no one would listen, insisting that Quinnie should be held accountable and compensated

It was as if the dolls belonged to them....

Chapter 316 Arrest Them!

Quinnie was at a loss for what to do. While she wanted to reason with everyone, she could not understand why there were always a few individuals who would angrily interrupt and escalate the situation.

The scene remained chaotic, and in the midst of the confusion, some people even attempted to forcefully remove Lilly.

However, they did not know who Blake was, and they were quickly driven away before they could even get

close.

Finally, the police officers responsible for maintaining law and order arrived at the scene. Immediately, everyone pointed their fingers at Blake and Lilly, accusing them of destroying valuable items and engaging in physical violence.

“They are the ones who deliberately sabotaged the event! They must be undercover agents sent *by* the organizers of this doll exhibition!”

The police officer was about to address the situation when the team leader noticed Blake’s presence.

The police were speechless.

How could you tell me the God of Battle was sent by someone as a spy?

If Blake was there, the officer could not help but find it amusing that in his eyes, everyone in the entire square seemed to be undercover agents except for Blake.

How childish...

“What’s going on here?” The police officer scanned the chaotic scene, hesitating to approach Blake directly. Instead, they decided to apprehend Anthony, who appeared more approachable.

Wearing a stern expression, Anthony responded. “This is Olivine Temple. I believe I don’t need to explain its significance. However, it appears that someone organized an event here intentionally,”

Blake’s voice turned cold as he addressed the police officer, “Our ancestors shed blood to protect this land, yet you come here wearing kimonos.”

He turned to Josh and asked, “What offense does this constitute?”

Josh nodded assertively, as if delivering an official statement, “Disrespecting the martyrs is considered an act of insult! In severe cases, it can lead to a prison sentence of up to three years or less!”

Blake retorted, “Seems like you don’t understand what a child understands.”

The previously clamouring crowd fell momentarily silent, taken aback by his response.

A voice broke the silence with a mocking tone, “What’s the problem? We’re just wearing our preferred attire to socialise with friends, and you’re trying to label us with such a significant accusation?”

Josh raised his voice to reiterate Anthony's earlier statement, "There's nothing wrong with having preferences! However, it also depends on the occasion! It's inappropriate for you to wear such clothes in front of the Heroes' Temple!"

One of the girls sarcastically rolled her eyes and remarked, "Oh, absolutely! You've convinced us with your wisdom!"

The crowd began to chatter among themselves, each person defending their own preferences. They saw it as a spirited fight for their rights, believing there was no reason to back down.

The police shouted coldly. "Everyone quiet!"

The noisy crowd suddenly fell silent again.

The team leader furrowed his brow and asked, "Who organized this event? Who granted permission for it? Is it even permissible to hold such an event here?"

Upon hearing this, the crowd erupted into noise once again. Why wouldn't it be allowed? It had been happening for many years, and the square was a public space. If it was approved by authorities, then it must be permitted.

People started rambling, providing examples and quoting laws that they barely comprehended, which only frustrated the police officer further, causing him to be laughed at.

If one lacked understanding of the law, whatever they said would be the law. People have the right to do as they please and enjoy their freedom.

The police officer felt like they were dealing with an unreasonable group of children, but they were compelled to explain things clearly to them.

Then, they adopted an attitude of not listening and questioning why.

As the situation escalated, the police officers decided to arrest several people. The ones who had been shouting vehemently now attempted to flee, but their attempts were futile as they were apprehended by the authorities.

The atmosphere in the square became increasingly tense. Amidst the chaos, someone recorded the moment on their phone and shouted, trying to sway public opinion, "Look, everyone! The police are using force! This child shattered 10 million dollars worth of figurines into pieces! Instead of catching the ones who caused the destruction, they're arresting innocent people!"

Blake's frustration grew, finding the situation highly inefficient.

With a frustrated expression, he kicked up the broken porcelain fragments scattered on the ground and delivered a series of swift slaps in the air, silencing those who thought they were justified in holding up their mobile phones and spewing nonsense before attempting to flee.

Meanwhile, to emphasize the seriousness of the situation, a warning shot was fired, echoing through the air, and grabbing everyone's attention.

As several screams pierced the air, a wave of terror washed over the crowd, causing them to instinctively crouch down and cover their heads. Finally, there was silence.

With a cold and determined expression, Blake sent a message, "Find the person behind this and arrest them!"

Amidst the silence, Lilly's voice cut through the tension, "It's not that you can't wear the clothes but you can't wear them in front of Olivine the Great,"

"Everyone, do you explained

you like,

understand now? This isn't an exhibition as you believed, it's a sacred ritual," Lilly

She pointed towards the altar, emphasizing her point. "These three shrines here are real, and these broken

2/4

dolls were made with human ashes. They are sacrificial offerings for this ritual,"

She continued, "There are bad people among us who seek to destroy our joy. They have committed these acts in the presence of Olivine the Great, disrespecting and dishonoring him! Why didn't any of you realize this?"

Everyone looked at each other in dismay.

It doesn't make sense....

A girl weakly tried to explain. "This isn't a sacrificial ritual, you've misunderstood. It's just a scene from a theatrical performance..."

Lilly shook her head, her expression firm. "No, look around,"

As everyone followed her gaze, they saw that the sky had turned dark, with ominous clouds looming overhead. The wind began to pick up, carrying an eerie chill through the air.

Inside the shattered shrine, the candles flickered in an eerie manner.

Suddenly, a toppled doll began to slowly rise, as if responding to the collective gaze fixed upon it. But just as quickly, it collapsed back to the ground.

Despite the crowded square, a chilling sensation ran down everyone's spines.

"No... Am I mistaken?" someone whispered.

"How did the doll stand up by itself?"

"Someone must be pulling a thread..."

No one answered.

As the wind intensified, its howling drowned out all other sounds. It seemed as though there was a chilling laughter echoing through the square, though when people strained their ears, they heard nothing but the eerie silence.

People started to get scared.

Unbeknownst to everyone, a few individuals stood hidden behind the altar, observing the events that happened with furrowed brows.

One of them spoke, his voice barely audible, "Today marks the first sacrifice, and it must proceed without interruption!"

The other two nodded and walked quickly to both sides of Olivine Temple.

Unbeknownst to the crowd, the square had been tampered with a year ago. During the reconstruction process, certain individuals took advantage of the situation to infiltrate the construction team. They purposely damaged the square tiles and discreetly buried spirit nails at strategic locations.

These spirit nails were thick and robust, capable of withstanding any interruption to the ceremony. As long as the spirit nail was in place, the ritual could continue unabated. Their plan had been carefully orchestrated to ensure that nothing could stop them.

Lilly's senses heightened as she heard Pablo's urgent voice calling her over. She quickly broke free from her father's grasp and rushed over to where Pablo was.

Pablo's face was filled with concern as he pointed to a specific spot, his voice filled with urgency. "Lilly, come here! There are spirit nails planted here. These people are incredibly cunning! We need to pull them out immediately."

Lilly was about to act, ready to remove the spirit nails, but then Pablo's warning halted her. "Wait! There are more on the other side. We need to remove them at the same time or they'll have the upper hand!"

As Blake gazed at the sky, he noticed that Olivine Temple was enveloped by a dark, glass-like semicircle. Within this boundary, one of the spirit nails was positioned on one side, while the other was directly opposite it.

"You have to pull them out at the same time!"

Blake followed Lilly and asked, "What's the matter?"

Lilly quickly repeated what Pablo said.

She looked around, grabbed a stone, and smashed a tile vigorously, revealing a section of the red spirit nail.

Blake immediately went to the other side and found the empty tile.

He crushed the tile with one foot, revealing a bright red nail.

Lilly grabbed the nail, "Daddy, we need to pull them out at the same time!"

Blake nodded.

He tightly gripped the spirit nail, pouring all his strength into the attempt to dislodge it, but to his dismay, the nail remained firmly in place, resistant to his efforts.

Floating beside him, Pablo whispered, "The body of a mortal cannot shake it loose."

Just as Blake persisted, a deep voice resonated in his ear, causing his heart to constrict with unease.

Turning around, he saw a pale man in a white robe next to him.

Blake was stunned.

Chapter 317 Wrecking the Ceremony

Pablo's hand overlapped with Blake's, and together, they exerted their strength on the spirit nail. To Blake's surprise, he felt a slight tremor in the nail.

His eyes

widened, realizing that there was more to these matters than what he had researched.

As they continued pulling, both spirit nails began to loosen from their positions.

Meanwhile, inside Olivine Temple, concealed behind the sculpture of Olivine the Great, a man with a sinister expression wore a chilling smile.

"Dudroinia claims that one life is two, two is three, and three is all things..." he sneered.

"But I didn't expect there to be another spirit nail here."

A hint of disdain flickered in his eyes.

To him, all those self-righteous notions of good and evil were meaningless. In this world, only those who emerge victorious have the right to dictate terms.

With two spirit nails removed, the man could not help but feel disappointed. However, he knew that it was the only way forward at that moment.

He made a deep cut on his hand and allowed his blood to drip onto the spirit nail. He anxiously awaited the removal of the two outer nails, knowing that once they were pulled out, he could swiftly proceed with the ceremony and achieve his desired outcome.

Just as Lilly and Blake were about to remove the spirit nails,

Pablo sensed that something was amiss. He quickly intervened and called for a halt, realizing that it could not be so straightforward without any obstacles.

He tilted his head upward, witnessing the dark clouds converging in the sky, which sent a shiver down his spine. Pablo said with a grim expression, "There is one more!"

But at

that moment, two spirit nails had already been pulled out halfway, and there was no way to stop their removal.

It was clear that the ceremony could not proceed without another person stepping in to pull out the remaining spirit nail.

He gritted his teeth, prepared to tear himself in half to save the situation and secure the well-being of his young apprentice.

At that crucial moment, a small figure rushed in hastily, and it was Grace. She coldly commanded, "Count

to 30 seconds!"

-This time, she was determined to succeed!

With the spirit compass tightly gripped in her hand, Grace made her way swiftly to the back of the Hero's sculpture, where she finally spotted the third spirit nail.

Simultaneously, another man was standing nearby, his eyes filled with covetousness as he watched Grace.

20 more seconds...

1/4

Grace didn't have the luxury to ponder the man's intentions. She mustered her courage and hastily approached the spirit nail, hugging it tightly.

The man was caught off guard, astonished by her audacity to pull out the nail right in front of him!

He was angry and slapped Grace on the back!

Grace snorted.

10 more seconds!

She counted the remaining time in her heart as she bit the tip of her tongue. She was focusing all her energy on removing it.

S... 7...

That man didn't expect Grace to be so difficult to deal with as a child, so he was careless, and hurriedly hugged Grace, trying to pull her aside.

Unexpectedly, Grace's hand seemed to be glued to the nail, and with her strength, she pulled out half of the nail

The man was furious

The man was so angry he pressed her down. However, Grace resisted his efforts and he could not move her at all.

The man's face twisted with rage, and in a moment of impulsive fury, he thrust a knife into Grace's back.

Grace only counted the time she have left.

5... 4... 3...

She only had two seconds left to pull the nail, otherwise...

Grace could feel her strength fading away.

However, she could not give up. She could not let people say that she had no skill anymore. She believed she was strong.

She could not afford to lose against Lilly...

2... 1

In a surge of determination, Grace felt a sudden surge of strength coursing through her arm. With a cry of exertion, she mustered all her remaining energy and yanked the spirit nail out.

Simultaneously, the spirit nails outside the door were also pulled out.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Blake understood that he couldn't afford to hesitate.

Despite being just a child who knew about the spirit nail, he could not ignore the possibility that he might possess a unique talent. What if... against all odds, he would succeed?

Lilly's determination was unwavering as she continued to count, while Josh afraid that she might make a mistake, counted alongside her from the sidelines. Together, they kept track of the crucial moment.

2/4

As the final second approached, their synchronized efforts in pulling out the spirit nail. The ceremony was disrupted, causing a drastic change in the expression of the man with a cold look in the temple.

The ritual, which sought to harness the fortunes of heaven, people, and the sacrificer themselves, was designed to consume all these fortunes, ultimately transforming them into sacrifices.

However, when the ritual was abruptly disrupted, the consequences extended beyond the interruption of the first sacrifice. The individual who oversaw the ritual would also face a severe backlash.

Amid the tense atmosphere, a loud crack reverberated through the air.

A bolt of lightning struck Olivine Temple.

The lightning struck the man with astonishing precision, bypassing Grace who was in his grasp. However, the impact of the lightning was so immense that it only made Grace's hair explode.

Pablo swiftly evaded the lightning as well. Despite being a spirit from the underworld, even ghosts were scared of lightning and thunder.

Pablo tore himself in half, with one half coming to Grace's aid, enabling her to pull out the spirit nail despite the cold man's attack.

Pablo's gaze fixed on Grace as he saw her lying in a pool of blood, her face displaying unwavering determination... He already knew who she was.

At that moment, Blake and Lilly arrived on the scene. They saw Grace, her hair curly and drenched in blood, and they looked at the man who had been charred black by the lightning.

Josh experienced a chilling sensation, causing his hands and feet to tremble.

He realized that his invention was useless in such crucial moments.

He knew he had to go back and continue working hard, striving to improve his creations.

Meanwhile, Lilly knelt in front of Grace, retrieving a talisman from her satchel and gently placing it on Grace's forehead.

Grace took a deep breath and mustered the strength to speak, saying, "Get it off..."

Lilly quickly covered Grace's mouth, "Okay, stop talking! Save some blood,"

Grace clenched her teeth and whispered, "I didn't lose... This time!"

Grace would pull out Lilly's front teeth if she dared to say she was weak!

Lilly replied, "Yeah, yeah, you didn't lose, you just got stabbed..."

How brave yet so pitiful.

Lilly admired Grace from the bottom of her heart and felt that she no longer wanted to hit Grace.

Grace closed her eyes, trying to block out the annoyance and find a way to calm herself down. She made a mental note to avoid any encounters with Lilly in the future, determined to distance herself from the source of her irritation.

Pablo folded his arms and said from the side, "It doesn't matter anymore. It's thanks to you this time,"

34

Lilly said sincerely, "Thank you!"

Grace snorted and remained silent.

Grace was taken away by the ambulance, and Pablo accompanied Lilly to dismantle the remaining parts of the ceremony.

The surroundings of Olivine Temple were filled with clouds, drizzle, and continuous lightning struck the air.

However, just three miles away from the Olivine Temple, the sky showcased a setting sun.

Following the thunder and lightning, a rainbow appeared, surrounding the temple.

Everyone present in the square was struck with awe as thunder and lightning clashed in the sky, accompanied by the simultaneous appearance of a rainbow and a mesmerizing sunset.

This...

Amidst the spectacle, the girl in the kimono who had been in a heated argument with Lilly took out her mobile phone, eager to capture this extraordinary moment.

However, inexplicably, the surroundings abruptly darkened, and several of her friends vanished into thin air.

Startled, the girl frantically searched for her companions, only to encounter a man clad in a worn-out military uniform emerging from the darkness. He clutched a gun, his face pallid, and his eyes fixated on her.

Instinctively, the girl glanced down at his feet, but to her astonishment, they were missing, replaced by a hovering apparition that swiftly closed the distance between them.

Realizing that she had seen a ghost, the girl screamed in fright.

In the blink of an eye, the man struck her forcefully on the head with the butt of his gun, his voice filled with anger. "Unworthy descendants! Your ancestors fought valiantly, and here you are, dressed in the garb of a petty demon, dancing on my grave?!"

As the girl caught a clear glimpse of his face, a sense of familiarity washed over her, and she pieced together the fragments of her scant and neglected memories. It dawned on her that this face belonged to her long-deceased great-grandfather.

Her legs gave way, and she sank to her knees in submission.

Impossible...

Chapter 318 Learning Something Bad From Hannah

Olivine Temple Square was shrouded in ominous clouds, making the sky even darker than before.

Suddenly, some individuals wearing kimonos began to scream in terror. It appeared as though they were witnessing something dreadful. Their faces were filled with panic, and some even fell to their knees, clutching their heads in distress.

Unseen by others, these individuals were confronted by apparitions of their ancestors, who appeared furious and resorted to physically punishing them.

"How could you forget the nation I tirelessly fought to protect?!"

"They killed your grandfather, and yet you still worship them as your ancestors!"

"I'll need to give you a beating so you'll remember why it hurt so much!"

Those individuals clad in kimonos and clogs were subjected to such severe beatings that their clogs went flying. They screamed and pleaded for mercy, consumed by terror.

Most people who did not see the ghosts were puzzled.

They didn't know why, so they saw the different phases of lightning, thunder, rainbow, and sunset in the same frame, and saw several people kneeling begging for mercy with terrified faces, and they were even more frightened in their hearts.

"What happened....."

"What is that red iron pillar they pulled out..."

"It's so strange. As soon as the iron pillar was pulled down, a bolt of lightning struck down,"

"Could it be... Is what the little girl said earlier true? That today wasn't an exhibition after all, but was a sacrificial ritual?" Someone voiced their doubts, uncertain about the reality of the situation.

However, some individuals were bleeding and crying, exclaiming, "Even if that's the case, should we just forget about the dolls we destroyed?"

The ash dolls held a special place in their hearts, not to mention the significant monetary value associated with each doll. The thought of losing them was distressing and heartbreaking.

Even if it's not worth five million like Quinnie's Coco, it's still worth one hundred and eighty thousand.

How could she not be responsible just because she was a sacrifice for the ritual?

While she was crying, she noticed Blake and the others emerging from the scene.

Blake held Lilly in his arms with Josh. Drake, the knowledge enthusiast, walked alongside them with a grave expression, his thoughts veiled and unknown.

Anthony was on the phone and caught snippets of conversation about "compensation."

As he walked near the sacrificial shrine, he kicked it, causing it to shatter.

His foot landed on the broken remains of a few ash dolls and their owners cried even harder as if they had lost a beloved child.

1/4

Lilly covered her ears and shouted, "Stop crying! I... I'll pay for the damages!"

She only destroyed the dolls because they were a part of the satanic ritual.

Uncle Anthony said one *should* be responsible for their *actions*.

Lilly, with a distressed expression, retrieved a red envelope from her satchel. She wondered if the money inside would be enough to cover the damages.

The hard-earned money was slipping away before she could even enjoy it, and Lilly felt a tinge of sadness in her heart.

Amused by her bleeding expression, Anthony could not help but find it funny, while Blake found Lilly incredibly adorable and could not resist pinching her cheek.

“Keep your money, your Uncle Anthony will compensate them,” Blake assured her.

Anthony froze.

I treat you as my brother-in-law, but you treat me as a fool?

Blake jokingly assured Lilly, “Don’t worry, your uncle is not only handsome and rich but also quite generous, especially when it comes to paying money.”

The handsome and rich Anthony was speechless.

Anthony could not argue with him but to compensate them.

Anthony glanced at the tearful girls and could not help but wonder if the event organizers had intentionally dressed them in kimonos of different colors.

With a stern tone, he asserted, “Rest assured, we will take full responsibility for the damages caused by our group. My assistant will be here shortly to discuss the compensation with each of you individually.”

Anthony wanted to ensure that Lilly would not be burdened by it.

It’s just money.

After discovering Lilly’s ability to catch ghosts, Anthony couldn’t help but think that these doll enthusiasts would face the consequences they deserved.

The girls whose dolls were broken had mixed reactions. Some were stunned, while a few of them appeared to be genuinely pleased.

It seemed that they did not care about sacrifices and national luck.

The doll owners had invested real money into making those dolls, and they were determined to retrieve their compensation. They had already formulated plans beforehand. If the child’s parents refused to pay, they were prepared to escalate the situation and take legal action. They had no qualms about pursuing their rights in court.

After some time, Charlie arrived with the money and handed it over immediately. However, Quinnie refused to accept it and simply cast a meaningful glance at Lilly.

Quinnie had just received a call from the police.

2/4

Quinnie was informed that all her dolls under the brand Spring Friends were implicated in the theft of ashes for making dolls and were going to be recalled.

It was a shocking revelation for her to realize that she had been sleeping in a room filled with such dolls for years.

She genuinely liked dolls. Her mind was overwhelmed with complex thoughts, and she struggled to find the right words to express herself.

Quinnie stepped forward and expressed her sincere gratitude to Lilly in a solemn manner. She then hurriedly returned to the set and left.

The girls who had received their compensation also departed, wearing smiles on their faces. Finally, the deceptive doll exhibition, which had disguised itself as something else, came to an end.

Lilly learned from his father that the event organizer behind the scenes had been detained for questioning, and it was uncertain how long the interrogation would last or if they would ever be released.

As for the girls who took the compensation but had their dolls broken, unfortunate incidents started befalling them.

Some suddenly developed high fevers and fell seriously ill after returning home. Others encountered car accidents on their way back, resulting in traumatizing experiences, although they survived.

Upon returning home, others experienced strange occurrences that made them feel unsettled. The doors would inexplicably open during their sleep at night, and the bathroom faucet would turn on by itself in the middle of the night.

At times, upon waking up, they would find the doll they had placed in a box lying on their bedside....

Only then did they realize the sacrificial ritual Lilly had mentioned, and they cried out to their parents, begging them to ask about any possible connections and desperately seeking out Lilly's help to resolve the situation.

However, it was already too late. Lilly was not someone they could simply find at will. They searched, feeling like headless chickens, but their efforts only led to further deception. The compensation they had received would soon be gone, leaving them with regret and a sense of loss.

The Summer Doll Exhibition became a trending topic for insulting ancestors, capturing widespread attention.

Alongside this, the incident involving a group of children and a priest disrupting the ritual aimed at stealing the country's fortune also gained significant publicity.

With the widespread presence of internet users, it was natural for many to doubt the significance of a few children's actions. Instead, they attributed the disruption of the ceremony to a city-dwelling priest and his young apprentices.

Blake, in particular, found himself living his dream of becoming a priest and emerged as the most formidable figure among them.

People were making memes about that incident.

"Is it still too late to take me in as your apprentice?"

34

"I asked the master about the weather that day but he told me to believe in science, Can you please teach me? I'm willing to learn!"

“Master said he believed in science and flew away with his sword...”

Listening to Josh reading these comments, Lilly’s eyes lit up, and he said happily, “My Daddy is powerful!”

In the past, he fought hard and toppled walls.

Now he was even more powerful, and he could pull out the spirit nail with her.

How could that be someone else’s dad? Impossible!

Lilly, despite knowing that her father was not a practitioner, still believed in his immense power.

Blake gazed at her with tenderness, his heart melting at her unwavering faith in him, super

However, there were moments when Lilly could be a bit careless. For instance, when Bettany discovered that Blake had taught her something mischievous, she would give him a good hard hit. No one could rival the warmth and affection that Lilly possessed.

Lilly thought of something and asked, “By the way, Master, you mentioned yesterday that Grace is not human?”

Pablo’s mouth twitched slightly as he responded, “What I meant was that she is not an ordinary individual...”

Lilly waved her hand like Hannah and said, “Whatever, they’re the same,”

Pablo was speechless.

Lilly, you can’t ignore the word “Ordinary...”

Chapter 319 Grace Is So Miserable

Pablo floated cross-legged in the void and said, “Grace is just like you... she also came up to experience calamity.”

Lilly was puzzled.

She hasn’t figured out how many catastrophes she caused, so why Grace?

Pablo rubbed her soft hair and said, “But she is different from you, she is the next Madame Meng.”

“Didn’t your mother drink Madame Maya’s soup as if she drank plain water?”

She also said that Madame Maya should improve her business capabilities.

Madame Maya tried her best, but she couldn’t help but occasionally think that ghosts like Jean were truly immune to her soup.

Everyone said that her soup was watered down, which made Madame Maya furious. After numerous selections, a new heir to Madame Maya was finally chosen.

Lilly suddenly realized, "So Grace came up here to find Madame Maya's soup?"

Pablo nodded in agreement, "You could say that!"

Every time Lilly called Grace "Gracie," Pablo felt like he was playing a role.

When Lilly was the King of Hades and Grace was a candidate for Madame Maya, they would often argue.

Whenever Lilly saw Grace, she would place her hands on her hips and realize how difficult it was to make Grace cry. Therefore, she insisted on calling her Gracie and remained ever watchful...

Lilly blinked in confusion and asked hesitantly, "Master, is it difficult to obtain the eighth tear?"

Pablo let out a sigh and replied, "Yes, it is,"

Grace has undergone three incarnations and in each one, she has been unable to acquire the eighth tear.

"That's because the final tear requires Madame Maya's tears of sorrow, but Madame Maya is not one to shed tears easily."

Lilly recalled Quinnie's words and asked anxiously, "Is it true that Gracie didn't cry when she was born?"

Josh, who was nearby, immediately refuted. "That's impossible. Every baby cries when they are born. Crying is a natural response to inhaling air and the vibration of vocal cords. If they don't cry, it could indicate suffocation or health issues.

Pablo nodded and explained, "Quinnie probably meant that she cried without tears, a dry cry."

People around the world often assume that a newborn baby crying at birth is a sign of crying. However, it

is merely the vibration of the vocal cords, and true crying occurs later on.

In Grace's case, she should have cried when she was born, but she had not cried ever since.

Lilly expressed sympathy, saying, "That's unfortunate."

In her opinion, crying is the same as laughing, not being able to cry is like not being able to laugh, and happiness is gone.

Josh questioned, "Isn't it impossible for a person to go through their entire life without crying...?"

Pablo leaned back, gazing at the booklet, and responded casually. "In Grace's first life, she lost her beloved: In her second life, all her beloved family members died unexpectedly. In her third life, her best friend betrayed her. Suffering from the pain of separation, loss, and betrayal..."

"In three lives, she indeed never shed a tear."

As stated in the brochure, Grace experienced immense sadness, so overwhelming that she screamed at the sky. However, even in her profound grief, she never shed a tear.

"They have no recollection of their past lives, and with each reincarnation, they go through calamities. anew, all in an attempt to elicit that single tear of sorrow."

Lilly was left speechless, realizing the sheer tragedy of it all.

Josh added "Is there something wrong with her tear glands? She should get it checked out, maybe she has some eye disease,"

Pablo's mouth twitched.

He went on, "Whenever Grace returns to the underworld, she remembers all her past lives and the pain associated with them. She becomes filled with anger and negative energy, distancing herself from others and refusing to show care. She would also get mad when the Ruler of Hell questioned her abilities..."

He stopped at this point.

Lilly, being young and facing numerous challenges, understood the necessity of experiencing different situations in the world. However, her true identity remained unknown to her.

None of the people around her, including Anthony and Blake, were aware that Lilly was the Ruler of Hell despite knowing about his ability to interact with ghosts.

Her true identity was carefully concealed from the world.

Lilly, unable to comprehend the intricacies of her role, expressed her dissatisfaction by pouting and concluding, "The Ruler of Hell must be terrible!"

Fine, since Gracie *is miserable*...

She would not criticize her skills anymore...

"What kind of rules are these!" Lilly pouted and shook her head like an adult.

Pablo closed the booklet and replied, "These are the rules that Madame Maya's lineage has to follow for generations. It's their destiny, and no one can change it."

Lilly looked puzzled, her innocent eyes gazing in one direction.

She wondered, if someone made Gracie cry forcefully, would those tears count as her true sadness?

Lilly's eyes sparkled with excitement as she considered the idea of completing the calamity. She felt that with some assistance, she could help Gracie fulfill her destiny.

2/4

But now that Gracie was still in the hospital, Lilly decided to beat her up as soon as she recovered from her injury.

She did not want to beat Gracie up intentionally. She just wanted to help her fulfill her destiny!

At

the hospital, Gracie lay on the bed and let out a sneeze, causing her to wince in pain. Her face turned pale, but she clenched her lips and endured silently.

The doctor approached to change her dressing and was surprised to see that the wound was bleeding. With a sigh, he treated the wound and gently advised, "Let me know if it hurts, little girl,"

This child was peculiar. During procedures such as surgeries, stitches, and dressing changes, medical staff often worried about children crying excessively. Such crying could disrupt the treatment process and, on rare occasions, even require sedation.

However, Grace was an exception to this norm.

No tears during surgery, no tears when receiving stitches, no tears during wound examinations, and no tears during dressing changes...

It was a challenge for the doctors and nurses. Grace didn't cry when she was in pain, and she didn't voice any discomfort. There was a genuine concern that if her wound became infected, she wouldn't express it, making it difficult to detect and treat in time.

The doctor continued to insist, reminding Grace to inform them if she experienced any pain.

Grace responded with a cold snort and said, "What's the point of saying anything?"

The doctor was left speechless.

After the doctor left, Grace stared at the shadow ghost with an emotionless gaze.

The shadow ghost grinned at her, sometimes contorting its form and appearing upside down right in front of her.

But Grace remained unfazed, her expression devoid of any reaction.

When Quinnie arrived with the lunch box, he noticed Grace's expression and could not help but remark, "Gracie, have you ever considered getting a checkup to see if you have facial paralysis?"

"I've never seen you smile, and of course, I haven't seen you cry either. I'm starting to think something might be wrong with you."

Quinnie set down the lunch box and observed her with a thoughtful expression.

Grace responded coldly, "Immature."

She grabbed the lunch box and forcefully lifted the lid.

As she did so, the needle attached to the back of her hand made a squeaking sound, and blood quickly gushed out, only to be swiftly drawn back in.

Quinnie turned pale with shock, "Oh no, it's bleeding, it's bleeding."

"Doctor..." Quinnie quickly ran out to call the doctor and nurse.

Meanwhile, Gracie continued eating with a calm expression on her face.

The shadow ghost was astonished

Alright, she's a ruthless person, I can't afford to mess with her, I'll mess with the next one!

Suddenly, an old voice resonated faintly in the hospital corridor.

"On the 15th of July, the gates of the underworld open..the gates of the underworld open and spirits

emerge...

“Are you sleeping? I feel so uncomfortable in the closet...”

Grace’s eyes were fixed as she abandoned her lunch box without uttering a word. With the support of the wall, she grabbed her IV drip chamber and made her way out.

In the end, the doctors and nurses arrived just in time, startled to see her out of bed. They hurriedly guided her back onto the bed, their faces filled with fear and concern.

Grace’s gaze fell upon the corridor as she struggled, and there she spotted an elderly woman sitting on a chair. A ruby-encrusted headpiece adorned her head as she softly sang, gently caressing a child’s head with her hand.

Chapter 320 Don’t Use Your Phone at Night

Grace could not spare a moment to take a second look, as the elderly woman vanished in an instant, and she was swiftly pushed back onto the bed.

Quinnie scolded her angrily, “Gracie, don’t you care about your life? Who allowed you to get out of bed? Seems like you haven’t bled enough!”

Grace pursed her lips, choosing to remain silent

Late at night, in a rented room in a particular neighborhood, a young girl sat on the bed, swiping through her mobile phone when she suddenly sensed something peculiar.

Switching on the light, she rose from the bed and cautiously moved around the house, sniffing the air as she walked.

“Strange, where did the smell of dead mice come from...” she muttered to herself.

She swept the broom under the bed, only finding a few stray hairpins and coins that had rolled underneath.

There’s nothing here!” she concluded with a frown, shaking her head.

Then she sniffed the air once more, the odor had mysteriously vanished.

“It’s really strange,” the girl muttered to herself. “I’ll have to ask the landlord to come and take a look another day.”

With that thought, she switched off the light and settled back onto the bed, engrossed in her phone.

Now and then, she burst into laughter, the glow from the phone’s screen casting an eerie light on her face.

Unbeknownst to her, a girl stood silently behind her, her head lowered and her hair covering her face. She gazed intently at the screen of the phone, mirroring the girl’s actions and occasionally flashing a grin of her own. Yet, the girl remained completely oblivious to the presence behind her.

“Recently, there have been reports at Olivine Temple saying that dolls made by Spring Friends were made of ashes...”

The girl let out a startled “Huh” as she came across something unexpected in the middle of the night. She quickly swiped away, feeling a slight sense of unease. Late-night browsing often leads to stumbling upon various content, ranging from tantalizing culinary delights to DIY tips and even horror short videos.

As she continued scrolling, she encountered a series of videos titled “Do not watch this video at night”

She hastily turned off her mobile phone, feeling a sense of unease creeping up within her. “Don’t watch it, - don’t watch it. It’s scary,” she muttered to herself, trying to brush off the unsettling thoughts. She casually

tossed her phone to the end of the bed, practicing good health” habits by keeping it away from her sleeping area to minimize radiation exposure.

As the girl closed her eyes, ready to drift off to sleep, a peculiar odor wafted through the air—an unmistakable scent of decaying mice, growing increasingly distinct and pervasive.

She hugged her blanket tightly and turned over, reaching out to adjust the air conditioner to a cool 18 degrees.

Feeling the comforting breeze, she nestled back into her quilt, the chill in the air dispersing any lingering traces of the unpleasant odor.

Feeling relieved, the girl found solace in the coolness and gradually drifted off to sleep.

As the night grew darker, the girl wrapped herself tightly in the quilt, but an unusual chill seemed to permeate the air. Despite the comforting hum of the air conditioner, she couldn’t shake off the growing sensation of coldness.

It was a common experience for many people to feel colder in the middle of the night when sleeping with the air conditioner on. The initial coolness that provided relief gradually gives way to a perceived drop in temperature as the body adjusts and becomes more sensitive to the cooler environment.

The girl reluctantly forced herself out of bed as the alarm clock blared. Rubbing her eyes, she could not help but complain about the early morning routine.

“I’m so tired. Why do I have to go to work? I need more sleep. From now on, I should avoid using my phone at night and make sure to go to bed before ten o’clock!” she groaned.

Realizing the importance of a good night’s sleep, she resolved to establish healthy sleep habits and prioritize her rest.

She never kept her word.

She complained as she got up to brush her teeth and wash her face, and then she smelled the stench again.

As she opened the closet to change her clothes, the odor grew more intense.

“Furious, where could this dead mouse smell be coming from...”

The girl diligently investigated the source of the scent, and her gaze landed on the bottom of the wardrobe.

This particular wardrobe is of an antique design, and at its base is a built-in compartment connected to the floor.

When the girl rented the house, the landlord mentioned the presence of miscellaneous items in the closet and advised her not to move them.

The girl smirked and muttered, “There’s a dead mouse in there.”

Frustrated, she grumbled and called her landlord.

Having extra storage space for miscellaneous items was acceptable; she did not mind the surplus cabinets.

However, when it came to dealing with dead mice, they had to be removed!

“Hey... Landlord, when are you planning to come and check out the wardrobe?” the girl asked while changing her clothes.

The landlord seemed startled, and hurriedly asked, “Did you open it?”

The girl shook her head, “No.”

Having a strong aversion to meddling with other people’s belongings, the girl refrained from touching the closet, as explicitly instructed by the landlord.

Furthermore, the wardrobe was securely locked, and she lacked both the inclination and time to attempt to pick the lock.

The landlord warned her. “I’m currently away on a business trip, and I’ll address the issue upon my return. Please refrain from touching it. There are some computer accessories stored inside, and if they get damaged, I won’t be able to handle the matter.”

Acknowledging the landlord’s response, the girl expressed her impatience, urging him to hurry back. The call ended.

Gazing at the wardrobe, she retrieved her perfume and sprayed it inside, hoping to mask the repugnant combination of scents between the perfume and the stench of the dead mice.

However, finding the resulting mixture even more unpleasant, she resorted to sealing the edges and seams of the closet using glue.

“I guess this should be fine...” she murmured.

The odor appeared to have diminished compared to earlier. In a rush, the girl hurriedly prepared for work, slipping on her high heels, and hastily left.

Unbeknownst to her, inside the closet, several skirts were serenely suspended from the clothes rail. At the very end, a girl with hair cascading over her cheeks eerily hovered in the air.

"Tiffany..." The girl said quietly, "Why are you going to work again? I'm so bored at home..."

Raising her head slightly, she unveiled a visage marked by tragic gashes.

"I've been trapped inside the closet all this time, and you sealed me away, you don't even know I exist," she lamented.

The female ghost emerged from the closet, drifting aimlessly throughout the room. She seemed eerily acquainted with her surroundings, mimicking the girl's habitual footsteps. She lingered in the kitchen for a moment, positioning herself beside the pot.

With hands gently folded once more, as if cradling an imaginary bowl of noodles, the ghost settled onto the sofa.

Remaining in that position, she fixed her gaze directly upon the coffee table positioned in front of her, her

eyes unwavering.